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Harper's *Magazine*

THE CAPITAL GOODS FALLACY

BY DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

THE preponderance of expert opinion in the United States is now well agreed that the road to recovery lies through a rapid stimulation of the capital goods industries—steel, cement, and lumber, building and machinery. There, as the statisticians point out, is the bulk of the remaining unemployment and there too is the field for investment of the funds now lying idle in the banks. If only those idle funds could be distributed in wages to the idle men, then buying power would be increased, business would become active, and the good old days of 1926 would come back again.

The preponderance of expert opinion is wrong now, as it was in the good old days of 1926. In the past, recovery has always been marked by a revival of long-term investment and of the capital goods industries. Recovery came in that manner because in the past the depressions had been successful in relieving the burden of debt. In a

normally functioning capitalist system there is always a tendency for debts to accumulate faster than the means for paying them off. During the earlier stages of development there might be no excess of capital beyond what business could legitimately use. But a part of the capital was invested in ill-considered ventures; a part was tied up in plants that were made obsolete by new inventions; and a part had taken the form of loans on real estate at inflated values that were doomed to collapse. One way or another, the system always accumulated an excess of debt, and the typical depression was a sort of convulsive spasm in which the debts were thrown off. During the depression bonds were defaulted, equities were wiped out, inflated values were scaled down, until at last business was in what the financial writers call a "sound position." A sound position is where many of the small investors have been cleaned out, equities are in

"strong" hands, bank loans are small and can be easily inflated, industry has been relieved of its weaker members by bankruptcy. There is room for new enterprises, new machinery, new buildings, and new debts.

In the past, after business had had a thorough purging and the burden of debt was small, recovery could come by natural process. Those who had survived the depression began to buy new clothes and new furniture and to paint their houses. Labor could now be hired at low wages, and those who still had money were inclined to begin their deferred purchases of durable goods. With the revival of consumer buying, business men were encouraged to install new machinery that had been invented during the depression, or, as we now say, to modernize. Investors, observing the rise of security earnings, began to buy stocks, and the rise in stock prices provided an enlarged collateral for an inflation of bank credit. New bank loans made new bank deposits, the volume of the medium of exchange was expanded in the hands of the investing group. Finally, idle funds and newly created bank deposits began to flow into new issues of securities; the building and machinery industries became active; employment was high and wages were rising; the workers began to buy silk shirts; and prosperity was in full career.

Only after several years did the volume of unpayable debts and inflated values become large enough to break the market and set off another downswing of the business cycle. When the new issues of securities had been well distributed at high prices to small investors, and lands had been well subdivided and sold to the ultimate sucker, then the moment came for the wise ones to retreat into liquid funds and let the little fellows lose their investments. This was the good old system of the business cycle, and it had its

value in the earlier stages of industrial growth.

The effect of the business cycle was to encourage thrift among consumers, and periodically to transfer their savings to the holders of large capital funds. By this means railroads and great cities and industries were built, and the ownership of industry was concentrated in a few strong hands. Those who came into possession of large annual incomes were able to furnish capital for vast enterprises, and also to preserve and increase their holdings by manipulating markets and political factors. There were moral objections on the part of the tender-minded; but the country was built up and most people were satisfied.

Meanwhile the professional economists were, in the main, content to describe the workings of the system without indulging in unprofitable speculations as to its morals, its necessity, or its permanence. Many of the critics of capitalism made the mistake of calling it a conspiracy of the rich against the poor. It was not a conspiracy. Each man did what was right in his own eyes, and it happened that the sum of their activities was the business cycle, by which the voluntary and involuntary savings of the poor turned up in the hands of the rich. There was a sort of unplanned innocence in the process that was a real obstacle to the growth of moral indignation and of radicalism. It was also a means of misleading the students of economics. Observing that the alleged conspiracy of capital was largely imaginary, the experts were inclined to jump to the conclusion that the business cycle was a natural phenomenon, tied to the immutable laws of nature and bound to continue world without end. Thus they came to look with insufficient seriousness upon other economic influences of a non-cyclical character, that were gradually undermining the whole

foundation of cyclic or laissez-faire capitalism, especially in America.

Since the beginning of the present century there have been several progressive changes in the American economic system, each of which tended to bring the ultimate breakdown of the cyclic process. With the adoption of the immigration laws and a fall in the birth rate, our population ceased to expand at the rate to which we were accustomed. In the past business had become adjusted to a rapid growth of the market for goods merely because of the increased number of consumers. From now on, however, the only way to keep up the growth of the market will be to raise the consuming power of the smaller incomes, a fact which introduces an anomaly into the system as it has previously been conceived.

With the War there came a second blow to the old order. As debtors we had been accustomed to send large sums abroad in interest payments, so that foreigners were able to buy our excess products. The favorable balance of trade was a comfort to manufacturers who had trouble selling all their products at home. But when the flow of interest payments turned the other way, the favorable balance of exports could be kept up only by continuous lending. The foreigners got the goods, the American workmen got the money, and the investors, of course, got the engraved souvenirs. This was entitled "financing foreign trade." As a permanent arrangement, however, it was bound to prove tiresome.

Meanwhile various changes were taking place in business itself. With the growth in mechanical productivity, a larger proportion of the national product appeared in the form of durable goods—automobiles, radios, and electric refrigerators. Moreover, as more and more men were displaced by machines, the displaced men tended to find or make jobs in the service indus-

tries, or in advertising and selling. In this way a larger proportion of the working population came to depend on occupations of an unstable character. When hard times threaten, everybody starts taking in sail, by not buying a new car or a new fur coat or the usual opera tickets. This is the familiar downward spiral in which people reduce their spending and thereby cut one another's income faster than their own expenditures. The large proportion of business that is concerned with durable goods and services which are easily dispensed with permits a rapid reduction of spending and, consequently, a particularly rapid collapse of the national income. The experience of the past few years illustrates this relation in detail.

Still another factor in rendering business more unstable was the increasing mechanization in factories and offices. The cost of doing business was to a greater extent made up of capital charges and to a lesser extent of wage payments. Whether the capital charges were debts in the legal sense or only established dividends on stock, the effect was much the same. The management was bound to try to cut wage costs rather than capital payments on pain of losing its job. When hard times came the problem of cutting business expenses was particularly difficult because of the smaller proportion that was made up of wages. After a futile attempt under Mr. Hoover's leadership to avoid wage cuts, the dam broke, wage reductions were added to unemployment, buying power was rapidly destroyed, and the capital structure itself was placed in jeopardy. The heavy proportion of fixed or practically fixed charges thus helped to make the business world more unstable.

On top of all these changes came the first wave of the technological revolution which is beginning to be called the "power age." The change from the

machine age to the power age is marked by the use of motor-driven machines, of instruments such as the electric eye, and of the straight-line process in which human labor is to a great degree eliminated. Under these new conditions the productivity of capital is likely to be increased, so that a million dollars' worth of modern equipment may force into the scrap heap more than a million dollars' worth of existing plant. The result is a tendency toward technological unemployment not only of labor but also of capital itself. These developments are undermining the market value of our ancestral virtues—thrift and hard work. If a workman operating the controls of a new-fangled straight-line process can turn out more goods in a day than ten men with five times as much machinery, what is a fair wage for the man or a fair profit for the capital? What is the source of this wealth? The old theories of capitalism—and for that matter of socialism too—no longer make sense. If wealth is to be produced by moving dials on a board, who shall consume that wealth and by what right? Since few people either as owners or as laborers will be concerned in the production of goods, evidently the time is approaching when some new way of allocating the right to consume will have to be found. The institutions, therefore, by which laissez-faire capitalism provided for the restriction of consumption and unlimited accumulation of capital, begin to be ill adjusted to the changing world.

With all these influences coming into action, the world in which the business cycle ran has been gradually becoming unsuited to a further continuance of the cycle and of laissez-faire capitalism. The established economic mechanism was adapted to work in a market always unsatisfied and expanding at an expanding rate of expansion. The established mechanism was adapted to

restricting consumption and building new capital as fast as possible. The business cycle acted alternately to encourage saving and investment, and to wipe out the resulting debts and equities assumed as liabilities by the business world. In a word, the established order was a mechanism for dealing with a state of scarcity in which there was never quite enough of goods or of capital plant, and for lifting itself as rapidly as possible out of scarcity into plenty. The established economic mechanism was not adapted for continued functioning in the plenty which it was striving to attain.

As the objective of capitalist development drew closer to attainment, the cyclical mechanism became more and more maladjusted to the environment. The slowing of population growth was an element of plenty, for within reasonable limits the fewer the better fare. The loss of our debtor status was an element of plenty, for one is closer to plenty when more comes in than goes out. The increase of efficiency was an element of plenty, for when workers are not needed on the necessities they may be employed on the luxuries—provided people will buy luxuries. The invention of the instruments that replace human machine-tenders was an element of plenty, for it was the discovery of Aladdin's long-desired lamp. With each new element of plenty the business cycle became more liable to stratospheric flights and spectacular nose dives. The growing instability of business signaled the approach of the day when the age of scarcity would be over. The time was bound to come when a downswing of the cycle would approach the limit of emotional endurance, and people would demand some kind of a new deal.

The good old business cycle could go on so long as the bankruptcy, unemployment, and suffering involved in the periodic cleanout never were more

than the people could bear. The workingmen thought it was a law of nature that they must lose their jobs and spend their savings; the small business man believed it must be his own fault if he was wiped out and had to start over. But when the time came that men of means and standing began to get their feet wet, the nation felt that the weather was becoming distinctly unusual. We observed other countries where the situation had become so unpleasant that the people resorted to political revolution in an effort to find a way out. In the United States, after a succession of terrifying jolts, the Government was moved to set up the R.F.C. as an instrument for stopping the deflation lest worse befall. That was the end of the old self-acting business cycle.

II

With the R.F.C. the free and unlimited destruction of debts by the natural process of bankruptcy was ended. The Government underpinned the failing capital structure; and for the moment the railroads, the banks, and the insurance companies were able to preserve their debts. The bottom of the cyclic swing, the cleansing bath of bankruptcy, the famous corner beyond which lay the road to a normal recovery, were too hot to pass; we kept most of our old debts, and yet we still hoped to be able to take on enough new debts to bring a recovery by investment.

But although many of the economists realized that the deflation had failed to run its course, yet the belief in a "natural" recovery necessarily was slow to die. Each year, with the return of spring, the little birds sang hopefully in the financial pages. The people were beginning to need new clothes and new cars and new houses—surely that was the sign of better business. Al Smith's exuberant metaphor about

the great backlog of demand that would soon burst its bounds and sweep the country found an echo in many a weary heart looking for the light. In 1932 the stock market rose for a time, and hope was born that the country might be saved from the wicked Democrats. But by October the dark had settled down again, and the storm that was to wreck the banks was brewing. In 1933 the effort to beat the N.R.A. gave a spurt to business, and during the summer there were some nice little doings in Wall Street that brought back a flush of color to the wan cheeks of starving brokers. But again the great investment market failed to catch, and the gloom settled down until the C.W.A. arrived to pour in fresh money by the immoral device of hiring men without taking evidences of debt. That wicked expedient was cast aside early in 1934, and right-thinking conservatives celebrated the return to sound principles by buying new automobiles. So there was another little rise in the business curve, and again the little birds sang and the experts dreamed of modernization programs and fat issues of bonds. But the heavy industries cannot live by automobiles alone, and where are the new Radio Cities and oil wells and textile mills? Once more this fall the dark will settle down, though the experts still call on their god to send the power. Their god is dead. There are not going to be any new investments on any scale that will create prosperity. The road to prosperity lies in another direction.

Meanwhile the Government at Washington has had to rely on the best available advice. The Democratic Administration had no mandate from the people to try a new theory. The theories proposed by socialists and communists had been definitely rejected by the people at the election of 1932. The people who elected Mr. Roosevelt believed that wicked bankers had some-

how upset the business world, but all they asked was a return to sound economic principles. They had no idea that the established "laws" of economics might be wrong. They wanted the President to find out from the economic experts what had to be done and to go ahead and do it. It was just a bit of hard luck that the preponderant opinion of the experts happened to be mistaken in one vital doctrine: that the road to recovery must be through a renewal of long-term investment. By the subtle influence of that single fallacy all the policies of the Administration have so far been wholly or partially frustrated.

When the banks were closed and reopened under Federal control a desirable precedent was established. There will come a time when the Government will have to tell the banks exactly what they are to do, and when the banks will have to come out like a ribbon and lie flat on the brush. When that time comes the fact that Uncle Sam was once their only refuge may help the bankers to know their place. But through all the dealings of the Administration with the banks ran the assumption that some day "confidence" must be restored. Some day investors must be persuaded to buy new issues of bonds, and the banks must not be afraid of Uncle Sam. Like wayward and frightened children, the banks must be gently led back into the paths of rectitude, but the Government must not permanently shake their belief in themselves or in their world. As a result of this attitude—wholly necessary under the prevailing economic theory—there is still some question about who is boss in this country. Do the banks have to do what the Government says or must the Government walk softly lest it lose the approval of the banks? When the crisis arrives that question will be answered for good or ill.

The N.R.A. was also affected by the same assumption. There was never any possibility of a recovery of business simply by the direct effect of shortening hours and raising wages. So long as there are in any industry many different concerns with varying levels of efficiency the limitations of hour and wage regulation are narrow. Any code that would cause a considerable rise in weekly wages must bear fatally on the less efficient plants long before it can draw seriously on the resources of the more efficient. When that happens the less efficient plants will close down, throwing men out of work, or they will protest to Washington and get a relaxation, or they will chisel, or they will obtain an agreement to raise prices. Any attempt to distribute consuming power directly by regulating hours and wages has a quick-acting law of diminishing returns. This fact was plain enough at the beginning, and has become a matter of common observation during the past year.

The "recovery" feature in the N.R.A. lay in the belief that higher wages, coming in advance of rising prices, might give a small but vital stimulus to the buying market which would then be followed by a return of "confidence" and an outburst of long-term investment. The latter was counted upon to be the source of a real addition to the wage fund, the real "backbone of recovery." The N.R.A. was supposed to be just a stimulus. But the wave of investment failed to materialize. The law of diminishing returns was too quick. Prices got ahead of buying power, and by November of 1933 the business curve was downward again.

The public works program was ineffective for a similar reason. Some of the most active supporters of public works conceived them as a vehicle of public expenditure; but by the time the program had come into actual legislation it was to a great extent only a

means of public investment in capital goods. Many of the projects were self-liquidating—that is, they were direct investments in dividend-paying properties. Others were in the form of loans to municipalities, regarded by the Government as investments to be repaid with interest out of the proceeds of local taxation. Since the local taxes are in general paid by the consumers on whom business depends for its income, such projects are really in competition with business for the consumer's dollar. Thus a considerable part of the money distributed through the P.W.A. was charged against buying power and added to the burden of municipal debt, already a depressing feature of the landscape. The theory back of this action was of course that money distributed through the formation of new debts was an excellent priming for an expansion of the private investment market. The prescription failed to work for various reasons. The necessity of lending only to those local bodies that were least desperately in need made the process of investigation a slow one; and after it was proved that a city was not already over its ears, the legal steps required to bring it into that condition were prolonged. As a result the whole program was too slow to produce any positive effect, and the experts were not presented with any clear demonstration of the economic principles violated by the Act.

The violation of the gold standard was necessary and desirable. A few years ago any proposal to do anything about the depression was hushed by the threat of a run on gold or the fear that we might go off the gold standard. The sacred calf had to be violated so as to clear the way for action of any kind. The thing was done, and nothing much happened. Now the traffic rolls over the place where the golden calf stood, and few remember him.

The immediate objective of the War-

ren plan was to raise the value of wheat and cotton—priced in gold in London—relative to domestic goods priced in paper dollars. Beyond that was also a desire to raise the price level generally so as to reduce the burden of debt. This was a reasonable ambition, though the burden of debt is not perhaps so closely related to the price level as it is to the volume of business. The national income is roughly the same as the total money spent in the country per year, whatever the latter may be. The debt burden will be relieved, if ever, when we start spending enough to give one another a large national income, without a corresponding addition to the volume of debts. The purpose of the gold-devaluation program as understood by many financial observers was something quite different. After the first shock they reconciled themselves to the sixty-cent dollar on the ground that by scaling down the gold value of old debts room would be made for new ones. They expected that when a final limit to the devaluation was announced there would be a wave of "confidence." But there was no great increase of spending prior to the C.W.A., the national income was not sufficiently increased to relieve the debt burden, and the gold plan did not set off the desired investment recovery.

The C.W.A. had the advantage of getting started under the auspices of amateurs, in such a hurry that it was months before the experts were able to emasculate it. This was spending with no provision for putting the recipients in debt, which shocked the over-fastidious, but which created an immediate improvement in business. There was, however, no widespread belief in recovery by spending, and the problem of finding the revenues could not be solved at that time. The people still believed that heavy income taxes would kill the goose that laid the golden eggs, despite their experience

with the type of egg actually laid by the said fowl. The time was not ripe for any serious attack on the tax problem, and so the C.W.A. was left without visible means of permanent support. Meanwhile Mr. Keynes wrote an open letter to the President advising a program of "loan-expenditures." There followed a period of heavy fog, during which the C.W.A. was stopped, the financial pages began seeing recovery just round the corner, and the bond salesmen poked heads out of their burrows to see if they still cast a shadow.

But still the wave of investment failed to come, and the investment bankers blamed the Securities Act. The friends of the Act, instead of thanking God that it—or something—had prevented a return of the events leading up to 1929, took the position that the bankers were sulking. They said that any decent investment could be floated under the Act as it stood, and that what the bankers wanted was an act that would create confidence without spoiling anybody's little game. The Securities Act and the Securities Markets bill were discussed on this basis, and only a minority, even in Washington, questioned the desirability of large-scale investment as a means of recovery. The Wall Street interests launched a brilliant campaign of propaganda against the Acts, in the course of which the business men of the country were thoroughly educated to the notion that recovery must be looked for by the stimulation of the heavy industries. Various modifications were made in both Acts, with which the bond houses and brokers had to profess themselves pleased lest they lose their remaining clients. That fact is of strategic importance, as further developments will show.

III

The fact is that in order to set off a stock market boom a good deal more

than mere permission to carry on an honest security business would probably be required. Wall Street is pathetically in need of a bull market, and bull markets are not built of the kind of activities that the Stock Market officials know about when they are on the witness stand. If the Government would only turn its back for a few weeks, there might be something doing. A few billion dollars added to security values, and confidence might return. Then new skyscrapers would join the gaunt procession along the New York skyline, new oil wells would arise to thumb their noses at Mr. Ickes, and new straight-line factories would come to free the industrial manager from dependence on labor. Engineers would have jobs and leave off meddling with economics, the Steel Corporation would be hiring men, and the building contractors would be in the market for men and machinery. For a moment prosperity would return, and once more in the Westchester trains the lambs would be figuring their profits on the margin of the financial page.

Then the new skyscrapers would begin to draw tenants out of Radio City, the price of oil would begin to have sinking spells, and the new factories would begin to force the old factories into bankruptcy and their workmen into the streets. The old debts of before 1929 and the new ones of 1934 would bear down together on the neck of business until suddenly everyone would realize that the crash was coming. Then the deluge, a repossession notice in every garage and an American in every pot, same as before only quicker and more of it. Well, it would be fun while it lasted, and some of us might be able to get away with quite a lot of our neighbors' property if we could avoid being knocked on the head in the subsequent *mêlée*. But it can't be done, at least not at present; because, whatever the experts may think,

the President of the United States appears to have a rooted objection to walking under the same pile-driver that landed on his unfortunate predecessor.

Meanwhile, by one of those ironies that fate prepares for erring man, a new factor has appeared in the N.R.A. code authorities, each one determined to prevent any new investment in its own field. The business man reads his *Business Week* and sighs to himself that it is sad that nothing is done for the heavy industries. That, he agrees, is the great failure of the New Deal. If the Administration would just give up all its radical experiments and get out of the way of the capital market, unemployment would soon disappear and business would be prosperous, the same as in other countries. Sighing deeply, he rises and goes across the street to his code authority, where he shoulders his musket and stands embattled at the gate lest any bond salesman get in and stimulate the capital goods industries at his expense. Capital investment is great stuff everywhere except in any particular place. Thus the underlying conflict of interest between business and finance is now drawn inside each business man's head, with every prospect of educational results. It is at this point that the strategic value of modifying the Securities Act appears. No longer is it so easy to blame the Government. There is not going to be any large volume of new investments because the business men will not allow it. Now we are getting somewhere. This is no bolshevist plot of the wicked Brain Trusters; this is an obsolete economic theory running up against the Facts of Life. The effect should be good.

The fact is that capitalism has always had various alternative ways of distributing surplus income besides the orthodox method of investing it in capital goods and then losing the investment. The alternative ways of

dissipating potential capital have not been a source of profit to the financial group, and naturally the more domesticated economists have been inclined to regard these alternatives as immoral or non-existent. The simplest and most painless way of recirculating savings without the formation of debt is for those who own the savings to change their minds and spend the money in having a good time. Experience indicates that more satisfaction is to be gained in this way than from even the amusement afforded by papering club rooms with defunct securities. But so long as everyone, rich and poor, is driven by fear, human nature can hardly be expected to have the nerve to spend on a scale that will assure permanent prosperity. When the strategic moment comes for tackling the depression the first measures to be adopted by the Government will doubtless be aimed at a guarantee of basic economic security. At first these measures will probably be embryonic and ineffective, but they will grow until everyone is assured, through old age pensions, insurance, and various free public services, of a sound pavement under his feet through which he cannot fall. The effect will undoubtedly be to encourage spending, so far as the smaller incomes are concerned, and to improve business without creating any corresponding debt.

Another avenue through which the capitalist world has habitually distributed a part of its surplus income has been through contributions to semi-public institutions and through the graduated income tax. Through these outlets a considerable—though inadequate—volume of potential capital has been recirculated by expenditure for public and semi-public services. The advantages of these forms of capital dissipation are obvious. A letter of thanks or a tax receipt is preferable to a bond because you know

at once that you are not going to get your money back, thus avoiding insomnia and a maladjusted emotional life. When the time comes for tackling the depression any Governmental policy that is to have a chance of success will need to be solidly founded on the graduated income tax, preferably with suitable exemptions for contributions. By this means not only will a part of the larger incomes be directly steered into public and semi-public spending, but a still larger fraction will be directed into various forms of personal expenditure rather than into investment channels. Perhaps the most cogent reason for the slow progress of the New Deal is the time necessary for the American people to develop a proper willingness to discuss the income tax. The proper moment for a serious congressional debate on income taxation has not yet arrived, but the number of influential people who realize its importance is steadily increasing.

Before a stable prosperity can be established through an expansion of these alternative avenues of distribution, a prerequisite is Federal control of the medium of exchange. The Administration has already made notable progress in this field. Federal borrowing from the banks is expanding the volume of bank deposit money, while at the same time the Securities Markets Act discourages a runaway inflation in Wall Street. If the situation can be so directed that the new bank deposits go mostly into spending and to a small extent into new investment, the conditions will be ripe for a safe revival of business. From then on, the preservation of prosperity will depend on the effectiveness of the measures for economic security and income taxation.

IV

These three classes of Governmental action—central control of credit, meas-

ures for basic economic security, and measures for dissipating the surplus of the larger incomes—will necessarily be the main framework of the New Deal when the moment comes for the New Deal to attack the depression with intent to kill. Standing in the way is still the orthodox economic theory that thrift is always a virtue, that there is no such thing as oversaving, and that any possible accumulation of capital is economically sound if it is invested and so returned to circulation.

Engineers have long been familiar with the idea of the optimum rate of replacement of machinery, but the concept has never effectively penetrated into economic theory. In any particular factory the machinery should of course be kept more or less up to date, but it does not follow that every new model that appears should be immediately installed. Small improvements may be invented in rapid succession. If on the appearance of each new invention the old machinery is immediately scrapped in favor of the latest model, the cost of buying and throwing away machinery may exceed the saving due to higher efficiency of operation. On the other hand, if overcaution or lack of capital delay the replacements too long, the cost of operation will be unduly high, and the market will turn to more progressive concerns. These facts are well understood by engineers and industrial managers. As new patents appear they attempt to buy them and install or delay installation according to their estimate of the greatest overall efficiency. The methods used in estimating the most efficient rate of replacement are often crude, and often the engineering principle is vitiated by commercial or financial motives, but the engineering principle is commonly recognized.

When, however, the factories are of many kinds and are under many different ownerships, the recognition of the

law of optimum rate of progress is obscured. The new equipment may be installed by one owner, and the loss of old equipment may be thrown on another in some distant part of the country. A banker considering a loan for "modernization"—unless he happens to hold securities of competing firms—will look only to the possible profits to be made, disregarding the invisible losses that fall on somebody else. This is the normal mechanism of technological progress in a laissez-faire economy. The new is built and the old—owned by somebody else—is forced into the scrap heap. But in any industry taken as a whole, or in the United States taken as a whole, the law of the finite optimum rate of progress still holds. If the losses due to running obsolete machinery exceed the losses that would be caused by replacement, then the rate of progress is too slow. Too much work is being spent on production and too little work on improving the means of production. The remedy is to consume less, save more, and invest in new machinery as fast as possible. On the other hand, if the losses of forced obsolescence exceed the gains from improved efficiency, the rate of progress is too rapid. Too much labor is going into putting up and taking down machinery, and too little into making useful goods. The remedy in this case is to spend more, save less, make the machines sweat, and replace them less often. For the system as a whole, there is at any time a definite rate of progress that will give the maximum return in useful goods.

The general mathematical formula for the cost of production at a given rate of modernization can be written, and from it can be derived a formula for the optimum rate of progress. The latter formula shows that in the system as a whole the optimum rate of replacement is proportional to the square root of the rate of technical invention

divided by the square root of the cost of machinery. Or, in English, if technical invention were four times as fast, the rate of replacement might justifiably be doubled; if the cost of machinery for a given production schedule were cut to one quarter, the rate of replacement ought to be doubled again. The general average rate of invention cannot be accurately determined or predicted, nor can the average cost of machinery. The optimum rate of progress is, therefore, not something for the statisticians to figure out and hand over to a National Planning Board as a basis for action. But although these quantities are not statistically measurable, they exist, like the leaves of the trees and the sand of the desert, and their ratio is a large hard fact against which the United States has run full butt.

The mathematical concept of the physical optimum rate of progress is of importance because of its significance in theoretical economics, since the present inadequacy of economic theory is one of the principal obstacles to further advance. In practice, however, the optimum rate of progress is better defined in political and emotional terms. In the world as it is, the optimum rate of capital replacement is that rate that will produce as much capital loss as the people can take without noticing that anything unpleasant is going on. This conception of the proper rate of capital accumulation is also beyond the possibility of exact statistical determination, being a political and emotional phenomenon. That government which can make the best guess will have the best chance of escaping the fate that befell the Republicans.

The actual rate of capital accumulation at any time is determined by the saving habits of the people, the distribution of income, and the policies of the Government, particularly in regard to taxation. A part of the ac-

cumulated capital is used to provide equipment to take care of the actual growth of the market, especially in a new country, and the rest is used to build new buildings and new machines that will bankrupt existing buildings and machines, that is, for progress. In the early stages of development the demands of growth use up so much capital that the rate of progress is for a long period below the engineering or emotional optimum. The actual rate of saving is always too small, and every institution and habit that will encourage thrift will improve the potential standard of living. Economists brought up in that stage of capitalism are always in danger of concluding that what has been true for a century or two must be true in general. But as progress goes on, and productivity increases, there comes at last a time when the spontaneous rate of capital accumulation reaches and passes the optimum. From then on the optimum rate is less than the existing rate, and all the moral standards and institutions set up to encourage thrift become means for lowering the standard of living. Since the factors involved are not statistically measurable, the moment of passage from undersaving to oversaving can be estimated only by the appearance of symptoms of maladjustment. The "paradox of plenty" appears in its many forms, to indicate that new conditions have arisen, and that the long-established axioms of common sense no longer make sense of any kind. Such a time has now arrived in the United States, and the existing maladjustments are merely the sign that we have overpassed the optimum rate of capital accumulation.

The Age of Plenty is a vague phrase that needs clearer definition, as does the phrase "overequipment." Such definitions can now be given. When the spontaneous rate of capital formation is always less than the optimum

rate, that is scarcity. When the spontaneous rate of capital formation is greater than the optimum rate, that is plenty. The temporary failure of some of the experts to recognize the reversal of these relations is one of the many forms in which the ideas of scarcity economics persist into the plenty economy. As we pass from scarcity into plenty, every last concept and axiom and principle in the whole armory of economic theory has to be turned out and examined, to see if it is still valid, and this one above all.

Overequipment is not the existence of buildings or factories that cannot be profitably operated in the existing market. The number of vacant office buildings and idle factories is determined by how fast the obsolete ones are torn down. If the rate of demolition is small there may be always a large apparent quantity of surplus equipment; if the rate of demolition is rapid there may never be any visible oversupply of capital goods. Overequipment in fact is not a condition but a process. If new equipment is built at faster than the optimum rate, that is overequipment, whether the older plant is immediately destroyed or not. This fact is important, in view of the recent studies of the Brookings Institution, which showed that in 1929 the visible capital plant was only about twenty per cent in excess of what could have been used. The quantity of visible excess plant is a useful fact for certain purposes of economic study, but it is not directly related to the question of overequipment or to the problem of the rate of capital investment.

V

The ultimate question is whether the New Deal will go over into fascism. Twice already in our world the attempt has been made to readjust capitalism so that it could be made to work, and

both times the result has been a fascist dictatorship. Whether our own attempt will be able to escape the fate of Italy and Germany is a problem worthy of the most serious consideration.

The essential history of fascism begins with a middle-class revolt against the financial overlords who have been mismanaging the economic system in such a way as to force a reduction of the standard of living. The next stage is one of intellectual fog, in which the various wish-dreams of different economic groups wander about looking for fulfilment. In the fog the government adopts certain measures supposed to be necessary for the restoration of confidence and prosperity, and when the fog clears the same old financial crowd is discovered running the works. The standard of living is subjected to the needs of finance, every avenue of intelligent discussion is closed, and all safety valves are wired down. From then on the life of the system before it explodes depends on how far it has advanced into the plenty stage. If it can still endure a regime of scarcity economics, it may live for some time, barring trouble with its neighbors. If, like the United States, it is already beyond possibility of successful operation on a scarcity basis, a fascist regime would be quickly followed by a boom bursting in air, and after that some kind of adventure more interesting than amusing.

So far, we have in action the middle-class revolt against the money changers, registered by the election of a New Deal Administration. We are now in the stage of intellectual fog, when the preponderance of economic opinion favors measures for restoring the scarcity phase of capitalism with a few minor adjustments. The exact point where our fate will be decided is the point where the New Deal does or does not clarify itself in regard to the fallacy of recovery by investment. If we fail

to clarify the New Deal on that one point we shall be led by the pressure of necessity to subordinate all policies to the need for "confidence," and finally shall be forced to return to "sound" financial principles. That will be fascism, American style. The appearance of a replica of Mussolini or Hitler is not essential. In our country the more likely outcome would be a committee of stuffed shirts, drawn mainly from the conservative wing of the Democratic Party, and acting as advisers to the Administration. Under their ægis the frustration of the liberal revolution would be more or less gently consummated, and the broad and easy path to chaos would lie clear before us. Thus the radicals believe and hope.

But if by the pressure of events and the influence of those economists who have learned to think in terms of the plenty economy, the New Deal can be made clear, the story will be quite different. Once the nation is turned definitely away from the fatal paths of so-called "sound" finance and unlimited creation of debt we may hope for a new adjustment. By forcing the process of distribution we can swing the plenty economy into action and keep it in action until the people have grown used to spending and have adjusted themselves to the Age of Plenty. If we succeed, we shall do what the radicals say no liberal movement can do: we shall by using our intelligence succeed in adjusting the mechanism of plenty to the needs and desires of a free people.

Four years ago the chance of successful adaptation to the new world was less than one in a thousand.^{*} To-day it is better than one in ten. The new Dark Ages threaten to close down upon us, but the chance to begin a new growth of civilization is growing brighter. A great adventure, the greatest adventure in a thousand years—if we win.



I SEE THE KING OF HELL

BY HARRISON FORMAN

I WALKED into the Sacred Forest of Radja Gomba with Old Sherap, the "Wise One," who had been my traveling companion since I had first entered Tibet. The old man was trembling, frightened half out of his wits. Had I known what he knew I should not have blamed him. He was taking a foreigner into a cathedral of Bön, where were to be materialized the demons and devils of ancient Tibet—which were old when man first learned to walk erect.

If his brother sorcerers knew what he did, they might slay him. If I were unmasked I might in turn be slain.

But I had no fear of consequences. As nearly as a white man could do it, after many months of adventurous travel in the Forbidden Land, I had become a *Nukhwa*—a sorcerer. Old Sherap had helped me, because in the beginning he had decided that I was some sort of a sorcerer in my native land. He was sure of this; for when we first met I had cured his chronic bellyache with a dose of Epsom Salts!

He called me Gomchokh Sjub, which meant "Protected-of-the-Gods." To me the name was a sign and an omen, and I went into the Sacred Forest without the slightest bit of fear. I realized as we entered the forest of candle-flame poplars, interspersed with tall pines, that I had really come all that way from prosaic America for just that very ceremony. I had not known it until now. It was the climax of my visit.

A setting sun was shadowing the valley which lay between the Sacred Forest and Radja Gomba, whose whitewashed lama dwellings and burnished gold-roofed idol houses nestled against a steep slope near the banks of the Ma Chu (Tibetan name for the Upper Reaches of the Yellow River).

The way we were treading, I knew, had known the passing feet of generations of Tibetans—of lamas, of sorcerers, and of laymen. For the ritual of materialization of demons and devils went back thousands of years, back to the time when the simple shepherd folk, trying to find explanations for droughts, for winds which destroyed their pastures, for mountains whose landslides and avalanches buried their tents and killed their families, had created demons actively engaged in tasks of destruction, enemies to be propitiated.

"We still have time to turn back, O Protected-of-the-Gods," said Old Sherap, himself a sorcerer and, therefore, wise in what would happen to us should his brethren discover who and what I was.

"The man of courage never turns back," I told him. "Hast thou come thus far with me only to quail with fear and tell me we dare go no farther? Didst thou not tell me I should witness this ceremony?"

"When I promised thee," he said, "it seemed possible. Thou hadst persuaded me that it was simple. But now, with the ceremony so close, and

with my brethren already coming through the trees from Radja to the meeting place, it seems impossible. We fly in the faces of the gods and demons themselves."

"If there be trouble," I promised him, "I assure thee that I shall swear I know nothing of thee, have never seen thee before and do not know thy name."

"I am afraid," he said. And he was, no mistake about that. And the nearer we came to the meeting place the more afraid he became.

For my own part I grew more excited, and showed it less and less the farther we walked into the Sacred Forest. I was determined to see it through. Nothing could have turned me back.

I did not believe in anything supernatural, in demons and devils, much less that they could be made visible to the eyes of men—least of all to a skeptic like myself; nevertheless, I was determined in this instance to experience whatever was to come with an open mind.

Old Sherap's courage held until we stood at the very edge of the clearing. It was then, of course, too late to turn back. In a circle sat perhaps a score of sorcerers, silent except for an occasional exchange of hushed whispers. As unobtrusively as possible, we took places in the circle, exciting little more than a momentary glance from the others.

The snakelike coil of hair atop our heads was our badge of office—our right to participate in this ceremony. We were *Nukhwas* (I was in disguise, of course), the equivalent of the "Medicine-Men" among the Red Indians. We were distinct from the red-robed Buddhist lamas—three thousand or more of whom lived in the hundreds of one-storey, flat-roofed dwellings which clustered about the five- and six-storey idol houses of Radja Gomba

across the valley—one of the largest monasteries in northeastern Tibet.

We were followers of Bönism, a form of paganism which pre-dates Buddhism in Tibet, though in recent centuries Bönism has lost much of its early significance, until to-day its priesthood, comparable to the Taoists in China, is made up mainly of Shamanists—sorcerers, magicians, and necromancers.

While the lama is celibate and easily distinguished by his red robes of coarse handwoven cloth and shaven head, the Bönbo priests are not forbidden the society of women, and wear the layman garb of voluminous butter-tanned sheepskin, with the fleece turned inward. Their hair is long—sometimes twelve to fifteen feet or more in length—and is coiled atop the head like a snake, the symbol of immortality in Tibet. This long hair immediately sets them apart from the layman, who wears only a short pigtail—a Chinese influence.

Though Bönism continues to flourish in Tibet in its present Shamanistic form, its priests are far outnumbered by the Buddhist lamas. In fact, from the almost invariable family custom of giving at least the first-born boy to the Church, it is estimated that almost one-third of the male population of Tibet are lamas, who take up residence at the great monastic lamaseries, remaining there for the rest of their lives.

For years the tales of magic in the Forbidden Land have fascinated me. It is the last almost totally unexplored frontier in the world; and though its area is almost one-fourth that of the United States—and is practically all above ten thousand feet in elevation—it is unique in that it is the only country in this pragmatic world of 1934 (with the exception of Vatican City in Rome) that is ruled entirely by a priesthood, whose Hierarchy of God-heads, the Dalai Lama, Panchan Lama, and

lesser Living Buddhas are regarded with the utmost of respect, even worship, by the laity.

Fate had taken me to China, where for several years I had been engaged in the sale of military aircraft to the Chinese Government. But when business with an impoverished government came almost to a standstill at the conclusion of the Shanghai War, I had organized a motion-picture expedition to Chinese Eastern Turkestan, to the north and west of Tibet. This expedition had been disrupted and scattered in bandit-infested Kansu. At Lanchow, capital of Kansu, in far north-western China, I had learned it was possible to penetrate the forbidden fastnesses of Tibet if one traveled light and unencumbered. Two young men, an American and a Russian, who were to accompany me on my dash, were killed in an encounter we had with Chinese bandits before we even reached the borderland of Tibet. But I had set myself against any eventuality. I continued alone.

I had hoped there to find the answer to many things which were a mystery to the best of learned minds in the West. I wished to know how it was that many of the best established laws of nature were apparently flouted by these strange people of the world's highest plateaus. I wished to know their demons and devils close at hand. It should be easy—and interesting—because to the Tibetan his demons and devils were highly personal.

And why not? The grandest of Nature's handiwork is constantly about him—great, wind-swept, over two miles above sea level, grasslands slashed by jagged mountain ranges, whose snow-capped pinnacles rise to heights more than five miles above the level of the sea. It is easy for the simple-minded herdsman as he tends his flocks of sheep and herds of yaks and horses, moving his tent from grass to grass over the

sparsely populated wastelands, to imagine all sorts of evil spirits and benignant deities, created out of nothingness by his fear of the Unknown.

The hierarchy of demons and devils of Bönism, based upon the superstitious fears of the simple folk, had existed countless years before the metaphysical code of ethics of Gautama Buddha came out of India to Tibet—brought thither by Gautama's apostles seven centuries after Christ. And though Tibet has now become the Holy Rome of Buddhism, the greatest and most unified religion of to-day, followed by almost one-third of the peoples of this earth, it has been unable to cast out the pagan demons and devils; they are too firmly rooted in the soul of the woolly nomad and his peasant brother. And thus a compromise has been effected. The Shamanism of decadent Bönism exists side by side with ethical Buddhism. The lamas of Buddhism intercede between the layman and the benignant deities; the practitioners of Bönism propitiate the Evil Ones.

It was a ritual out of Bönism I had come to see.

What was the reason for the ceremony I was to witness? Simply this: the *Nukhwas* must continually prove their power over the demons and devils, to assure themselves that they still controlled them. It was part of their training. There was no stated time of year or month for the ceremony, but only a time of day, and that time dusk. The Grand Wizard merely decided on a test of power and called the sorcerers together. Their acting in concert was a stage in their training. There was still another stage.

When a sorcerer felt that he was strong enough, he might even go into the forest alone and materialize the demons and devils single-handed, fighting to retain control of them until he could return them to nothingness.

But sometimes, according to the stories I was told, these lone battlers against the Evil Ones lost in the struggle, and were actually slain by the demons and devils. I myself was quite convinced that such losers died in certain natural ways, by freezing as they sat in trance-like states, or before an attack of wolves or other wild beasts. But one could never have convinced Tibetans, least of all *Nukhwas*, that any but demons and devils had slain the victims of the strange struggle.

I had been well grounded in Tibetan lore through many months of association with Old Sherap, mentor and friend; and so far as was possible for any white man, I had become, not only a Tibetan, but a *Nukhwa* in my own right, with my Epsom Salts, castor oil, salves, and powders.

I studied the nearest sorcerer on my left. His face was ugly and dirty. His snakelike hair looked as though it might be a nesting place for all manner of creeping and crawling things. His coal-black eyes were intently fixed on nothingness as he sat in the clearing like one in a hypnotic trance. We, in turn, were scarcely noticed, so intent was each with his own thoughts of the weird ceremony about to begin.

I could sense my old friend's sigh of relief. With a glance toward a tall boulder with a flat top, at the far side of the circle, Old Sherap signaled to me with a little movement of his hand and bade me move a bit closer in its direction. We waited, hushed, and a little breathless with expectation, as we squatted crosslegged and became one with this circle of solemn necromancers. The clearing had become a somber place, a cathedral in very fact, the place of propitiation of a race whose ancestors may well have cradled the dawn of civilization. One felt impelled to cease all unnecessary movement, forego all sound save breathing, and that breathing appropriately muted.

But my eyes moved without sound as I studied this place where so much—or so little—might happen. Candle-flame poplars! How well the name fitted them! How well they fitted this place! Their boughs seemed upturned as though they, like the *Nukhwas* who sat under them, were asking the benignant deities of the Unknown for strength to control the frightful demons when they came. The high boulder we faced seemed to indicate the strength of Mother Earth, which had outlasted all religions, all superstitions, and would outlast many more yet undreamed of, even in Tibet. The rising wind of dusk rustled through the trees, as though announcing the dread arrivals which we were expecting, and which I, the skeptic, was sure would not come.

I bent aside to whisper to Old Sherap.

"For what do we wait?" I asked.

"We wait for Druk Shim, the Grand Wizard," he replied.

The answer did not seem out of place there. It seemed exactly the right answer, part of a ritual which was old when Pontius Pilate gave the Son of Man to the mob to be crucified.

II

And then, as if to anticipate further speculation as to the character and appearance of this Grand Wizard, my eyes seemed suddenly drawn to an opening in the trees to the right of the flat-topped rock; and presently, a tall, broad-shouldered man of impressive mien entered the clearing. I knew at once it could be no other than the Druk Shim, the Grand Wizard. My heart hammered with excitement, for his arrival meant that the suspense of waiting was now over and the ceremony was about to begin.

Old Sherap whispered, "He is famed for his magic-making and sorcery

throughout the northern wastelands, from Amdo on the east, across the treacherous bogs of the Tsaidam, and many moons' journey over the unpeopled highlands to Ladakh itself, on the far western borders of our land."

Druk Shim went straight to the tall boulder, to whose top he mounted gracefully, and with a minimum of effort. I had wondered how a man could climb that boulder and sit without looking ridiculous. Druk Shim did it—perhaps from the ease acquired by years of practice. He squatted crosslegged on the top and faced us—his sharp, piercing eyes apparently missing nothing that came within their range of vision.

The *Nukhwas* were a mixed lot. Most of them were from Amdo, northeastern Tibet, of the Gartse, Yungokh, Hsokhwo, Rongwo, Yonzhi, and Jasakh tribes; though some came from Ngura, in the great bend of the Ma Chu, or Yellow River, and some even from the westward beyond—the Ngolok—fiercest of robber tribesmen in all Tibet. All appeared thoughtful, with faces which expressed nothing, unless it be intentness of purpose, sincerity of belief. Their very solemnity gripped me.

They gave no greeting to the Grand Wizard. He gave none to them. Every step in this ceremony, from the time the first *Nukhwa* started for the meeting place, to the ceremony's end, had been prearranged for centuries. Not one sorcerer deviated from it. What use then of ordinary greetings?

We sat crosslegged, our eyes intent on Druk Shim, the Head One, who looked back at us from his boulderdais—solemn, grim, like some graven image. Silence settled more deeply than ever over the dusk-filled clearing. The trees themselves seemed to come closer to listen. But the wind in the branches was stilled, as though it waited in deep suspense. Yet nothing

had happened, nor even been promised, and not a word had been spoken, save the whispers I had turned upon Old Sherap, and his frightened whispers in answer.

Minutes of deep silence—and the Sacred Forest seemed to move closer in the twilight—to listen and watch. It was a tangible thing, that moving in of the forest, as though it deliberately thus took part in the ceremony. Before a word was spoken one felt this atmosphere of waiting, of general almost universal participation. One could not help becoming a part of it. I could have helped it perhaps, but did not wish to.

I did not see the signal given by the Head One, if indeed any signal was given or needed. I noticed that a human thigh-bone rested on the rock at his right hand, the top of a human skull at his left, with the inevitable *drilbu*, the hand-bell, and *dorje*, the symbolized thunderbolt, in his lap. Perhaps he moved one or the other of the articles. I watched him as intently as did the others, but could not be sure of this. But the sorcerers began to sway, forward and back. Deep tones came out of their chests. From earliest youth every Tibetan trains himself to the deep tones of worship of his gods, of propitiation of his demons and devils. All together, at whatever signal was given, the sorcerers spoke one word, three times:

"*Yamantaka! Yamantaka! Yamantaka!*"

So, they called first upon the King of Hell, Yama himself, to appear! Truly they believed in their powers. After the third repetition of the word, the Grand Wizard lifted the human thigh-bone to his lips, and it was a horn into which he blew. A low, mournful note it was, which must have rolled across the countryside in all directions, causing every Tibetan within hearing to pause in whatever he did to listen

or rise to a sitting position if he were composed for sleep, and turn his face toward the eerie sound. It must have rolled through the forest to Radja Gomba itself, to echo around the rugged ramparts of snow-capped Amnyi Dakhso, whose pinnacles cast impressive shadows over Radja and the Ma Chu, far in the valley below. No foghorn of the West could have sounded so forlorn, could have so appealed to the morbid moods of mankind.

Then he placed the horn beside him and lifted the skull-cup libation bowl at his other hand. He drank from it. Old Sherap had prepared me for this, and I knew the meaning of the solemn drinking. In ancient times the Bönbo had held human sacrifices. They held them no longer, and this drinking from the skull-cup was all that was left. And what the Grand Wizard drank was human blood. It was not made to represent human sacrifice, however, that thigh-bone horn and skull-cup drinking cup, but was meant to impress upon the watchers the ever-present fact of Death. Waking and sleeping, the Tibetan must always be reminded that Death walked beside, behind and before him, and that there was no escape from him.

The Grand Wizard replaced the drinking cup. It was a signal this time, and the sorcerers resumed their chanting:

"Yamantaka! Yamantaka! Yamantaka!"

Heads were bowed. I bowed mine likewise. Yet out of the corner of my eye, I watched them, keenly alert for trickery, wondering just how it would begin. And all the time I was thinking, storing up impressions, asking and answering questions—if I could, out of any of my past experiences, find the answers.

All the world outside this clearing was shut out from me. I was witness-

ing the unfolding of a fairy tale. Marco Polo had gone back to Venezia, centuries ago, with fantastic tales of the wonders he had seen in far Cathay, and people had not believed him. They had called his stories fairy tales. My people, all the other peoples of the earth, would call what I was seeing, and was to see, a fairy tale—perhaps the fruit of my imagination. I thought of that, but it did not deter me. I was going to miss nothing whatever.

It was my sincere intention to remain as much the scientific inquirer as possible through all of this ceremony I was about to witness. I wished to discover whether what I was about to see would smack of the *supernatural*—spiritual intangibilities, for which I should try to find a scientific explanation—or whether it would be merely *superhuman*, which might be explained in empirical tangibilities.

From this it may be seen that I went into the thing in all seriousness. I merely wanted to see and hear and draw my own conclusions. I was not afraid of the sorcerers in a physical sense. I had gone beyond that. I was interested in their minds,—in everything they might do in the strange ceremony I was to witness.

Again the thigh-bone trumpet spoke its sonorous note that rolled into the gathering gloom across Tibet, up out of the valley, away toward the peaks and plateaus which reached closer to Heaven than any other mountains in the world—and somehow the sound of the trumpet was part of those hills and mountains and peaks. Drukh Shim drank again, sparingly, as though he were desperately athirst but must be careful with his drinking—from the human skull, of the human blood.

Faster swayed the sorcerers, forward and back. . . .

"Yamantaka! Yamantaka! Yamantaka!"

In a semicircle we, the sorcerers of this ceremony, faced the man on the high boulder. Faster and faster we straightened and bent, forward, then upward. And something entered into me—got into my blood—as the blood from the skull-cup entered into the mouth of the Grand Wizard. I do not know what that *something* was; but it was there. I began to be less the skeptic, more the Tibetan sorcerer I was pretending to be. I recognized this fact instantly, and began to rebel against it. I was not going to allow myself to be hypnotized by the monotonous chanting, by the repetition of the *Yamantakas*, by the blowing of the horn, and the ritual of drinking, into seeing something reason told me could not possibly be there.

I could be hypnotized, I knew that; for I knew something of hypnotism. I have a fairly sound background in the field of suggestion. I believed that to be the answer to whatever that ceremony was causing to grow in the clearing. But what form of hypnotism? Mass-hypnotism—done objectively? Should we all see things created out of the mind of someone else? Or should we be subjects of auto-suggestion, creating whatever we desired to see out of our own thoughts? I was eager to differentiate between objective mass-hypnosis and subjective auto-suggestion.

There began a low, mumbling monotone. Moaning voices were pitched in the very deepest of tones. Instantly some sort of an answer to the ceremony, but just now begun, came to me.

"Ah," I told myself, "the monotone. How better could they begin if they wish to hypnotize someone else? How do I know but what all the reluctance of my sorcerer friend was not a trick; that all the sorcerers, to a man, do not know about me, and are intent upon hypnotizing me in order that I may take to the outer world what

I should believe to be the truth about the wonders they will perform?"

I decided not to lose my will at the command of a lone hypnotist, or at the will of a crowd which hypnotized itself, or to allow the monotone to help me to hypnotize myself, by concentrating my thoughts on a chess problem. I found that by so doing I could more or less divide my mind into two parts. One part watched and listened, the other absorbed and became a part of what was happening.

The chanting monotone, which seemed to come from deep down in the very depths of their souls, continued. Heads were still bowed. One could feel a drowsiness creeping over one's body.

But I was not to be fooled by that. Hypnotism thus far. And rather simple too. Why did we count sheep in order to sleep? I asked myself. The answer was easy—in order that a monotonous repetition of a boring subject, in which we have no interest whatever, will lull us to sleep. Only that mumbling monotone—something between a low growl and a moan, deep in the caverns of the chest—took the place of the sheep. The result, naturally, was soporific.

I moved more pieces on my mental chessboard.

But then I suddenly realized that perhaps I was not playing the game fairly. How could I expect to find out anything about that weird ritual if I refused to see, hear, feel, even—almost—taste it? I allowed a little of the chess problem to get away from me.

Immediately then I began to feel something. I don't know exactly what it was. But no sooner did I feel it than a conviction came to me. There *was* something in all that strangeness. Demons, if there were demons, perhaps *could* be called into being! Tibet is filled with demons and devils. And who was I to say the Tibetans did not

know what they were talking about? Countless millions all over the earth, peoples who live close to nature as do the Tibetans—apart and isolated—believe in demons and devils. Who was I to say that the people of my own race and religion were the chosen of the gods, the devils, or the furies?

I stirred, looked round me—puzzled. For something, something I'd never experienced before, was undeniably coming into that high, holy Tibetan forest—if my imagination wasn't running away from me. A scientist must not believe too much in his imagination, must distrust his fancies, and believe only what he can see, hear, feel, or touch. But I was all at once hearing, feeling, and seeing *something* that was beginning to fasten itself upon me like invisible hands, to possess me against my will. I tried to shrug the feeling away. I could not allow that! And the scientific side of me looked about for some external explanation.

I was sure that I was not hypnotizing myself. But was I being hypnotized by the spirits, by the atmosphere of spiritism, which those sorcerers were calling into being? I found I could detach myself enough to ask that question, even while my body seemed to relax under the spell of the ceremony of demon-materialization.

I looked at the Chief Wizard, up there on the dais: a much feared and very holy man. It struck me all at once that he was seeking to control me and all the others. I fought against him with all my will. I had a distinct sense of struggle, as though our spirits had risen out of our bodies, and moved to the center of the clearing, to wrestle for the balance of power between us. I concentrated with all my might on driving back the will of the Head One. I resolved firmly that no Grand Wizard, however old and powerful his hypnotic powers, would ever hypnotize me. Never! I looked him straight in the

eye and mentally dared him to do his worst!

I fought to keep a mental picture of my invisible chessboard and chessmen, and the shape of the problem which I had set for myself. I had to fight mightily, for the mental picture was fading. The chessmen—the pawns, the knights, the castles—were strangely taking on the face and features of the Grand Wizard.

With a supreme effort I pulled my eyes away from him. I looked at the other *Nukhwas*. They still sat with their heads slightly bowed, with eyes fixed vacantly upon the Head One. Their mumbling monotone was mounting in a rumbling crescendo that crept into the blood, into the mind, into the very soul!

"Yamantaka! Yamantaka! Yamantaka!"

I found myself thinking of the soul, whose existence I could not accept. But I retained it, because it seemed, without any effort or conviction on my part, to be part and parcel of what was being done there—for the Tibetans believe in their immortal souls. They believe that the soul travels on, from body to body; that when it is released from one casement of flesh it re-enters another casement, through the usual means—a woman's womb.

The circle of conjurers now began to sway softly from side to side. The chanting continued to rise and swell. And I began to think of all that Old Sherap had told me of what I must see there. Yama, King of Hell, and his satellite demons and devils. It was on them we were calling. There was an open space, between the circle of squatting sorcerers and Druk Shim, where they would appear—if they appeared at all. I watched that place intently, trying to see something where reason told me there was nothing. It may be that because Old Sherap had described Yama to me, I was prepared to see and

recognize him when he came. I had no fear of consequences, though Old Sherap had been very explicit.

It was one thing to materialize demons and devils out of nothingness, another to control them when they became visible and tangible. If they escaped those who materialized them they would run rampant through the land, spreading pestilence, laying waste pastures, killing the sheep, the yaks and the horses, causing more mischief than even the highest of lamas, or even Living Buddhas, could ever make right again. They must be held there by the wills of those who brought them, until, by that same exercise of will, they were forced back into the nothingness whence they had been evoked.

III

It was for Yama we called, and it was Yama I sought to find in the gathering gloom in that twilight cathedral of trees. I do not know what my camera would have seen. I only know what I thought I saw; what, during the time I saw it, I knew positively, from paintings and idols I had seen of him, to be Yama, King of Hell. And of this I am certain: he did not come in from any of the pathways through the trees. He was not a Tibetan, masquerading. Whatever he was, he was not that. One moment he was not there, and the space empty. Then something began to grow before my very eyes!

And strangely, all the circle of sorcerers saw it at the same time; for wilder and wilder became their chanting.

"*Yamantaka! Yamantaka! Yamantaka!*"

Undoubtedly the constant repetition of the mystic word, chanted in a deep-voiced monotone, had an odyllic, an hypnotic effect.

The forest came closer. The monotone was rising to a climax in an eerie crescendo. Deepening shadows pos-

sessed the forest cathedral, to lend their weirdness to the scene. In such a place, at such a time, it is easy to believe in demons and devils conjured before your very eyes!

I saw him as he came, Yama—"The Terrible One"—nebulous bit by nebulous bit. It was not like a dream, for beyond the Grand Wizard, all round us, I could still see the poplars and the tall pines; the former like giant candle-flames reaching toward the heavens, the latter standing majestically aloof, though their odor was part of the atmosphere of that shadowed amphitheater. I saw the sorcerers, noted their faces deliberately, one by one. I made special note of Old Sherap beside me, with his twelve feet of hair coiled like a black snake atop his head, moving as he bowed and straightened, as though its very weight would loosen it from its fastenings, so that it would come tumbling about his heaving shoulders. Not one detail of what I had seen on first standing at the edge of this clearing had changed—save to become dulled a little by the growing dusk.

But Yama was coming at our call. Yes, as fervently as any of the other *Nukhwas*, I was intoning in the deepest voice I could manage, my "*Yamantaka! Yamantaka! Yamantaka!*" If I were going to play at all, I would play the game as the sorcerers played it.

It was the glaring, bulging eyes of Yama which I saw first. They were the height of an average man from the ground. They stared at us, filled with malevolence. I thought they stared at me harder than at any of the others; but I had no fear, because, I suppose, I was playing at sorcery with all the sincerity I could muster. To right and left of the eyes were strange mists, perhaps an arm's length from where the body would be when it became manifest under those bulging eyes.

The mists shifted, began to take form. The sound of the *Nukhwas'*

chanting receded, began to die away, though I knew they continued; for in a detached way I could still hear my own voice as part of the supplication to Yama. The mists were heavier, easier to see—until, like some evil flower bursting suddenly into bloom, they became all the thirty-four arms of Yama, with the thirty-four hands, each of which grasped some implement of destruction. One hand held a human skull, another a spear, arrow, or dagger.

Then the body began to form. And the main head grew into being about the eyes. Then all the other heads, which seemed to be growing out of the first, until there were nine of them. Seven in a semicircle rested upon the shoulders. The center one, the largest of them all, suggesting an Indian water-buffalo in appearance, was surmounted by the eighth head—"The Most Fearful Sweating Bloody-Faced One"—smaller than the other seven, yet as horrible in aspect. This last, in turn, was topped by the ninth—"The Angry One"—whose lips were twisted in a loathsome sneer. And all of them were vaguely shrouded in transparent bluish flames, which danced and flicked about unceasingly.

Then the shoulders, over each of which hung a garland of human skulls. Always, it seems, Death must be emphasized, made gruesomely manifest to Tibetans. Suspended from the neck hung a long, double-stranded necklace of skulls, which rattled horribly at the least movement. And in one of his main hands, the hands which seemed to belong to the body proper, he held a human skull-cup, like that from which the Grand Wizard had imbibed. This was in his left hand. In his right he held a *dorje*, or thunderbolt, perhaps as an emblem of his unholy wrath.

The hands were close together over his gross belly with its protruding umbilicus. From the lower-hanging half of the necklace of skulls dangled three strands of smaller, perhaps children's,

skulls. Around the gross belly was a belt of adult skulls. And the gross legs, of which there were sixteen, stretched down to the gross feet, which rested upon the bowed backs of beasts and men.

I shivered. I recall that distinctly. I did not need to pinch myself to see if this were real. I had but to glance away at the poplars, at the hills about, at Radja Gomba across the valley, and at the sorcerers to my right and left, to know that what I saw was actually there, at least for the moment. When I looked back I expected that Yama would no longer be there. But he was, in all his grossness—staring at me with bulging eyes. His lips now were visible, and they were huge, and libidinous—and the teeth were like the fangs of no animal on this earth. I wondered of what food they might eat, what drink they might imbibe, and recalled the human sacrifices which once had been part of the ceremonies of Bönism.

I shuddered again.

IV

But Yama was only the beginning. After his coming—and he was apparently the hardest to evoke—the lesser demons and devils came willingly enough. Some of them I recognized by the names and descriptions Old Sherap had given me. There was, for instance, the demon of Lust, whom Old Sherap had called *Nguh Nukh*. I recognized him instantly; and even as I did so I became a little suspicious of him, and of myself. I wondered if perhaps he might not be something out of myself, something of my repressions brought to light for me to see, some murky miasma from my own soul—though so often, to myself, I had denied belief in a soul—made visible in the Sacred Forest to shame me. But no, he was *Nguh Nukh*, the Tibetan demon of Lust.

And he did not stand, like an overlord, as did Yama, but became the thing he was meant to be. His sensuous face was twisted with unholy desire. In his eyes one could see the shadowed shapes of women and of men. And the shadowed shapes in turn were filled with desires of the flesh. A writhing demon was he, whose twistings were the twistings of lusting men and women in fleshly travail. He danced before Yama, and before us, the *Nukhwas*, and in his dance love became not something divine, as lovers are wont to regard it, but something obscene, lascivious—something to be abhorred.

Of course it could have been nothing else; for all the teachings of Tibet, whether Bön or Buddhist, advocate the negation of all things worldly, of the flesh. And since desire is regarded as the most evil of earthly things, fleshly love is made as repulsive as possible. Let a man look upon Nguh Nukh and he could never desire a woman without remembering him, nor could a woman, once having seen this demon, ever desire a man again. Both would remember the ghastly dance and its meaning.

I looked from Nguh Nukh to Yama, and hated the King of Hell for what had been shown me. I looked round then for whatever other demons might come out of nothingness for me to see.

The next to come was the demon of Hunger. His ribs showed through his skin—if skin it was. I could see the gnawing of his stomach as it went mad for food, any kind of food; and the thought of it made me look again toward the drinking cup of the Head One, which rested unnoticed on the rock beside him. I studied Druk Shim for a moment, making sure of his identity. There could be no mistake. He was still as I had last seen him—save that he stared at Yama, and at Nguh Nukh, and the demon of Hunger, one after the other, with fierce intensity.

And there came the demon of Anger. Rather shapeless he was, with a face all twisted with passion, and a body writhing, out of control, as though the snake-like pile of hair on the head of some *Nukhwa* had been lowered from one of the trees and dangled in the clearing.

There were other devils and other demons; after a time, as though it were somehow a grand finale of the ceremony, Yama himself began his *danse macabre*. And his dance was the most horrible of all, for every movement of it mocked at the miseries of mankind. It dragged forth those miseries in the clanking of his necklaces and belts of skulls, and showed them to us in all their panoplies of sores. I could smell the odor of the grave—if Tibetans had used graves for the burial of their dead. Say, better, the odor of death—for the dead in the more than two-miles-above-sea-level wastelands of that Forbidden Land are exposed in the open for the vultures and wild beasts of the mountains and plains to glut themselves upon.

What now if these sorcerers could not control the demons they had brought forth? Suppose they broke free of their human controls and fled across the countryside? The mere thought of it caused the cold perspiration to bathe me from head to foot—for Yama and his minions had become as real to me as my own self, as Old Sherap there beside me, as the Grand Wizard on his boulder-dais. I *knew* that if he escaped, all the country about Radja Gomba was doomed.

Perhaps my thought communicated itself to my brother sorcerers; for suddenly I could feel the tension among them. The demons and devils were seeking, their dance almost finished, to escape their invisible bonds, and the *Nukhwas* were uniting their wills against that escape. Strangely, though even now I told myself that all this was

some trick of mass- or self-hypnosis, I found myself applying my will, adding it to those of the others, to beat back the surge of those demons and devils against their invisible bonds. I strained against them. I almost put out my hands to push them back, until I realized that my hands would be as nothing against them. Only my spirit—my soul, if you will—could avail anything against Yama and his satellites.

Whatever I had pretended before, however much I had tried sincerely to be a Tibetan, I now was a Tibetan in very truth, a *Nukhwa* amongst *Nukhwas*, fighting against the devils and demons as the *Nukhwas* did.

This was their unholy cathedral; and their cathedral was a battleground in which I helped them, with all my power, to fight their enemies and subdue them. Would we win? It seemed ages before the answer came. When it came I had a fierce surge of exultation, as though I would rise and rush forward, again to use my hands in the overcoming of the demons.

Yama had been the first to come. He was the first to go, because he was the most dangerous and malevolent. It required all our strength to banish him, or almost all. But our waning strength would be enough to banish the others, after he had gone.

Yama began to fade. It was an age before he had vanished entirely. Then after him went Nguh Nukh, and the demon of Hunger, and Anger; and after them, each with a measure of reluctance, all the other devils and demons, until we were just a score of sorcerers—and I felt suddenly that had there been one less, Yama and his devils would have prevailed against us—facing Drukh Shim there, on his boulder-dais.

V

I did not look at the others. I was shivering because I was bathed in cold perspiration, and the highlands of Tibet, with the setting of the sun, are filled with the icy breath of the everlasting snows which crown the summits of her mountains. I sat there in my place, numb with what I had seen, until the last of the *Nukhwas* had gone into the Sacred Forest, each alone as he came, out into the gathering darkness.

And only Old Sherap remained with me. I turned finally and looked at him.

"Well, O Protected-of-the-Gods," he said, in the strangest of voices even for Old Sherap, "and what now dost thou believe?"

"My friend," I began, wondering why my voice was so hoarse and uncertain, blaming my hurried breath on my crossed legs almost three miles above the level of the sea, "I tell thee in all sincerity: I do not know. I think I saw Yama and his devils and demons. Just now I am sure I saw them, and they were as thou hadst described them to me. What I shall think, what I shall believe to-morrow, I have not the slightest idea." . . .

To this day the spectral things I saw in that Sacred Forest, the things I do not believe in—but saw at least with the eyes which were mine while the swaying mob held and controlled me—abide with me constantly. But as an agnostic—a hard-shelled skeptic no longer—I can afford to watch them in my mind's eye with perhaps a smile of amusement, without denying that there was *something* in that twilight in the high Tibetan forest which I could not, and can not describe in any way that entirely satisfies me.



PARADISE LOST—OR MISLAID?

THE DILEMMA OF THE AMERICAN RICH

BY D. W. BROGAN

IT is a hundred years since Alexis de Tocqueville came on pilgrimage to the United States to observe the workings of that political system which, for good or ill, he deemed to be the destiny of the Western world. Nearly a century later another Frenchman came on a similar errand, but this time his eyes were set on economic, not on political activities, on Detroit, not on Washington, and M. Siegfried offered the Western world the choice between Ford and Gandhi. It is only a few years since that choice was offered and, in those few years how great a change! To a foreigner who, like the writer of these notes, left the United States in the days of Calvin Coolidge (gloriously reigning) and returned to find Franklin D. Roosevelt boldly ruling, the shock can be compared to the first emergence from an air-conditioned car into a railroad station in a heat wave. This is, if not a new world, a new climate! Gone are the days when the Ford assembly-line was what the visitor really came to see. In that distant age the United States was the hope of the capitalist world. Theorists might sneer, economists prophesy doom, moralists lament the dangers of luxury, and the natural "knocker" point out such blots on the sun of prosperity as a West Virginia coal field or a New England mill town enjoying their own private depressions; but the boosters had it. If this was not the best of all possible

systems, it was on the way to becoming the best—and it had no competitors in the brilliance of its achievements or of its prospects. The United States was:

An emporium then,
Of golden expectations and receiving
Freights every day from a new world of
hope.

The "golden expectations" were more material than those which delighted Wordsworth in the revolutionary Paris of his hope and love. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" sound better than "a car in every garage (or even than two cars in every garage) for every family," but to a world bled almost to death for fine phrases there seemed something reasonable and practicable in the promise of American life. The machine was to deliver mankind: seeking first technical efficiency and business success, all things would be added to the fortunate citizens of the United States. They could buy from Europe books and pictures, artists and musicians, scholars and sophists. Here was the new Rome with all the plunder of the world pouring in on it. Those days are, for the moment, gone. It is not my intention to dwell on the inconvenient results of the change for Europe, especially for parasitic Europe, on the now empty fashionable restaurants and hotels where once Americans thronged to see the élite of a decadent continent do their stuff; on the sad fate of popu-

lar authors who have now to rely on the cold appreciation of their countrymen, instead of on the generosity of an American public ready to take European geese for swans. Far more important and far more striking is the change within America, the crisis of faith that has come upon a nation optimistic beyond the dreams of Candide and on a class in that nation that has not, for two generations, had to give an account of its faith or its works to itself or to the rest of the American people. For what it is worth, I give my impression of this crisis of faith, of this sudden doubt of the American business man, doubt in his own future and in the future of the system to which he gave such a full measure of devotion. Some American business men are beginning to ask themselves the question, "Can the good old days ever return; are we attributing to politics, to the President, to inflation or fears of inflation, to labor troubles, difficulties that are really inherent in the situation? Have we overplayed our hand so badly that no one, not even our old reliable partner, the Republican party, can take us out? Is it a case of paradise lost, not merely of paradise mislaid?"

That such doubts can find lodging in the minds of men who are still on the winning side in the economic game, men whose financial position has suffered only to the extent that they cannot now keep their yachts in commission or, lower down in the social ladder, have to ask their wives to be content with a Buick instead of a second Lincoln, is ominous indeed; for ruling classes that have lost faith in themselves seldom stay ruling classes long. It is true that the loss of faith is not of the kind that weakened the dominant classes in France and Russia before the revolutions in those countries. A French émigré noted that Coblenz in 1793 was full of noble

refugees who a few years before had quarreled with their notaries over the insistence of the men of law on describing their employers in deeds as "high and mighty lords." All the revolutionary parties in imperial Russia had friends of great position and wealth; even the Bolsheviks had an "angel." The American business man, so far as I have been able to judge, is not having his morale weakened by any sentimental or intellectual sympathy with his enemies and critics. He is still convinced that he more than earns his keep in the economy of society, that his opinion on matters of state or of general economic policy is, if not the only, by far the most important opinion for any rational government to listen to. He believes, as firmly as did Mr. Coolidge, that the business of the United States is business, consequently that any government that goes against the mass of business opinion is sinning against the light. But he does not believe any longer, or at least, he does not believe it with the simple animal faith of a few years back, that business leadership is sure to be on and up. That the country will be ruined if it does not follow "business" leadership is still an axiom, but he fears that leadership may be forced to change its old marching orders, to order a retreat, instead of that headlong pursuit of happiness in terms of wealth and production which has been the battle doctrine of the high command for two generations. American business men, in numbers big enough to be significant, are beginning to sell America short.

"There are ten million superfluous people in this country who will never earn their keep. The only thing to do is to put them on subsistence farms, take them out of our calculations altogether, and get the rest of the country that is really fit to keep itself in an ordinary way on its feet. Relief is a

mistake, for there will never be a place for these people, working in industry. The machine has superseded them and will supersede more of them." "This city has stopped growing, it will never get any bigger, the best we can hope to do is to slow down its decay, and we can't do that if labor troubles keep on recurring. We find it hard enough to keep afloat as it is." "This land should never have been occupied, it will have to go back to prairie, the people on it will have to go back to the East or to the towns." "What's the use of talking of international trade? It's going to shrink and we won't get a share of what's left anyway." These opinions are samples of what I heard from men in many lines of business and in many parts of the country (I did not visit the Far West and the South). A Rip Van Winkle, going back to Russia or Turkey after twenty years' sleep and talking of the Tzar or the Padishah, of the Bible or the Koran, would hardly be more surprised than I was. I remembered the scorn with which my diffident suggestions that the boom might not last forever, that the "secret of high wages" was a good deal of a secret still, that perhaps all the business in South America and China would not fall to energetic drummers from Scranton, Pa., and Dayton, Ohio, had been greeted in the past. The scepter of Western culture had definitely passed across the Atlantic, to a civilization that realized that business was business and that was unweakened by skepticism, undrained by war, unstrained by class conflict. For the moment that faith is weakened, if not gone; that Paradise behind, not before, and in the way of any hopeful returning exile stands the archangel with the flaming sword of the underconsumption theory and the shield of technological unemployment. Technocracy may have been slain but its ghost still walks.

The reluctant acceptance of a national necessity for cutting losses, not for a year or two, but as far ahead as man can usefully calculate, has its comic side, for it is a revenge of theory on practical men, on the men who kept "both feet on the ground," who had no use for abstruse speculations, who kept economists as Roman senators kept Greek metaphysicians, because it was the respectable thing to do. Now when theory might do something to allay private fears and support public claims, the business man is unconscious of the aid it might give him and keeps together in his mind two incompatible beliefs: that American industry has passed its peak, and that in the struggle for the lessened assets of the national estate the American people can be induced to let the business man, his lawyers, his managers, his bankers, his brokers have not merely as big a share relatively as they had before, but a bigger share. For if there is going to be less to divide, only by increasing his share can the business man hope to continue to live in the style to which he has been accustomed—and to which he still feels himself morally entitled.

II

The question of underconsumption, of technological unemployment, of the menace of the machine cannot be discussed here and could not be discussed competently by me even if this were the place for it. But there are two points about it which the men of eminence who shared their doubts with me seemed to ignore. First of all, the necessary failure of modern industry to provide means whereby the consumer could buy the product of the machines is not a self-evident truth. It is doubted by many economists and by economists who approach the question from very different angles. Even very radical economists, men who harbor

the most subversive views, men whose attitude to life and society almost justifies the direst fears of the Daughters of the American Revolution, are not necessarily believers in the existence of this dilemma. There is a theoretical case against all these fears, a case which, given the willingness of the human mind to believe in good news, would certainly convince many of the alarmed business men, if they heard of it—and *if they realized the implications of their position*. For, if the best that business, as a system of society, can offer the American people is a deliberate limitation of the powers of production, the exclusion of millions from a price economy to get production down to the assumed maximum level of consumption, the American people will not long endure business leadership. If business begins to hint that a part of the Garden of Eden will have to be railed off, that the whole complicated price structure can be kept going only by an ascetic refusal to use production to the full range of its possibilities, business has proclaimed its own abdication. For American business is not loved for itself, nor for the men who lead it; it is respected because the American people still see in it the promise of a "more abundant life," and by more abundant life they mean more of this world's goods. Any candidate or party which promises two cars in every garage and can make itself believed will win triumphantly; for I see no signs that this pessimism has gone very deep or that the resignation of business to less will have any result other than the rapid growth of a determination to try some system, *any* system, which promises advance. The alternative system may only promise paradise at the risk of falling off a precipice; but the American spirit is still youthful enough to prefer a leap in the dark to a slow and ignominious retreat down hill.

Put this way, the answer may seem easy enough; few would-be leaders of the people, politically or economically, would dare to announce openly their doubts or fears. How can they hope to conceal them, how can they hope to be obeyed blindly, since few among them can hope that they will find many followers to stand in this new Thermopylæ with their eyes open while the Leonidas of the present ruling class return to Sparta to explain away the sad necessities of economic strategy? The clue is in the words "ruling class"; a ruling class, however great its skepticism, seldom or never carries it to the ultimate point of doubting its own place in the scheme of things. It may put away formal honors in a fit of good taste, it may develop radical views; but there is the underlying assumption that the class, or the individual, will not really lose anything substantial. The young duke in Disraeli's *Lothair* was a dreadful radical. Nothing in church or state was free from his iconoclastic zeal—except dukes. "Dukes," he said, "are a necessity." American business has its full complement of dukes.

The rosy illusions which make this world tolerable deserve kindly handling, since we all live by them; but one of the commonest is so easily seen through (in the forms that it takes in our neighbor's view of life) that we can bear to look at it with a fair degree of candor. We all know the teacher, in school or college, who makes a fool of himself by an exaggerated sympathy with the young, who seeks to conceal the fact that he is older and wiser and more learned than his young charges (sometimes he *is* more learned), who wants to be liked for himself, not respected for his office. This type of pedagogue is not more widespread than those who are his opposites in other professions, the pretty girl who wants to be admired "for herself," the

athlete who fondly believes his popularity will survive his legs, the class which believes that its power and prestige will survive the function or attributes which won the power and prestige.

The sad fate of King Louis XVI is a case very much in point. He was the heir of a tradition, of a function, of psychological assets, all tied up together, none of which could survive the other. His family had been the historical vehicle of the growth of France in external and internal unity; the Capetians had been the more or less conscious allies of the French bourgeoisie in the liquidation of the feudal system. As long as they continued to fulfil that function or, at least, did not obviously neglect or refuse to fulfil it, the unbreakable loyalty of the French people to the House of France remained unbroken. To separate France from the dynasty, to conceive France as existing without the dynasty, was an effort of the imagination beyond the vast majority of Frenchmen even after the fall of the Bastille. It was, of course, quite beyond the imagination of the dynasty itself. Yet the impossible was achieved in a few years; for the King and his brothers and their hangers-on convinced that part of the French people which mattered that the dynasty was falling down on the job, that the traditional function of the dynasty could no longer be fulfilled by it—and, before that new conviction, the great tradition of a thousand years, a tradition far more deeply rooted, far less conscious than is any American tradition of loyalty to "business," withered away. In four years the French monarchy was dead and, though restored in the flesh, could never be restored in the spirit, not by the arms of Europe or the pen of Joseph de Maistre or of Charles Maurras. The parallel, I hope, is not very obscure. It is dan-

gerously easy for the American business magnate to repose confidently on the traditional hostility of the American people to "socialism" and "radicalism," to be sure that the United States will never follow the lead of politicians and, still less, of professors, against the will of its natural leaders, the rich. It is easy to be confident that the habit of command will tell, that the long tradition of success that inspired so many business victories both directly and under the political aspect of the system, through the Republican party, will not long be broken. The leaders of American business have, like Brown's cardinal, seen four and twenty leaders of revolt—and the "New Deal" is merely the twenty-fifth rebellion of momentarily enraged sheep. The rules of the game make victory certain—in the not very long run. The magnates may be right, but what are the rules?

The first and almost the last rule is that the rulers must deliver the goods, that they must share some of the winnings of the game with their clients, with the great mass of the American people, and that these winnings must be absolutely more than any rival system can plausibly promise. I have used the words "clients" advisedly, for the rulers of America have not the advantage of some of their European brethren, the advantage of a patina of age. After two or three generations in Europe the reverential mind of some of its peoples, of the English for instance, forgets the origin of wealth and admires it with a naïve disinterestedness for its own sake. The Russells, for instance, laid the basis of their fortunes by speculations in real estate, like the Astors; but in a time not much longer than the century that has elapsed since the founding of the Astor fortune they had merged themselves in the high and mystic fraternity of the English rich who had for-

gotten how they made their money—and, more wonderful still, had managed to share their amnesia with the mass of the population. The Russells had tenants, men who were grateful to be allowed to live on the Russell lands, men who rejoiced, as befitted the kindly commons, in the glories of Woburn Abbey and Bedford House.

The American rich have not been so lucky. The American does not admire wealth as *such* as does his more simpleminded English brother; the long-lived sense of grievance that the Astor money comes from mere land-owning, not from business activity, is proof enough of that. What the American admires in wealth is achievement, success in a game in which all are playing and whose rules are reasonably fair. He gets hurt if the prize is awarded to someone who has been too obviously lucky in the "seeding," who has been passed into the final round, or if the rules have been too obviously doctored from the start; but he resents the first more than the second, the easy triumphs of hereditary wealth, rather than the occasional hit below the belt of the self-made man. The admirers of the American rich have been not tenants, but clients, economic dependents who are not disposed to go farther in the way of devotion or loyalty than the economic bond suggests is advisable. It is the absence of the tenant attitude of mind that makes the country life of the American rich so empty of the solid spiritual satisfactions which their English brethren enjoy to the full. A successful English furniture dealer can buy more loyalty (with the estate) than could the whole House of Morgan, in their own country, at least.

III

It might well seem to the casual observer of the public prints that there

is something more reverent in the attitude of the average American to the American rich than this. Advertisers certainly think so, or else why spend so much money selling their products with the aid of more or less fashionable names? Does not the presumed willingness of the public to smoke Sorghum cigarettes because Mrs. Lowell van Pants (who drinks her rum neat and never kicks her friends) finds that they take the taste of hashish out of her mouth, show a true appreciation of aristocracy? Do not those car advertisements, apparently the achievement of an out-of-work court flatterer, testify to a deeply rooted aristocratic tradition? You know the kind of thing. The unnamed most ravishing debutante of Des Moines is advised to unbend so far as to ride in a car costing less than its weight in gold. The best rider to hounds in Hennepin County is requested to put what Shakespeare, in a slightly different context, called his "imperial seat" into something cheaper than a Rolls Royce. But even these simple appeals to snobbery have to sell the idea with an art beyond that of the simple English "By Appointment to His Majesty, the King of Barataria."

In the main, the American rich are for use, not ornament, and if the selling talk is overdone it may induce in the mob a bad attack of that dire disease, called by the famous social pathologist, Dr. F. Sullivan, "the tripes." It may even induce it in the extreme form of "the gags" (*nausea pudica*). The public is interested in the marriages of the rich; they are dramatic, especially when the course of true love runs roughly, with accompanying public tantrums. It is also interested in the love life of film stars, of gangsters, and of wives (or husbands) who bump each other off, rather than offend convention by a divorce. It has not, I think, the simple reverence

of the English mob which murmurs an ecstatic "coo" as the horselike daughter of a duke moves off to matrimony with an even more equine bridegroom.

Mark Twain noted the difference when he told his story of his tactless surprise at the willingness of some English friends to stand in the rain to see a minor princess whom they had seen before. Anxious to let them down easily, he made the handsome concession of saying he wouldn't stand in the rain to see General Grant, for a second time. The shocked horror with which his English friends received his comparison of General Grant with the Princess Hedwige of Hohenstiel-Schwangau, seventh cousin, thrice removed of the Good Queen, taught him a lesson. But how many Americans are not of Mark Twain's opinion? How many would dare admit to the simple superstitious snobbery of many English people? How many Americans would wait to see the King of Italy rather than Mussolini? John Jacob Astor rather than Max Baer or Albert Einstein? People have talked as if young Mr. Astor's marriage were an event in American history. It is a natural mistake, but a mistake nevertheless. A Rockefeller marriage, a Ford marriage, a Morgan marriage might well be; for the Standard Oil Company, the Ford Motor Company, and the House of Morgan have been (and still are) great forces in the advance of American life. The controllers of these fortunes are very powerful as well as very rich; great destinies are bound up with their activities. The Astor family is very rich, but it cannot make New York City grow or decline. They have not even the importance that comes to the English branch from owning *The Times* and *The Observer*.

Americans admire their rich for the energies that made them rich. They

may admire them for their splendor or extravagance—and, I think, they do admire them for it more than they resent it. The poor, whatever may be the case of the middle-classes, may envy and resent riches, but they do not feel especially aggrieved that its owners have the time of their lives with it. Splendor is the only popular justification of a great fortune. But the great claim of the American rich to admiration, to trust, to obedience is their economic success in getting rich, in keeping rich, in getting richer. Their fellow-countrymen are clients, not feudal followers. The Roman dictator Sulla put horns of plenty on his coins to show he was favored of the gods and Rome through him. The American people are like Sulla's clients and soldiers: they do not resent the good fortune of their betters as long as they share it.

This client attitude is no doubt distressful to the would-be squires, but it has been a safety-valve of the utmost importance in the last few years; for it has meant that the American people have been astonishingly tolerant of the sins of commission and of omission of their betters. They were all in the game together, and as long as the game was being played in the same spirit by all parties the disasters were suffered in common. The corresponding English (or British) classes would have been far more loyal and blindly admiring as long as the money lasted, but would have been ready to transfer their allegiance at the drop of the market. If, however, they themselves had been involved directly in the disasters that befell their betters their resentment would have been deep and long-lived. In my native city of Glasgow the older generation still refer to the "year the City Bank failed" (1878) as a grand climacteric of their lives; even people who did not lose directly are still bitter vicariously and think occa-

sionally of the fraudulent directors doing time on the bleak breakwater of Peterhead with a satisfaction that is barely Christian. If that attitude is rare in America it is not merely because there are more recent bank failures to exhaust the store of gall that makes oppression bitter; it is because the American is singularly tolerant of losses endured in the course of *economic advance*.

When one considers the events of the last five years, and the revelations of the "goings-on" of the years before that, the lack of resentment which the visitor encounters is staggering. To contemplate in Cleveland the magnificent ruins of the Van Sweringen enterprises and to reflect on the losses that went to erect the buildings surpassing the marble and the gilded monuments of princes, and then to discover how little the collapse has affected the position of the too enterprising brothers, is to be enlightened on the American temper, a temper which the American rich seem in grave danger of misunderstanding. The Van Sweringens, no doubt, displayed an excessively broad and flexible outlook in their dealings with the Union Trust Company, but they were *builders*. Their buildings may not only be losses to themselves, but a cause of losses to others; but the buildings are there. They believed in the future of Cleveland, and for that much shall be forgiven them. A Cleveland woman who knew her own mind very decidedly, who had an acute memory of the troubles brought on her by the bank closing, of her inability to buy coal in semi-arctic weather, for instance, was still angry but her resentment was not directed against the Van Sweringens; it was directed against another Cleveland magnate who plundered the bank without any worthwhile results in the way of steel and marble, and against mortgage-holders who were still insisting on their six

per cent after the dollar had been devalued!

It is obvious that the point of view here displayed does not commend itself for clarity to the academic economist, but it is very widespread. In Minneapolis the Foshay tower, a fairly tall but not otherwise impressive building, still proudly bears the name of its sponsor, although he has been for some years in a federal prison. There is no widespread feeling that any grave injustice was done, but there are sober citizens who regret that the arrest was not put off until after the last corner of the building was completed! In his own slightly irregular way, Mr. Foshay was a builder; he *did* something.

IV

Now important sections of the American rich, contemplating, with what seems to me excessively great apprehension, both the New Deal and its possible consequences, are in danger of misunderstanding the temper of the average American. I do not believe that he is as yet in the least revolutionary. If he does not shrink from some of the practical aspects of "Socialism," he shrinks from the name; he still associates it with famine and the nationalization of women. Strikers may, consciously or unconsciously, follow socialist or communist leaders, but they are very far from accepting the ideas which these leaders represent. The idea of a conscious rebuilding of society on a basis of common ownership is still un-American.

The alarms of the business men seem absurd to an outside spectator who has had some slight acquaintance with a really disgruntled and skeptical proletariat. Whatever ravages communism may have made among the Irvings of New York City, it has left the Elmers of the Middle West quite untouched, as untouched as Rousseau's

political doctrines left the petty bourgeois of the provincial towns and the peasants in the France of 1789. But as there was more to Rousseau than the *Social Contract*, so there is more to Bolshevism than the dreary polemics of the *New Masses* or the *Daily Worker*. The eyes of the world, once turned to the Detroit assembly-line, are now turned to Moscow or Stalin-grad. There, more and more simple souls are beginning to believe, the machine gets its chance, unhampered by the financial bonds that tie it down in capitalist countries. "We have got to get away from what Veblen called the 'vendibility standard,'" said the Middle-Western engineer to me, discussing an obviously "uneconomic proposition." Veblen may be merely the Marx of the tender-minded, but such ideas are dangerous—yet they are widespread. "Of course there is plenty of work to do, but the big men in the profession are timid, they hate all new ideas," so said the New York engineer. "The only building is government building, museums of all the styles," said the architect, "and private building is no better—look at Harvard, look at the banks: new ideas are barred." "You ask why big business is so sore at the New Deal," said the advertising man. "Because business is full of stuffed shirts at fifty thousand dollars a year that *any* shake-up will shake out. They're hoping to keep their jobs by sulking."

If I were a rich American, I should fear the annoyance of the technicians more than anything else; for their consciousness of social bonds with the owning class is the most formidable obstacle both to revolution and to a socialist remaking of society—as the Russians have discovered. Yet men who should know better are beginning to talk and think in a way that will put before the technicians the dilemma of loyalty to their caste and loyalty to

their craft. Let them once suspect that what stands between them and the free and fruitful exercise of their profession is the American business man, and the struggle may become an earthquake. If the American business man got the loyalty of his employees it was because they were thought to be engaged in a common enterprise, the production of tangible wealth. That wealth is tangible goods, obviously "useful goods," is still the simple faith of most Americans, and the business man, the rich business man, is not dialectician enough to infect the public mind with Austrian subtleties about value being a state of mind. An eminent, and far from obscurantist, corporation lawyer told me that he had been shocked to see in a State, supposedly suffering from severe agricultural depression, so many gas stations, hot-dog stands, movie houses, all "producing nothing." The theory of value involved struck me as naïve, although it is shared by millions lower down the economic ladder; but if it was once brought home to them that they *had* to do without gas stations, they would hardly be likely to respect the necessary existence of corporation lawyers! For dukes, despite the simple belief of Disraeli's hero, are no more a necessity than earls.

If I were a wealthy American (to return to this fantastic rhetorical device), I should be shy of the "Liberty League," not because it attacks the President or the New Deal, not because there is not a reaction under way, but because, as the President pointed out with his usual political acuteness, "Wall Street greeted it as an answer to prayer." It is not merely because it is a "rich man's lobby"—to quote the private remark of an eminent Republican who refused to join—but because it might be represented as the lobby of one type of rich man. The emphasis on "property" conceived of as static, as an asset to be held on to at all costs, is

not an American idea. The fate of the slave-holders and the brewers suggests how lightly Americans treat vested property rights which seem out of date. Citizens of New York might remember what happened to the just and legal rights of the patroons when the people decided that quit rents were a handicap to development. The corporation lawyers in the Liberty League, no matter how honorable and how eminent, should be kept in the background. Let Mr. Smith denounce the Administration not as an enemy of property, but as an obstacle to more and bigger Empire State Buildings. Let Mr. Irénée du Pont forget the bondholders, even the insurance policy holders, and promise more Duco and more Chevrolets. The American people may not be angry with Mr. Mitchell, but they have not forgotten him. They have not forgotten a system which demolished property rights with a speed and efficiency beyond the dreams of Dr. Wirth. The engraver who was induced by a high-pressure salesman to exchange his Liberty Loan for National City Bank stock is very forgiving about it, but he is unlikely, I think, to lose much sleep over the dangers to savings and investment involved in the government's monetary policy. It is too late to lament this philosophical attitude, for had the American temper been less tolerant of unsuccessful experiment, some of the eminent bewailers of the approaching doom of all things would have learned that it is possible to throw more than ticker-tape out of Wall Street windows. Let them think of the bullet marks on the Place de la Concorde and reflect that if the Parisians did that for the trifling Stavisky affair, what would they have done for—but fill in any name that occurs to you!

The answer to this dilemma may be non-existent. A good Marxian must believe that capitalism in its later

stages has to strangle production and that, sooner or later, the new methods of production will overthrow a society which tries to limit them on behalf of an outmoded property system. If that be so, we need not worry; history will have its way. But rich Americans are not Marxians; they are merely complacent leaders who believe that they can lead the people back as they have led them forward. The American people will become ungrateful for the blessings that have flown from the American variety of "private enterprise" just as soon as the flow begins visibly to diminish. The answer, if there is an answer, lies in Detroit not in New York. Justly or unjustly, Wall Street is now detested to a degree which is only faintly appreciated east of the Hudson River. It is detested not merely by radicals, by farmers, by small business men, but by big business, by its satellite Wall Streets west of the Alleghenies. Any crusade back to normalcy which seems to come from lower Manhattan is doomed; any crusade that seems chiefly designed to protect that type of property which economists call "titles to money" is doomed.

The answer, if there is an answer, is in the Ford exhibit at the World's Fair, in the legend running round the walls, assuring the American people that the machine and the abundance flowing from it are not enemies but friends. The average American believes this anyway, but he is glad to be told it by the only rich man whose position in the heart of the people is unshaken. The new Ford is worth a hundred appeals to the Constitution and the spirit of Alexander Hamilton as a talking point for capitalism. The World's Fair has another lesson, for in the Science Building, beside the ingenious illustration of the fourth dimension, is an equally ingenious series of refutations of perpetual-mo-

tion machines. More people look at the latter exhibit, and not all of them, I am pretty sure, are convinced that they can't do better! That is the American spirit and on that the American rich should work. There is more life in capitalism, especially in America, than most of my radical friends believe; but it is life on condition that the job of delivering the goods goes on and that the system does not become, or even appear to be, an obstacle to production. It will be fatal to go on believing in an abstract American devotion to "property rights," to "rugged individualism," and the rest. The instinct that kept the Republican party from recognizing Russia—absurd on the surface—was perhaps based on a deep instinct that evil communications might corrupt American manners, that the Bolshevik and the American had too much in common to meet without mixing. If the American rich continue to trust in a habit of

command, they may forget how awkward a habit of command becomes when the rank and file have lost the habit of obeying. The American rank and file may lose that habit, and the American ruling class, confident in the fidelity of its followers, may, like an Irish landlord confident in the loyalty of his tenantry, be awakened too late. The Irish landlord was sometimes aroused from his pleasant meditations by a dose of buckshot; the American equivalent may not be dynamite, it may simply be a turn over to the machine, with probably too hasty a dismissal of the economic functions of the price system, even when worked from Wall Street. In any case, the time for decision may be quite short and the failure to decide as fatal as an error in decision. All ruling systems make one last and, seemingly, avoidable error, and then all their good intentions and great achievements go for nothing.





MERCY AND THE CONDOR

A STORY

BY E. H. HARMENING

THE First-Class Passenger Manifest in its delicate way said simply: Mercedes Rios. Nationality: Mexico. Age: 12 years. Sex: Female. Complexion: Fair. Color of Eyes: Gray. Hair: Black.

About her noble parentage it said nothing at all. Neither about her father, the all-powerful and immensely wealthy Governor of Michoacan, General Don Pedro Rios; nor about her mother, the beautiful Doña Maria Teresa, a Princess Lichtenstein before her marriage. I got that from the Purser, who knows about everybody who is who in these parts of the world.

It also said nothing about our fair passenger's having been banished from her fatherland, like so many of her notable—or notorious—countrymen. It was none of its business. But the skipper told me. He likewise told me with great gusto hot off the griddle why they had bundled her off to that exclusive boarding school in France. She had turned handsprings on the public plaza one Sunday afternoon. She, the Governor's daughter. Even had gone the boys one better and, to the horror of some and the delight of others, had walked on her hands up the marble steps to the music pavilion—and that in a party dress. . . . One can imagine.

"See that she behaves," her mother had appealed to me, trusting probably in the three golden stripes of a Chief

Officer and my capacity as a disciplinarian.

I had promised, none too enthusiastic over the prospect of having to look after her ill-behaved brat. I hadn't seen her then.

After I had, things were different. Before me stood not a wild little Indian, but the most adorable young beauty in a short Parisian frock. Daringly short, and her mother might have known better. She wore high-heeled pumps too and bejewelled garters. One shouldn't believe it. Bejewelled garters! I got quite a shock when I saw them under the absurdly short skirt, a long way from covering her knees. Not exactly a shock, but . . .

And when the pretty damsel, prompted by her parent, bobbed me a lightninglike, graceful little curtsy—me of all people!—it was the last straw. Whether her mother liked it or not, I snapped her a most respectful bow in return, in my best manner, deep from the waist, and like a true *caballero* I should have kissed the back of that cool, firm little-girl hand thrust with so much friendly eagerness into my paw. That confounded little curtsy had thrown me out of gear altogether. Not to mention those maleficent garters.

My confusion had of course not escaped the keen mother-eyes. Doña Maria Teresa from under her lorgnette

looked at me sharply, once. But again the glamorous insignia of my rank seemed a good argument in my favor and solid proof of my worth. If she had looked a little closer, she could easily have seen that the top stripe was quite new and untarnished yet by sea breezes and salt water. Of an offensive brilliancy I thought. She could also have seen that I was no Methuselah and, if perhaps not the answer to a maiden's prayer, was not an ogre either. But mothers are a queer lot. They see nothing. Not if they don't want to.

"*Ach*, she is only a young savage, Mercy. No more," she confided mournfully, the young one's acrobatic feat more likely than not still fresh in her memory. "Really, Captain, nothing will surprise me any more. For all I know, she might even say her prayers, instead of to God, to that other Hutzle-Putzle, whatever his name is."

"*Huitzilopotli*, Mammal" the little heathen had corrected her German-born mother sweetly.

It was so comical, I could have laughed out loud if it hadn't been for that queer note of arrogance, almost hostility, in the cultured young voice. The native daughter resented the slighting of the revered name. I loved her all the more for her loyalty and courage and from then on was her devoted slave.

Not I alone. The whole ship's company fell a victim to the young Mexican's charm and beauty. A little immature beauty to be sure, but what the hell! The skipper was no exception, though he struggled valiantly to keep out of this sinister spell and while talking about her—which he did a great deal—in his gruff manner referred to her only as "The Papoose." But he was in fact quite daffy about her. And so was I. And so were the rest of us.

She could have walked all over us.

She had everybody eating out of her hands, everybody. Even that beastly Condor. Ah, yes, the Condor. Thereby hangs the tale.

If he didn't figure on the Passenger List, his rating was that of one just the same. For on the bill of lading as the shipper was given His Britannic Majesty's Ambassador to the Republic of Ecuador, and for consignee none less than the King of England himself.

The bill of lading said farther: In special care of the Captain!

The Captain, having enough cares of his own, had in turn recommended the Condor to me. As if I—the Matel—didn't have my peckful of troubles without the bother of that infamous beast who, like a damn fool on a hunger-strike, had refused food and drink ever since he came on board, in the false hope of gaining that way either his freedom or else die a heroic death.

At sight of the distinguished fellow-traveler the little Mexican stopped dead in her tracks. For a brief moment she stood motionless, both hands pressed to the heart, and stared at him in mute rapture, altogether the Indian before the feathered idol of her people, the people of all Spanish America. The next thing I knew, she was on her knees, had opened the door of his prison and, before I could stop her, had reached inside and got hold of the brute.

"*Ah, mi pobre, mi pobrecito!*" she cried in pitiful tones, over and over again, and caressed him and crooned to him and dealt with the vicious beast as she might have dealt with her pet cockatoo back home.

And the curious fellow, who goes berserk from the slightest motive—all you have to do is look at him—he didn't ruffle so much as a feather. The gleam of hatred and cold fury died out of his eyes. A soft light crept into the deadly, menacing stare. He held

quite still, entranced by the touch of the girl's hands, the proximity of her body. His whole attitude betrayed perfect bliss.

Over the little squares of raw liver, arranged nicely in a clean saucer for the bird to eat, she broke into a derisive laughter.

"*Por amor de Dios*—is he to eat that Liver?" In the best tradition of the ocean traveler she addressed herself to me, the omniscient Three-Striper, the know-all and cure-all Chief Mate.

"So I figured," I replied a little tartly. For dashed if I knew what else to feed the beast on. "The cat eats it."

"But he is no *zopilote*," she protested indignantly. "No scavenger." And the slight intriguing frown she always wears deepened on the smooth white forehead. She looked at me in silent contempt and, after some hard and fast thinking, set off on some mission of her own.

A minute later she was back again, a large piece of steak in one hand, in her wake a much surprised chef and his whole kitchen staff.

Once more she crawled into the cage, only her pretty legs sticking out, and held the bloody morsel temptingly under the Condor's eyes.

But the latter refused to be tempted. With the help of his powerful bill he pushed the hand of the fair young charmer ungraciously aside in order to get a better view of her, and the enraptured look with which he fixed the girl was perfectly uncanny. We all noticed it, and so did Mercy.

"Oh, *deja lo—tu*. Stop that, you idiot," she upbraided him gently, not ill pleased with the fellow's attentions. It was only when the enamored beast strove to bury its head under the hollow of her arm that she thought he was going a little too far and with a couple of good sound smacks discouraged his improper advances.

Alarmed over her recklessness and

the certain consequences, I quickly jumped to her aid, though there was no need to do so. For the Condor—male-fashion—took his punishment quite goodnaturedly and—also male-fashion—was not much discouraged, and when he resumed the ogling of her as before, Mercy now made short work of it and belabored him with the meat, cheerfully and systematically, until he lunged wildly forward, snatched it from her fingers, viciously tore it to bits, and in no time had done away with it to the last scrap.

"You must make it live, you know," she enlightened me about her part of the show while wiping her fingers with a definite gesture of finality on a lace-bordered wisp of a handkerchief, which afterward she tossed to the Stewardess to dispose of.

Thus began the most delightful little shipboard romance which it ever was my good fortune to witness, and for its quaintness the most remarkable in my long list of its kind.

Every blessed day, with the eagerness and punctuality of the novice lover, the little Mexican presented herself for the rendez-vous with her feathered beau, feeding him in the approved manner and suffering patiently the often none too gentle caresses of the grateful beast.

It was quite amusing to see those two at play and not infrequently a little pathetic. And many a time while watching the novel pair and the bird's antics, so very like a human being in their suggestion of a lovesick swain, I wondered if some fine day this supposed Condor might not drop his disguise and, as in the old fairy-tale of childhood days, step forth the gallant young Prince in plumed hat, silks and velvet, and that be the end of the story.

But it was not. The end was altogether different.

There came a time when I began to feel a little uneasy about the two, the

reason being not quite clear to me then. It might have been the girl's suspicious manner: the way she circled the Condor's cage with stealthy cat-like strides, and the furtive glances she cast in my direction when she thought herself unobserved.

And I soon noticed another curious change in the little Mexican.

She, who from the first day on had attached herself to me with the easy familiarity of the well-bred, well-sheltered girl who has never come in contact with men other than gentlemen, now drew away from me.

Naturally I blamed the Condor for it—there being no one else on board I could have blamed—and one day when the sight of the two spooning there so shamelessly in front of everybody got a little on my nerves, I began teasing her about the bird and her strange infatuation, acting a bit the part of the jealous lover in doing so—a part which by the way came unexpectedly easy as I discovered to my astonishment.

My fair young ward was deeply hurt, or made believe she was, but did not seem really displeased with my clowning.

"But I am not in love with him at all," she denied my charge vehemently with the twelve-year-old's relish in being thus suspected. "Don't be silly, Don Ricardo. But look at the poor dear. Have you no heart at all? Don't you see how miserable he feels?"

I was extremely sorry, but I didn't see and, therefore, had but little sympathy for my hated rival, the behexed Prince, and in so many words told her that she had no reason to bemoan his sad fate as he had everything he could very well wish for—a clean house, good food and plenty, not to mention the pleasant company.

"Oh—that," she dismissed the insinuation curtly with a crooked little smile. "Misery loves company, you see," she explained for my benefit,

while her fingers plucked nervously at the fringes of a priceless mantilla of snow-white silk, richly covered with the finest embroidery.

"This time I did see, or I thought I did, and gently laid an arm over her shoulder.

The result was prompt and disastrous. At once the young form stiffened, quickly defensive, and in the fine frank eyes crept a look, blank, tense, and expectant. But in the next moment she swayed toward me and before I knew lay in my arms and sobbed wildly:

"I want to go home—oh, I want to go home. Take me home, Don Ricardo. Please, please take me home."

Poor little Papoose! She was quite beside herself with grief and, helpless before so much misery, I took her firmly into my arms, stroked the heaving shoulders, the fine shapely head with its wealth of glossy black hair—black like the center of a poppy flower—from which rose an ever-present delicate virginal scent, singularly pleasant and vaguely disturbing.

Her violent sobbing ceased and she lay quite still in my arms and cried softly against my shoulder.

When I seized a corner of her mantilla and proceeded to dry her eyes she snuggled closer into my arms and in her distress altogether the small girl—even to the persuasive little pout—turned up a tear-stained face as if expecting me to kiss away her cares.

I didn't know. Should I? Should I kiss her or not? Then a blood-curdling cry rent the air and the Condor, with the ferocity of a tiger, crashed against the steel bars of his prison.

"*Santa Maria!*" sighed the little Papoose wearily and disengaged herself from my arms. And something in that "*Santa Maria*" told me that I should have kissed her.

It happened that same day, on the

four to eight watch, off the entrance to the Magellanes.

The night was fine and clear with a kindly full moon overhead as a welcome aid to the navigator. On our quarter, black and mysterious against the pallid sky, loomed the outposts of the distant Andes. Ahead winked the guiding lights of the Evangelistas.

At peace with myself and the world, I walked back and forth, waiting for the Cape Pillar Light to break water, my mind, like a dutiful mariner's, on the impending journey through the Straits and the various problems of its navigation.

But the dangers of unsound anchorages and faulty compass deviations soon began to lose significance and became of little concern, what with the beloved Papoose and the problem of her sad plight facing me, and that un-kissed kiss still an open question and throwing all else in the shade. . . . Damn that Condor anyway.

There he was again now, scratching and scraping and fidgeting in his coop under the bridge and making himself otherwise obnoxious probably because the canvas curtain was not down to protect his precious carcass from the night air. Blast him! He could bump his fool head in for all I cared, I wasn't going to stop him.

But a sharp splintering crash, followed by a piercing scream, sent me heels over head to the boatdeck below.

Too late. Right under my nose and almost within reach, the Condor took off from the rail and in majestic flight soared toward the distant mountains.

As he rose something fell from his claws and fluttered to the decks.

A torn piece of silk, snow-white with long fringes.

I picked it up and stared at it dumb-foundedly, for I knew where it did belong and, at the sound of approaching footsteps, I hid it under my jacket.

"What happened?" The skipper came up in quick alarm.

I pointed at the cage, empty, its door wide open.

"He got away, sir!"

"Yes, I see that. But how the devil could he?"

"I wanted to give him clean water and he got out," I told him.

"That so?" the "Old Man" said coldly, and his eyes from under the bushy white brows swept the boatdeck with a swift searching glance. But there was a strange light in them. They were not the eyes of the hunter. Rather the opposite. There was fear in them. Fear perhaps of what he might find. Anxiously I followed the direction of his gaze. And then our eyes met. After that he asked no more questions. Not then nor ever after.

"You should have known, Mister, and had a padlock put on," he hinted gently. "Well, it's your own hard luck if you haven't." And as a parting shot with good-natured malice over his shoulder: "You'll be out a fifty-dollar bonus now, young man."

After I had come off watch I went in search of the little sinner and finally cornered her near her cabin door.

Silently I handed her the telltale bit of silk.

She turned deadly white under the healthy pallor of her skin but, being a rich man's child, had soon recovered her poise, and with the easy assurance of the breed to whom the word "Pay" holds no terror, said:

"Oh, I shall pay for him, Don Ricardo. Or Pappa will."

After I had given her to understand that it was not a question of money—I didn't mention the fifty bucks of course—and that unfortunately "Pappa" didn't come in here at all, but that no one knew and that I—cross my heart!—should never tell on her, she was caught at a disadvantage.

She realized it at once, but was not discouraged.

From the depth of her gray mermaid eyes—now almost black under the long crisp lashes—she measured me with a curious intentness. Determined to square her accounts at least with me then, if that could not very well be done with the King of England, she seemed anxious to know whether I was really so insusceptible to her juvenile charms as she had good reason to believe after her experience of that morning. And before falling back on those, her only resources from which she might pay me my just reward—or

the hush-money, as the case may be—she wanted to make sure if I liked this specific form of pay. If I were “on the make” so to speak.

Something must have told her that I was. What this something was, I do not know. But evidently she was satisfied. For she looked warily along the alley-way, first to the right and then to the left, and when no one was in sight, stood on her toes, flung her soft cool arms round my neck, and kissed me full and square on the mouth.

Yes, I did like it, for those who care to know. I liked it very much. I am a little ashamed to say how much.

MOONLIGHT SONATA

BY ROBERT NATHAN

YOU also under the moon, Oh, dark of hair,
In the night's beauty, being part of the night,
Dream of me in the darkness, in the bright
Lakes of the moonlight, in the meadowy air.
Dream of me in the wind which slowly passes
Over these stars, the full, the deepening stream,
Sharing this beauty, being part of the dream,
The night and I, the wind, the shadowy grasses,
Which must themselves change again and assemble
Distant and strange, where another you and I
Under another moon and another sky
Feel their hearts melt in the dark and tremble,
Calling each other across the widening sea:
Dream of me too in the moonlight; dream of me.



GOOD-BY TO GERMANY

BY DOROTHY THOMPSON

ALL the way along the road from Innsbruck to Munich I kept thinking of Eric's gardener. It was easy to drive and think because there was no traffic on the road. It is a beautiful road and must have cost lots of money to build. Nobody was touring on it. Almost nobody is touring anywhere in the Austrian Tyrol. The inns are all empty. The innkeepers say, "Now that the Germans do not come any more we are ruined." The Germans do not come because for over a year there has been a boycott against Austria, and Germans have to pay a thousand marks for a visa.

I went to Innsbruck from Salzburg, where I had stayed with Eric, who lives in a village near-by. In that village there had been bad fighting for a few hours after the Nazis killed Chancellor Dollfuss. There is a cheese factory there owned by a Nazi German, and it became the center of the Nazi conspiracy in that district. Only Nazis could get jobs, and everyone wanted a job. They had their own radio communications with Freilassing, the nearest German village, and from there they smuggled in hand-grenades, rifles, and explosives. They did not hide them all in the cheese factory. Some they hid in peasant houses and barns, sometimes with the knowledge of the peasant and sometimes without it. The barn of the house where Richard Mayr, the opera singer, lived in summer was so full of explosives that if anyone had

dropped a cigarette the whole place would have been blown into kingdom come. Eric's gardener was a Nazi. He was the best gardener in the village and a fine young man. Eric is not a Nazi, but he said you had to say that the gardener was the best young man in the village, honest and brave and strong. He was brown and muscular, with sunburned hair. He always said Austria would have to join Germany. He was Nazi partly because he hated the Italians. He said if the Germans didn't rule Austria, the Italians would. And he hated the Dollfuss Government. He said it had massacred the workers in February because Mussolini ordered it. He was anticlerical too, which was funny because he was a Catholic. But he said the Church should attend to its own affairs. He was sure the Nazis would win. He always said, "When the signal comes seventy per cent of the people will rise." But when the signal came it was a little late. Only a few workers from the cheese factory rose, but Eric's gardener fought with them. He was sentenced to prison for life—a peasant boy who all his life had been out of doors. Eric is no Nazi, but he cried when he told about him.

I stopped at a little inn on the road. Two young men were sitting on a bench in the courtyard. When the servant went out to get me tea they looked up and caught my eye. They wore ragged shirts, patched trousers, and worn sandals with no socks, and

carried thin knapsacks. They had narrow faces, white teeth, and a hard, keen look. When I looked at them they asked me for some money. I was surprised. They didn't look like beggars. I asked what for, and they said, "To get on with."

"Where to?" I asked.

"Farther," they said; "perhaps to Switzerland, though it's hard to get out now."

I asked if they were unemployed.

"We are artisans," one said. "I'm a carpenter, and he's a locksmith, but we never get any work—not for two years."

"How do you live?" I asked.

Their teeth flashed. "Oh, we live," one said. "If we come to an inn like this perhaps we will be thrown out. But sometimes they give us a meal in the kitchen or someone will give us a hand-out. We shan't starve. We'll get through somehow. We shan't die. Not without a fight."

"What would you fight for?" I asked.

The white teeth flashed again. "For food," he said, "and work."

"Why don't you go to Germany and join the Nazis?" I asked. "Some say it's better there."

"Not us!" they said. "Not yet."

"What party do you belong to?" I asked.

The elder of the two looked at me searchingly. "The party of the hungry," he said. "All Austria is hungry."

When he said that, I thought of what I had seen and heard in Vienna. I had sat in a street café with a friend who is in the diplomatic service and has been in Austria a long time. He is a queer sort of fellow for a diplomat. He hardly ever goes to tea parties, and he knows all kinds of people that diplomats seldom see, trade-union leaders and workmen and Socialist agitators, as well as statesmen and diplomats. We talked in the café, and

newsboys went by all the time calling out extras. They were still trying the Nazis, and the extras told who was hanged that day or sentenced to prison. All the time beggars passed by. They leaned over the privet hedges planted in green boxes to shelter the café from the street and asked for bread. If we had rolls we weren't eating we gave them to them.

"That's Austria," said the diplomat.

"This country will fall into the lap of whoever can feed her or help her feed herself. Everyone talks of Austrian independence except a lot of Austrians. But who is buying Austrian felt hats, Austrian wood, Austrian needlepoint? Who is going to pay for all the men in uniforms to keep order?"

There were lots of men in uniforms going by all the time. They wore green suits and funny hats with feathers in them. They were the Heimwehr, or the Sturmschar, military organizations, led by Prince Starhemberg or Chancellor Schuschnigg, not the regular army. "The regular army," said my friend, "isn't too reliable. And as for the police—during the Nazi Putsch it hung by a hair which way they would go. They've had to put out two thousand men for being suspicious. The regular forces are honeycombed with Nazis. It cost this government forty million schillings to fight the Socialists in February, and God knows how much they are spending to fight the Nazis. Maybe the Italians will pay some of it."

My friend had been in Carinthia and Styria, where the worst fighting took place at the end of July. "It's funny," he said, "that the hottest Nazis all live farthest from Germany, and the hottest Heimwehr live nearest. Those who live nearest Italy hate the Italians, and those who live nearest Germany hate the Germans."

"But the great masses of the Aus-

trian workers will never go Nazi," I said.

"No one knows any more what the workers think," said my friend. "The old-line Socialists and trade-unionists were the greatest stabilizing force in Austria. Now their organizations have been broken up, their leaders are exiled or imprisoned; no one knows where they will go. Bolshevik, perhaps, or Nazi, or with the government. Who can tell? And the whole youth wants a new deal. And rule with bayonets costs so much. More than this country can pay."

Along the road and in the inns I saw men wearing black armbands. Nearly everyone I passed seemed to wear this badge of mourning. I presumed it was for Chancellor Dollfuss, but one wasn't always sure. Later in Germany, I asked a Storm Trooper for whom he wore the mourning band, and he said, "For Roehm." I thought it was for President Hindenburg. Roehm was the chief of staff of the Storm Troopers whom Hitler executed. One black armband looks like another, after all.

II

I never knew just when I passed the border into Germany because no frontier official stopped me. I thought it odd that there should be a border warfare so recently and all sorts of secret police, and yet no customs official in sight, but it was so. But I knew when I was in Germany by the flags. They hung from all the houses. They were bright red with a black swastika in a white circle in the middle, and sometimes they hung from the second storey to the ground. They gave the streets an odd Chinese look. There were often several on one house—one for every family who lived there. They made the streets look very gay, as though there were a festival. If there is a flag for every family, there

must be more than ten million flags in Germany, I thought, and all manufactured during the past year and a half. Ten million new flags because the old ones were different. Any flag that will stand the weather costs fifty cents, and the big ones five dollars or more. Someone must be making money in Germany, I thought.

Besides the flags there were election banners across the street. The next Sunday people were going to vote whether or not they wanted Hitler for President to succeed Hindenburg. In other countries when there is an election you vote whether you want one candidate or another, but in Germany Hitler made himself President and it was a law, and then people voted whether they liked the law or not. If they liked it, that meant he was President; and if they didn't, that meant he was President anyhow.

The election banners and posters did not explain any program. They didn't explain why it was good that Hitler should be the whole show, the head of the army and the navy and the civil service, and even head of the supreme court when he wanted to be, more powerful and supreme than any other person in the whole world. And of course there weren't any posters on the other side. You couldn't put up a poster: "Hitler is a big stiff. Vote no!" It wouldn't even have been fun to try.

The posters were like the ones in the Liberty Loan campaigns. They had that sentimental, evangelical note. "We are with thee, dear leader." "Thy leader has traveled a million miles on work for thee. Wilt thou not walk a hundred yards for him?" That sort of thing.

Now, in Germany, it was not so easy to drive the car. The roads were crowded. There were automobiles and motorcycles and bicycles. They all seemed to be driven by young men.

They leaned over the handlebars of the bicycles and paddled furiously with bare, strong legs. They wore mostly shorts and open-throated shirts; they usually had thick, fair hair. Sometimes a girl sat on the pillion of a motorcycle, but not often. On the fine broad road they traveled in front of me, behind, on both sides. I was in a procession of young men. I had the feeling that there were only young men in Germany, thousands and thousands of young men, all very strong and healthy, and all working furiously to get somewhere.

At Garmisch, on the square, I met an American from Chicago. He had been at Oberammergau, at the Passion Play. "These people are all crazy," he said. "This is not a revolution, it's a revival. They think Hitler is God. Believe it or not, a German woman sat next to me at the Passion Play, and when they hoisted Jesus on the cross, she said, 'There he is. That is our Fuehrer, our Hitler.' And when they paid out the thirty pieces of silver to Judas, she said, 'That is Roehm, who betrayed the Leader.' Can you beat it?" he said.

At Murnau there is a big camp for Hitler youth. Six thousand boys between the ages of ten and sixteen. It covers a whole hillside and valley, and is wonderfully organized. The boys do all the work except cooking, and learn some of the things taught the Boy Scouts. Only there are more processions and drills. They're different from the Boy Scouts too, because the Boy Scout idea is to develop the individual boy, and their idea is to train an army for the state. "The age of the individual is past." Where had I heard that before? In Russia.

They were beautiful children. I did not think they would ever grow up to be thick-set beer drinkers with rubber-tire necks. They sang together, and no people sing in unison

as the Germans do, thousands of them, in the open air, young voices, still soprano, and the hills echoing! It made one feel sentimental.

An enormous banner stretched across the hillside dominated the camp. It was so huge that you could see it from the farthest point. It was so prominent that every child could see it many times a day. It was white, and there was a swastika painted on it, and besides that only seven words, seven immense black words: WE WERE BORN TO DIE FOR GERMANY!

There's lots of time to think when one drives a car. From Murnau to Munich thoughts kept racing through my head. "Little child, why were you born?" My father who was a minister would have said, "To serve God and your fellow-men." My teachers would have said, "To become the most you can. To develop the best that is in you." Times change.

When I looked at my speedometer I was driving sixty-five miles an hour. I wanted to get away from there.

I had letters of introduction in Munich, to people I did not know. I went to see them but they wouldn't talk. They were frightened to death; you could see that. They wouldn't say anything at all. I looked up an old friend and found her at home with an apron on and a cloth round her head. "The block watchman has just come and told me I had to clean all the papers and junk out of my attic," she said.

"Who," I asked, "is the block watchman, and why?"

"An institution of the Third Reich," she said. "Every block has a watchman. They sniff about and see that we behave. And he came round yesterday and said all the attics had to be cleaned out, because if a bomb is dropped on the roof and falls through, it would be better not to have inflammable stuff about. Comforting idea,

what? And we have to take the gratings off cellar doors and windows, so in case of a raid we won't be trapped.

"I say," she said, "you come from outside. Is the whole world really preparing to make war on us?"

A long way from there, in another city, I met the priest. He looked every inch a prince of the Church, humane, benevolent, a Catholic intellectual. "The Nazi revolution is the greatest blow to Catholicism since Martin Luther," he said. "But it is also a blow to all Christianity. The Catholic spirit and the Nazi spirit are irreconcilable. The Catholic spirit is universal; it believes that we are all members of one community, not a community of race but a community of the Holy Spirit. In the Nazi outlook nationalism is elevated to a mystic religion, and the state claims not only the bodies of the people but the souls. Force, and not goodness, is the measure of all things. The civilization of the Western World is Christian. Christianity dominates the conception of law, the standards of behavior, the relations between men and men and between nations and nations. If it perishes the whole of Western civilization perishes."

"You don't anticipate that?" I asked.

"They are getting the children," he said; "that is their program—to get the children."

III

When I reached Berlin I went to the Adlon. It was good to be there, like home. There was Fix in the bar, with his shining black hair and his shining smile and his good Dry Martinis. There was the big porter who can always get anything you want—reservations when the airplane is sold out and money when the banks are closed. There was the manager who always remembers how many people there are in your family and what room you had

last time. Oh, I was glad to be back! The French doors were open into the garden and the fountain was sparkling and the little lawn was as smooth as the finest broadloom, and a man in an apron was actually sweeping it with a broom. It was all the courtesy, all the cleanliness, all the exquisite order which is Germany.

I sent my luggage up and went out and walked round the block and down another street and round another corner. The newspapermen had said, "Don't telephone from the hotel. Hotel 'phones are watched." I saw a cheap beer saloon with a telephone booth in the back, went in, and called up Anna. She recognized my voice; I knew because she said, "Oh, so you are back!" I asked where I could find The Little One. We call him "The Little One" because he is six feet two. The Little One is a Storm Trooper and I wanted to see him more than anyone. "Come to Maria's this afternoon at three," she said.

A girl I know came to lunch, a stenographer who works in a state bank. She has a nice German face with a high, unpowdered forehead and eyes as candid as water. When you look at her you know she never told a lie in her life. We didn't talk about politics at all at first, but after a while she said shyly, "Do you find that it's so bad here as the outside world seems to think?" I said that was what I had come to find out. She said, "I wasn't a Nazi at first. But in my bank everything is different since Hitler came. We don't get such high wages as we used to, but the ones who get the lowest wages are cut least. And the directors are cut most of all. They used to get fees for attending meetings, and now they have to turn them all in to the bank, and they aren't allowed in our bank to get more than two hundred and fifty dollars a month. And they treat us much better, as

though we were all equals. Nobody is ashamed now to be poor or not to have as good clothes as anyone else. It's as though we all belonged to a big family. It's good to know where you belong. Before we were never sure. There were so many political parties and they all had different ideas. It is quieter in Germany than I can ever remember it."

I asked her how people took the news that there might be food cards this winter, and that there would be substitutes for textiles. "It doesn't matter so long as we have work," she said. "Everybody is willing to make sacrifices. It would be bad if people were out of work."

I asked her about June thirtieth. She flushed. "That was an awful shock," she said. "We never dreamed of anything like that. We thought the Nazi leaders were different because they always talked about how corrupt the old leaders were. But then, on June thirtieth, we saw that lots of them were just like everybody else, wasting money that didn't belong to them and acting dreadful. That is why Hitler had to execute them."

"In my country we think there should be a trial," I said.

"But if the whole people are in danger?" she asked wonderingly.

It was funny. I never met anyone in Germany except a few intellectuals, who minded that those people did not have a trial. It was as though they had forgotten that there had ever been such a thing as law.

After lunch I went out and looked up a mechanic to go over my car. I told him what the stenographer had said. "Bunk!" he said. "A man can't live on the wages he gets now; he can eat, but he can't buy a suit of clothes. And there are plenty of people still spending money. There's money for flags and propaganda and for all the shoe leather men have

marched off their feet in the last year." He looked round, and lowered his voice. "This country's a prison," he said. "This won't last. It will collapse."

"And then what?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

In the afternoon I went to Maria's. I took a taxi and then a street car, and then I walked several blocks. I went right up to the apartment. The Little One was there. He wasn't wearing his uniform. I hadn't seen him for over a year but he looked years older.

"What happened on June thirtieth?" I asked.

He looked at me steadily. "Hitler sold us out," he said. "That's what happened. There wasn't any plot. No one was treasonable to Hitler. The conservatives wanted to reform the Cabinet. They wanted to put in some of the old gang that the outside countries have confidence in. That was because the industries couldn't get credits and were busted. There was lots of discussion going on. Different people meeting in different houses. They sounded out some of the foreign embassies. Hitler knew all about it. They talked it over with him. Everyone wanted to keep Hitler. But some of them wanted to get rid of Goebbels and some didn't like Goering. That Mr. A, that Hitler mentioned in the speech in the Reichstag, that was Werner von Alvensleben. He went to Hitler with various proposals. I heard Hitler told him he had been reading about Napoleon and about how Napoleon always went his own way and made his own decisions. So this man Alvensleben told him he'd better remember that after all Napoleon ended up on St. Helena. Hitler wouldn't forgive that. He never forgets anything or forgives it.

"Roehm, the chief of the Storm Troops, was sore at Hitler, and Hitler was sore at Roehm. That's true.

But they'd been sore at each other before, lots of times. Roehm knew that the army was pushing at Hitler to dissolve the Storm Troops, and Roehm wanted Hitler to make the army take the Storm Troops in. Roehm wanted a Nazi army. It was always in our program that we were to have a people's army in place of the professional one. But the army wouldn't give in, and neither would Roehm. He promised us he wouldn't give in. We had been ordered on leave for the whole of July, and we were going; but Roehm promised that when we reassembled in August we would make a big demonstration that would show that we were the real strength and backbone of the revolution and couldn't be pushed aside by the Reichswehr that used to fight us.

"We went off duty everywhere on Friday the twenty-ninth. Ten days before that, here in Berlin, we had got orders from Karl Ernst, the Berlin group leader, that we were to be relieved of all duties during July and were to spend the month quietly. I saw the orders, and what I tell you is true. Ernst was going on a holiday to Madeira. He was all excited about it. He was leaving Saturday—that was the thirtieth—from Bremen. On Friday, he heard that the army had been ordered to stand by, and he called up both General Blomberg and General Goering and asked if anything was up. They said it was nothing, so he started as he planned, on Saturday morning. The SS troops who were with the army arrested him near Bremen and brought him back here and shot him in the Lichterfelde Barracks. They beat him so hard they had to prop him against the wall in order to shoot him, after he went down on his knees and swore he was innocent.

"They must have shot sixty or seventy men in that barracks. It was a shambles. They had a firing squad

of eight, Hitler's personal bodyguard, and the firing order was, 'On the wish of the Leader: hail, Hitler! Fire!'

"Do you know about Sandor? He was Ernst's chief of staff. He heard Ernst had been arrested but didn't know he had been shot. He took an airplane and flew to Munich with copies of Ernst's orders to show to Hitler and thus prove his innocence. They arrested him and brought him back and shot him too. And Gerth. He was Ernst's adjutant. He went to Group Headquarters on Saturday and was arrested. They stood him up before a firing squad twice. Once he was reprieved and then, two hours later, they shot him. His mother made such a scene in Goering's office that they put her out, and then she stood in the Unter den Linden screaming and crying. My God, it was awful! Men didn't know why they were shot; I'm telling you they didn't have an idea. Some of them thought that there was a conspiracy of the SS against Hitler, and they were dying for Hitler. They held up their arms and shouted, 'Hail, Hitler!' as the squad fired. What I'm telling you is true."

I don't know whether it was like that but I could see he believed it. "What will happen now?" I asked.

"There are two and a half million Storm Troopers. How do you think they feel?" he asked.

"I'm asking you," I said.

"It used to be that we were the fighters for the revolution. Hitler still says so. He says it was only a handful that were traitors. But it used to be that we were the men who saved Germany. When we passed people saluted. When we went in a restaurant, we got the best seats. Now people look the other way. It's no honor any more to wear an SA uniform. The people who know the truth are mostly dead, and if you talk you get sent to concentration camp. The top leaders are al-

most all dead. Lots and lots of the subleaders are in prison."

"How many did they shoot?" I asked him.

"About three hundred," he said. "But the papers never printed it. Hitler said seventy-seven."

"What will happen?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It will be a hard winter," he said. "We'll see how the people stand it. It will never be the same again with Hitler. That's true. The heart's gone out of the revolution."

"Hitler sits on a throne more powerful than all the Cæsars," I said.

The Little One looked at me sideways. "Hitler stands on a tightrope," he said.

IV

I had promised to meet Otto for tea. Otto is a German newspaperman. He used to say the only thing that mattered was free speech and intellectual integrity. Now he is *gleichgeschaltet*. That means he writes articles that free speech isn't any good. We sat in a café and ate plum cake and drank coffee with whipped cream. In summer everybody in Germany eats plum cake. There is a thin crust and the fresh plums are arranged on it in thick overlapping slices sprinkled with lots of sugar. It is very good. Otto is very intelligent and knows a lot about history. He always talks about things now as though they had happened a long time ago.

"This revolution follows the classical pattern," he said. "Revolutions need Territorists. Nice respectable people don't make revolutions, they only plan them. Afterward, when the revolutions succeed, the people who made them are in the way. In Russia one could send them to Turkestan or Siberia, and in Italy to Tripoli or the Lipari Islands. It is unfortunate that Germany has no colonies. So there

was nothing to do but shoot them. The Storm Troopers were a great nuisance. They cost a lot of money and annoyed people by showing off. I think they probably were definitely plotting something too. Many of their leaders were scoundrels. Now one can reorganize the Storm Troopers and get them in hand. It is too bad about some of the conservative people. Shooting the wife of General Schleicher made a bad impression abroad, I believe. The clean-up was not pretty, but it has consolidated Germany."

All the time he was talking I kept thinking of Willi Schmidt, a music critic in Munich who had the same name as the leader of the Storm Troops. Very early on the morning of the thirtieth they shot the Storm Trooper Willi Schmidt, but later on in the day they came for the other one, thinking he was the Storm Trooper. They didn't know that the Storm Trooper had already been arrested by Hitler himself and shot. The music critic tried to tell them they were making a mistake, but they were in an awful hurry. They didn't have time to call up his newspaper or let his wife get his identification papers. They took him off and shot him and sent him home in a sealed coffin with instructions that it was not to be opened. They admitted it was an unfortunate mistake. They let his wife put a notice in the paper that he had died suddenly of an accident.

"I doubt if any revolution in history has been made with greater order," said Otto. "It is now consolidated. It will last for years."

I kept thinking of Doctor Klausener's ashes. He was a Catholic leader, and while they were killing the others, they shot him too. I couldn't find out just why. They cremated him and sent the ashes to his wife, parcel post, registered. At least I read this in an English paper. I kept thinking how

it must have been when the postman rang the bell. I could imagine the postman—a nice jolly sort of man. "Good morning," he would say. "I have a package for you this morning." Probably she would put it under her arm while she signed. Then the postman would tip his hat. They are awfully polite in Germany. "Yes, Germany is an orderly country," I said to Otto. "Take the postal service. Nothing ever gets lost."

"That's right," Otto said.

"But the postman always rings twice," I said.

"That's the name of that new American book," said Otto. "All about gangsters. It's fascinating."

I was still in my room in the morning when the Secret Police called. The porter rang up from the desk. "Good morning, madam, there is a gentleman here from the secret state police." That is Goering's organization to snuff out discontent, sedition, plots and treasonable activities.

"Send him up," I said. He was a young man in a trench coat like Hitler's. He brought an order that I should leave the country immediately, within forty-eight hours, for journalistic activities inimical to Germany.

Well, it was too bad. I hadn't been long in Germany. In such a short time you don't see much. I packed my things after a while and went downstairs. I stood for a few minutes in the lobby. Lord, how familiar it all was. In this lobby I had met my husband for the first time. Out there in the garden we had had that birthday party.

"What, you are leaving us already?" asked the manager. "Has everything been all right?"

"Perfect," I said, "thanks ever so much. Thanks for everything."

The porter helped me with my luggage. I went into the bar. "*Auf wiedersehen, gnaedige Frau*," said Fix.

"*Auf wiedersehen*," said the little page. "Come again soon, *gnaedige Frau*. *Auf baldiges wiedersehen*."





WAS MY LIFE WORTH LIVING?

BY EMMA GOLDMAN

It is strange what time does to political causes. A generation ago it seemed to many American conservatives as if the opinions which Emma Goldman was expressing might sweep the world. Now she fights almost alone for what seems to be a lost cause; contemporary radicals are overwhelmingly opposed to her; more than that, her devotion to liberty and her detestation of government interference might be regarded as placing her anomalously in the same part of the political spectrum as the gentlemen of the Liberty League, only in a more extreme position at its edge. Yet in this article, which might be regarded as her last will and testament, she sticks to her guns. Needless to say, her opinions are not ours. We offer them as an exhibit of valiant consistency, of *really* rugged individualism unaltered by opposition or by advancing age.—*The Editors.*

How much a personal philosophy is a matter of temperament and how much it results from experience is a moot question. Naturally we arrive at conclusions in the light of our experience, through the application of a process we call reasoning to the facts observed in the events of our lives. The child is susceptible to fantasy. At the same time he sees life more truly in some respects than his elders do as he becomes conscious of his surroundings. He has not yet become absorbed by the customs and prejudices which make up the largest part of what passes for thinking. Each child responds differently to his environment. Some become rebels, refusing to be dazzled by social superstitions. They are outraged by every injustice perpetrated upon them or upon others. They grow ever more sensitive to the suffering round them and the restrictions which authority places in their way. Others become rubber stamps, registering every convention and taboo imposed upon them.

I evidently belong to the first category. Since my earliest recollection of my youth in Russia I have rebelled

against orthodoxy in every form. I could never bear to witness harshness whether on the part of our parents to us or in their dealings with the servants. I was outraged over the official brutality practiced on the peasants in our neighborhood. I wept bitter tears when the young men were conscripted into the army and torn from homes and hearths. I resented the treatment of our servants, who did the hardest work and yet had to put up with wretched sleeping quarters and the leavings of our table. I was indignant when I discovered that love between young people of Jewish and Gentile origin was considered the crime of crimes, and the birth of an illegitimate child the most depraved immorality.

On coming to America I had the same hopes as have most European immigrants and the same disillusionment, though the latter affected me more keenly and more deeply. The immigrant without money and without connections is not permitted to cherish the comforting illusion that America is a benevolent uncle who assumes a tender and impartial guardianship of nephews and nieces. I

soon learned that in a republic there are myriad ways by which the strong, the cunning, the rich can seize power and hold it. I saw the many work for small wages which kept them always on the borderline of want for the few who made huge profits. I saw the courts, the halls of legislation, the press, and the schools—in fact every avenue of education and protection—effectively used as an instrument for the safeguarding of a minority, while the masses were denied every right. I found that the politicians knew how to befog every issue, how to control public opinion and manipulate votes to their own advantage and to that of their financial and industrial allies. This was the picture of democracy I soon discovered on my arrival in the United States. Fundamentally there have been few changes since that time.

This situation, which was a matter of daily experience, was brought home to me with a force that tore away shams and made reality stand out vividly and clearly by an event which occurred shortly after my coming to America. It was the so-called Haymarket riot, which resulted in the trial and conviction of eight men, among them five Anarchists. Their crime was an all-embracing love for their fellow-men and their determination to emancipate the oppressed and disinherited masses. In no way had the State of Illinois succeeded in proving their connection with the bomb that had been thrown at an open-air meeting in Haymarket Square in Chicago. It was their Anarchism which resulted in their conviction and execution on the 11th of November, 1887. This judicial crime left an indelible mark on my mind and heart and sent me forth to acquaint myself with the ideal for which these men had died so heroically. I dedicated myself to their cause.

It requires something more than per-

sonal experience to gain a philosophy or point of view from any specific event. It is the quality of our response to the event and our capacity to enter into the lives of others that help us to make their lives and experiences our own. In my own case my convictions have derived and developed from events in the lives of others as well as from my own experience. What I have seen meted out to others by authority and repression, economic and political, transcends anything I myself may have endured.

I have often been asked why I maintained such a non-compromising antagonism to government and in what way I have found myself oppressed by it. In my opinion every individual is hampered by it. It exacts taxes from production. It creates tariffs, which prevent free exchange. It stands ever for the *status quo* and traditional conduct and belief. It comes into private lives and into most intimate personal relations, enabling the superstitious, puritanical, and distorted ones to impose their ignorant prejudice and moral servitudes upon the sensitive, the imaginative, and the free spirits. Government does this by its divorce laws, its moral censorships, and by a thousand petty persecutions of those who are too honest to wear the moral mask of respectability. In addition, government protects the strong at the expense of the weak, provides courts and laws which the rich may scorn and the poor must obey. It enables the predatory rich to make wars to provide foreign markets for the favored ones, with prosperity for the rulers and wholesale death for the ruled. However, it is not only government in the sense of the state which is destructive of every individual value and quality. It is the whole complex of authority and institutional domination which strangles life. It is the superstition, myth, pretense, evasions,

and subservience which support authority and institutional domination. It is the reverence for these institutions instilled in the school, the church, and the home in order that man may believe and obey without protest. Such a process of devitalizing and distorting personalities of the individual and of whole communities may have been a part of historical evolution; but it should be strenuously combated by every honest and independent mind in an age which has any pretense to enlightenment.

It has often been suggested to me that the Constitution of the United States is a sufficient safeguard for the freedom of its citizens. It is obvious that even the freedom it pretends to guarantee is very limited. I have not been impressed with the adequacy of the safeguard. The nations of the world, with centuries of international law behind them, have never hesitated to engage in mass destruction when solemnly pledged to keep the peace; and the legal documents in America have not prevented the United States from doing the same. Those in authority have and always will abuse their power. And the instances when they do not do so are as rare as roses growing on icebergs. Far from the Constitution playing any liberating part in the lives of the American people, it has robbed them of the capacity to rely on their own resources or do their own thinking. Americans are so easily hoodwinked by the sanctity of law and authority. In fact, the pattern of life has become standardized, routinized, and mechanized like canned food and Sunday sermons. The hundred-percenter easily swallows syndicated information and factory-made ideas and beliefs. He thrives on the wisdom given him over the radio and cheap magazines by corporations whose philanthropic aim is selling America out. He accepts the standards of conduct

and art in the same breath with the advertising of chewing gum, toothpaste, and shoe polish. Even songs are turned out like buttons or automobile tires—all cast from the same mold.

II

Yet I do not despair of American life. On the contrary, I feel that the freshness of the American approach and the untapped stores of intellectual and emotional energy resident in the country offer much promise for the future. The War has left in its wake a confused generation. The madness and brutality they had seen, the needless cruelty and waste which had almost wrecked the world made them doubt the values their elders had given them. Some, knowing nothing of the world's past, attempted to create new forms of life and art from the air. Others experimented with decadence and despair. Many of them, even in revolt, were pathetic. They were thrust back into submission and futility because they were lacking in an ideal and were further hampered by a sense of sin and the burden of dead ideas in which they could no longer believe.

Of late there has been a new spirit manifested in the youth which is growing up with the depression. This spirit is more purposeful though still confused. It wants to create a new world, but is not clear as to how it wants to go about it. For that reason the young generation asks for saviors. It tends to believe in dictators and to hail each new aspirant for that honor as a messiah. It wants cut and dried systems of salvation with a wise minority to direct society on some one-way road to utopia. It has not yet realized that it must save itself. The young generation has not yet learned that the problems confronting them can be solved only by themselves and will

have to be settled on the basis of social and economic freedom in co-operation with the struggling masses for the right to the table and joy of life.

As I have already stated, my objection to authority in whatever form has been derived from a much larger social view, rather than from anything I myself may have suffered from it. Government has, of course, interfered with my full expression, as it has with others. Certainly the powers have not spared me. Raids on my lectures during my thirty-five years' activity in the United States were a common occurrence, followed by innumerable arrests and three convictions to terms of imprisonment. This was followed by the annulment of my citizenship and my deportation. The hand of authority was forever interfering with my life. If I have none the less expressed myself, it was in spite of every curtailment and difficulty put in my path and not because of them. In that I was by no means alone. The whole world has given heroic figures to humanity, who in the face of persecution and obloquy have lived and fought for their right and the right of mankind to free and unstinted expression. America has the distinction of having contributed a large quota of native-born children who have most assuredly not lagged behind. Walt Whitman, Henry David Thoreau, Voltairine de Cleyre, one of America's great Anarchists, Moses Harman, the pioneer of woman's emancipation from sexual bondage, Horace Traubel, sweet singer of liberty, and quite an array of other brave souls have expressed themselves in keeping with their vision of a new social order based on freedom from every form of coercion. True, the price they had to pay was high. They were deprived of most of the comforts society offers to ability and talent, but denies when they will not be subservient. But whatever the

price, their lives were enriched beyond the common lot. I, too, feel enriched beyond measure. But that is due to the discovery of Anarchism, which more than anything else has strengthened my conviction that authority stultifies human development, while full freedom assures it.

I consider Anarchism the most beautiful and practical philosophy that has yet been thought of in its application to individual expression and the relation it establishes between the individual and society. Moreover, I am certain that Anarchism is too vital and too close to human nature ever to die. It is my conviction that dictatorship, whether to the right or to the left, can never work—that it never has worked, and that time will prove this again, as it has been proved before. When the failure of modern dictatorship and authoritarian philosophies becomes more apparent and the realization of failure more general, Anarchism will be vindicated. Considered from this point, a recrudescence of Anarchist ideas in the near future is very probable. When this occurs and takes effect, I believe that humanity will at last leave the maze in which it is now lost and will start on the path to sane living and regeneration through freedom.

There are many who deny the possibility of such regeneration on the ground that human nature cannot change. Those who insist that human nature remains the same at all times have learned nothing and forgotten nothing. They certainly have not the faintest idea of the tremendous strides that have been made in sociology and psychology, proving beyond a shadow of a doubt that human nature is plastic and can be changed. Human nature is by no means a fixed quantity. Rather, it is fluid and responsive to new conditions. If, for instance, the so-called instinct of self-preservation

were as fundamental as it is supposed to be, wars would have been eliminated long ago, as would all dangerous and hazardous occupations.

Right here I want to point out that there would not be such great changes required as is commonly supposed to insure the success of a new social order, as conceived by Anarchists. I feel that our present equipment would be adequate if the artificial oppressions and inequalities and the organized force and violence supporting them were removed.

Again it is argued that if human nature can be changed, would not the love of liberty be trained out of the human heart? Love of freedom is a universal trait, and no tyranny has thus far succeeded in eradicating it. Some of the modern dictators might try it, and in fact are trying it with every means of cruelty at their command. Even if they should last long enough to carry on such a project—which is hardly conceivable—there are other difficulties. For one thing, the people whom the dictators are attempting to train would have to be cut off from every tradition in their history that might suggest to them the benefits of freedom. They would also have to isolate them from contact with any other people from whom they could get libertarian ideas. The very fact, however, that a person has a consciousness of self, of being different from others, creates a desire to act freely. The craving for liberty and self-expression is a very fundamental and dominant trait.

As is usual when people are trying to get rid of uncomfortable facts, I have often encountered the statement that the average man does not want liberty; that the love for it exists in very few; that the American people, for instance, simply do not care for it. That the American people are not wholly lacking in the desire for free-

dom was proved by their resistance to the late Prohibition Law, which was so effective that even the politicians finally responded to popular demand and repealed the amendment. If the American masses had been as determined in dealing with more important issues, much more might have been accomplished. It is true, however, that the American people are just beginning to be ready for advanced ideas. This is due to the historical evolution of the country. The rise of capitalism and a very powerful state are, after all, recent in the United States. Many still foolishly believe themselves back in the pioneer tradition when success was easy, opportunities more plentiful than now, and the economic position of the individual was not likely to become static and hopeless.

It is true, none the less, that the average American is still steeped in these traditions, convinced that prosperity will yet return. But because a number of people lack individuality and the capacity for independent thinking I cannot admit that for this reason society must have a special nursery to regenerate them. I would insist that liberty, real liberty, a freer and more flexible society, is the only medium for the development of the best potentialities of the individual.

I will grant that some individuals grow to great stature in revolt against existing conditions. I am only too aware of the fact that my own development was largely in revolt. But I consider it absurd to argue from this fact that social evils should be perpetrated to make revolt against them necessary. Such an argument would be a repetition of the old religious idea of purification. For one thing it is lacking in imagination to suppose that one who shows qualities above the ordinary could have developed only in one way. The person who under this system has developed along

the lines of revolt might readily in a different social situation have developed as an artist, scientist, or in any other creative and intellectual capacity.

III

Now I do not claim that the triumph of my ideas would eliminate all possible problems from the life of man for all time. What I do believe is that the removal of the present artificial obstacles to progress would clear the ground for new conquests and joy of life. Nature and our own complexes are apt to continue to provide us with enough pain and struggle. Why then maintain the needless suffering imposed by our present social structure, on the mythical grounds that our characters are thus strengthened, when broken hearts and crushed lives about us every day give the lie to such a notion?

Most of the worry about the softening of human character under freedom comes from prosperous people. It would be difficult to convince the starving man that plenty to eat would ruin his character. As for individual development in the society to which I look forward, I feel that with freedom and abundance unguessed springs of individual initiative would be released. Human curiosity and interest in the world could be trusted to develop individuals in every conceivable line of effort.

Of course those steeped in the present find it impossible to realize that gain as an incentive could be replaced by another force that would motivate people to give the best that is in them. To be sure, profit and gain are strong factors in our present system. They have to be. Even the rich feel a sense of insecurity. That is, they want to protect what they have and to strengthen themselves. The gain and profit motives, however, are tied up

with more fundamental motives. When a man provides himself with clothes and shelter, if he is the money-maker type, he continues to work to establish his status—to give himself prestige of the sort admired in the eyes of his fellow-men. Under different and more just conditions of life these more fundamental motives could be put to special uses, and the profit motive, which is only their manifestation, will pass away. Even to-day the scientist, inventor, poet, and artist are not primarily moved by the consideration of gain or profit. The urge to create is the first and most impelling force in their lives. If this urge is lacking in the mass of workers it is not at all surprising, for their occupation is deadly routine. Without any relation to their lives or needs, their work is done in the most appalling surroundings, at the behest of those who have the power of life and death over the masses. Why then should they be impelled to give of themselves more than is absolutely necessary to eke out their miserable existence?

In art, science, literature, and in departments of life which we believe to be somewhat removed from our daily living we are hospitable to research, experiment, and innovation. Yet, so great is our traditional reverence for authority that an irrational fear arises in most people when experiment is suggested to them. Surely there is even greater reason for experiment in the social field than in the scientific. It is to be hoped, therefore, that humanity or some portion of it will be given the opportunity in the not too distant future to try its fortune living and developing under an application of freedom corresponding to the early stages of an anarchistic society. The belief in freedom assumes that human beings can co-operate. They do it even now to a surprising extent, or organized society would be impos-

sible. If the devices by which men can harm one another, such as private property, are removed and if the worship of authority can be discarded, co-operation will be spontaneous and inevitable, and the individual will find it his highest calling to contribute to the enrichment of social well-being.

Anarchism alone stresses the importance of the individual, his possibilities and needs in a free society. Instead of telling him that he must fall down and worship before institutions, live and die for abstractions, break his heart and stunt his life for taboos, Anarchism insists that the center of gravity in society is the individual—that he must think for himself, act freely, and live fully. The aim of Anarchism is that every individual in the world shall be able to do so. If he is to develop freely and fully, he must be relieved from the interference and oppression of others. Freedom is, therefore, the cornerstone of the Anarchist philosophy. Of course, this has nothing in common with a much boasted “rugged individualism.” Such predatory individualism is really flabby, not rugged. At the least danger to its safety it runs to cover of the state and wails for protection of armies, navies, or whatever devices for strangulation it has at its command. Their “rugged individualism” is simply one of the many pretenses the ruling class makes to unbridled business and political extortion.

Regardless of the present trend toward the strong-armed man, the totalitarian states, or the dictatorship from the left, my ideas have remained unshaken. In fact, they have been strengthened by my personal experience and the world events through the years. I see no reason to change, as I do not believe that the tendency of dictatorship can ever successfully solve

our social problems. As in the past, so I do now insist that freedom is the soul of progress and essential to every phase of life. I consider this as near a law of social evolution as anything we can postulate. My faith is in the individual and in the capacity of free individuals for united endeavor.

The fact that the Anarchist movement for which I have striven so long is to a certain extent in abeyance and overshadowed by philosophies of authority and coercion affects me with concern, but not with despair. It seems to me a point of special significance that many countries decline to admit Anarchists. All governments hold the view that while parties of the right and left may advocate social changes, still they cling to the idea of government and authority. Anarchism alone breaks with both and propagates uncompromising rebellion. In the long run, therefore, it is Anarchism which is considered deadlier to the present regime than all other social theories that are now clamoring for power.

Considered from this angle, I think my life and my work have been successful. What is generally regarded as success—acquisition of wealth, the capture of power or social prestige—I consider the most dismal failures. I hold when it is said of a man that he has arrived, it means that he is finished—his development has stopped at that point. I have always striven to remain in a state of flux and continued growth, and not to petrify in a niche of self-satisfaction. If I had my life to live over again, like anyone else, I should wish to alter minor details. But in any of my more important actions and attitudes I would repeat my life as I have lived it. Certainly I should work for Anarchism with the same devotion and confidence in its ultimate triumph.



BROADCASTING—A BRITISH VIEW

BY MARY AGNES HAMILTON

Member of the Board of Governors, British Broadcasting Corporation

HERE, we know, is a mysterious, new force, among the most potent in the world if, as I incline to think, the younger generation is more directly accessible through its ears than through its eyes, whether those eyes are directed to the visual image, as in the films, or to the printed word of books and newspapers.

All dictators know this; their first act is to seize the radio. In any contemporary revolution the broadcasting station may be the key position, as the Nazi putsch in Vienna recently proved.

If the radio is the readiest engine of dictatorship, it must equally be true that it can serve as the firm bulwark of democracy. Significant in its as yet unmeasured and immeasurable power, broadcasting is also another kind of problem. Like education, of which it is a near relation, it can be the servant or the betrayer of its master. Service to democracy is, alas, neither a specific nor a self-explanatory notion; if it were we should have a happier outlook on our modern problem. But for the purposes of judging and assessing any wireless system, one may posit two objectives which one may fairly demand that it safeguard and promote. They are freedom and culture. There are those who see them as antithetical. But the optimists about democracy—of whom I hasten to say that I am one—do assume that they are not incompatible, and do ask of their radio that it should promote both.

Let us first look at the case of freedom. It is here admittedly that the American is most sure that he has the best of it. He will often admit handsomely that British Broadcasting does more for culture; regarding freedom, however, he harbors a deep conviction, which he does not hesitate to voice, that we are in second place.

Such assertions are seldom supported by anything like an analysis of our programs; from them, I am sure, no valid case could possibly be made out. The charge, put with force and fervor, is in essence a deduction from the presumed nature of our system. It is clinched nine times out of ten by "Of course, our system gives more freedom than yours. That stands to reason. Your system, when all is said and done, is run by the government."

Whether freedom and governmental control can go together is a point on which there is room for interesting argument. It is not, however, relevant here. The reply to the first charge in the indictment is that British broadcasting is *not* run by government.

Like other efficient European systems, it is centralized; it is a monopoly. Its management is surrounded by safeguards appropriate to the management of a monopoly. But it is an independent public service; with its day-to-day working the government has nothing to do. The B.B.C. is in fact as in theory autonomous.

"So you say," the interlocutor rejoins. "But were not you yourself appointed a Governor by the government? Does not the government answer questions about broadcasting in the House of Commons?"

"Certainly it is true that Governors are appointed by the Crown, acting through the Prime Minister, for a term of years laid down in the Royal Charter, and that the Postmaster General issues and collects the licenses—ten shillings per annum. He prosecutes anyone who has a set without a paid-up license and he answers questions in the House of Commons about the B.B.C. in so far as they affect its Charter position. But, in answering questions on policy, he will say, if this or that is criticized, 'That is a matter for the Corporation.' And so it is."

"But don't these people, who are, after all, appointed by government, act as creatures of the government that appoints them?"

"Not at all. They are charged with a certain task: to give the public the best broadcasting service possible. Everything else is subordinated to that. Take, for instance, political talks. The government gets its share of publicity, but no more than its share. It is attacked as well as defended, and that by the most competent attackers that can be found. In our latest political series, for example, each of the political parties chose its own spokesmen, and those spokesmen said precisely what they chose: their manuscripts were not even seen in advance. The Government had four speakers; the critics three. Controversy is, we think, the life blood of broadcasting, especially in discussions. For the last four or five years there has been more and more of it, and the whole effort—and a successful one, most of our listeners agree—has been to make the controversy as full and free as possible."

The American here shakes his head, with a smile for my naïveté. "How," he asks, "if you have a politically appointed Board are you going to get freedom or impartiality out of it? It stands to reason that these people will do what the government tells them. What are they there for anyhow? Whereas under our system, don't you see, with a whole series of freely competing radio services, anyone in the world can buy time and do what he likes with it. That is real freedom. Governments have nothing to say in the matter. They are just like anyone else."

For us, frankly, there is a flaw in this argument. With equality of incomes, freedom to buy might carry other freedoms with it; under the actual economic distribution it does not: it merely enables those who possess financial power to use it. But our feeling that the American system is somehow in chains to money is not here the point; the point is, are they right in holding that ours is in chains to politics?

II

Here, of course, one comes up against a major difference of background and of habit of mind. If the American critic finds it hard to understand how our system works and how, as we firmly believe, it secures us freedom of the air, the reason lies in the main in this divergence of political tradition.

First, to set out the facts. Since the end of 1926 broadcasting with us has been operated under the terms of a Royal Charter. Issued for a term of ten years, that Charter will, in 1937, presumably be renewed. By the Charter the effective monopoly of broadcasting previously enjoyed by the British Broadcasting Company was made absolute and transferred to the control of a public service corporation. There

was no suggestion that the working of the previous public utility company had disclosed any evils or dangers. On the contrary, under the direction of Sir John Reith, who was continued in office as Director-General of the new Corporation, it had achieved a remarkably high standard both of efficiency and of public service. Indeed, the Company's outlook and policy were such that the logical step, as the number of listeners grew, was to make it into a public corporation. Public recognition of the national importance of broadcasting was so strong and clear as to make all parties agree that it ought to be definitely and permanently organized on a public footing. The Charter was emitted by a Conservative Government, with the consent and agreement of the other political parties. There is no demand now anywhere for a reversal of that policy. It is commonly agreed that broadcasting should remain a monopoly; that it should be financially independent, its revenue drawn from listeners' licenses; that it should have nothing to do either with advertisement revenue or with the radio manufacturing industry; and that the Corporation which controls it should be independent in policy as in finance.

In a sense, and that an important one, the B.B.C. represents the "new model" in the organization of public services, displacing the older notion of bureaucratic departments of state as the administrators of nationalized industries and services of all kinds. In Great Britain private enterprise and private supply have already been thus "interfered with" in the case of electricity, London passenger transport, the Port of London, and broadcasting. While the broadcasting model is the clearest, the method in each case has been more or less the same—the transference to a board, autonomous within its own sphere, of control over a given

service, which is then run as a public concern.

The working of this method depends, of course, on the possibility of finding men and women who will when so appointed by a government really put first their obligation to the service of which they are in charge; who will within their sphere of responsibility act as public servants and not as party politicians, whether the party to which they are attached be in government at the time, or not; and who will maintain the interest of the service *vis-à-vis* the Government itself, when that is called for. We know by experience that such people can be found; that a Government of whatever party can be counted on to nominate a body of persons for a specific job of public work with an eye solely to their suitability for that job; and that the persons so nominated will in fact carry it on with an impartiality and sense of responsibility as high as any of them would bring to their own private concerns.

Examine the actual Board of the B.B.C. from this point of view. It happens to be unusually "political" in its complexion; but neither the present Board nor its predecessor was in any sense "packed" by the appointing government with its own supporters. Such a procedure would have produced a "howl" indeed. It would never have been thought of. By convention, Members of Parliament and "prospective" candidates are ineligible as Governors; but, at the moment, four out of five have been more or less active politicians, three being former Members of Parliament, one from each party. The Chairman, Mr. J. H. Whitley, was for many years Speaker of the House of Commons; another Governor has held high Cabinet office. But no Governor functions as a member of a political party; all accept and seek to promote the Corporation's rule

of a "fair field and no favor" for controversial issues.

Indeed, to use a word like "rule" is misleading: the thing that we in Britain are able to count on for public services of all kinds is the habit of co-operative functioning—the fact that fair play is instinctive. We employ politicians for public jobs with the proved confidence that the member of a political party will know when he is thinking in party terms, can clear his mind of them, and will feel and obey an implicit obligation to do so. The whole thing is more implicit than explicit. On boards, committees, and commissions of all kinds, this sinking of the party point of view in the general concern in the matter in hand takes place; it is our guarantee of being able to work public services successfully.

British broadcasting since 1922 has felt a responsibility for safeguarding freedom. When controversial programs are up the dominant concern with the Board is to secure fair representation of opposing points of view, the maintenance of impartiality, and the supply to the listener of the material on which, by using his own mind, he can form his own judgment. How jealous is the concern for minorities may be shown by a practical instance. For purely political talks, there has been set up an advisory committee; on this, for reasons into which it is needless here to enter, one party has refused to serve. Yet the interests of that party are meticulously guarded by the representatives of the other two; so much so, that it possibly gets more, rather than less, of its fair share of consideration just because its spokesman is not there. In general, in organizing discussions on major controversial issues—forms of government, the handling of housing and of unemployment, India, foreign policy—the Corporation watches the rights of the

opposition as keenly as those of the Government. This applies also to non-political issues. Musical minorities are likewise safeguarded.

I am not suggesting that everybody is satisfied. Far from it. At any given moment probably nobody is. But when, at one and the same moment, one finds the Labor Party complaining that it is not given its due amount of effective publicity and the supporters of the Government making precisely the same complaint about themselves, while declaring that the Labor Party is encouraged at their expense, one may feel that there is, at least, impartiality. Impartiality is not popular; until toleration becomes the common virtue that it now is not the Corporation must expect to be the target of criticism, first from this side, then from that. So long, however, as criticism comes, as it does, from both, one can feel reasonably confident that the major object is secured—the maintenance of the freedom of the air.

There is a good deal of talk from time to time about a Censorship. Most of it is wide of the mark. The interests of listeners is the Corporation's primary concern. Some of those listeners are non-adult. Elementary fairness in controversy, elementary decency in entertainment, a reasonable balance between majority and minority interest, for these things the Corporation has got to care. But over the area of controversy there is freedom for the chosen speaker, whether he be chosen by the Talks Branch, or, as in the case of the Open Forum series, by the political parties themselves. Talkers are asked to submit their manuscripts not in order that their opinions may be edited, but in order to make sure that no advertising or boosting, direct or indirect, takes place, and in order that the trained experience and professional skill of the staff at Broadcasting House may be

at the service of the novice in this medium, for the improvement of his script and his method of presenting it. No one who listens through a winter or spring season to a fair run of talks will gain the impression that talkers are prevented from saying what is in their minds in their own way or that the field drawn from is not wide, various, and controversial enough. Within my own experience as a Governor, for example, there has been a big series on Trade Union history, apropos of the anniversary of the Martyrs of Tolpuddle, further illustrated by dramatic scenes displaying the event, and supported by debates on Trade Unionism; a series describing conditions in the distressed areas—a series of talks by unemployed men and women, of all kinds, from the miner to the black-coat, which have stirred and shaken the public conscience profoundly; a series presenting the most various and least orthodox approaches to the problem of the "Unknown" in which agnostics, theosophists, spiritualists, and the like have had their say; and a highly critical series on the Versailles Treaty, in the course of which a German, a Frenchman, an Italian, and an American each expressed his point of view—not much more to the satisfaction of the Foreign Office than were the unemployed talks to that of the Minister of Labor.

It is of course true that under the Charter and the License Agreement the Government of the day possesses the right to take over the B.B.C. in the event of a "national emergency." Further, the Postmaster General has the right to demand publicity for any item or to put a veto on any item. That is the legal position. But the Charter and the License run in Great Britain, where practice is infinitely more important than theory, and the ingrained habit of freedom and fair play overrides formal prescription.

Safeguards are carefully inserted in legislative enactments, in the complete confidence that recourse will never be had to them. This is a way of ours, peculiar to us, hard to appreciate by those whose ways are different. It is part and parcel of that political character of ours which has, from those who do not grasp or care for our idiosyncrasies, earned us the reputation of being a "nation of hypocrites." The legal rights are there; they have never been used. In the ultimate, the State, which set up the Corporation, can commandeer it; no such instance has arisen. Thus at the time of the miners' lock-out in 1926, the B.B.C. was not commandeered and did give publicity to various items of information from the Trade Union side.

Short of commandeering, however, there is a deep-seated belief outside Britain that in fact government pressure and control go on. One can only cite one's own experience: it is that, while there is contact with Departments for information and so on, there is no control, licit or illicit. Autonomy is a fact, not merely a word.

At this point, someone may interrupt and say, "What about Mr. Vernon Bartlett? Was it not Foreign Office pressure that led to his discontinuance of his regular talks?" The answer to that is that his case is no exception to the general line indicated above. He was not dismissed. The sole connection between his talk, in November, 1933, on Germany's leaving the League, and his departure from whole-time service with the Corporation was the fact that the wide publicity associated with his broadcast brought him tempting offers from various newspapers. The talk itself was, in the main, approved by the vast majority of those who heard it; they wrote in extraordinary numbers to the Corporation or to Mr. Bartlett to say so; it was also approved by the Board,

as a contribution to the peace mind. But when Mr. Bartlett proposed to become the regular correspondent of one among a number of competing newspapers, on the subject matter which he had for years handled over the wireless, a situation arose in which it was plain that an unfair advantage might be given to a single newspaper, of which the others would, legitimately, complain. Had Mr. Bartlett been willing to continue as the B.B.C.'s foreign expert and to reject the journalistic appointment offered him, we should have rejoiced. He had achieved an unique position through his regular talks and his close association with the League of Nations; when he chose another field of service, we could only let him go, with great regret. He has, in fact, been heard on the air, on many occasions since, for special talks.

There was no case here of Foreign Office or any kind of outside pressure. In general the assumption apt to be made by individual listeners when they hear something they do not like, that somebody or something has been "putting it over" on the Corporation, is quite without foundation. Mistakes are made by any institution run by human beings; when the B.B.C. makes them they are its own mistakes.

Included in the notion of freedom there is sometimes the notion of freedom in the choice of programs. Here, no doubt, the American listener has a formal advantage. The British listener, with simple apparatus, can listen to two programs in any region, and if his apparatus is better, to a larger choice; the American can, of course, hear a much wider range of stations in English. On the other hand, the British listener can draw, in addition to his own, on a wide variety of European stations.

Europe is for us the keyword. We are part of Europe; part of its spa-

tially limited ether. Within a radius of some 1,500 miles, no fewer than thirty-five separate European countries are comprised. Within a radius of only 800 miles are included the major broadcasting stations of a continent. Any two stations using a power of more than 1 kw. are capable of mutual interference, even within the larger area. The number of wavelength channels available under international agreement for broadcasting in these thirty-five countries, differing as they do from one another in history, language, tradition, and outlook, is little above that available for the homogeneous area of the United States. There, although there are wide differences, they are hardly more marked than those which for instance separate the south of England from the Scottish Highlands or west Wales. Were the use of wavelengths in Europe not regulated by common agreement, chaos must result, and there would be no successful listening for anybody. Since 1925 there has been in existence a body, the Union Internationale de Radio-Diffusion, of which Admiral Carpendale, second in command at Broadcasting House, has year after year been unanimously elected Chairman; its work has slowly and gradually secured such agreement. Agreed allocation of wavelengths could hardly have been secured and implemented without friction, nor could the Union have functioned as smoothly as it does had there not been in a number of the more important countries unified broadcasting authorities, capable of guaranteeing the maintenance of the accepted program and allocation.

III

There are people who doubt whether it would not have been better for the human race, in the long run, had wireless never been invented. It

is not merely that they suffer from the crooner, the jazz band, the high, straining soprano, the organ, and the "funny" man, whether on their own sets (if they have them) or on those of their neighbors. They are skeptics about the entire process of easy, semi-automatic supply of entertainment or culture; and the more skeptical, the more definitely broadcasting effort is directed to the supply of culture. For that reason, perhaps, there are more of them in Britain than across the Atlantic.

For these critics broadcasting is in effect the most salient instance of the deplorable tendency of what we call our civilization to adjust itself and its standard to the comprehension of the weakest. For the blind and the bed-ridden, the sick and the aged, it is undoubtedly a boon; but, alas, it reduces the sound in wind and limb, mind and capacity, to a similarly passive state. More and more they tend to refuse the trouble of going out to see a play or tennis match or to hear a speaker or a concert. "Why bother?" they say. "One can take it in as well or better from an armchair." The would-be intelligent prefer to hear books discussed on the wireless to reading them for themselves; to listen to debates instead of taking part in them; and this although, inevitably, so the critic argues, the average run of music, as of discussion and debate, cannot be high from an intellectual point of view, inasmuch as it has to be adjusted to the standard of intelligence of millions of listeners.

This critic, who certainly deserves to be heard, sees at stake not freedom, which for him means no more in the given case than the claim on the part of every Tom, Dick, and Harry to hear his own opinions reproduced. What he sees at stake is culture—the laborious achievement of centuries and the precarious inheritance of the disci-

plined mind. In the effort to make its values accessible to all and sundry, without the taking of any trouble on their own part, he sees a danger and a very grave one. Values themselves may in the process be diluted and vulgarized.

This case can be, in the main, met by citation of the parallel and similarly grounded argument brought up against popular education and the diffusion of a universal capacity to read the printed word. Then admittedly the first effect might be, as stated by the opponents, that the man who, on his wide, sky-topped field, used to turn over long thoughts in his mind, now hastily scans the bright columns of the tabloid press. Yet this period of danger had to be gone through if the countryman and the town worker too were to be given any access to the authentic treasures of common civilized life; further, it could be gone through without fear of the consequences if—a large if—the intellectuals did not betray the fort. This reply is in the main valid. Certainly it is so far as the intellectuals are concerned. It is up to them. The standards are in their keeping. If they betray it by going over to the standards of what is nowadays called "mass psychology" the case is indeed bad; but if they preserve their integrity, the way, though slow and up-hill, can lead through intelligent broadcasting to a genuinely educated democracy.

If radio is to be turned to cultural use two things are requisite. First, there must be a planning of broadcast programs which, while never neglecting entertainment, also faces cultural responsibility. Second, and compensatory of this, there must be a direction of effort toward training the listener to hear.

From the first point of view, concentration and centralization of control are of primary importance. This

is indeed felt by us as the central argument in favor of our own system. The elimination of advertising and of the intrusion of commercial considerations come second with us, because we have never known at first hand the evils associated with either; the old Broadcasting Company was as clean in this respect as is the Corporation. Although we still allow the advertiser to ruin our countryside, we elsewhere keep him in his place, and it is a low place. The buying of radio time is a notion that, candidly, shocks us. We feel strongly that it is only when programs are planned that the claims of culture, of education, of intelligent service to democracy can be looked after and safeguarded. Planning demands centralization: this is so much a commonplace to-day that the point need not be labored. Its importance is, however, cardinal. It is widely recognized in Europe, and recognized as determinant from the program as much as from the technical point of view.

So far as the creation of programs goes, this is of course the work of the Director-General and staff at Broadcasting House and, in second line, in the Regional Headquarters which provide scope for local variety and talent. Certainly for a transitory Governor like myself nothing could be more stimulating than contact with this group of workers—some fifteen hundred in all, if engineers, technicians of all kinds, and administrative staff be included—in all of whom keenness about what they are doing, belief in its vast possibilities, concern and mental agitation over its problems burn so brightly that they constitute one of the most mentally alive sections of the younger generation. For them there is one constant concern—how to give the best possible by way of programs and secure the best possible reception of those programs.

For technical reception and diffu-

sion, the engineers can be trusted to provide. There is, however, another kind of reception. This constitutes the second point in the problem of culture: the listener. Freedom to listen with us depends not merely on the possession of some sort of set, but also on the acquisition of an annual ten-shilling license. The steady and progressive growth in the number of license-holders, now well over the six and a quarter million mark, is remarkable; depression and bad times have not stayed the irresistible upward movement, which still goes on. The mere number of listeners, of course, means that a very large proportion of them are listening under adverse conditions, in dwellings with porous walls, in rooms where too many people are contained for quiet attention by any of them. Until the housing problem is on the way to solution it sets difficulties of a formidable order in the way of any large-scale raising of the standard of listeners' attention. There are too many people who, in a world already too noisy, turn on automatically on rising in the morning and leave the set playing to itself all day; far too many, and these are not only among the over-crowded who use the wireless as a preventative of sustained conversation by letting it drone in the background without listening to it or to anything else. To treat the sounds that come out of the loudspeaker as we would treat sounds at a concert, theater, or lecture—this, for the listener, is the first rule of enjoyment; but it is one that too few listeners have as yet learned to observe. Yet authentic listeners grow. The other day I had an opportunity of testing this in reading replies to a question in a "General Knowledge" paper, set for boys and girls between sixteen and eighteen entering for clerical positions in our Civil Service. The question was, "Does broadcasting help or hinder musical

appreciation?" There were candidates who, describing their home listening conditions, doubted whether hearing great music, however well performed, amid the disturbances of family life, did not breed a contempt for it; but there were also others, a surprising number of them, who described themselves as sitting down to listen with score in hand and then proceeding to an actual concert with vastly enhanced powers of enjoyment. Certainly people of all kinds, in all classes, are learning that a good program deserves undivided attention; they sit down to listen to the wireless as they would sit to attend a concert or a lecture; they do not try, as too many still will, to do two things at once.

On culture, however, the last word is with the intellectuals who create broadcast material. They are the guardians of the hard truth that culture is a costly

growth, hard to achieve, not to be accomplished without toil and pain. It cannot be bought in merely economic terms; its cost is of a different order; a slow discipline lies behind it. It is up to them to guard its integrity, and when they approach the microphone to do so in the same spirit of responsible service they bring to the writing of a book, the composition or execution of a piece of music. If, to any extent, they join in the cheap decrying of whatever is fine, whatever is hard or rare, they are betraying both the values for which democracy exists and the persons, eager if ignorant, to whom they might help to convey them. A system of broadcasting like ours, which is definitely organized as a public service and made, by express prescription, independent of commercial considerations, gives them the opportunity if they care to use it.

FROM SAFE GROUND

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

BACK on safe ground, if men still look behind
At mountain tops that soar above the sedge,
Does no man, at dead levels, lift his mind
To Love, found windy as a fox's ledge?
Surely he fared well in that gusty place
Whose shadows lessened with his mounting feet.
He walked on air, the sun full on his face,
Himself the proof that earth and heavens meet.
I would not wish him the least broken bone
Who has returned to the small valley's cup,
But in the door-yard he may call his own
By right of purchase, he might well look up
High as white thunder-heads to reach this thought:
Those peaks men scale are never sold or bought.



THIS UNSCIENTIFIC AGE

BY ROBERT L. DUFFUS

AT LEAST nine out of every ten educated persons if asked to characterize instantly and in a word the basic element in present-day civilization would certainly say "science." If they thought twice, or perhaps three times, before replying, or if they had the opportunity, as I recently had, to look at the situation through the eyes of a group of desperately earnest scientists and educators, they would realize that they were wrong.

Not only is our generation not scientific; it is less scientific than the generation which preceded it. In many ways it is less scientific than the generation which produced *The Origin of Species*; in some ways it is less rational than the late eighteenth century.

Look at the picture of our modern Age of Reason: widespread applications of censorship, which frustrate and deny the right of private judgment; educational systems which have grown into mere schemes for mass indoctrination; irrational impulses, emotions, and superstitions breaking down the machinery of distribution; continued and almost universal preparations for wars by which it can be mathematically demonstrated that no participant can possibly gain; the reversion of whole nations to a studied barbarism.

Some of these imbecilic objectives are achieved by means of new technics (the radio, psychological "conditioning," airplanes, poison gas, etc.), but that does not make them scientific. Science may be defined as a process of

experimentation and rationalization, with the aid of which natural laws are formulated, tested, and utilized. By no stretch of the imagination can such a process be regarded as dominating the course of civilization in the year 1934. Science and scientific thinking are the attributes of a pitifully small minority, and not of that minority which is at present directing the affairs of mankind. Science on the one hand, and common use and wont on the other, are like the "Siamese twins" exhibited in a New York revue some years ago, who differed from other Siamese twins in that they were not Siamese, were not physically linked together, were not twins, and didn't even like each other.

It is easy to deceive ourselves on this score because all of us unavoidably make use of a great number of scientific tools and playthings. Yet it is folly to believe that because a spiritual descendant of Attila avails himself of the discoveries of chemists and physicists to make his armies more terrible he is assuming a scientific attitude; or that a cotton mill owner is scientific because he introduces new looms and cuts his labor costs; or that a man who operates a motor car or twiddles the dials on a radio set is on that account any closer to an understanding of cause and effect than was his ancestor who drove a horse and played the fiddle.

Scientific information has entered into every literate person's life to a greater or lesser extent. The scientific mode of thought obviously has not.

Actually—and this is the point of the argument—there is almost no connection between these two factors. Individually and collectively we may stuff ourselves with so-called scientific data from childhood to old age, and never be a whit the wiser. On the whole, our civilization has done precisely that.

Let us consider the case of the average American who, we like to believe, is the most enlightened of God's creatures. What opportunity does he have, after forgetting the rudiments learned in school, to come in contact with the workings of the scientific mind?

He does, or can, expose himself to a vast flood of facts *about* science. The agencies for the dissemination of these facts are of many kinds. They range from the carefully written but not too technical book of a man who is himself an investigator (and who is lucky if he can count his circulation by thousands instead of hundreds) to the flashy "freaks" which may be found in the Sunday or daily editions of the more sensational newspapers. Lectures, radio talks, motion pictures, and museums, each in a different way, add to the store of information available to at least a part of the public. There are popular magazines nominally devoted to "science." One or two scientific feature services are intelligently edited. On the whole, scientific data receive far more extensive and somewhat more enlightened treatment in the press and in other popular vehicles of communication than they did a few years ago.

Unfortunately there is every reason to believe that millions of our fellow-citizens open their eyes or ears to this factual flood in the same uncritical spirit with which their great-grandparents listened to old wives' tales or their remoter ancestors accepted the priestly interpretations of the utterances of the tribal gods.

Clever advertisers long ago learned

the efficacy of the charmed phrase, "Science says," accompanied by the photograph of a learned-looking gentleman with a microscope, a white coat, and a neatly trimmed beard. For a large portion of the public science is in danger of becoming merely a new kind of magic. That is, it is in danger of being transmuted into something that is not science at all. Its facts may easily become as pretty and meaningless as so many sea shells picked up by someone who knows nothing about life in the sea. They may even lack the kind of system and logic that a traditional set of superstitions has.

This state of affairs would not be so menacing if science, regardless of whether we understand it or not, were not doing so many things to us. But the fact notoriously is that, without infecting more than an infinitesimal fraction of the population with its ideas and its intellectual habits, science has actually created a new human environment. So far as most of us are concerned, this vast change has been imposed and accepted rather than created and understood.

The folkways have thus been transformed much as they would be if there were an abrupt alteration in the climate and new species of plants and animals and new living conditions were spontaneously produced. Unfortunately, though science brought about this change in folkways, the change itself has not been scientifically guided. Despite certain social inventions (to borrow a concept of Prof. W. F. Ogburn) such as labor unions, workmen's compensation, direct primaries, holding companies, and so on, inventiveness has hardly been applied at all to human institutions. Nor is there likelihood that it will be until an appreciable percentage of the human race has learned to think scientifically. Until that time we shall be creatures of chance almost as much as were our an-

cestors who lived in trees and caves and never dreamed of controlling (unless by sacrifices and incantations) the forces of nature.

Indeed, our situation is more precarious than that of our ancestors, for we have subjugated Nature without collectively understanding her and use forces whose total effects we are not at present able to delimit. Without a general penetration of the scientific spirit into our consciousness we are just as likely to destroy ourselves as to benefit ourselves by our new powers.

II

Our failure to keep step with science may be thought of as having three phases: (1) we have not made adequate use of the scientific means at our disposal; (2) we have used scientific means to bring about what seemed to be a specific good, without taking account of other effects which may be positively harmful; (3) we have diverted science to purely destructive uses. Let us examine our predicament under these three heads.

The progress of medicine is a shining example of what applied science can do for the human race and also of the extreme reluctance of the human race to accept what science has to offer. It is true that for many years the American death rate has been falling: in 1880 it was nearly 20 for each thousand of population annually; at the present time it is only about 11 for each thousand. This reduction has been accomplished in large measure by an enormous drop in the mortality rates for infants and children, in lesser degree by increased control of such diseases as yellow fever, typhoid fever, tuberculosis, and hook-worm disease.

Yet consider this passage from the report of the Committee on the Costs of Medical Care: "The death rates from cancer, diabetes, and appendicitis are

rising threateningly. More babies are dying each year, many of them needlessly, than there were American soldiers killed in the World War. Every year tuberculosis kills its thousands and costs the country more than half a billion dollars. By early application of our knowledge we could double the cured cases of cancer. The venereal diseases still levy a heavy toll of blindness and mental disorders upon the nation. A great army of rheumatics remains untreated without hope of alleviation or cure. Many diabetics still remain without insulin or receive it too late. Human life in the United States is being wasted, as recklessly, as surely, in times of peace as in times of war. Thousands of people are sick and dying daily in this country because the knowledge and facilities that we have are inadequately applied."

An analysis of these facts would reveal a number of causes for them. Poverty is one of them: we can seemingly afford more than twice as much for automobiles as for medical care. Ignorance is another: we spend nearly half a billion dollars in a normal year on patent medicines and the services of various quacks. Governmental parsimony is a third: we spend three times as much on our navy as we do on all tax-supported public health work. A fourth cause is the resistance of conservative medical men to the use of the social agencies necessary to bring the benefits of medical science to all the people. Ask your doctor what he thinks of health insurance or "state medicine."

All these causes are institutional, traditional, emotional. They reflect our inability to apply medical knowledge with the same relentless precision which produces it. We are scientific in the laboratory and hospital, credulous, superstitious, and careless once we are outside their doors.

One more instance may be given of

the inadequate use of existing scientific knowledge—an instance all too familiar to everyone who reads these words. An economic depression is nothing more than a clash between the technology of production and distribution on the one hand and certain obstructing folkways on the other. It is a commonplace, too banal to repeat here if it did not fit so perfectly into the argument, that poverty has become technologically unnecessary. It is not necessary to labor the point. Idle factories and unemployment at a time when human needs are tragically unsatisfied are a proof of it. So was the ability of the contending nations during the World War to withdraw millions of men from production and to spend billions of dollars for military purposes and still maintain the civilian populations. No one can deny the potential existence of a huge social surplus.

I am not leading up to a suggestion that we adopt Communism, Socialism, Fascism, or even the Douglas Social Credit plan, although all of these systems are more or less blundering methods of breaking down the deadlock between technology and the folkways. But let the reader ask himself what kind of reaction these names produce in him. Unless he is a very unusual person, the reaction will be emotional. Some people are even emotional about the New Deal. Now, emotion is very well in its place, and there is not the slightest danger that it will disappear from human life. But the very fact that we approach reforms in our social system emotionally shows that we are not approaching them scientifically. We are not treating the deadlock of distribution as an obstacle to be overcome by disinterested experiment. We go at it in the atavistic spirit of conflict, even of hate. But even brotherly love is not enough. The problem is one to be solved by instruments of precision,

like a surgeon's, in hands that do not shake with fear, with anger or with love. The Golden Rule may emerge from that operation, but if so it will be because the scientists and technologists in charge took nothing, not even the Golden Rule, for granted.

But we have applied science, if not to our whole lives at least to a part of them. To be sure we have. We have built cities which are a marvel to behold. The largest of them is fairly honeycombed with subways, through which run trains drawn by an invisible power that no one understands. The trains, the motors, the signal lights, the tunnels themselves are products of an appalling ingenuity, of a prodigious body of knowledge. Above them are buildings hundreds of feet high, framing streets jammed with vehicles which are moved by never-ending millions of explosions taking place inside of exquisitely timed machinery.

The city itself, however, is not exquisitely timed. The subway is not a pleasant place at any time. During the rush hours it is as barbarous as any camp of Stone Age men. The speed of the motor car is reduced to a crawl by congestion. Fifty years ago one could drive with a horse and buggy from Thirty-fourth Street to Fifty-ninth Street along Fifth Avenue faster than he could now make the distance at most times of the day in an automobile.

From store doors, from apartment windows, and—worst horror of all—from moving cabs, the radio blares. We all know what imbecilities it gives voice to during at least nine-tenths of its operating time. Yet the radio too is a triumph of science, a dream of the ages come true. Overhead moves another triumph, droning heavily, perhaps emitting a huge advertising yowl. Over on Broadway the picture theaters are in full career, and they too would out-pace the maddest dreams of any builder of mechanical utopias in ages

past. Or take off your hat and walk with reverent steps into Rockefeller Center. A whirl of feminine legs, like a great daisy, on a revolving stage, a full orchestra suddenly rising out of the depths and sliding smoothly backward, figures on a curtain going through a vulgarized version of a story as old as the hills.

People moving in unhappy throngs to and from their work, to and from their play; people crowded into rabbit-warrens, nerves made ragged by unnecessary noise and confusion; the constant roar of traffic in the streets. A city almost every detail of which is a product of modern science. A city put together almost without science.

What has happened is clear to anyone who will pause to consider how cities and civilizations grow in an unscientific age. Neither the city nor the civilization of which it is a part was planned. No pains were taken to see that any two things placed in juxtaposition really belonged that way. The subways were built to relieve congestion, with no thought that they would also produce it. The big buildings were erected with the idea that they would prove convenient; no one foresaw that too many of them would be hideously inconvenient. "Improvements," each one commending itself to common sense, accumulated one after the other, with no care taken as to their inter-relations, until it is now a question whether the city, as a machine for living, is as satisfactory as it was a hundred years ago. And there are cities less happy than the one we have been picturing. The happiest cities, if all were well with science, should be those where the most science has been applied to the square inch. But they are not. The happiest cities of this modern world are the most shiftless ones, the ones least blighted with the products of our misdirected ingenuity.

I have two or three in mind. The reader, if he has traveled a little, may think of several.

III

Yet it is not science that has been to blame; it is the absence of science. We have not built cities as we have built bridges and buildings, with a previous calculation of stresses and strains. We have built them with less than the foresight of a child playing with blocks. There have been certain obstacles in the way. Quite true. But those obstacles have not been material conditions but an obsolete set of tribal *mores*. Human selfishness, embedded in moth-eaten institutions, has played, and continues to play, its part. But the mere refusal to consider things carefully, precisely, and intelligently in their relation to one another has played a larger part.

Certainly a very small minority of us would build exactly the kind of cities or exactly the kind of civilization we have if the choice were open. The sum total is decidedly too messy. That sum total was not deliberately willed by anybody. It happened into being because a large number of diverse and irreconcilable things were willed by a great many people. It was a product of acute specialization, the effect of which on society has been a kind of acute indigestion.

It is customary in these times to speak of "trends" and to defer to them as though they were natural laws. The "rush to the cities" was a trend, and we were urged to adapt ourselves to it. Congestion is a trend, and we are advised to make the best of it. Steel houses, double-decked streets, cellophane, the minute subdivision of labor until craftsmanship is in danger of disappearing, mechanization, centralization, chauvinism, militarism—all are, or may soon be, trends, and it is sug-

gested that we learn how to adapt ourselves to them.

Some of them—let us not bother to decide which—may be good and acceptable. But there is no sound reason why we should accept any of them if they are not. We should stand up on our scientific hind legs and accept only those which can be demonstrated as good by a painstaking study of their present and probable effects. To submit blindly to a trend is to submit to the rule of superstition and unreason.

Reflect, for example, on the trend toward war, which falls into the third of our categories—the diversion of science to purely destructive uses. No one who can add up figures can possibly regard war as a paying enterprise. The last great war demonstrably was not, and warlike machinery has now been so much improved that the next one will be even less so. Now science has contributed enormously to the destructiveness of war. Science has taught us how to mutilate, disembowel, and strangle, at vast distances, and with the utmost precision. Yet war itself, all considerations of humanity set aside, is the negation of science, for it creates and perpetuates an atmosphere in which the spirit of free inquiry cannot survive.

It should be evident by this time that much of what is called science is not science at all but a misuse of applied science and a misunderstanding of science itself. The visual and auditory hideousness of cities, the dreadful monotony of factory work, "over-production," class conflict, war—all are due to partial and distorted applications of the existing body of knowledge. Science uninhibited and unrestrained could give our civilization health, leisure, beauty, peace, and even the brotherhood of man. It has failed to do so because we have refused to permit it to do so. We are like the barbarians who marched into Rome during the last days of the

Empire. We are in the midst of riches which we are incapable of utilizing.

How shall we escape from the domination of instinct and emotion, which at present really determine our collective life? Manifestly by a process of education, the means for which must be far more ambitious than any the world has yet seen. Education must be continuous, from childhood to old age. Science must be made a whole, an entity, instead of a fraction. It must be so thoroughly embedded in the normal culture that it will displace superstition, magic, and unreasoning prejudice. The average man must possess the rudiments of scientific thought.

There need be no fear that anything precious will be lost by this process. Science is simply a quest for truth. Whatever truth there may be in the arts, in religion, in cherished observances will be preserved, not sacrificed, by the scientific approach. We do not need new doctrines, but rather a new attitude toward doctrines. The experience of vast populations with communism, fascism, and even democracy indicates that this should be a skeptical, experimental attitude. Skepticism is in one sense the fundamental of science, just as irrational acceptance is a fundamental of mobs, of armies, and of political parties.

Let us proceed on the assumption that we have a public which has to be educated out of the habit of accepting the unproven hypothesis. In that habit we have the key to many, though not all, of the world's present difficulties. We see it enforced by the police power in at least three countries—Russia, Germany, and Italy. We see it stimulated by ingenious advertising and by carefully planned propaganda in such qualified democracies as France, Great Britain, and the United States.

We can break it down only by a per-

sistent, long-continued scientific counter-attack: scientific not because its subject matter is limited by laboratory technics, but because the scientific method—that is, the careful, logical, and unbiased weighing of evidence—must, if it is to continue in any field of knowledge, be applied to all fields.

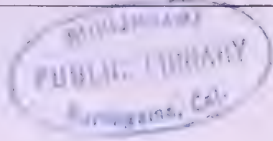
I am irresistibly reminded of James Harvey Robinson's magnificent essay on "The Humanizing of Knowledge," and especially of that famous concluding passage in which he quotes Dr. T. V. Smith of the University of Chicago:

Many researchers think the popularization of science either hopeless or needless. In their sense of the term it is probably both. But if no precautions are taken to bridge the gap between scientific knowledge and popular prejudice it may grow so wide that the researcher will find himself engulfed. A man of science has recently declared boldly and rightly that "*the emotional life of man is primary.*" In the de-

velopment of both the race and the individual "the human heart has the right of way. . . . Science must humbly reinstate itself as the instrument of humanity's desires. The needs of humanity render this no more imperative than does the perpetuation of science itself. And since intelligence does exist as the instrument of human need, intelligence must save its life by losing its pride."

Events since these words were written have emphasized the frightful possibilities in giving scientific tools and weapons to a non-scientific society. Civilization cannot continue to exist half scientific and half committed to Stone Age prejudices and superstitions. There cannot long be one law of laboratory thinking and another of social, economic, and political thinking. That "careful and critical knowledge" (to quote Dr. Robinson again) which is called science must be applied to all fields of human activity or we shall eventually find it applied to none.





CHANGING TRENDS IN SPORT

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

ON a Sunday afternoon late in November of the year 1900 Mr. Henry K. Jones was sitting in his home on East 38th Street, Manhattan, attentively reading the two sporting pages of the *New York World*. Although somewhat over the playing age in sport himself, Mr. Jones was a close follower of various forms of athletics, especially in the daily press, and quite able to carry on an intelligent conversation about any game played widely by the American people.

That particular afternoon he was immersed in the details of Yale's 29-5 victory over the Princeton eleven at Princeton. Yale in the East and Iowa in the Middle West were, in Mr. Jones' expert opinion, the teams of the year. Beyond the Conference there was no real football worth consideration. Had you asked him what he thought of Notre Dame's chances against the Panthers, he would have regarded you as slightly insane; the name Southern California meant merely the geographical division of a State. Illinois he knew as a football power, Pennsylvania he respected, the Army and the Navy he was aware of, although they had yet to beat one of the Big Three; but that a Catholic college in Indiana would some day attract the best football material of the nation's secondary schools would have been beyond his comprehension.

Had you mentioned baseball—a passion with Mr. Jones, who followed the

fortunes of the New York Giants all season—he would have seized the opportunity to air his views about the new outlaw league just showing its head in professional baseball and threatening to make trouble, rather absurdly it seemed to him. It was called the American League and had not only placed teams in Kansas City, Buffalo, Indianapolis, Baltimore, Milwaukee, Cleveland, Detroit, and Minneapolis, where the National League had no franchises, but also had had the temerity to invade the field of the older organization both in Chicago and Boston. Mr. Jones was rather glad on the whole to read that afternoon of the heavy losses of the American League in its first season. In any event, it was difficult for him to take the new organization seriously. After all, who would patronize their games?

Mr. Jones' favorite player that year was of course Iron Man Joe McGinnity who had practically won the pennant for Brooklyn by taking twenty out of twenty-six games pitched, a remarkable record against such men as Honus Wagner of the Pirates and the increasingly strong batting of the league. A French Canadian named Napoleon Lajoie, said to be a marvelous fielder and batter combined, had just been bought by the new Cleveland team from the minors, and when a little later he learned that the great Cy Young had been signed up by Boston, Mr. Jones decided it was time to treat the new organization with

some respect, especially as it appeared that the Americans were contemplating invading not only Chicago but New York and Philadelphia, for years strongholds of the National League.

There was one thing he wanted very much to know; would Jeffries fight Corbett? After winning the title from Fitzsimmons the previous summer at Coney Island, the champion had been practically in retirement for twelve months—a bad thing for a pugilist in Mr. Jones' opinion. There was, however, nobody except the veteran James J. Corbett as a contender, and the matchmakers feared to send them against each other, so plainly was Jeffries superior. Boxing was languishing as a result.

This was about the extent of Mr. Jones' sporting horizon. He had heard vaguely that Sir Thomas Lipton, the English tea merchant, was building another *Shamrock* to be called *Shamrock II*, with which he proposed to challenge for the America's Cup. Ever an idealist, Mr. Jones believed these international competitions were a great thing for sport and close friendship between nations. Lawn tennis he considered a game for ladies on grass at Staten Island and Newport. (They wore long skirts, straw hats and called "forty love" in high-pitched voices.) He had never seen any first-class tennis, although he had read about a challenge cup being offered by a boy named Davis at Harvard, which had just been competed for by the United States and England. Won, naturally, by this country. Hadn't we just swept the Olympics in Paris; weren't we the leading sporting nation of the globe?

Mr. Jones' own sport was bicycling, hence his affection for Bobby Walhour, who was one of his idols. Had you asked his opinion of squash he would have replied that he never ate

it; if you had mentioned badminton he would have thought you were referring to a library of books. Basketball was not in his sporting vocabulary; the word polo conveyed little to him because it was enjoyed by a limited circle of rich persons, none of whom was in Mr. Jones' acquaintance. Soccer was a queer, outlandish kind of football played in England. Hockey? Sort of shinny on ice for Canadians. Golf? A game for strange gentlemen who wore loose-fitting knickers and red coats so they would not hit one another on the course, men who rather affectedly aped English ways.

II

Interest in sport grew steadily from the time when in 1900 Mr. Jones was so scornful of the American League until the War. But it was after 1918 that attention to, and participation of the nation in, outdoor games of all kinds increased sensationally. Historians of the past have repeatedly noticed the concentration upon athletics which inevitably seems to follow every big war. The period directly after 1918 was no exception to this rule, and the historian of the future, looking back over the sporting cycle from 1920 to 1930, will be tempted to call it—doubtless in quotation marks—the golden era of American sport.

Not only did the nation turn to athletics more enthusiastically than ever before, both as observers and participants, but our world supremacy in games had never been so unquestioned, probably never will be so unquestioned again. It was a period when the United States led the world in every game and in every branch of athletics; the era of the super-champion. No matter what the sport, this country furnished a dominating figure. Dempsey, Tilden, Rockne, Ruth, Hagen, Sande, Jones, Wills, Paddock,

Ederle, Weismuller, Tunney, and Rickard were Americans who held the sporting world in fee. We may in future see the equal of some or all of the various stars we then produced; it is most unlikely that we shall ever have them together at the same moment: Tilden, most remarkable of all tennis players; Jones, alone on the links; Rockne, technician of the grid-iron—these were only a few of the masters of sport who captured the hearts and headlines of the American people between 1920 and 1930.

This era of the super-champion was a golden era in many senses. It was an era of record crowds and record gate receipts. In every sport, and especially in boxing, racing, and football, crowds and interest rose to all-time highs almost as phenomenal as those of the market leaders on the exchange. Curiously enough, this era coincided exactly with the boom in big business; it was at the Tunney-Dempsey fight in 1927 that we had the first two-million-dollar gate in history. This was the year of Lindbergh's flight; it was also, you may remember, the year when by the rules the goal posts were shoved off the goal line almost out of the stadia. At first the old graduates furiously raged, but eventually they accepted the changes as part of the new order, just as they accepted the rise of the price in football tickets to five dollars and U. S. Steel to 261.

In 1927 and 1928, the two years of Mr. Tunney's championship reign, his earnings were estimated as follows. The sums may not be exact; neither are they fictitious—unless you consider all values of the time as fictitious.

1927

Tunney-Dempsey fight ...	\$200,000
Rights to fight pictures ...	4,467
Advertising (testimonials).	6,000
Theatrical	28,000

Writings.....	\$7,173
Tunney-Dempsey fight...	990,445
Training camp exhibitions	4,711
Advertising	12,000
Theatrical	62,000
Motion pictures	7,500
Radio	2,500
News writing	32,600
Victrola	7,500

1928

Heeney fight	525,000
Motion pictures.....	26,675
Advertisements.....	25,000

Total \$1,941,571

According to an Associated Press despatch at the time, Tunney's earnings in 1926, 1927, and 1928 under the head of "advertising" were \$43,000. Tunney was conscientious in his endorsements because he declined to endorse a cigarette he did not smoke and always used the products he recommended. Once, however, he nearly slipped. Having his picture taken at Speculator with friends, he suddenly ordered the cameraman to wait while he ran indoors and substituted a belt he had endorsed for the suspenders he was wearing!

While stocks were boiling, gate receipts were rising. Between 1920 and 1930, when Tunney was cleaning up two millions, the total takes of Dempsey's five fights, two against his conqueror and one each against Carpenter, Firpo, and Sharkey, were seven millions. But the really big year, the bull season for sports of all kinds, was 1929. This year which saw the fantastic rise in market values also included the peak of the sports boom; it was the beginning of the end of the golden era of athletics. Millions of dollars were in the air where sport was concerned. The American Turf Association voted to increase its capital to fifteen millions. Madison Square Garden, costing five millions with its

Millionaires Club had been incorporated, while from the gridirons of the nation over fifty millions was raked in by high-minded graduate managers anxious to promote athletics for all.

The year 1929 was a year of novel sports: dance marathons, coast to coast marathons, talk marathons (Betty Wilson won a thousand dollars in a New York armory for talking eighty-one hours and forty-five minutes), flag-pole-sitting contests, pie-eating contests, ice-cake-sitting contest, and other strange events. It was the year when Tex Rickard died and was buried in a fifteen-thousand-dollar coffin; when Umpire George L. Magerkorth was bought by the majors from the Pacific Coast League for two thousand dollars, a record price for umpires; a sensational, ridiculous, fantastic year, this boom year in American sport and business, in which it was difficult to see anything except big business in sport and much of anything except a kind of wild sport in business. A year when the suggestion was seriously advanced that baseball teams should be composed of ten men, nine players and a man to bat for the pitcher; when Roy Riegels won a football game for his opponents by running seventy yards and almost scoring a touchdown on himself; when Bill Tilden officially announced that he was through with international competition; when Mrs. Helen Wills Moody was reported in a magazine as explaining the removal of her stockings—"I did not discard my stockings as a fad; I did it to increase my speed"; when Ray Barbuti the runner admitted that amateur athletes got anything up to five hundred dollars for running a race. The most sensible remark of this senseless year was made by John D. Hertz, the Chicago racing magnate. He was offered a million dollars by W. T. Waggoner for Reigh Count, his Derby winner of 1928.

Mr. Hertz replied, "I think a fellow who would pay a million for a horse ought to have his head examined."

III

One of the most amazing coincidences in the deflation of American industry and American sport during the past few years was the publication of the famous "Bulletin No. 29" of the Carnegie Foundation on Thursday, October 23rd, the very day of the first big break on the Stock Exchange.

Just as the break was the signal for the long decline in speculative values, so "Bulletin 29," giving in documentary form specific evidences of athletic chicanery, called attention to the fact that even in our colleges, where if anywhere one would expect to find a real feeling for sport, our sense of sporting values had been false and inflated. The effect of that report upon athletics, and more especially upon athletics in relation to education, is still felt.

"Bulletin 29" was the warning signal of the start of the deflation in sport, just as that first crash signaled more declines to come on the Exchange. The period from 1920 to 1930 had been beyond question the most spectacular era in our whole sporting history, the era in which everything was superlative: the best players, the biggest gates, the largest gate receipts, the greatest stadia, and so on. This period drew to a close early in 1930.

It was quite obvious that as big business languished after 1929, attendance at sports was bound to suffer, gate receipts would fall away, and the sort of interest in athletics which had been characteristic of the boom would decline. The loss was felt, sometimes sharply, sometimes gradually for several years, in boxing, horse racing, baseball, and football. The American

sports follower had less money to spend for ringside seats. Whether, given the constant and unceasing newspaper publicity that still prevailed, there was less actual interest in sport is impossible to state dogmatically; certainly it was much less in evidence. Prices of seats to the big games were reduced; so too in most cases were the crowds. Once started, the deflation proved hard to check.

As business fell away, American prowess suffered. After 1930 our stream of super-champions ran dry, replaced by a turgid brook. The champions were now just ordinary mortals, good players but nothing more. Dempsey turned promoter; Tunney turned retired business man; Jones turned lawyer; there was only a bunch of college boys to fill the great Tilden's shoes, and no one on the sporting horizon to compare with the colorful and profane Mr. Hagen. Weismuller had become a screen star; Paddock wanted to become one; even the invincible Mrs. Moody was at last forced to bow to defeat, and finally Ruth himself was on the way out. To-day he is through. Mr. Rud Rennie, the national authority on the Babe, describes him—sitting glumly in the dugout last fall in Detroit while thousands cheered Schoolboy Rowe, his successor to the title—as "Hercules with a Charley horse, sitting in the shade."

Possibly the lack of generous-hearted sponsors—which is to say the lack of good hard cash—had its part in the deflation of American sport and the decline of the race of super-champions. Mr. John Kieran expressed the situation eloquently in the following anecdote. "When a ball player begins to slip, his legs go first. Gene Sarazen says it is the wrists which weaken first. Among fighters it is speed. The question was put up to Louis E. Stoddard, an old internationalist and a prominent polo expert, 'When a polo player

starts to slip, what is it that goes first?'

"'His money,' said Mr. Stoddard."

IV

There must be some direct connection between the materialism throughout the United States during the period after the War up to the stock market crash and the materialism which showed itself in our sport during the era of the super-champion. The materialism in athletics has been affected by the depression like everything else; and fictitious values in sport have been reduced just as U. S. Steel has come down from 261 to 29. Not, indeed, that all the incessant emphasis on results has as yet been removed from our games; far from it, that is asking a little too much; but that lots of the pomp and circumstance, lots of the humbug and pretense have been stripped away. If the deflation has done nothing else it has done this to American sport.

But that is not the only change which has taken place. Attendance in sport is noticeably off. Although the decline in attendance varies somewhat with different games, on the whole it is markedly below the boom years; there are seats to be had for the large football games, the big fights, and the World Series. Last fall, despite a constant drumfire of publicity in the press, one of the two big polo matches of the year at Meadowbrook attracted less than five thousand spectators.

Some of our oldest and most publicized—I was about to say most important—sports are losing ground, one or two gradually, others rapidly. Notwithstanding the furor attached to the sacred Olympics (which now include every national sport on earth save bullfighting and pogroms), interest in track and field athletics is waning.

This is conceded by no less an authority than Avery Brundage, chief pontiff of the A. A. U. "Unfortunately track and field is not keeping its place in the procession . . . owing to the inroads of golf, tennis, swimming, and other summer sports."

Back in 1900 baseball was not merely of considerable importance to our Mr. Jones; it was also a major sport in all the larger colleges, second only in interest to football, and the big games on Commencement Day were watched by feverishly excited crowds of ten to twenty thousand. Last June the Yale-Princeton game at New Haven attracted several thousand friends of the players and graduates back for reunion. In many colleges at present baseball is a minor sport of little more importance than golf or tennis. Both professional and college baseball, even admitting the exceptionally good season just past, are going downhill; the "national game" no longer deserves its title. For years it has been in an unhealthy condition, relying, as it has, mainly upon the ballyhoo over Ruth and one or two individuals to keep it continually before the public. When a great sporting town like Providence, Rhode Island, with a population of half a million in and about it, has no team in the professional leagues, when the St. Louis Cardinals were in the red up to the last few games of the season, the state of the game is evident. To-day big league ball is kept alive by the evening newspapers, although the cynics suggest that the evening newspapers are kept alive by baseball. Notwithstanding the publicity it receives, probably twice as much as any other sport, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of outside organizations like the American Legion with its Junior League and World Series for boys, the game is definitely on the way out.

If college baseball, like professional

baseball, is a waning sport, there are indications that college football, despite the aura of tradition attached to some big contests, may before long find itself in the same situation. The astonishing rise of professional football in recent years has cut the crowds at college games; the rapid, well executed, and interesting games staged by the professionals at half the price threatens the slow, often tedious college variety. Professional football is making headway in a solid manner; college football is falling behind.

But are these big football contests in different parts of the country, these games drawing their hundreds of thousands of spectators, are they really sport? Ever an optimist, I persist in believing they are not, that what happens to a gang of paid performers in ball parks has little or nothing to do with sport, that much of what passes under that name in this country is merely commercialized exhibitionism, and that, for instance, there is no more sport in a World Series or an important football game than in a bullfight—if, indeed, as much. The distinguishing characteristic of real sport is that the result is of secondary importance and the game itself is of primary importance. Judged by these standards, there is plenty of evidence that sport throughout the nation has fallen away very little since the depression, that in some departments it has even made progress.

V

There are certain games which we can call "attendance sports" in contradistinction to the sports in which people take part. These sports that drew large numbers of onlookers like baseball, football, possibly basketball, have unquestionably lost ground in recent years. Exhibitionism is on the decline. But a study reveals that whereas interest in "attendance

sports" has fallen away since the crash, there are now more persons actually playing games of all kinds, and more different games being played throughout the United States than at any period in our history.

What are the reasons for this growth of real sport in the past few years? They are many. First of all, there is the increasing impatience of certain classes with what S. Lincoln Schuster calls "the juvenile fantasy" of the screen. The radio has had a tremendous effect in popularizing games and bringing them to the attention of a large section of the community; as Mr. John Royal of the National Broadcasting Company points out, it has not only dramatized the big football games, but the national golf and tennis championships for millions. "Not every youngster can or desires to become a football All American, but every boy or girl hearing of the golf and tennis stars over the air is instantly filled with a desire to get out and imitate the swing of the champion."

Sports too of late years have been a great escape medium for the millions. Those distressed in mind, body, or estate are again discovering that an afternoon exercising in the open air is more profitable as a means of obliterating the world at large than an afternoon in a movie theater. The NRA, by giving a shorter week and more leisure, has also been a factor in getting people out to play games. By instinct and upbringing the average American is athletically inclined; give him half a chance and he—or she—will start hitting some kind of a ball. Sports promotion properly presented has been of assistance; nowadays large sporting-goods manufacturers do a great deal of work popularizing little-known games. To sell a sport to this country, publicity seems to be essential; once the customer watches and sees how a game is played he wants to

buy a set and try it out for himself. This accounts partly for the amazing spread of games like deck tennis, paddle tennis, badminton, and ping-pong which have come on so rapidly in recent years.

Another cause is the decline of Puritanism throughout the whole country. There is a different attitude toward games; a different attitude toward fun and amusements in general, fewer frock coats and more sun tan costumes, fewer long faces and more gaiety. "The cult of youth" is part of this changing attitude; so is the trend toward amusement and relaxation and color so widespread at present. Repeal was another symptom of the movement, like scanty bathing suits, long week-ends, and nudist colonies. Games, playing games you will note, fit into the scheme of things today in a way they did not twenty or even ten years ago.

Sports have been helped also by promotional work from different sources. Much of it, on a large scale, has been done unwittingly by professionals. The hockey leagues which now dot the nation even in the West and South have brought the game home to thousands; they have assisted in the construction of rinks throughout the country in towns of two to three hundred thousand that never thought of indoor skating before. First-class tennis, never previously seen except in the East, a few big cities in the Middle West, and on the coast, has been "sold" to the country by Bill O'Brien's tours last winter with Vines, Tilden, and Cochet playing in smaller centers. Here, incidentally, you will notice an exception to the general rule of declining attendance at sports. Professional tennis drew bigger crowds than would have been considered possible a few years ago; yet tennis is primarily a game people enjoy, not an "attendance sport."

O'Brien explains this by stating that in many small towns the crowds come out of curiosity to see the celebrated stars, they stay to applaud and admire, and end up by wanting to try out the game themselves. He tells of a hard-boiled iceman in New York who, captured by the fascination of the game as he saw it from the top gallery of the Garden, sent O'Brien some money with the request that he buy a pair of white trousers, a racket, and balls. The iceman himself was ashamed to be seen purchasing such implements. But he had been caught by the game.

VI

Some sports have made headway since the depression. Beyond question there are more persons playing tennis than ever before. E. B. Moss, Executive Secretary of the U. S. L. T. A., who is in closest touch with the situation, estimates that between three and four millions play tennis in clubs, on private courts, in public parks and Y's. There is no method of arriving at the exact number engaged in any sport, but as showing the steady growth of the game he cites these figures: in 1910 there were 160 clubs attached to the Association; in 1920, 294 clubs; in 1930, 760 clubs; in 1931, 815 clubs; in 1932, 875 clubs; in 1933, almost a thousand. This does not include hundreds of small organizations which are not affiliated with the main body.

In keeping with the trend toward an increased interest all over the country in playing games as distinct from attendance games, the large public tournaments sponsored by big city newspapers are worth notice. These tournaments, open to everyone, promoted and paid for entirely by newspapers in various sections, have received too little attention. Among the most successful have been those run by the Rochester, N. Y., *Journal*, under

the direction of Ted Noun, with an entry list of 1,000 and that of the *Detroit News*, run by H. H. Barcus with 2,000 entries.

One reason for the growth of tennis since the depression is the fact that it is an inexpensive game. A bat and a dozen balls can last the dub all season, and often do. Moreover, it is good exercise that can be obtained in a short time by as few as two persons on a comparatively small space of ground. Of almost no other sport are all these things true.

Were our Mr. Jones alive to-day he would be astonished at the increased interest in the horse, and that in an extremely mechanical age. There is more polo, racing, and hunting going on to-day through the country than before the crash, hard times and high costs notwithstanding. In 1928 there were 87 recognized hunts with about 3,000 followers. At present, says Harry T. Peters, President of the Masters of Foxhounds Association, there are more than before the crash. "Fox hunting has gained steadily in popularity and this year there are some 120 odd hunts officially listed, whose membership totals over 5,000."

There is more thoroughbred racing than formerly because thirty States have legalized the sport within the past year for taxation purposes. This coincides with a tremendous increase in hunt racing, not only among men but women; of the five leading successful owners last season, four were women, one with a stable of twenty horses. These amateur meetings, instituted after racing had fallen into disrepute, attracted mainly small owners. To-day the sport is spreading and beginning to be noticed in the press, a sure sign of its growing popularity.

There are to-day eight polo fields at Meadow Brook as against two ten years ago. Peter Vischer, editor of *Polo*, estimates that 30 per cent more polo is

being played now than before 1930. Horses, like gardens, require a man to get down to the soil; an interest in and love for animals, like an interest in horticulture, satisfies a primitive longing in us all. Horses are sport, an escape medium from the world of falling markets, depressions, and the sixty-cent dollar. J. B. Priestley notes the same increased interest in horses throughout England as has occurred here since 1929.

The effect of the automobile on sport has not yet been fully traced; but during the past few years it has been great. Strangely enough, it has helped the spread of a number of participating games, because at present Sundays and holidays find main roads choked with motors and automobiling a bore, or worse. Of late, suburbanites and country dwellers have made every possible effort to stay home on such days, with the result that a series of lawn games which can be played by the whole household have been adopted and popularized.

Observe that as sport has become more widespread recently, many new and different games have been adapted, invented, revived, or imported to satisfy and give amusement and exercise, not to the super-champion class, but to the games-playing thousands. Chief among these is badminton. Originally an indoor sport, this importation from England via Canada is now played outdoors as well. The Badminton Club of New York, founded in 1878, is one of the oldest sporting clubs in the United States. A generation ago badminton was a small, select game; to-day it is played by millions in gymnasiums, Y's, armories, and clubs, and is also a game for the lawn. Croquet too has had a rebirth; so have bowls and archery, the latter, according to sporting goods authorities, being one of the fastest growing games of recent years, while deck ten-

nis, or ring tennis, has become very popular. All these are playable in a small space, all are easily learned by anyone.

Bicycling had a great vogue directly after the panic of 1893; curiously it has revived lately, although for different reasons. The increased sale of the bicycle for 1933 over 1932 was 30 per cent; for 1934 over 1933 so far, 15 per cent. Skillful promotion by advertising agents is partly responsible, but economic factors have thrown many out of the front seat into the saddle. Mr. Jones belonged to a Cycling Club, and Sunday afternoons in spring and summer the Club used to spin out en masse to Spuyten Duyvil or High Bridge. To-day his son rides to work from his home in the suburbs on a bike. The depression has forced many working men to give up their cars and use bicycles; as a means of getting back and forth from school it is used by children. What was once a sport has now become chiefly a form of locomotion, although the constant use of bicycles in colleges and in the motion picture colony has made riding fashionable as it was not ten years or less ago.

One playing game to fall away recently is golf. Golf has lost ground against the general trend of participating games. The sale of golf clubs and balls is off, many clubs have been forced to close because of shrunken membership, more are on the verge of closing. Possibly this is due to special circumstances, to the fact that for the moment there is no celebrated star to replace Jones or Hagen, to the excessive cost of the game for the average man, to the distance of most courses from the business district in most cities. May it not be also that golf had an unnatural boom during the nineteen twenties as the sport of sports for the successful executive? The new rich took it up to augment their social and financial pres-

tige; young executives looked upon it as a means to business success. Now the new rich have lost their prestige anyhow; the young executives—many of them—have lost their jobs. And golf has accordingly suffered.

Games come and go but the sports-playing public is by no means as stupid as some manufacturers would imagine. Do you remember that fad of the year 1930 known by various names, chiefly as midget or miniature golf? This fad, imposed on the nation by ridiculous and excessive publicity in the press, crept like a plague all over the country. We were informed that we simply had to play or be out of it. In the summer of 1930 movies were deserted, tennis courts were idle, the beaches were half empty as the country pushed a ball through tunnels, over tiny hills and across obstacles of a midget golf course.

Thanks to newspaper attention, 45,000 courses sprang up over night. Then one day the press found another fad to seize upon. Where are those courses now?

VII

Midget golf was a "phony." Another midget game has caught on and remained through merit, not as a fad of a few months but as a real sport standing on its worth as a game to play and enjoy. Ping-pong was popular in the days of Mr. Jones; it was in fact one of the few indoor sports except billiards that he knew about. But not until 1930, when there was less money in circulation for the movies, night clubs, and light drinking, did the sport begin to grow seriously. To-day ping-pong and table tennis—the same thing under a different name—are played by five million persons. Last season over twenty million ping-pong bats were sold. There are leagues, championships, and tournaments now all over the United States.

Since 1930 this game has gone ahead. There were reasons for the collapse of midget golf; there are equally good ones for the consistent growth of ping-pong, because as those who have played it realize, it is exercise, it is an amusing game to play and, once the table has been purchased, it is inexpensive. Incidentally, its remarkable increase in cities may be because it is one of the few sports which can be played in apartments. This increase astonished even the manufacturers; at a tournament held last winter in Chicago more than a thousand entrants competed.

Other fast growing games of late years have been all forms of indoor competition such as rackets and squash rackets, especially the latter. These games, played now throughout the college world as well, have been adopted by business men's clubs and other organizations in large cities as ideal exercise after work. They have come on so fast that no gymnasium or athletic club to-day is complete without its squash court. The new Whitney Gymnasium at Yale University contains 30 courts, more than there were over the entire country at the time when Mr. Jones thought of squash as a vegetable.

Trapshooting has five million followers. Thousands of men and women journey each year to the Champion of Champions Shoot at Vandalia, Ohio, where the titleholders of every state compete for the championship. Another growing sport is a game started thirty five years ago by the Tourists Club of Long Beach, California, a weird hobby which consists of tossing iron horseshoes round stakes forty feet apart in the ground. To-day two millions participate actively in this sport; there is a National Horseshoe Pitchers Association, a championship with men's and women's singles and doubles, and even a magazine de-

voted to the game called *Barnyard Golf*.

What do you suppose is the most popular sport in the United States to-day? Bowling. Bowling? Yes, more persons bowl than engage in any other form of athletics. The manufacturers estimate the total as over seven millions, an estimate more likely to be right than most estimates of this sort because they have a fairly accurate check on alleys in use all over the country. Originally played in Turnvereins and obscure cellars, bowling has become the greatest of American sports, with a steady and constant if not spectacular growth. "The game of participation," as its promoters call it, boasts 200,000 alleys in operation and used all winter. Incidentally, more copy is written about bowling in sports pages than about any other game.

Soccer has had a fast and steady increase quite uninterrupted by the depression. But the fastest growing ball game is softball, a game officially less than one year old. First named indoor baseball, this game has also been called kittenball, mushball, recreation Ball, and diamond Ball. As softball it is sweeping the country. There are State associations, leagues, championships, night games, rule books, and everything that goes to make up a national sport in this country. A tournament conducted by the *Chicago American* last year drew an entry list of 1,000 teams; the season started in June, continued until August, and the final games were played in the National League ball-park before big crowds. In Piqua, Ohio, a town in the Middle West with a population of 19,000, there are over 600 players on regular teams. Of all games this is the least expensive to play, which may account for its sudden rise in popularity of late. Certainly

no other sport is increasing with anything like such rapidity.

VIII

A manufacturer who is forced by business to keep his eye on the ball lists these as the ten fastest growing sports in the United States at the present time:

1. Softball
2. Badminton
3. Soccer
4. Squash games
5. Archery
6. Polo and horses
7. Ping-pong
8. Trap shooting
9. Horseshoes
10. Tennis

Besides these, ring tennis, paddle tennis, field hockey, touch football, handball, and a host of minor games are attracting followers and growing in favor every day.

Notice that in each sport in the list above except soccer women participate actively. One explanation of the growth of playing sports in this country over the past five or ten years is the increased participation of women who thirty years ago played few games, and those indifferently; they played golf and tennis, they rode, they bicycled, and a few timidly attempted archery and ice skating. To-day they compete in golf and tennis, often against men, and take part also in the following sports, all of which they have learned since 1900: aviation, basketball, badminton, bowling, fencing, horseshoe pitching, figure skating, speed-boat racing, skate sailing, swimming, track and field athletics, trap shooting, and yachting. In most of these sports there are separate championships for women; their names crowd the names of masculine athletes off the sports pages, their

pictures in costume fill the newspapers. Said the *Sporting Goods Journal*, organ of the trade, last year: "Sporting goods dealers have suddenly become awakened to the fact that there is more profit in playing for the trade of the ladies than in catering exclusively to men, especially as regards the sale of bicycles, fishing tackle, and archery outfits." The growing participation of women in sport during recent years is as striking as the change from the bloomers of 1900 to the shorts of 1935. It may or may not be an exaggeration to say, as one sporting goods manufacturer remarked recently, that women play many games to-day to be seen in costume; but the point is that they play.

Last February, 17,000 persons, the largest number that ever saw a match of tennis, packed into Madison Square Garden to see Tilden play Cochet. They stayed until nearly one o'clock on the worst morning of the winter and paid almost \$30,000 for the privilege. As showing the changing trend in modern sport, it is worth noting that professional tennis, professional hockey, and amateur track athletics paid a dividend for the Garden last winter, while boxing, for which the structure was primarily constructed, showed a loss of a quarter of a million dollars! Hockey attendance and interest have increased during the past few years all over the country, in fact hockey attendance has grown more than that of any other game. But attendance is not the same thing as participation. People enjoy watch-

ing a speedy game like hockey but only the young and athletic are fast enough to play it; like track athletics, it has not gained players as have other and slower games. To-day it is the playing sports, softball, horseshoe pitching, badminton, and squash, which are really going ahead in national popularity.

That the boom period between 1920 and 1930 was the most spectacular period of our sporting history, the era of the biggest and greatest, the period of the super-champion when the United States not only led the world but admitted it, is beyond question. That it was the boom period of sport in this country is not, however, true. There was more noise and shouting, more exaggeration and hyperbole, more space in the newspapers devoted to sports or what passed at the time for sports; but there were fewer persons actually playing games. The space in the press was devoted to the super-champions, not to the second-raters who play golf and tennis all over the land. No, if we are not yet in the boom period of American sport, we are approaching it. To-day there is a more intelligent appreciation of the values of real sport, there are more persons of average ability competing, there are more participants who are interested in the game for the game's sake, more people playing than ever before in our history. Not merely is this a greater period for athletics than the era of the super-champion, but there is every likelihood of greater times ahead.



THE CASE OF THE MISSOURI PACIFIC

BY MAX LOWENTHAL

FLAT on their backs, a number of giant American railways are being prepared for the major surgery of reorganization. Meanwhile, with these breadwinners in the bankruptcy hospitals, their dependents—tens of thousands of investors in their bonds and stocks—are suffering, and circles far beyond these; for the curtailed income of investors means less money to spend and circulate. Many of them have cut down on house repairs, on clothes, some of them even on food, as anyone acquainted with small investors can testify. So the default of big railroads is felt in a measure by the painter and carpenter, the shopkeeper, butcher, and dairy farmer, and by the countless numbers who supply them.

Savings also have been affected. The shrinkage in the sales value of first-mortgage bonds of railroads now bankrupt runs into hundreds of millions of dollars, to say nothing of the hundreds of millions of additional investment in many other varieties of their bonds, and the loss of hundreds of millions more in the stocks of these companies. What it means to the average investor can be told by any man who bought ten shares of Missouri Pacific above par in 1906. To protect his investment against dilution through one of the company's methods of financing in 1909, and to protect himself against the wiping out of his stock investment when the company went into receivership in 1915, he bought \$800 worth of its bonds. His

\$1800 of investments, if sold at the high point of the speculative boom of 1929, would have just barely netted him a profit; if sold at the height of the August, 1934, rise they would have brought him less than \$100.

One would hardly have expected some of these railroads to break down so badly. Missouri Pacific Railroad, St. Louis-San Francisco Railway, and Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railway had given up their youthful ambition to go over the mountains to the Pacific Coast and had apparently settled down into middle-aged caution. Their physical condition was and is good. The territory they serve has been a developing section. They came through floods and drought successfully. Like other roads, they could have survived the depression if it had not been for a dread malady which was merely brought to a head in the unhealthy climate of the past few years.

To know what this malady was one must study the histories of the railroads. They are much the same, and the story of the Missouri Pacific will in the main tell the story of the others as well. It was born on Independence Day, 1851. In its infancy during the sixties and the seventies, the doctor came often and even administered the receivership cure. Thereafter it grew in size by a series of consolidations with other railroads. In this process it avoided the greatest danger of railroad finance—the danger of loading itself

with debt. It would have run into this danger if it had bought the stock of the other railroad companies, for then it would have had to borrow money to pay for that stock. Wiser than some in the business, it absorbed other roads by giving their stockholders shares of Missouri Pacific in exchange for their stock.

This sound policy was discontinued after the beginning of the century, and additional roads were acquired by purchase of their shares of stock. To finance these deals Mop (as hurried brokers in Wall Street call the railroad) borrowed a great deal of money. Its bankers lent a helping hand, and many million dollars' worth of bonds were sold to the public. The European world, as well as the American, was given an opportunity to put its savings into this ever-expanding, sprawling giant. Its bonds were sold and listed on stock exchanges in New York, in Amsterdam, in Zurich, in Geneva.

The methods followed by Missouri Pacific as it gorged itself with other railroads brought about three important consequences. First, as a result of the creation of more and more bond issues, the road was obliged to pay large fees to its bankers, and, in smaller amount, to big New York trust companies which acted as trustees for the bondholders, as agents of the company in paying the interest on the bonds, and as registrars of the company's securities. Second, its purchase of the stocks of other railroads involved it in speculative ventures and before long in heavy losses. Third, and worst of all, the method of issuing bonds in order to pay for stocks of other roads involved the Missouri Pacific deeply in debt. The enterprise was now so waterlogged that it was ready to capsize in the first storm.

A convenient storm was provided by the outbreak of the World War in

1914. The company was unable to pay the interest charges on its precariously large debt, and its bankers decided to put it out of its misery by killing it in the receivership court and creating a new company to take over the business. Its chief bankers, Kuhn Loeb & Co., helped to form so-called protective committees to protect the security holders of the road, and two of the partners of this banking firm and some of its friends became members of the two principal committees. The Kuhn Loeb lawyers became the legal guides of the most important committee, and one of the law firms which has done a great deal of work for J. P. Morgan & Co. undertook the guidance of the other principal committee.

II

When the bankers set to work on this reorganization they assumed a role described to a United States Senate Committee last year by a Kuhn Loeb partner. He said that his firm's clients come to it with their problems on the theory that "Dr. Kuhn Loeb & Co. is a pretty good doctor to go to." The firm visited the ailing Missouri Pacific in 1914 and reported after examination and diagnosis that the railroad could not earn enough to pay the interest on its mountain of debt. The bankers said that for every dollar of capitalization, the company owed seventy-seven cents. This ratio, said the bankers, was much too high. They evolved a plan under which some of the bondholders would take stock in return for their bonds, thus reducing the total debt of the company. The plan reduced the amount of interest the company would have to pay and, consequently, the income that bondholders would get in the form of interest payable regularly. Those bondholders who were obliged to take stock for their bonds were given a specula-

tive chance to get dividends on this stock, and though the company had paid no dividends for nine years, there was always the possibility that the tide might turn. This method of reducing fixed charges by giving bondholders stock for their bonds is the usual practice in reorganizations and is regarded by many as inevitable.

Kuhn Loeb indicated that their plan reduced the debts to the point where the Missouri Pacific owed sixty cents for every dollar of capitalization of its property. However, this capitalization assumed that the property was correctly valued at the figures carried on the books. The Interstate Commerce Commission subsequently valued the property for rate-making purposes, fixing the amount \$100,000,000 below the company's valuation. If the Interstate Commerce Commission figures may be accepted as within the range of reliability, the condition of the company might be described in the language used by *Poor's Manual* about some of the Mop bond issues during its receivership: "Margin of Safety: Nil."

Certain other features of the reorganization plan were at the time regarded by its authors as highly successful. They created two new classes of Missouri Pacific bonds. The better of the two were called First and Refunding Mortgage bonds. The bankers presented some estimates, and on the basis of these estimates suggested that the railway was likely to earn twice as much as was needed to pay the interest on the First and Refunding bonds. The bankers and their supporting protective committees induced investors in some of the old bonds to take \$46,000,000 of the First and Refunding bonds in exchange. The bankers announced that more of these bonds could be "advantageously marketed." They were right. In ensuing years they helped the company

get from the public the purchase price of more than \$200,000,000 of these bonds, less the commissions paid to the bankers. The general public still holds almost a quarter of a billion of these securities, which sold at the height of the August, 1934, rise at about twenty-five cents on the dollar.

The other class of new bonds created by the bankers in the 1917 reorganization were third mortgage bonds. This was not the name given to them. They were called by the bankers New General Mortgage Four Per Cent Gold Bonds. The bankers said that, on the basis of the estimates, the property would be likely to earn a good deal more than was necessary to pay the interest on these bonds, indeed, enough more to yield $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the new common stock. These remunerative securities were sold to the stockholders of the bankrupt company, who were thus enabled to acquire \$41,000,000 of the gold bonds for that amount of cash, with the new common stock thrown in free, like coupons at a cigar store. As things turned out, however, the common stock never paid any dividends, even in the boom years, when large earnings were reported; and the gold bonds could have been sold by their present owners during the August, 1934, rise at ten cents on the dollar.

The cash that security holders paid for the gold bonds in 1917 was needed for a number of purposes, including the payment of reorganization fees. Kuhn Loeb & Co. received for their job as reorganizers \$1,283,385. The public has not been told what additional amounts they received for running an underwriting syndicate in connection with the plan. Nor does the public know how much was paid to the other bankers on the committees, to the trust companies which were used as depositaries and ultimately as cremation plants for the old bonds,

and to the lawyers. The courteous security holder who chipped in to help pay these fees but was too delicate to pry into the private affairs of his payees, must make his own estimates. He was given one bit of information that may be of some help to him for the purpose. He was given (as is usually done in reorganizations) a long list of items for which money was required, and if he read the closely printed words with care he saw, at about the middle, the words "reorganization expenses." He was then furnished with an omnibus figure, a round sum to cover the entire list of items. It was \$14,376,792.

The fees, the new bond issues, and the new ratio of debt to total assets were not the only contributions of the 1917 reorganization. Reorganizers have to see to it that a new company starts out under proper guidance. The directorate to whom this task was entrusted included such men as Mr. Albert H. Wiggin of the Chase National Bank and three others of the committeemen who had helped to shape the Kuhn Loeb plan and had given it their support. On the new board were such men as the head of the Wabash Railway, which was also emerging from receivership, the road in whose securities Missouri Pacific had invested and lost heavily. Kuhn Loeb & Co. did not formally go on the board of directors, though their attorneys soon became counsel for the road and, while continuing to act as attorneys for the bankers, represented the railroad in subsequent dealings with the bankers for the flotation of securities to the public.

The bankers were sanguine when they got the Missouri Pacific off to such a start as has been described. They organized the new company to continue in business for nine hundred years. It will now be in order to see why the bankers' brave aspiration was

burst so soon, as though the reorganization they produced were a mere soap bubble.

III

The sixteen years in which the Missouri Pacific actually traveled from one bankruptcy to another may be divided into three periods—six years of swaddling clothes and adolescence, eight years of activity and bustle, and two years of sickness and regrets. In the first period the bankers did not have much to do. These were the years of financing of the railroads by the government, exercising, as it did, its wartime control until 1920 and thereafter lending to railroads during the minor depression that came to a close in 1922. During this interval there were a few changes in the board of directors. Mr. Wiggin retired, though, as subsequently appeared, he stood ready to lend the helping hand of his bank when need arose. Capitalists such as John J. Raskob and Matthew C. Brush were added. In view of the securities policy followed by the railway thereafter, it may be pertinent to note that Mr. Brush was subsequently described to a United States Senate Committee by one of his associates in stock-market pool operations as a big trader in the stock market. Another change in the Missouri Pacific board was the elevation to the chief post in the company of a man who had been for years an officer of another railway for which Kuhn Loeb were the bankers.

The breathing space accorded to the Mop board and bankers after its reorganization enabled them to look round and find good pickings for it. Many bones were strewn all over the railway map at the time, as a result of the numerous receiverships of the nineteen tens and early nineteen twenties. One was Gulf Coast Lines, tossed upon the receivership dump when a big rail-

way in control of it was dismembered. Gulf Coast Lines, some time after it was reorganized, had the banking assistance of two New York firms. One firm was Blair & Co., under the leadership of Elisha Walker. The other was Harriman & Co., headed by G. H. Walker. Blair & Co. had been represented for years on the directorates of both the Gulf Coast Lines and the Missouri Pacific, though its partners withdrew from the latter shortly before the deal to which we are coming. The head of the other firm had helped to reorganize Gulf Coast Lines some years earlier, had served on its board for many years, and had risen to the chief office in that company. By that time he had also become head of the Harriman firm. No banking firm other than the Blairs and Harrimans had direct representation on the Gulf Coast Lines board, though one of the Kuhn Loeb attorneys had been on the board for many years.

An arrangement was made in 1924 to merge the Missouri Pacific and the Gulf Coast Lines. This was not to be done by the old sound method of giving the stockholders in both companies stock of a consolidated road. Instead, use was made of the plan that helped to wreck Missouri Pacific ten years earlier. Missouri Pacific bought the stock of the other road, paying for its purchase with notes, thus increasing its debts and the amount of interest it would have to pay each year. A majority of the members of the Interstate Commerce Commission permitted this method of payment; but the men in charge of the railroad had the benefit of a warning from Commissioner Eastman, the present Federal Coordinator of railroads. He said, in a minority opinion, that "the merger . . . is objectionable in form because it substitutes debt for railroad stock . . . at a time when the railroads of the country, including the Missouri Pacific, have

far too heavy a burden of debt in comparison with . . . their properties."

The Missouri Pacific paid a good deal to the bankers who claimed to have put this merger together. It was estimated by members of the Interstate Commerce Commission that the banking firms headed by the two Walkers, who in form were getting paid by the stockholders of Gulf Coast Lines, might total a profit of \$900,000, and that Kuhn Loeb might get as much as \$225,000. Commissioner Campbell referred to this as "excessive compensation . . . wasting hundreds of thousands of dollars belonging to security holders." He noted that even the majority of the Commission, who felt they had no power to prevent what was being done, condemned it "in unmeasured terms." The majority said that the transaction had aspects "so unfortunate as to cause hesitancy," and added: "The bankers . . . are to receive compensation or profit . . . apparently in excess of \$1,000,000. It has been represented to us that the stockholders desire to sell and the applicant (Missouri Pacific) desires to purchase. The warrant under such circumstances for the interposition of the activity of bankers at the vast expense mentioned to the parties is not clear."

Commissioner Eastman added some comments applicable also to subsequent deals made by Missouri Pacific. He said that the evidence with respect to this merger confirmed his view about railroad consolidations, that "the chief beneficiaries for some years would be the bankers and lawyers in charge of the negotiations." He also referred to the fact that particular bankers had the inside track in railroad financing, and said, "One of the defenses offered for this variety of monopoly, which is widely prevalent in the railroad world, is that by such an arrangement a railroad enlists the

friendly interest and advice of an experienced firm of bankers. In this case it does not appear that the Missouri Pacific secured such friendly interest and advice at anything less than the current market price."

At about the same time Missouri Pacific indirectly bore part of the expense for bankers' advice and guidance in the reorganization of two other railroads, in which it had a large investment. Kuhn Loeb did the reorganizing in both cases, receiving a fee of \$200,000 for the revamping of the Texas & Pacific Railway, and sharing with another reorganizer (Equitable Trust Co. of New York) a fee of \$300,000 for the reorganization of the Denver & Rio Grande.

The reorganization of Texas & Pacific gave control of that road to Mop. But its board, almost with a collector's passion, went out to buy more of the Texas & Pacific common stock. Within three years Mop spent so much money in this buying campaign that it almost doubled its holdings of the common, in addition to owning all the preferred. Mop also invested \$10,000,000 in securities under the plan for the reorganization of the Denver & Rio Grande, in which Mop had previously been interested. Missouri Pacific's buying policy was turning out to be a highly successful method of increasing its indebtedness.

It was in 1924 that the three deals just described, relating to Gulf Coast Lines, Texas & Pacific, and Denver & Rio Grande, started the new Missouri Pacific on the old Missouri Pacific policy. Its purchase of Gulf Coast Lines gave Mop control of a fourth road, International-Great Northern, which had been acquired by Gulf Coast Lines a few months earlier. That acquisition is of interest in our story for two reasons. The fees paid to bankers in the reorganization of International-Great Northern shortly before, and

again when its stock was acquired by Gulf Coast Lines, left the treasuries of these two companies proportionately less well supplied with cash when Mop got control of them. This subsequently served to increase Mop's burdens, when it had to lend money to Gulf Coast Lines in order to replenish the depleted treasury of the latter. It is also of interest to see how small is the banking world that serves the railroads. Among those who reorganized International-Great Northern, sold its stock to Gulf Coast Lines, and received fees on both occasions, was Mr. Strauss of the banking firm of J. & W. Seligman & Co., who helped Kuhn Loeb reorganize both Missouri Pacific and Denver & Rio Grande.

To return to the Mop policy of effecting consolidations by stock purchases and debt increases. It now had large interests in four important roads. The policy looked so attractive to its directors that they imposed it on Mop's subsidiaries. In the two years after it secured Gulf Coast Lines, the latter bought control of half a dozen other railroads. Within a few years thereafter, another subsidiary, Texas & Pacific, purchased control of another half dozen. The deeper-into-debt plan infected even the sub-subsidiaries, and one of them, now in bankruptcy, brought into the Missouri Pacific domain a sub-sub-subsidiary, also now bankrupt. As late as the last year in which Kuhn Loeb were bankers for Missouri Pacific it was still buying control of roads, concluding the Kuhn Loeb period with the purchase of a railway which in turn bought another, and not long afterward was put into bankruptcy beside the parent company.

IV

The glorious career of Missouri Pacific as master collector of bones from the reorganization abattoirs came to a

close in 1929. The control of the company changed hands. The general public did not know it at the time, but learned it before the publication of the company's 1930 report. That report furnishes some interesting details for one who can jigsaw his way through to facts of which there is just a hint in railway company reports. In addition to changes in the membership of the board of directors, there were other changes. The names of two Kuhn Loeb lawyers, Mr. Cravath and Mr. de Gersdorff, disappeared from the list of Missouri Pacific officers. Another change was the substitution of J. P. Morgan & Co. for the clerk who had long been the company's stock transfer agent. These and other items confirmed the news that the Van Sweringens had taken possession. Through their Alleghany Corporation, floated by them with the aid of the Morgan firm, Missouri Pacific was taken off the railroad chessboard it had roamed at will, and transferred to a bigger board on which it was merely a pawn.

Now began an era for Missouri Pacific that put the Kuhn Loeb years of 1922 to 1929 in the shade. Though some of the stock purchases of those years had by a process of accumulation become quite sizable, each single bite was a small one, a few hundred thousand or a few millions at a time. This piddling policy was discarded. After the Van Sweringens acquired control they sold the Missouri Pacific a \$20,000,000 lot of properties at one clip.

They had acquired this lot as a result of their natural interest, as real estate promoters, in development sites and sites adjoining railroad terminal properties in two Missouri cities. These properties the Van Sweringens purchased in 1929, with some of the money raised by Alleghany Corporation when it sold its bonds to the public early that year. The Alleghany company did not do so well with this

purchase or with some of the other securities it bought in 1929, before the stock market crash. The Van Sweringens explained later, after they had sold the development and terminal properties to Missouri Pacific in December, 1930, that they had bought them originally for Missouri Pacific, and had all along kept it clear in their own minds that the properties were to be transferred to Mop. The one thing they were anxious about, they said, was that they should not make any profit at Mop's expense, since it was under their control. So, in the depression of December, 1930, the properties were sold to Missouri Pacific at the price paid for them by the Van Sweringens in the boom days of 1929. Not quite the same price, as the Van Sweringens thought it would be only fair to add to the price paid by Alleghany interest on the money for the period from boom to depression. As one of them put it to the Alleghany bondholders in 1934, when that corporation also was being reorganized, a contract was made with Missouri Pacific, "looking to the purchase of these properties by the Missouri Pacific . . . at not to exceed their cost to Alleghany Corporation plus interest."

Under the Van Sweringen management Missouri Pacific did another sort of buying of railroad stocks. Having bought up almost every railroad within reach, it began to buy up itself. It put millions of dollars into the purchases of its own securities. Whether or not the purpose in this case was similar to that frequently found in the case of such swallowing of one's own tail, it may be interesting to note what has been the motivation in other instances of such buying. In case of a fight, those already in control of a corporation can continue themselves in office by voting the company-owned stock.

To be sure, Missouri Pacific did not buy in its own name. It merely put

up the money. So far as indicated by the books of account of the railroad and certain of its subsidiaries, one might gather that the buying of Missouri Pacific stock was for the subsidiaries. One of them, a motor-bus company, was apparently the first to do such buying. It got off the highway just long enough to purchase thousands of shares of Missouri Pacific stock and hundreds of thousands of dollars of Missouri Pacific convertible bonds. Missouri Pacific's books showed that the money spent for these securities was really a loan by Missouri Pacific to its motor-bus subsidiary.

Nevertheless, it could not be forgotten that the motor-bus company was just a motor-bus company, organized as an auxiliary of a huge railroad, and not to buy up that railroad. The bus company transferred the Missouri Pacific shares to another Mop subsidiary, called an improvement company. The latter gave its note to the bus company for approximately \$3,600,000, the amount charged to the bus company by Missouri Pacific.

This amount was almost three-quarters of a million dollars more than Missouri Pacific paid for the securities when it bought them. The additional sum charged by Missouri Pacific to its own subsidiaries covered a loss taken by Missouri Pacific on some other dealings in its own securities.

The result of such transactions and their routing from one company to another was that the reports issued to security holders did not make clear the buying of the Missouri Pacific securities by the company or its subsidiaries, the loss actually taken on some of the securities, or the market loss sustained on those still retained.

Other inter-company transactions were not wholly clear to Missouri Pacific security holders who read the company's annual reports. For instance, it included in its income the dividends

paid to it by its subsidiaries. It received dividends, in depression years, greater than the earnings of some of the subsidiaries that paid them. The difference between earnings made by certain of the companies controlled by Missouri Pacific and the dividends they paid to it while it was dictating their dividend policy ran into hundreds of thousands of dollars. In the case of one of the most important of the subsidiaries, Missouri Pacific made loans to it, so that the money was passing back and forth between two members of this corporate family, Mop returning in the form of loans what it received in the form of dividends. So far as the books and the published reports showed, the subsidiary had increased its debts, and the parent company had larger earnings than it would otherwise have been able to report.

Whatever the reason and purpose of such methods of bookkeeping, the net effect was to give temporary support to a delicate financial pyramid. The Van Sweringen interests and the banks and bankers who had become involved with the Van Sweringens were at the top of this pyramid. The banks and bankers had made large loans to the Van Sweringen companies, the total finally rising to \$40,000,000. The ability of the borrowers to pay this money, and of the lenders to collect the vast sums they had advanced, depended in considerable part on the value of the property that was pledged to protect these loans. Much of the property that was pledged to secure the loans was in the form of common stock of the Alleghany Corporation. The value of this stock was in turn dependent on the assets of that company, and a substantial part of its assets was stock of the Missouri Pacific. The value of the Mop stock was up or down, as the railroad earned money or failed to earn money, and as it had profits on some of its investments or speculations, or lost money on them.

The bookkeeping methods it followed failed to show losses on certain of its speculations, and failed to disclose adequately to the public the nature of some of its reported income. This helped the market value of the Mop stock temporarily, and, in turn, of the Alleghany stock and, in turn, the position of the Van Sweringen companies with respect to their loans, and incidentally, in turn, the banks and bankers who had made those loans.

V

It is now time to turn from bookkeeping acrobatics to the consequences of those activities which constitute one of the main currents of Missouri Pacific history, the activities involved in buying up other railroads. The consequences were strikingly like those in the period leading up to Mop's previous bankruptcy. The constant selling of bonds in order to finance the purchase of other companies' stocks, as well as for other purposes, cost a great deal of money. In the eight years before the Morgan firm displaced the Kuhn Loeb firm as bankers for the company, Missouri Pacific and its affiliated companies sold to Kuhn Loeb, who in turn sold to the public, about \$325,000,000 of bonds. In addition, the company, backed up by a Kuhn Loeb underwriting, sold to stockholders some \$46,000,000 of bonds. The difference between the prices at which the securities were offered to the public and at which the company sold them to Kuhn Loeb was approximately \$10,000,000. The commissions secured by the bankers and the members of their syndicates did not represent the entire cost to the company. The bankers' lawyers had to be paid. Big New York banks, especially the Guaranty Trust Company, had to be paid by the company for acting as trustees for the purchasers of the new bonds. When one bond issue fell due,

another had to be created in order to raise the money to pay the first, and again fees were payable to bankers, banks, and lawyers.

Besides the expense of financing, Missouri Pacific sustained large losses on the railroad stocks it had purchased. As prices dropped during the depression, the market value of the million shares of stock owned by Missouri Pacific and two of its subsidiaries also declined. Indeed, a large portion of these holdings are shares of companies that are now in bankruptcy. Missouri Pacific alone has \$92,000,000 in the securities of affiliated companies, some of which have already run up net deficits of \$27,000,000 since the acquisition of their shares by Mop. Whether there are corresponding deficits in the other affiliates cannot be stated at this moment, because the books of these others had not been examined by the accountants of the court when they reported in June of this year.

Large as were the costs of financing and the losses on the 1,000,000 share acquisitions, their importance is lost to sight when one turns to the huge increase in debt, and thus in the amount of interest charges Missouri Pacific had to earn. Every one of the company's annual reports in the ten-year period beginning with 1922 carried the ominous news of ever-mounting debt. One of the most striking transactions was in the third year of the present depression. Everyone who had engaged in financing the Missouri Pacific in the past was called in to help the road's bankers try to plug the holes in the sinking ship with investors' money. An underlying bond issue was about to mature. Partly to retire this bond issue, the Morgan firm, the Kuhn Loeb firm, the Guaranty Trust Company, the Chase National Bank (which had absorbed Equitable Trust Company), and others sold \$61,000,000 of new Mop bonds to the public. This was in 1931.

Earnings continued to dwindle, and two years later the company was in bankruptcy. The investment which the public made in 1931 was worth, at the height of the August, 1934, rise, about \$15,000,000.

Despite all efforts, the ability of the Missouri Pacific to continue to obtain funds from the investing public finally came to an end. There was still, of course, the possibility of leaning on the taxpayers of the entire country, and borrowing from the national government. A bill to create a governmental agency to make loans to railroads was rushed through Congress. Before the ink was dry on the statute books the Van Sweringens, to quote their testimony at a Congressional Committee hearing, "were sitting on their doorstep waiting for them to open. . . . We were afraid it would not get finished in time." Missouri Pacific got loan after loan of government money. A dispute arose quite early in this process of relying on the national treasury. Missouri Pacific wanted a number of millions of dollars in order to pay money it owed to its bankers. Members of the Interstate Commerce Commission criticized this method of facilitating the flow of credit: it seemed to them to be an indirect method of giving government help to private bankers in Wall Street, who had been expressly excluded by the statute providing for government loans. The Commission recalled that Mop's bankers "have profited largely in handling its financing in the past." Commissioner Eastman denied that "there is any need for using government funds to bail out these bankers." Finally the bankers got some \$5,000,000 of the government money in this way. The road kept on borrowing from Uncle Sam for other purposes as well, and before the government authorities refused to lend any more, Missouri Pacific had succeeded in getting a total of

\$23,000,000 of the public money, and in increasing its already huge indebtedness.

At the end of the long road, like the road it had traveled only a half generation before, there was the tottering Missouri Pacific, owing sixty-seven per cent of all it claimed to own. If its speculations and those of its subsidiaries were written down to current values, it probably owed 80 cents out of every dollar it owned. And if its railroad plant were valued as the Interstate Commerce Commission valued it, Missouri Pacific was hopelessly insolvent.

So they sent for the doctor again. Missouri Pacific was put into bankruptcy, and eight subsidiaries and sub-subsidiaries went with it.

Then the protective committees began to rise up on every side. Looking at the names on some of the committees, one might think that it was Old Home Week on the Missouri Pacific. On the principal committee is to be found a partner of Kuhn Loeb & Co. and a partner of J. P. Morgan & Co. The depository of the committee is the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, which served in a similar capacity in the last reorganization of the road. The make-up of this committee is a reminder of the fact that so-called protective committees, when organized by the group which has figured so prominently in Missouri Pacific affairs, follow set patterns. This committee is so like the chief bondholders' committee in the most recent big reorganization, that of the St. Paul Railway, that one can almost mistake the one for the other. Both offered to protect bond issues of about \$225,000,000. Each had in its membership two of the company's bankers, executives of several large life insurance companies, a representative of an association of mutual savings banks, and an official of a philanthropic foundation. Each com-

mittee used the Guaranty Trust Company as depository and a Wall Street law firm as counsel. The circumstances surrounding the formation of the St. Paul Railway committee were investigated by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which reported:

"It was an ideal situation for the bankers to control. This they promptly did, arranged all the details, framed up the committees favorably to themselves, put themselves on the bondholders' protective committee and constituted themselves reorganization managers."

The principal Mop committee is flanked by three other important committees, offering to protect the holders of some \$125,000,000 of bonds. One committee is headed by an officer of the Bankers Trust Company of New York, a bank that rendered services and received fees on many occasions in Missouri Pacific history. It is now, as it was in the 1917 reorganization, trustee for holders of Mop bonds and depository for a protective committee. This bank does not have a dollar of its own money in any of the bonds it offers to protect. Its financial interest is directly opposed to that of the bondholders represented by the committee. This opposition arises out of the \$20,000,000 sale of terminal properties already mentioned. The sale has now been attacked in court as unfair. The bondholders will benefit if that attack succeeds. The Bankers Trust Company, by reason of its involvement in large loans to Van Sweringen affiliates, will lose if the attack succeeds.

The Bankers Trust Company officer who is chairman of this committee has the assistance of several committee members. One of them is an officer of a large corporation for which Kuhn Loeb have been the bankers these many years, a corporation so close to Kuhn Loeb that for a time their chief counsel became head of the company.

A third committee has been formed to protect those third mortgage bonds which stockholders were induced to buy at the time of the previous reorganization. The chairman of this committee is an officer of one of the banks which sold a big Missouri Pacific bond issue to the public shortly before the company reached the end of its tether. Another member of the committee was drawn from J. & W. Seligman & Co., which had its hand in the previous reorganization and induced the stockholders to buy the third mortgage bonds that this committee is now to protect.

A fourth committee proposes to protect the holders of the first mortgage bonds of the Gulf Coast Lines. Three of its six members served as members and secretary of the committee that reorganized this railroad in 1915. One of the three, G. H. Walker, is chairman of this new committee. He is the banker who, while head of the road, helped to arrange the sale to Missouri Pacific that was so severely criticized by members of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Another member of the committee is an officer of the Bankers Trust Company, already mentioned. A fifth sat on the board of Gulf Coast Lines for years, while Missouri Pacific was giving the board its orders.

Bondholders of the Missouri Pacific are thus surrounded by protective committeemen whose firms and banks have had many dealings with the railway in the past, reorganizing it, floating its bond issues, selling to it the stock of other railways, acting as corporate trustee and paying agent for its security holders, and managing its affairs. The duty these men have undertaken, almost as though their obligation to serve the bondholders were a never-ceasing one, is matched by their selection, for the remunerative post of committee depositories, of the very institutions

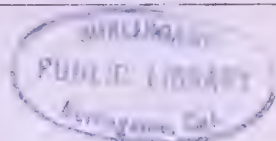
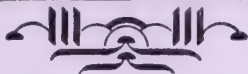
which protective committees chose half a generation ago, when the road was bankrupt before. These institutions, Guaranty Trust Company, Bankers Trust Company, and Equitable Trust Company (now merged into the Chase National Bank) have also been serving the bondholders these many years, in a number of capacities—as trustees under numerous bond issues, as registrars of the Mop securities, as bankers floating Mop bond issues to the investing public and, through bank officers, as protective committee and reorganization aides.

These are some of the high lights of Missouri Pacific history to date. The story of the months to come revolves about three principal problems. The first problem is that of the huge sum lost in the conduct of the railway during the dozen years which led with doomlike inevitability to its present bankruptcy. If nothing is done, the entire loss will fall on the security holders who had little or no voice in the

conduct of the company's affairs. Will there be an investigation to determine whether something cannot be done to make the men in control of those affairs share at least part of the loss?

The second problem relates to the reorganization. Will it be like the previous one, unsound from its inception, and without those controls and safeguards which security holders should have against the men who decide the company's future after it is reorganized?

Closely related to this problem is the third, that of the quality and ability of the directors and others who will advise and control the Missouri Pacific when it is discharged by the bankruptcy court. What will be done to insure that its guidance will be in hands sufficiently skilled to run a half billion dollar property, and sufficiently intelligent and scrupulous to run it with due regard to the public interest, and singlemindedly for the benefit of its security holders?



DEATH AND THE CHILDREN

A STORY

BY PAUL HORGAN

ALL one afternoon and all the next day the boys kept arriving at camp. They traveled from Albany and changed trains, mounting through the Adirondacks in an ancient train whose coaches smelled of a generation's bananas and pipes and disinfectant. The engine, that snorted like a terrier, turned and pattered up through the black pine green of the country, where notches in the hills showed pale-blue lakes under little clouds.

Edmund Abbey had come early to camp, which was run by a Catholic order, and now roamed round, watching the other boys arrive, feeling superior and sorry about them. He had been introduced to his tent and given a tent mate of his own age, ten. His counselor was a tall, blond student priest, who held the boy's hand and squeezed his arm and shoulder while blinking rapidly over his hearty questions. Edmund was homesick and laid doubtful by the cold flashing rain that came out of a gray wing over the black notch at the end of the lake. Suddenly the world was alien. Gone was the sunlight world where boys ran and shouted in khaki shorts and the lake looked warm and pure and where the dark shadows in the pines were adventurous and the stone dome of Mount Baldy above the children invited the sky. It was all gone, that zest in a new place and an adult feeling of independence.

He stood in his tent, with eyes blurred with rain, and looked out across the muddy camp field, toward the lake, where white rollers beat in miniature anger against the very roots of the edge pines and the mossy rocks. Through the rain he heard a sad sound that deepened his wretchedness—it was the whistle of the mail launch. Soon he could see the tan awning and the white hull and the property smoke-stack of the little boat as she turned smartly in toward the camp pier, facing boldly the little brass signal cannon that stood at the pier's edge. Father Brandon, the commandant, ran down the pier, with a poncho over his head, and received the mail bags of gray canvas striped with blue and dirt. Then he helped several boys from the cockpit, and they all ran back to the commandant's lodge which stood at the edge of the forest, in sight of the whole street of tents and mess hall. The new boys were in various clothes. They stood shuddering with excitement and chill under the porch of Father Brandon's hut, looking at the earlier tent-bound natives as speculatively as these looked back at them, the pitiful novices. Under the lightning and a stratified fall of thunder the boys could hear and see the launch as she leaned exquisitely in turning out of sight beyond the cove.

And suddenly it was clear again, and the pines came smelling and golden

out of their black, rain-hung mystery. The lake tossed her last whitecaps and became a mid-afternoon blue again, and all the young hearts came up from despair as the children went, sandaled, on the mud, to buy candy and root beer, to swim, to steal coffee from the mess hall, and roll cigarettes with it behind the row of privies. Father Brandon called a number of them to meet the new boys. They were introduced, everybody saying "H'lo" in the most reluctant of tones. The priest beamed from among his thick black eyelashes, which were darkened by a few moles near his eyes. "Go and play," he said, "and anyone who cannot swim must take a counselor in any boat should he choose to go out on the lake."

He disappeared into his hut, and the new boys drifted down the tent street, where they were met by the blond counselor. He shook their hands and squeezed their backs, winning some response, sometimes distaste, sometimes pleasure from those young, clear, and skeptical faces.

The air was divided into odors. The rainy breeze was letting drops fall off the trees and stinging the pine into breathing forth its heady essence. Wild flowers and tiny rubescent wild raspberries were crushed underfoot as the boys walked in the woods; and from the wrung fruit and blossoms came up a sweetness. A party went up the slope of Mount Baldy. Edmund was charmed because it was his first mountain, and because the name seemed a masterpiece of description. The counselor was in the lead, four of the new boys followed, then Edmund and some stragglers, ending with a very young boy named Max. They slid on moss and shivered in the afternoon density of the forest shadows; and when they came to clearings now and then or a sky-let of remote gold and white, they would stop and get

warm, while the counselor told a story or a joke, usually one that had an obscene and stimulating point, such as boys of twelve would ponder long over; and telling it, the counselor would look innocent, and when they would laugh he would look surprised, then pretend to be shocked at what he called dirty minds; and the boys would be abashed and secretly excited, ashamed because he was studying for the priesthood and knew the depths of their sinfulness.

Soon one of the new boys said he was not having any fun walking up the mountain.

"Well, what do you want to do?"

"Oh, nothing. I'll go back to camp."

"You'll get lost."

"No, I see the blaze on the trees. It's that double hack. I've been in the woods a lot."

"Well, go on. What's your name?" asked the counselor.

"Stephen Mason."

"Well, go on, Stephen, but report to Father when you get back, see? Tell him you're back, see? So he'll know. He'll want to know."

"Oh, sure," said Stephen.

He scratched himself where his new stiff khaki shorts pricked him. Now that he was to go, he looked undecided. He was Edmund's age, with clear blue eyes and black hair. Edmund liked him for his absentminded way of smiling and because he said what he wanted to do. Edmund thought that was remarkable. He was bored too and wished to go back, but he just watched while the counselor and Stephen smiled at each other irresolutely, on the edge of the decision, and humorously agonized.

"Well, are you going?" said the counselor.

Stephen looked at Edmund. He was a little sorry now about that long walk alone down through the rock-

scalloped hills under the forest. Edmund wanted him to stay because they could get better acquainted. But he wanted Stephen to go because he had so boldly announced that this walk was no fun. It would be a wonderful way to start off in camp, to get fed up and do as you liked from the start. He looked back at Stephen and said nothing. They were silent, but between them there was an exchange of ideas as clear as words. Stephen knew Edmund was admiring him. He stared at Edmund for a long minute, tasting that admiration and envy to its fullest. Then he lazily turned back to the counselor, and said:

"Yes, I'm going."

He gave a running skip and slid off the rock where he had been standing, and they saw him flashing down the slippery needled trail, now bright in shafts of sun, now dark in places of blue shadow where the webs were broken by the past rain and hung slack against branch and boulder.

The rest of them went on up Mount Baldy. It was not a high mountain, but it was full of the character of mountains, and it was easy to imagine bears beyond trembling thickets and Indians moving forest-wise under the rhododendron and its opulent waxy leaves.

On the top of the mountain they possessed the world. Little Max jumped up and down in an agony that expressed delight and finally incontinence. The others jeered at him and saw the clouds blot their own world below and the insect life of camp, and there was the amazing pleasure of recognition when they found the mess hall and the pier and even, way across the lake, the smoke over the railroad tracks, and then the blue distance, where homes were, whose mental image now brought a turn in the breast, until the wind sharpened its voice against the tall rocks behind them on

Baldy's crest, and they ran fascinated to climb and climb—the last aspiration and the need to triumph—while the sun fell immemorially and the rain seeped into the waiting darkness of the leafy forest floor.

Suddenly the counselor cried:

"We must hurry back, or it will begin to get dark."

At once the younger boys were terrified, and Max shivered against the counselor's thigh, suppressing his whimpers. The boys started down the trail again, full of content over the conquest of the mountain top. A game developed in which the older boys left the trail and paralleled its course, having to surmount all obstacles like rocks and thickets without returning to the path where the brown satiny pine needles lay and shifted underfoot. The gentle rot of the leaves released a damp and rich flavor into the air, and time after time, unaware of it, they were moved by the tiny marvels observable in a screen of ferns rising against the formal black of wet birch bark, the live velvet of moss, the tall aisles of light and dark between the trees, and the invisible trail of a spider across the path—a thread that struck the cheek or eye with invariable shock.

Through the falling sides of the mountain forest they soon began to catch glimpses of the lake. Max was comforted, for the sun was yet an hour from setting, and they would not be lost in the dark forest. They all began to run down the last slopes toward the clearing and the lake.

Suddenly a pulse beat against the silent woods, and Edmund saw a mushroom of smoke explode over the lake and then heard the round dull report of the small brass cannon they had all seen on the pier—a ceremonial gun. The boys stopped and looked and began to laugh and say "Boom-boom," and ran forward again, talking about

naval battles. The cannon sounded again. They saw people clustered on the pier.

Edmund recognized a memory, and in his breast was a sad feeling mixed with curiosity.

As they ran ahead, leaving the counselor and the little boys to come as quickly as they could, Edmund remembered where the memory rose from. It was from *Tom Sawyer*, which he had read the winter before. The scene of Tom's supposed death in the river, the firing of a cannon over the water to bring the body to the top, and the imagined futilities of the men with grappling hooks lived like their own life now.

Down on the pier Father Brandon was standing alone, wringing his hands against his breast. A green canoe lay overturned on the pier beside him, and water was still dripping out of its inside. Across the lake on the darkening shore the lowering sun made a gothic fantasy of pinetops against the pearly mauve of evening in the sky.

They ran up and joined the boys who were staring at the lake, which was going black under the whitening heaven. They dreaded to ask what had happened. But Edmund finally spoke to a boy near him. He said that Stephen Mason had gone out alone in a canoe an hour before. He had lost his paddle overboard, and when he reached for it his canoe went over. All this had been seen from a little way up the shore by some boys who had run down and tried to rescue him. But it was too late by the time they were swimming and diving round the placid green canoe which floated keel up. Father Brandon had come in answer to screams of terrified boys who watched.

A rowboat now came round the point just beyond the camp. In it, standing in the bow, was the senior counselor, a student priest from Al-

bany. He was in bathing trunks. While another counselor rowed, he put his long grappling hook slowly into the water, peering as he did so. In the fading light the white body making the gesture almost of scything in a slow and melancholy rhythm brought a thickness into the children's throats and the most intense of youthful grief into Edmund's heart.

"I sent him to do it," he thought, dramatizing the sadness over all the camp and taking it exclusively to himself. "If I had not wanted him to go back alone he would not have been drowned. Stephen did it because I thought he was smart. He thought I was so smart that he would have to show me. Now he's dead. I killed him."

The tears came to his eyes and he felt sore-throated with misery and remorse. The rowboat went softly by; they heard the oarlocks and saw the grapple descend into the secret water. Like some float in a pageant, the boat and its two posed figures passed beyond the other point of the cove and was lost.

The lake was very quiet. The sun withdrew. Father Brandon suddenly turned to the boys and waved his arms angrily.

"Go off and play till supper," he commanded. But his voice was wretched with pity and responsibility. "You all know what happened. It is God's will and, though very sad, we must not dwell upon it."

Then he turned to the blond counselor and ordered him with a gesture to his side. The boys had a new thought—that if anyone was responsible, the counselor was; and obeying Father Brandon, they crept away, to roll coffee cigarettes behind the privies and imagine what would happen to the counselor for letting a boy who couldn't swim go alone in a boat.

The dismal bark of the brass gun echoed over them once again where

they sat on the damp hillside. It was darkening rapidly now. The acetylene flares from Father Brandon's hut and the pier made white blooms in the charcoal-gray dusk. Fireflies began to show. Sounds traveled with acute and musical ring over the quiet water. It was possible to hear a cowbell from the meadow at the opposite edge of the lake, ponk-ponkle, remote and homely. Suddenly Father Brandon's voice sang in a long note over the hush and the expectation, a sound like a ceremonial note in the singing of Mass. The boys knew he was answering a signal from the rowboat.

"Oh, Jesus," said one of the boys, in a trembling whisper. "They've found him."

In accord, they put away the coffee cigarettes and began to creep, almost on all fours, down to the pier where the white gas torches hissed and glared. Out of the dark the children came, awed by the strain of the past hour and a half and piqued by the presence of death, which they had never seen.

The rowboat floated into the plane of light before the pier. The counselors looked soberly at Father Brandon, saying nothing. In the bottom, between the two cross-thwart seats, was their load. The bow of the boat bumped the pier. Father Brandon knelt down and bowed his head. The counselors passed up a rope, and he made it fast. Then, standing with their legs widely braced, they bent down and lifted the body of Stephen and handed it to Father Brandon. He took it in his arms, using all his robust strength, and walked back down the pier where the boys were bunched in fearful eagerness. His face was white and sweating. But he walked with ease, looking across Stephen's chest.

The drowned boy was swollen and bloated. Edmund looked once and put his face down. He had seen Ste-

phen's face only twice in his own life, only once in his. Father Brandon walked into his hut and closed the door after a moment. Then they heard him twist the bell crank on his wall 'phone, and ring for the operator. His voice rang against the unpainted pine boards of his room. He was calling for long distance, asking for Mr. Mason, at Schenectady.

Then Edmund had more pictures in imagination, and so did the other boys with whom he was sitting and kneeling. They touched one another, thigh to thigh, or arm around neck, or shoulder to knee, miserable in loneliness, needing reassurance while they imagined the house of the Masons and the arrival of the news, all in terms of their own homes and parents and the mixed securities and loves they were subject to. Edmund thought of Mrs. Mason and could picture her weeping. She would hate him and want to have him killed for what he had done to her son. It was exactly as if he had dared Stephen to go. And he couldn't swim. But how did Edmund know that? No matter. The fact remained.

Edmund suddenly jerked upright and looked round. He was looking for his counselor, that tall yellow-haired youth with the nervous eyes and the restless hands. He was nowhere to be seen, but Edmund had to see him. His heart suddenly turned to rage and he leaped to his feet and began to run up the tent street, darting into all the tents. But the counselor was not in any of them. Edmund had a burden for him that was like hatred. He must discharge it.

At last Edmund found him, sitting in the dark on the mess hall porch, listless. Edmund ran up and was surprised because when he started to talk he was sobbing.

"You did it," Edmund shrieked, and the words were caught and held in a whisper. "You shouldn't have let

him go. He was my friend. He couldn't swim."

He began to beat the counselor on the knees, who sat up in silence. He grasped the boy's shoulders but made no effort to stop the pummeling.

"You stinker son-of-a-bitch," Edmund said or coughed. "You did it."

The boy was feeling heroic. His burden was going away, and his heart rose in a pure sort of exaltation. He felt the counselor's fingers clasp his upper arm. He wanted him to say something, to rebuke and so to encourage him in his fury. But the young man was silent until the boy fell silent from breathlessness. Then he spoke.

"I know I did it," he said, very sadly, and with dignity. Edmund wrenched away from his grasp and stared at him in the dark. He had always hated him and his clammy fingerings.

"I am to blame," the counselor declared, not softly, and covered his eyes. What could Edmund do? He tiptoed very gently away, purged of his self-accusations, and troubled by a new sympathy for the counselor, whose dignity and shame made him feel foolish for the cruelty of his actions. But he couldn't apologize or say he felt sorry for him. Edmund went back across the drying mud of the clearing and in the deep dusk met Father Brandon going toward the mess hall.

"Good evening, Father," he whispered.

". . . my boy," he replied dimly, going by rapidly. In a moment the mess hall was illuminated and he was ringing the bell for supper.

In the morning the boys were aroused at sunrise by the bugle and, shivering, went to wash in the hazy shadows made by the hills that interrupted the sun. The morning was filled with the zest of birds and

clearing dew. And from the hillside sounded the chapel bell. They trudged up the trail to Mass. Father Brandon's altar was of stone and laid between two towering pines. There was a carpet of moss for him to walk on. They had wooden benches arranged with an aisle down the center of the little cleared space before the altar. As they walked up, the children heard the reed organ behind the altar sounding a hymn. It was the blond counselor who played it. It was kept covered with a tarpaulin when Mass was not being celebrated.

The boys went reluctantly to their places on the benches, looking with desperate curiosity at the bier before the altar. Stephen lay in a rudely made coffin. He was covered with a blanket into which was woven the camp insignia. The Albany novice appeared from behind the altar, garbed as acolyte, and knelt, ringing the server's bell. The camp stood, and Father Brandon in green chasuble and biretta of black came round the end of the altar, bearing the chalice.

All through the Mass the reed organ throbbed and moaned, now loud like the triumph of afterlife, and now soft, as if the counselor were brooding over his responsibilities. The sunlight broke gradually through the tall pines and flashed away from the gold vessels of the Mass, the brocade on Father Brandon's vestments, the white plane of the altar. As the air grew warmer, spirits rose; the boys could smell the lake, and could know it again as a friendly and beautiful element, not as a dark and treacherous killer.

Father Brandon always read Mass very fast. But when he was done with the ordinary of the Mass, he came down and knelt by the coffin and began to lead the boys aloud in prayers for the dead. They responded without stint, and their voices made a shrill and enthusiastic ascent into the

upper air of the woods. Already a night had removed death from their thoughts. Without thinking of it, the children turned idly to the preoccupations of survival and prayed for Stephen at the forest altar like magpies.

Father Brandon's voice finally was silent. He bowed his head and knelt as if he were utterly alone. His eyes were closed, and his mouth was pressed against his knuckles. He was thinking. Nothing that is past is recoverable; we can only pay it tribute with some movement of our hearts and know some desire to grow from experience into a rich life of dignity and humanity.

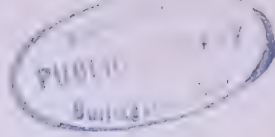
But while he knelt the boys waited, growing restless, wanting to run down to camp for breakfast if they were no longer to be asked to mingle their bright shallow voices in ancient supplication for the repose of a soul. The morning seemed arrested, and they lived with the hush so intensely that finally some meaning broke into their thoughts, and emotions of dread, like those they had had when they left home for camp, returned. Staring at Father Brandon by the coffin, they became hypnotized by his motionlessness, which at first had simply been embarrassing. The birds had gone, the organ was still. But at last—mostly a matter of minutes—the spell was shattered. The mail launch whistled beyond the cove; they breathed again, smiling at one another, and sat back from their aching haunches. They looked down. There was the pigeon-white launch, leaning into her curve toward the pier, passing across the brown reflection of the opposite hills into a space of clear blue water near the shore. The engine of the launch made a low liquid breathing, touched off rhythmically with satisfying little clicks. Her wake settled into slow outringing swells.

Father Brandon crossed himself

slowly with immense reverence and rose to his feet. The acolyte brought the holy water vessel, and the priest scattered blessings and reassurances upon the children and upon Stephen. Then he returned to the altar, picked up the chalice, and went to the sacristy behind the pines.

The boys scrambled down the hill for their mail. A few minutes after, the two counselors bore the coffin to the launch, where it was placed under the awning aft. The blond counselor was in civilian clothes with hat and overcoat. He helped to set the coffin down and then irresolutely put his hand forward for his colleague to shake. They shook hands, and then the launch whistled, a musical chord in thirds, and the Albany priest jumped to the pier. The engines began to charge in reverse and the propeller chewed a slow path away from shore. The boys stood watching while the launch turned and faced the far end of the lake. Then she moved forward, smartly with sharp prow, and they saw the covered box on the after-deck, with the motionless figure of the counselor beside it, looking back. His face soon lost distinctness and became a white oval in the shadow of the awning. Something about it spoke in appeal, which would never be answered, "Come back." The boys watched the launch round the far point with its two passengers for Schenectady.

In the middle of the morning the Albany novice led the whole camp up the lake on a canoe trip, in fleet formation. In coves where the water was warmed by the sun they swam and learned the marvels of the lake, the snapping turtles, the little copper bass that idled above the sandy bottom; watching the weedy eels, the wavy world when they swam underwater with their eyes open, the beautiful exchange of color by the lake, the woods, and the sky.



A MORAL CODE FOR THE FUTURE

BY CHARLES H. HEIMSATH

Too often in our search for causes it has become the custom to interpret our present chaos in terms of moral failure. Our Puritan inheritance prompts us to see in our calamities the evidence of our shortcomings. In the crises of to-day, therefore, it is not surprising that we Americans should be burdened with the conviction of sin. We believe the old haven is as secure as ever, but we lost our heads back in 1929—or sometime, we are not sure when—and wilfully sailed away to ruin. We continue to think we shall remain hopelessly adrift until we return like seafaring prodigals to the good old harbor landlocked by industry, thrift, self-control, and laissez-faire.

Our conscience betrays us. The trouble is not so much that we have renounced virtue as that virtue has failed us. We suffer not so much from our moral flagrancy as from our moral inadequacy. We let ourselves down too easily when we stop at repentance. By returning to the safe standards of the past we escape the hazards of searching out new and effective ways of living. The time is at hand, however, when we must confront the fact that our accustomed moral habits no longer serve us and that we must discover adequate ethical standards. This constitutes the real crisis in morals. Like Lindbergh poised in mid-Atlantic and destitute of solid ground to land his plane on, we face the alternative of turning back to the known haven behind or pushing on to the uncharted shores ahead.

Many believe it is not too late yet to seek the sanctuary of the old virtues; they hesitate to adventure beyond the meridian toward the promise of new morals. But there is little doubt in my mind that the distance to happy landings is shorter forward than backward.

If civilization is to be saved and human suffering mitigated, voices must be raised at whatever cost, not to lure this generation back with false hopes to a morality which has proved itself to be wanting, but to spur it forward to arm itself with new virtues commensurate with the onslaught of unfamiliar and menacing issues of twentieth-century life.

Our intellectual and spiritual leaders have not yet met the demand for a new moral code. It is not surprising that newspapers and industrial savants should have failed us, because we hardly expect too shining goals from William Randolph Hearst and Roger Babson; but it is disappointing that writers like James Truslow Adams and Father Colony have not recognized the urgency for a revised moral code.

Mr. Adams believes that our economic crisis has been accompanied, if not actually occasioned by, a crisis in character, and he cites examples enough of dishonesty among those in high places and shoddiness among the common run of men to prove his point. He can see little hope ahead until we recapture the homely virtues which we

have lost. But Mr. Adams is willing to face reality; he is no blind optimist who believes we can pull ourselves up by our own bootstraps. He sees the winds that have blown the halos from our heads. Certain influences in modern life weaken, undermine, oppose the native strength of its citizens. "The problem," as he sees it, is not how to develop new resources to meet new crises, but it "would seem to be how the effects of some of these new influences may be neutralized." The winds must somehow be tempered to the "unhaloed" heads.

I could wish Mr. Adams' analysis of the social scene were correct. Our problems would be immensely simplified if it were. No one doubts that the individual virtues cannot function, but I am not so sure they cannot flourish. I could match Mr. Adams' examples of personal flagrancy with an equally impressive set of examples of private integrity. I wonder if there is not about as much basic personal virtue among our citizens, by and large, as there ever has been. Is the crisis in character where Mr. Adams thinks it is? The application of the individual virtues will not save us, and it is altogether probable that an intensification of these virtues may only bring added misery. The way out is not to attack conditions to protect our morals, but to reshape our morals to master conditions.

Father Colony begins his article, "God Save the Church," like a prophet and ends it like a priest. "What the house of Romanov was to Russia, the economic order is to present-day America." And standing within the very portal of the Christian Church which through the centuries has "looked upon social evil with comparative equanimity" and disregarded the claims of common justice, he warns, "The Church must have a hand in the securing of that justice. Else, like

Nineveh and Tyre, religion will be no more." But when he has swept us by his prophetic indignation to this ethical pitch, he suddenly turns priest and leaves us cold. What is the clergy to do? They are to cease fattening like cows of Bashan, adopt the ascetic ideal of poverty, chastity, and obedience, and spend their substance and their lives in sacrificial ministry to the poor. Apparently they possess too little intelligence to be of any use in the present conflict, because if they have any time off they are to employ themselves in taking study courses or helping farmers in the parish. And so while Rome burns, the clergy, who should be the moral leaders of our age, are in their spare moments to thumb their text books or pitch hay.

It is hard to conceive any method by which our present social immorality could be more effectively entrenched than for the clergy thus to clothe it with the aura of religious sacrifice, which has always possessed so strange a fascination. Instead of dying in defense of the cause of justice, the man of God gains satisfaction in sharing the lot of the oppressed. And thus is the misery of the multitudes made holy by the Church, and religion condemned in another generation to become the opiate of the people.

But the priest or minister to-day is not called upon to share *a part* of his salary to feed the poor, but he is rather summoned to *risk all of it* in mortal combat with the entrenched evils that threaten poor and rich alike with ultimate destruction. Father Colony bewails the lack of present-day martyrs; when the clergy enter this bloody area there will be opportunities enough for martyrdom. The present hour demands from the Church a new morality which will cause it, not alone to share the sufferings of the people, but to make common cause with them in their struggles. What is needed from the

Church is not added sanctification of the old morality, but fearless leadership in the achievement of the new. Unless this is forthcoming, neither God nor man can save the Church.

II

What are some of the old virtues which must be supplanted by the new?

Industry is one of the most prized of them. Only by the exercise of that ancient virtue has man previously been granted the right to live. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"—this curse has become the bulwark of our Puritan morality. "How doth the little busy bee," Watts admonished. And yet we have arrived at a time when we might better take for our example the lazy lizard who whiles away sunny hours basking on a rock. For one thing, we have been forced to brush aside the trifling consideration that man must work to live in face of the enormous reality that millions cannot work to live. Many are now existing upon the subsidies of governments and others upon the common bounty of their families. We must adapt ourselves to a system in which work will not be so prized a virtue as leisure constructively employed.

Furthermore, by our industry we have nearly destroyed ourselves. A modern curse, undreamed of by the ancient oracle who wrote of man's first disobedience, has now fallen upon this virtue which we have for long regarded as sacred—the curse of overproduction. The blood of millions of pigs must be spilled to make atonement for our industry. Because we have been over virtuous, we must dump Brazilian coffee into the sea, a contemporary version of the Boston tea party, pour milk into American rivers, and shut down factories all over the world. A little more application of this overprized virtue and we shall find ourselves build-

ing barns in which to store the things we possess on the very night when our souls are required of us. We have passed from the period of scarcity to the era of abundance and we must revise our morals accordingly.

Thrift is another virtue which has had its day. The man who possessed it lived to see acres of his Kansas farm expand to the skyline, and the woman whose adornment it was received praise in the market places. "Lay up against a rainy day" was a precept so universally venerated in pioneer households that thoughtless persons might well have regarded its language as divine. It expressed for many generations the popular American creed. But we no longer trust it as we once did. Too many of us have lived to see the rainy day come which we have dreaded and prepared for all our lives and have discovered that in precipitation it has surpassed all our calamitous expectations. Our fathers could never have called this thing we have passed through a mere rainy day. The term suggests the cozy inconvenience of April showers. We have weathered a flood of scriptural proportions. We have seen our painfully acquired savings swept away by a steady torrent which has also begun to engulf our confidence in thrift. A young business man who has seen the blight upon this virtue said, "I am going to spend mine while I have it."

Initiative is a bulwark of the old morality that has fallen into disrepute. There was once enough land to be cleared and cities to be built for every man to find scope for his abilities. The doctrine of private initiative and free competition could be practiced with personal relish as well as with general social improvement. As an example, says Leonard Barnes, of "the superstitious awe with which this principle was regarded and the fantastic applications which it sometimes found

one remembers Lord John Russell's refusal to allow corn to be carried to Ireland by ships of the Navy at the time of the Black Famine on the ground that it was undesirable for the Government to interfere with the legitimate interests of shipowners." (Shades of our hesitancy to use government-owned wheat to feed the hungry lest the practice interfere with the business of farmers and grocerymen!) And Dr. Pangloss described the cosmic significance which popularly attached to *laissez-faire* when he said, "Give each man's selfishness its head and trust God. Do not hinder nature in her work, and all will be for the best." The good Doctor's faith in the divine order which conspired so benevolently with our human frailty would have been considerably shaken by the wise-cracker of this cynical generation who remarked, "Rugged individualism has bred ragged individuals." Thus has one of the most sacred virtues of the present economy been effectively damned at the spot where it was thought to be thrice blessed. No one seriously believed unrestrained initiative contributed to spiritual blessing, but we did piously trust that it ensured material prosperity.

And so we might speak of other virtues, like patriotism and charity, that must make way for new ones. Patriotism, the virtue in which we took sentimental and comparatively harmless satisfaction before the machine age, has become to-day one of our most dangerous vices. It has served to keep aflame the nationalistic spirit in an age overripe for internationalism and to feed the disordered fears which lead to frenzied building of armaments. Miss I. A. R. Wylie in caustic language tells us that patriotism has never been the virtue we supposed it to be, and that it now has become a curse. "However much we may yearn for it," she declares, "here is one old-time virtue that we

have got to extinguish in ourselves before it extinguishes us." We all remember Edith Cavell's dying words, "Patriotism is not enough." Nor is charity enough. This choicest fruit of the Christian spirit has been overworked to cover a multitude of sins. By it we have decently shrouded our brutalities and inhumanities. Charity must be supplanted by justice.

Yet who will give us a modern decalogue? Must we wait for Jehovah to speak again from the clouds on some neighboring Sinai? Has any man the insight, or the effrontery, to lay down for us guiding principles of right and wrong and to enforce their corresponding virtues with the ancient prophetic formula, "Thus saith the Lord"? Current writers have discredited our existing morals, but no one, so far as I have been able to discover, has possessed the temerity to prescribe a new code.

It is probably because the deliverance of moral codes is associated in our minds with notions of miracle and fiat that our leaders hesitate to assume the role of lawgivers. But when we study realistically the development of ethics, we learn that new moral principles have continually emerged and won acceptance to meet the changing needs of the people. Every Biblical historian knows that Moses did not receive the Ten Commandments written upon tables of stone by the finger of God. Whatever else happened during his long withdrawal in lonely vigil on the mount, we can be sure that somehow by meditation and insight he clarified and ordered the highest ethical principles of his time. The long experience of the race tutored him. The time was ripe to sift and to determine the principles which would bring health and dignity to his people, and to lift from uncertainty and debate principles which had already acquired the right to general recognition and universal observance. "Thou shalt

not kill," for example, made authoritative the highest ethic of vengeance the race had thus far attained; it was higher than "A life for a life," just as "A life for a life" was higher in its turn than "A life for an eye or an ox." Jesus lifted into startled recognition the highest insights upon this matter of vengeance when he said, "Love your enemies, and pray for them that despitefully use you."

The point for us is that moral principles emerge to meet changing human conditions. Now and then we lay hold of a principle of permanent value which seems to fit into the nature of the universe. Such is the principle of the second mile. Often we discover a standard, like dueling or polygamy, which served the ethical needs of one generation, but which actually becomes vicious when carried forward into another. And sometimes we unearth laws, such as the pioneer virtues I have just discussed, which are high in one social background but low in another. We must be forever critical of our morals as we are of our ideas and of our tastes. And if progress is to be assured and human happiness protected, when the time is ripe we must be prepared to junk a set of wornout morals and boldly adopt a new and more adequate one. Too often human advance has been delayed for generations because men have clung desperately to old patterns of behavior which have effectively denied them entrance into a more abundant life.

III

What, then, are some of the virtues of the future? A few have suggested themselves in this discussion of the morals which we have outgrown. Grim toil must be supplanted by creative labor, thrift by sharing, individualism by intelligent altruism, patriotism by internationalism, and charity by

justice. Here are some of the new counterparts of the old virtues.

Social imagination is a virtue of the new code. It has been said that we possess little sense of social responsibility because we lack imagination. As a matter of fact we have imagination enough when our own ends are to be served or our own enterprises prospered. Our Yankee ingenuity has become a proverb. To be accurate—we possess individual imagination but lack social imagination. We have never been taught to visualize the aftermath of human suffering and national disaster which often follows our actions. John Dewey says, "A vision of a day in which natural sciences and the technologies that flow from them are used as servants of a humane life constitutes the imagination that is relevant to our times." There must be new dreams for old. A new imagination must be developed as a cardinal virtue of the coming order.

Another quality is co-operation—a virtue overstressed at service clubs, but one seldom allowed to penetrate the hard core of our relations. Stuart Chase reminds us that we have emerged from the scarcity period with the fixed idea that "the less there is for you the more there is for me," which notion has set "buyer against seller, creditor against debtor, landlord against wage earner, individual against society, and, most pitiful of all, personal integrity against financial success." We have been bred with the idea that in the social arena competition, and not co-operation, is the key of life. But we are beginning to perceive that a house divided against itself must ultimately fall. The time is at hand to break our armed camps and mingle with the enemy. Not by further alliance with our friends but by treaty with our foes can we hope for victory. Earl Chapin May has sketched the new strategy, already successful in the lumber industry

of the Northwest. "Conference and arbitration," he reminds us, "can bring tough lumberjacks and hard-boiled lumbermen to an agreement which keeps down costs while it insures fair wages and adequate prices and production." The lion and the lamb, all notions to the contrary, can lie down together. The achievements of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen are, in the new order, to become the standard rather than the exception. The labor union and the manufacturers' association are relics of the conflict period; both of them are inadequate and unsound. Their worst defect is that they bar from membership the very men they need most—the employers on the one hand and the laborers on the other. What is required is an organization large enough to include everybody who is vitally interested in the enterprise.

Self-fulfillment, a higher and, therefore, more perilous virtue than self-denial, is another precept of the emerging morality. Though we claim to be followers of the Nazarene, we have never caught his music. He opened for us gates of life which most of his disciples have been diligently closing ever since. Indeed, morals and religion are associated in most minds, especially the immature, with policemen and signs that read, "Keep off the grass." Much of our lawlessness is traceable to the current conviction, well founded in many cases, that goodness diminishes the healthy enjoyment of life. But when we understand the true province of morals this generation may be willing again to be virtuous. Ralph Sockman is right in saying, "When morals are considered as a study in self-realization, the discussion of them has an appeal to the contemporary hunger for life." Laws, customs, and traditions, though they may be ever so venerable, are only moral when they safeguard creative living.

Right and truth are determined by their contribution to human happiness.

The ethics of self-realization has an important bearing on two pressing contemporary moral issues, the increasing leisure and the changing family. Bedeviled by our Puritan traditions, we have developed a surprising terror of leisure; and mistrusting it, we have tried to fool ourselves by saying we love to work. Few people do; we really desire to live. Only when labor is soul-satisfying do we love it. But let us become acquainted with this old bogey of leisure and greet him as a friend, because, whether we like it or not, he is with us to stay. For one thing, we do not slow down the wheels of production nearly as much as we supposed by granting leisure to ourselves and to our helpers. The figures and balance sheets of Donald A. Laird do not lie: "Driving simply increases fatigue and soldiering, and forces production costs, even though invisibly, upward." The chances are we could close all our factories and stores at the noon hour and still be faced with the menace of abundance. Furthermore, leisure is not in itself vicious, but, properly employed, it may become beneficently productive. In our panic we have forgotten that some of the best gardens and games and pictures and music have been produced outside of the working hour. The government cannot forever provide jobs for the unemployed; sooner or later it must attack the basic issues as they affect everyone—the distribution of livelihood and the utilization of leisure. Multitudes have mastered the technic of drudgery; it remains for enlightened peoples to master the art of creative living.

The ethic of self-realization must also become a guiding principle for our changing family life. The family ideal is not an iron trellis upon which the lives of husband and wife and children are to be trained and interwoven;

it is rather the rich soil in which all are to root, and grow, and bear fruit. The sanctity of the family has been safeguarded by the ancient precepts, "Thou shalt not commit adultery" and "Honor thy father and thy mother." These are not to be abandoned, but they are to be supplemented by another of a higher level—*Thou shalt not destroy personality!* Men and women are not to stifle one another's spirit, nor the spirit of their children, in obedience to the stern pattern of the home. The home is made for man, and not man for the home; it is to be a portal and not a closed door. The family is not to become less sacred, but personality more sacred.

Teachableness must become a virtue if our morals are to keep abreast of our scientific advance. Our misery is too often a result of our stupidity. Mark Twain tells the story of a man who remained twenty years in prison and then one day walked out because he discovered the door had never been locked. If we were willing to trust intelligence and good will, we might walk out from our economic bondage any bright afternoon. We have prided ourselves upon our hard heads, but there is no great virtue in the possession of an ivory skull. Willingness to receive a new idea for the common good must become a rugged virtue.

The handmaiden of teachableness is toleration, and this too must be a stalwart quality. Intolerance is just a baser form of stupidity, and tolerance is the unmistakable evidence of the liberated mind.

Both teachableness and tolerance are evidences of maturity. Any thoughtful observer of the contemporary scene must be impressed with the fact that our movies, magazines, amusements, even occupations, are designed for an adolescent population. It is time now to grow up. The world is not as bright and new as it once was. It is becoming

so settled and difficult that it must be matched by a certain amount of sophistication. We cannot continue to be the irresponsible young things we once were—scattering to the winds with the lighthearted expectation that our good parents or our dear Uncle Sam will mop up after us. Our follies are becoming costly. One or two more outbursts of animal spirits like our late war and recent speculation orgy, and we are done for. If we cannot be grown up, at least we ought to learn good manners.

The time is at hand for us to secure some adult satisfaction in actuality, even grim actuality. We might say that disillusionment should become a virtue. Certainly the *eye for reality* should. Never has any generation so relished being "bamboozled." We can hardly contemplate existence without hair dyes, reducing agents, snake oils, vitamins, sleep producers, and nostrums of every variety, political and religious. How we lap up our chocolate-flavored concoctions! An authority on the subject of advertising in our women's magazines, the "home builders," estimates, "Forty-one per cent of the advertisements appeal to motivations based upon fear, sex, and emulation." The quality of the goods is of secondary consideration. And how we wail when Mr. Tugwell suggests that a bill be passed which would require manufacturers to print on their products the trifling information as to what they actually are. How shattering such a wicked law would be for our cherished illusions! Many a good man and brave has gone down repeating, "Use the inexpensive and painless treatment at home." But at least he was happy; he died in the faith. And so do we nourish our souls on sweetness and light, beautify our skins with poisons, and satisfy our secret longings with pictures of Fisher bodies.

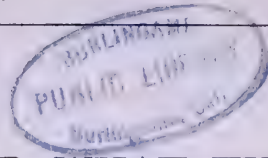
But in the long last is not reality

more satisfying than illusion, truth more appealing than fiction? As a matter of fact, is anything more conducive to the formation of character than the struggle with reality? This struggle constitutes not our human bondage but our human opportunity. Louis Bromfield puts into the mouth of one of his characters the familiar lament, "I am of a race of pioneers but I have no frontier." This chant has become the litany of a generation that delights to call itself lost. What it really means is that most of the old dreams are shattered, dreams of empire, conquest, affluence, and that it cannot live without dreams. But unshaken and unexplored as ever stands the whole realm of truth, beauty, and goodness. What this generation needs most of all is to recapture the zest for the world as it is. Reverence and wonder must return to ordinary living, but they must come as they always have, not by evasion, but by attention to the actualities of existence. We must recover the tang for living which the Elizabethans experienced, and which comes by absorption in the warm texture of human affairs.

I have not tried to create a new decalogue—the future code cannot be reduced to ten rigid commandments. I have suggested a few of the typical vir-

tues demanded by the new age in which we find ourselves. The others all bear a strong family resemblance; they are social rather than individualistic, expansive rather than restrictive. More important still: they are generic to the issues of the present hour, and emerge out of the evolving structure of our social relationships. "New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth." When our leaders see in the present chaos, not an evidence of human failure, but a crisis demanding new moral safeguards, they will be able to lay hold of a code as adequate for the present as were the Mosaic laws for the Children of Israel.

Are the needed virtues idealistic? If we mold them—as we must—out of the texture of the present, they will possess the warm substance of reality. They mark the highway along which humanity is surely moving. The danger is that we shall call them impractical because we dare not trust them, visionary because our fathers missed them, and dangerous because we dread the cost of them. But what could be more impractical, visionary, and costly than the virtues we have followed? If the alternative is, as some one has suggested, between Hell and Utopia, then let us choose Utopia.



"DARK YEARS" AND WHAT THEY THOUGHT ABOUT IT

How can I live more abundantly in the present appalling state of our world? This was the question asked by Homer H. Shannon in an article entitled "Dark Years" published in the September number. The author, working in a large city, was approaching thirty-five and, looking upon life, found it profoundly unsatisfactory. Neither marriage nor children nor job filled the bill. In printing this article the Magazine was influenced by the fact that in the past four years hundreds—we could almost say thousands—of such manuscripts have been pouring into the editorial office in a steadily increasing stream. Feeling sure that Mr. Shannon's account of his predicament would rouse interest, the Magazine asked for comment and it was immediately forthcoming. More than two hundred persons replied, telling about their own lives and advising Mr. Shannon what to do. Fundamentalists, believers, agnostics, Rotarians, Communists, epicureans, rationalists—all were represented. The limitations of space make it impossible to mention more than a handful of the letters, but in the following paragraphs some characteristic ones have been abridged and quoted.

One part of Mr. Shannon's narrative dealt with what he considered the failure of revealed religion. Seventy-one of the replies were directed toward this contention of his. "Jesus lists nine ways of finding happiness," was one comment, and the others, in more or less similar fashion, bade the

author look to the faith of his fathers or refresh his acquaintance with the ethical teachings of Christ. It is interesting to note that of these seventy-one letters which declared religion in some form or other to be the solution, almost all might be classified as Protestant Evangelical. Only two thought that Mr. Shannon could be helped by taking the road to Rome, and only one advised Christian Science. Buchmanism had one advocate, spiritualism one, and "Christian mysticism" two. But most of the seventy-one in word and tone counseled the traditional American faith, the faith that satisfied the village blacksmith who used to go on Sunday to the church and sit among his boys. "I would suggest," says one of the correspondents, "that he [Mr. Shannon] put just a little more faith in the God who created him and live a little more according to the principles set out for him, and I am sure Mr. Shannon's will be a fuller, less sophisticated, and more natural life." According to a physician, "It is recognition of the need for spiritual help in individuals of this type that has prompted the recent move to explain Christ, not in the light of the supernatural, but in his triumph as a man."

A young man past thirty writes:

I believe in God and I have a definite sense of fellowship and communion with him. I believe in my fellow-man and his possibilities for good. I believe in my ability to find a way of life that is fulsome and satisfying. . . . Let him [Mr. Shannon] go into a settlement house or a boys'

club and lead one of the groups. Let him take a class of young men in a church school.

Only two or three believers felt that Mr. Shannon's article constituted a real challenge to the church. One of them was a Philadelphia clergyman who said:

I am glad this statement has been made. It is a challenge to us churchmen; and all the more because it is evident that the God we talk about and the language we use seem unreal and unsatisfying to a man in this writer's position. It is time for the Church to watch its step. When men are hungry like this and we can't satisfy them, we must do something else or retire. Something is the matter with us. . . . Jesus is the real answer. In saying this I do not want to be understood as merely using a conventional religious phrase. . . . Realize by your own study what the spirit of Jesus means and seek to catch it and live it.

It is not possible to draw from the opinions of two hundred odd persons many conclusions which might be applied to the rest of the one hundred and twenty millions, but certainly there is some significance in the fact that barely one-third of those who replied based their arguments on the Christian faith. The fact seems to confirm Mr. Shannon's contention that reliance upon such faith is waning. What did the other two-thirds have to offer?

There were those—not many—who recognized Mr. Shannon's dilemma and whose answer was, "There is no answer." A girl in Chicago wrote:

Long ago I looked about me and saw that most persons' lives were tragic or wasted. I saw no reason why mine should be otherwise. I am not sure I would want mine otherwise. Life is a series of frustrations, and why not? I do not mind being lost and defeated. I definitely have taken my place in the ranks of those who are. There is a bleak companionship among them, grim and curiously satisfying. I no longer search the faces about me on street cars or elevated trains. I sit and stare vacantly ahead as they do. Occasionally

I exchange a covert glance with one of them. We know that there is no answer to the question our cultural superiors consider, as to why things are as they are. We know we can take it because we must, and to hell with the answer. There is a certain hesitant, fearful warmth of feeling among us as we recognize this lonely knowledge in the other. In being lost there is a sort of freedom. It is the freedom of no longer caring to be above the herd, no longer striving to live according to a certain culture or the ideas obtained from books.

There were also the avowed stoics—not many of them either—who advised iron in the blood. This is from a woman of seventy:

It's a rotten old world but it always has been. Sometimes rottener than at other times, but basically the same. When I was ten the realization came to me like a blow in the chest that I did not believe one word of the religion that had been taught me. It did not seem to me reasonable and I said to myself that if I lived to be very old it would be like a short dream. . . . But after a while I got used to death at my side and reconciled to my mortality and now I am getting on to seventy and long years ago I learned to take it. My advice to Homer Shannon is to learn to take it.

Contrast this with the following comment from Emma Goldman, the Anarchist:

The poor man seems to be hopelessly inhibited. He talks a good deal about modern values and yet is completely in the meshes of old antiquated values. Even his attitude to sex is antediluvian. In other words, he is suffering from a New England conscience—the worst possible misfortune one can be afflicted with. Of course he is not alone. Most Americans carry this load all through life and take it with them to the grave. Especially difficult is it for people with guilty consciences to face the transition stage in which we are living to-day. A contributory factor to the young man's trouble is his complete self-absorption. His extreme egoism fairly oozes out from every line. The world-wide social struggle, the blind groping of the masses from their disintegrating condition does not seem to exist for Mr. Shannon. His own "Dark Years"

obscure the social maladies almost to the point of complete callousness to his fellow man. Still, he writes well, which is fortunate. Else his complaints would impress one as coming from a man afflicted with a bad case of indigestion.

There were five in all who advised the author of "Dark Years" to get into the revolutionary ranks and do it quickly. Here, for example, is such a letter from Rochester, N. Y.:

Mr. Shannon asks whether there is any reason to suppose that he can do better with the next fifteen years of his life. Yes. Let him throw overboard his patent wishy-washy liberalism and fearlessly come over to the class struggle.

One interesting group of letters came from physicians and surgeons. Life is good, live it to the top of your bent, was their counsel, even though they did not specify what the bent should be. Here is what a Michigan doctor had to say:

The problem is much more simple than Mr. Shannon thinks it is. I am sixty-three. I have got along without formal religion since fourteen. Life has interested me all the time. I have never yet had time to read all the things I want to read. This is a confusing epoch, but I'm not confused. There is an intelligence back of the universe. I can't understand it but I propose to trust it. I neither look for nor desire a hereafter. I've lived long enough . . . I've raised six children . . . I've had three beautiful women in my life—all gracious and fine—and the two I married were gorgeous lovers. Just living wholly and utterly each day has been quite enough for me. I've practiced medicine for forty-one years—that's enough in itself. . . . Just growing and trying to understand makes it all worth while. We are but fifteen thousand years from tearing our raw meat. Mr. Shannon expects too much in too short a time. He must have chronic indigestion. . . . It's a grand and beautiful world, though but a speck in the Milky Way. I like it and want to stay as long as I can look after myself. Then I'm willing to go to sleep forever.

Only two letters out of the two hun-

dred advised the keeping-at-it-brings-success Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Edison recipe for happiness and accomplishment. One writer felt that most of our woes—and Mr. Shannon's—could be laid to the movies. Seven writers advised that he read Walter Pitkin's *Life Begins at Forty*. Several of the physicians quoted Khayyam with feeling. A number of embittered souls advised calomel.

The remainder of the letters, by far the largest proportion, are hard to classify. Philosophy, American Brand, might be a convenient label, but it would have to stretch far. In these letters the phrase "this is a transition period" is repeated scores of times, serving as an introduction to the writer's own prescription of how to keep right side up while the transition is in progress.

There were very few young people among the believers. Most of the younger writers rejected the church and the Christian faith and were either seeking or finding something else to take its place. There were many whose letters reflected in one way or another a changing attitude toward social responsibility. A young woman from St. Louis says: "I like this 'din of awful cataclysm.' These years offer variety, stimulation, and adventure. The light has not gone out of the world—it has just come in with this new generation which places allegiance first to humanity, second to self."

Or again, this from an older woman:

A country woman from the bald prairies of Texas feels the urge to comment upon the sad spiritual predicament of city-sick Shannon's "Dark Years." Lenin was right when he said that religion was an opiate for the people, but let author Shannon work that out for himself. The intelligent man does not need any props to help him endure the rigors of civilization. He will stand or fall despite his great religion or his greater unbelief.



The Lion's Mouth



REFLECTIONS ON THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

BY LESLIE ROBERTS

ONE of the surest symptoms of approaching senility is said to be the complaint of the victim that Things As They Are cannot be compared with Things As They Were. There is no more accurate illustration of these circumstances than that to be found in our changed attitude to Christmas. A season which was set apart until recent years for family reunion and rejoicing, with due regard for the spiritual (or, if you insist, the sentimental) significance of the occasion, has been permitted to degenerate into something little better than a salesman's carnival. From the festal season the average householder and his wife emerge worn to the overdraft line by their effort to keep pace with the new social *mores* and they agree, when the battle is over, that they have felt little of the Christmas spirit which they knew as children.

When I was a boy—and my family were city dwellers in moderately comfortable circumstances—preparations for the Yuletide feast were set in motion at the same season which marks the beginning of Christmas organization in to-day's household, but the activities were vastly different in nature.

Mid-November brought the laying in of spices and other ingredients of the mincemeat which would season in stone jars against the day of feasting. Other spices, fruits, and candied peels went into the fashioning of plum puddings and these, in turn, were stowed away to reappear at high noon on the twenty-fifth of December. Last year's decorations were brought out for inspection, and the grocer was asked to reserve a tree. With the arrival of the first tantalizing odors from the kitchen, announcing mother's embarkation on a culinary spree of three weeks' duration, the Christmas season was officially opened. Thereafter usually dilatory children hurried home from school to sample the good things in course of preparation.

Nor was the head of the house excused from the plannings and plottings on foot, for to father fell the duty of invoking the old-fashioned Santa Claus via the living room chimney and of fostering a Yuletide spirit in keeping with the spiritual and mundane estimates of our parents. Every evening there was a Christmas story for the youngsters. Sometimes the tale of the Magi was told, to impress upon our young minds the origin and significance of Christmas-giving. Other fantasies traced the season's lore, weaving a tapestry that was in much closer harmony with the spirit of the Christ-child's holiday than are those produced for to-day's children by the radio announcers. I submit that father was a happier man before he gave the storytelling hour into the keeping of the program sponsors and fell to brooding

on the sorry problem of keeping pace with the Joneses. As for mother's part in the preparations, I am sure that she derived more honest enjoyment from her pre-Christmas activities twenty-five years ago than her daughter can find as she trudges through the shops, trying to make her Christmas shopping list fit the rigors of a 1934 family budget.

In those days our approach to Christmas was made as a family. Early in December we descended on the toy shops to inspect the wares on view and reach conclusions as to our individual requirements. We entered into the Christmas engagements of our church—the carol singing, the preparation of hampers for the poor of the parish, the Sunday School party and, finally, the Christmas morning service—as a family. Another family, less fortunately placed than we happened to be, was sought out and on Christmas Eve we visited their home *en masse*, bearing hampers of food from our own kitchen, articles of warm clothing, and toys for every child. That family was our especial responsibility, even to the point that we youngsters saved our pennies and ransacked our toy chests for presents to bring to the washlady's offspring. Yuletide charity in the old days was distinctly a personal matter which lacked the cold, patronizing quality of the modern Welfare Trust.

On Christmas morning the household was astir almost at the crack of dawn. The great tree had been decorated before children were tucked into their beds, and while we slept Santa Claus had placed presents on and under the green boughs and stuffed with fruits and candies the stockings that were pinned to the mantel. From the ground floor came cries of ecstasy from young throats, while parents donned dressing gowns and carried out hasty morning ablutions above. Almost before the day was

fully alight the family had gathered about the tree, where father, in his role of head of the house, set about distributing the beribboned parcels which the rubicund Saint Nick had brought.

After breakfast clockwork trains raced about circular or oval tracks on the living-room rug. New skates were tried on in the storm porch. Meanwhile mother and the hired girl bustled about the house, clearing away the worst of the *débris* while father joined in the youngsters' fun, testing the power of the baby's new horn, studying the pages of Bob's stamp album, admiring Mary's new doll and Bill's new toboggan. Outdoor sports equipment was given hasty trial in the back yard. Sweaters and mittens were solemnly tested for size. Father examined new ties and socks, with chuckles of amusement as he regarded their assorted color schemes, while mother uttered sounds of pleasure over the array of gifts which had come to her from husband and children.

As ten strokes sounded on the grandfather clock in the hall, children were sent scurrying upstairs to be decked in their finest raiment. Father donned Sunday attire (for the day of the best suit was not yet spent). Soon mother descended the stairs, clad in her church-going finery, and we set off as a family to attend Divine Service and hear the Christmas music.

Church on Christmas morning combined the spiritual and the social in pleasant admixture. Grand hymns boomed out from the organ, to be taken up by the congregation and sung in rousing volume. The brief sermon focussed the attention of parents and children alike on the joy and sanctity of the Christ-child's day. As the Recessional ended the hour of worship, friends and neighbors exchanged smiling Merry Christmases and handshakes in the aisles and on the outer steps, while children whispered to one

another of the good things which had been brought to their houses while they slept.

Christmas dinner, served as soon after church as was compatible with mother's kitchen arrangements, was the great feast of the year. The board groaned under its load of good things to eat, beginning with the great bird (which father regarded solemnly from beneath his paper cap, carvers poised points-up), and carrying on through an array of vegetables, stuffings, and sauces to the plum pudding, the mince pies, and the nuts, raisins, and chocolates.

Mid-afternoon brought a lull in the day. Father claimed the privilege of an hour in his den to doze and read, while mother supervised further clearings-away and children scurried about their personal concerns: to skate, to slide, or to compare gifts with those which their friends had acquired. Nightfall brought the family together again for such further repasting as stomachs were able to stand. Thereafter talk and tales before the grate fire in the living room occupied our attention until we were marched off to bed, caring not a whit that a visit to the medicine bottle would mark the beginning of the morning to come.

Such was Christmas when to-day's gaffers of forty were children. Other families, of course, varied the program outlined, to conform to their own tribal customs, for all that I have attempted here is to recall the Christmas celebrations of the household from which I came. Not all these good things have been lost. Much of Christmas remains in any home where there are young children. But something that was good has gone out of the Christmas spirit since the hand of commercialism (not merely the commercialism of the shopkeeper, but the commercialism of his customers as well) seized Santa Claus by the scruff of

the neck and bade him pipe us down the street to the *gifte shoppe*.

No longer is there peace on earth for the average citizen as he approaches the season of peace and good will. From cover to cover the day's newspapers urge the purchase of This for "Her" and That for "Him." Long rows of Gift Suggestions indicate innumerable articles suitable as presents for mother, father, son, daughter, aunt, uncle, wife, husband, business associate, competitor, friend, enemy, acquaintance, and all manner of people whom it seems advisable to court, or at least to recognize. Interlocutors drum their wares on the radio. Neatly phrased treatises lecture us on the Spirit of Giving. As one man, we buy—and much of our buying originates in the fear that we shall be regarded as dead beats if we fail to march in the gift procession.

Early in November it has become the habit of the lady of the house to set down on paper the names of numerous members of what may be termed loosely Our Set, whom it behooves us to remember with gaily wrapped parcels on the twenty-fifth. This is the first extra-mural list and it is accepted at the time as being complete (although we know that it is nothing of the sort) and an effort is made to work it into the budget. Some time later, the lord of the manor (who has been heard to remark time and again that he is prepared to be damned before he will spend money on anyone but the children and the immediate family this Christmas) decides that greeting cards will not suffice in the cases of certain gentlemen with whom he has enjoyed profitable business relationships during the year. Furthermore, there is So-and-So, with whom it is hoped to establish profitable connections during the year to come. These names must be added. The

budget must be expanded again. By the time the final splurge of shopping is upon us and the newspapers are shrieking in bold-face type that only four days remain, the original list has been revised half a dozen times, "because from something Bertha said at bridge yesterday I am sure they are planning to remember us and it would be too humiliating for words if we overlooked them," or else "because Johnson has just been made purchasing agent of his company and I shall be well advised to keep our association on a friendship basis."

As to the great volume of merchandising ballyhoo, I am not suggesting that Christmas gift advertisements, as such, are out of place, nor that the merchant should remain away from print on the assumption that we shall come to his shop for our Yuletide needs in any case. Nevertheless, I grow weary of the constant, insistent drumfire which beats against my eyes, which implies (and occasionally even tells me outright) that something undesirable will happen to my status in the community if I do not join the harassed throng of Christmas shoppers. Then let it happen.

The radio in my living room drives me to the verge of despair during the pre-Christmas weeks. There is a shop in our town which acquires each year the services of its own, personal Santa Claus, and on or about the fifteenth of November it causes that portly saint to begin his southward journey from the Pole, while he regales us each evening with a play-by-play description of his adventures during the previous twenty-four hours. Each day's story, it seems unnecessary to add, is suitably embellished with the announcements of the sponsor who, presumably, has acquired sole rights to the services of Kriss Kringle for our district. The fortnight of journeying down from the great open spaces culminates in a mon-

ster parade and broadcast, the former, I am almost ashamed to admit, a highly entertaining spectacle which my children would not miss under any circumstances and which I attend in their company, to our mutual pleasure. Yet there is something in the revel which irritates me as I stand on the side lines and watch Santa (\$17.00 per week) doing his stuff atop his float. Perhaps it is because I know that the Old Man will be back in the ranks of the unemployed in another month. Perhaps it is because I know that the young women who will attend to the great volume of business which the Santa broadcasts and the Santa parade bring to the store will not be paid sufficient wages to permit them to enjoy a decent Christmas themselves.

Christmas giving had its origin in a legend. Three wise men, we are told, came from the East bearing gifts. Following a star which shone in the canopy of night, they pressed their pace, pausing at intervals to make inquiry, but always pushing on again, until they reached journey's end at the doorway to a stable in a small Judean village. When they discovered the lowly nature of the birthplace of the royal child on whom they had come to bestow their gifts they did not turn and go away. So far as the legend goes there is not even a suggestion that they put their heads together to question the rightness of their directions and certainly not to ponder the folly of wasting good myrrh on people in such lowly circumstances. On finding the Christ-child couched in a manger, they went to their knees and placed their gifts in the cradle of poverty.

That is the story of the first Christmas giving. For all I know this Magi saga may be nothing but a charming fantasy. I am not even concerned with the question of divinity as it may, or may not, apply to the child on whom the wise men lavished their frankin-

cense. For the legend of this child of Bethlehem who, as a young man, went about doing so much good, I have a deeply rooted respect, however, and am driven to disgust at the manner in which his feast has been degraded.

From the incidents surrounding the story of the birth of Jesus gift legends arose, so that it became the custom of Christians everywhere to commemorate the birth of the Infant by bringing presents to little children. Over the centuries other stories were woven into the warp and woof of Christmas folklore, and soon we had created the rotund figure of jocose Saint Nicholas, patron of the nursery, who typified the jollity of the season with his rosy cheeks, his capacious paunch, and his sack of presents for girls and boys. As time passed, carols were written and waits regaled the householder with these Yuletide songs. People thronged the churches to chant Christmas hymns and to listen to exhortations which told the circumstances of the birth of the Child and pointed out man's rightful celebration of the day. Extra-religious rejoicings were confined to the family circle, where the bringing of gifts to the children of the household and high dining about the family board provided the principal outlet for the season's good will. That was the old-fashioned Christmas.

How we happened to lose sight of the real significance of the season I cannot tell you. Possibly my father felt the first twinges of the desire to promote self-interest by sending gifts to people with whom he hoped to curry favor; but I doubt it. It may not even be important that anything should be done in the direction of rectification, when so many more important elements of our life seem to need repair. On the other hand, it may be extremely important, for so little of our lore and so few of our habits originate in circumstances of unselfishness. Necessity

has driven many of us back to the old-fashioned Christmas of late, but most of us would revert to Yule *à la* 1929 if opportunity permitted, if only to show that we are recovering from Hard Times before the rest of the local Joneses. Before doing so we may be well advised to ponder the actual reasons for Christmas celebration, to think back to the Christmas we used to know as children. Those were Christmases worth having. Those were the Good Old Days!



LADY FROM BOSTON

BY KATHARINE A. KELLOCK

As the time approached for the departure of the Soviet boat from Bremerhaven, Mr. Higgins, who was to conduct us on our tour, became as frantic as Bluebeard's wife. At one minute he was pleading with the Captain to hold the boat and at the next he was imploring us to watch for Miss Adams. An elderly lady from Boston, he said. The tourist company had assured him by cable that she would join the party at Bremerhaven.

Lee said privately that she couldn't see why in Heaven the non-appearance of one more elderly woman should put him in such a stew. Hadn't he nine elderly people already in a party of eleven?

In spite of his efforts the gangplank came in, and the last rope was being coiled away when we saw a commotion on the pier. It was a bevy of policemen, porters, and hangers-on convoying toward us a majestic figure in black satin. Her elegant Reboux hat had been knocked askew over the wrong eye by her attempts to attract the Cap-

tain's attention with brandishings of a long purple swagger stick. And as they came nearer we saw, clutched to her chest, a lavender straw shopping-bag dripping fresh violets. Between them, the perspiring men heaved her and her bags across the watery gap into the arms of Mr. Higgins.

After a while Mr. Higgins joined us on deck, but his face was not as happy as we had expected it to be. Until she had given him her passport, he said anxiously, he hadn't known she was seventy-five. If he had known he would have insisted that the company send her on an easier tour.

Lee and I saw her next when we went into the smoking-room before dinner. Her still-black hair was smooth now and her high forehead serene. In one hand was a cigarette and she was sharing a carafe of vodka with the six interesting young men whose jolly party was the secret envy of every female on the boat. They were hanging over her eagerly. As we passed she was saying that she did not think that Sidney Franklin's form was up to that of the Spanish matadors.

Mr. Higgins discovered her whereabouts and brought her down to the dining hall long after the rest of us had been seated at the long table at which the company had carefully isolated our party. She acknowledged the introductions graciously, but I detected the keen look of appraisal she gave each of us. The seat reserved for her was at the right of the Reverend Dr. Goodey, an Antisaloon leader, who was eager for a new audience for his discoveries on the European situation. Europe, he told her firmly, was suffering from delirium tremens brought on by her long bibbing of beer, wine, and whiskey; the cure was an immediate prohibition by the League of Nations of the manufacture and sale of all alcoholic drinks. Miss Adams gave him courteous attention; once or twice,

however, her eyes wandered to rest wistfully on the table of her smoking-room friends.

Miss Button, at the right of Miss Adams, had been waiting her chance to break in on the monologue. Was this Miss Adams's first trip to Europe, Miss Button wanted to know, adding that it was her third. Miss Adams said that Miss Button must have had many pleasant times. Was Miss Adams perhaps a retired schoolteacher too? Miss Button had just finished her fortieth year of history-teaching in Athens, Kansas, she explained. Miss Adams said she always found great charm in history. At this point Dr. Goodey gave a gulp and retrieved his audience.

Early on the tour, in one of her rare moments of confidence, Miss Adams told me that she was somewhat troubled lest she disgrace the party with her wardrobe; she had decided to join us on brief notice; the pamphlet of information sent out by the company had warned that Russian travel was hard on clothes and that simple sport things that would not soil easily were desirable; her trunks had contained nothing of the kind and there had been no time to have any made; she had decided to sort over her belongings and select articles she was about ready to discard.

"I planned two days for this and then over the rail; three days for this and it goes to the waste-basket—I hear that the Russians have trouble getting cleaning rags, and what I leave may be useful. And the space left in my bags will do for souvenirs I may pick up."

The idea was good but she had underestimated either the rigors of Russian travel or the life probability of her garments. The black satin dress, selected as a mainstay for daytime wear, developed a wide rent under one arm in Leningrad and had to be patched with a piece from her umbrella cover. A gray panne velvet

skirt that was worn with a lavender satin blouse at dinner came to an unexpected end when a small boy on the Volga boat abandoned some rotten cherries on a chair Miss Adams had left for a moment. The next evening the lavender blouse appeared with a white satin skirt—Miss Adams's chin was very high. As we said good-night she asked me suddenly if I had guessed that the skirt was a petticoat.

In the third week she disappeared abruptly one morning and reappeared at dinner-time dressed in a long tailored coat of white duck, softened about the throat with a delicate French scarf. Miss Button exclaimed over her smartness. How had she managed to keep the coat so fresh all this time—surely she hadn't bought it in Russia? Miss Adams smiled absent-mindedly and said she thought Miss Button might be interested in a beautiful Caucasian belt on display near the hotel. Later I congratulated her privately on the effect and her eyes twinkled. She said she had hunted desperately through women's clothing stores without luck and had made her purchase in a porter's outfitting house.

By the time we had reached the Ukraine and were plowing over dusty steppes to inspect the latest thing in collective cow-barns, the rest of us had gone native in the matter of appearances. She would still arrive at the end of a day looking neat and trim after giving her face a discreet rub with a chamois and slipping out of the blue negligee she had turned over to dust-coat service. And then, though the rest of us would be ready for bed, she would ask Mr. Higgins if there was no theater we could visit.

Colonel Parker, the other man in what Mr. Higgins called his little family of adventurers, turned to her from the first meeting. The Colonel loathed organized travel and had joined Mr. Higgins's party only as a

compromise with heirs solicitous over his weak heart. He was a most conventional soul, however, and Miss Adams gave him some startled moments—as on the night when he expressed a yearning for beer and she took him into a saloon she had discovered. Worst dive he had ever seen, said the Colonel awe-struck, and she had stood up at the bar and drunk her beer as though it had been tea at a Back Bay party.

They were always going off on leisurely private jaunts while the rest of us were doing marathons through museums and factories. Miss Adams would not use an interpreter. She liked to talk to people directly, she said, and anyway everyone spoke either French or German. If she found a benighted creature that did not, she would get his attention by "Ah-ah-ah," crescendo, and use the sign language. The system usually worked but it did attract crowds, to the Colonel's distress. Once it failed completely. They were rattling down a boulevard in a droshky when they saw in the distance a funeral procession, one of those forlorn affairs where the coffin is carried on an open cart and followed by the mourners on foot. Miss Adams wanted a better view, so she seized the *izvotchik* by his coat-tails and said "Ah-ah-ah" with a wave of her cigarette. The man scratched his head. Miss Adams repeated "Ah-ah-ah" with another yank and a gesture toward the coffin. "Nu," said the man in sudden enlightenment; the Americans belonged to the cortège. He snatched off his cap, held it reverently against his chest, and lashed the horse. They swung in neatly behind the coffin and ahead of the legitimate mourners. And they stayed there the whole distance to the cemetery because Miss Adams could not reverse the order without a noisy display. Fortunately, the Colonel's heart survived the shock.

In Batum, where the only diversion is sea bathing, we found ourselves with a whole empty day and no bathing-suits. While the rest of us lamented, Miss Adams inspected the beach thoughtfully. She noticed, she said, that few of the Russians wore suits. After another glance at the long arc of white sand, she added that she believed in following the customs of the countries she visited. She looked at Lee and me commandingly and we followed her to a carriage. After a long drive and long walk that revealed no unoccupied space more than thirty feet wide, she suddenly announced that she had come to bathe, not to walk; she entered a space, flanked by indifferent men, removed her garments, and walked serenely into the Black Sea. Lee and I followed.

In Odessa she saved the party from complete disruption. Almost from the beginning it had broken into two factions for dining, called the Wets and the Dries by the Colonel. Miss Adams, Lee, Miss Eisman, and I followed the Colonel, the rest Dr. Goodey. Miss Eisman was a frowsy little woman whose great claim was that she had bitten a policeman during the suffrage fights in New York. Some of the old venom remained in her and had centered itself on Dr. Goodey. Technically, she belonged with his party. But it wasn't, she lamented, that she disapproved of drinking—it just didn't agree with her. She'd give anything to be able to drink wine and beer with us, if only to avoid the eternal hot tea and horrid mineral water.

On the very hot Odessa night Mr. Higgins was busy with his arrangements and sent us out to a garden restaurant alone. As we gulped beer Miss Eisman began her usual lament. She was just sure the country must have some cold non-alcoholic drink if someone would only try to get it. The Colonel, who was feeling amiable and

had discovered a waiter with a bit of French, tried to help her. The waiter said but to be sure there was a lovely cold drink for ladies. Not alcoholic, the Colonel insisted. Not at all, just pure fruit juice. Miss Eisman sampled it and began to exclaim with delight. We must taste. But we had had vodka and beer and did not want to add to the collection. In a sudden access of good will, Miss Eisman hailed Dr. Goodey and told him of her find. Dr. Goodey took her proffered glass and smacked his lips. *It was a find* and they would have some.

We were smoking amiably at the end of the meal when I suddenly saw Dr. Goodey tacking toward Miss Eisman. His teeth were bare and he could not seem to focus his glaring eyes on her face. "You did it on purpose," he yowled, slapped her smartly, and turned righteously back toward his table. Beyond him we could see his little band, some of them looking sick, others foolish. Lee choked hysterically and Miss Eisman gave an outraged whimper.

Miss Adams was on her feet in a moment. "Hush," she said sternly. "This is a tragedy to the man." She walked over to him. "Dr. Goodey, will you escort me home? I have long wanted to discuss with you the Methodist missionary work in Africa." In some way she got him out of his chair and guided him toward the entrance. Magnetized, his followers stumbled after him.

Lee and I saw Miss Adams six months later in Paris. She received us in a beautifully cut gown of black velvet, and over the silver and fragile china of the tea-table asked our advice. Until two years before there had been responsibilities, but now she had played long enough. She was thinking of brushing up on her archeology and joining an expedition that would excavate in Sin Kiang.



RELIGION: ITS MAIN JOB

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT talks well on the radio. He has just done so at this writing and with resulting reassurance about the purposes and processes of the New Deal. His encouragement was received with a large appetite. It was the spirit of his discourse that was helpful even more than its substance. We should all like to be sure that the New Deal is a true guide to what we should be doing. He helped us to hope so.

Mr. Secretary Wallace has talked about it in a new book. He speaks of current proceedings as involving the most extraordinary changes any nation has ever been called upon to make in such a short time. That may be so. He says in effect that organized industry has run away with us. He speaks unkindly of the tariff and notes how great businesses rally round it at revision times in the hope of securing governmental favors to help them promote monopolies. "The legalized thievery of the tariff," he has said, "is probably working more harm to the people of the United States than all other forms of robbery put together."

These formidable assaults on an important body of opinion Mr. Wallace makes in deprecation of the cry that government should keep out of business. It might perhaps if business kept out of government, and it does not take much story-telling to demon-

strate that that is not what Big Business has done. Corporations as a rule have no particular scruples about taking all they can get under the law nor yet about using what means they can to make the law favorable to their acquisitions. They got too much in the early twenties, built up a great reservoir of expectation and accumulation, and presently the dam broke and we had a Johnstown Flood. We ought to have had it; it had all been earned. The most fervent protesters against what is going on now—what were they doing before the dam broke? They were busy getting what was coming to them under the conditions current, and the wisest of them probably did no better than sit tight on what they had, and that was not enough to avert prodigious losses.

President Roosevelt in his discourse did not tell what he was going to do next, did not predict what the dollar would be worth or try to stabilize the minds of persons concerned with foreign exchange, but, nevertheless, he made a comforting speech. He quoted Mr. Root's observations made years ago about how "the tremendous power of organization, combining great aggregations of capital in enormous industrial establishments employing great masses of men, had left the individual quite helpless in himself, so that the intervention of government

seems necessary to produce the same result of justice and right conduct that obtained through the attrition of individuals before the new conditions arose."

Dr. Murray Butler issued a discourse the other day in praise of Alexander Hamilton and what he had done to get our country started as an operating unit. He did great feats for which Secretary Marshall does not stop to praise him, but says that Hamilton's idea was government by aristocracy and he did what he could to make it an aristocracy that could handle its job.

In spite of all setbacks, business has improved. People on the whole are pretty cheerful; they do not think we are going to pot; they think we shall worry through, wasting some money but progressing by the system of trial and error.

In the *Yale Review* James Truslow Adams talks briefly about the state of Continental Europe, and there you find a different phase of anxiety from what one can notice here. He finds there fear that the very fundamentals of civilization will wash out. He says tourists have pretty well disappeared from Middle Europe, yet he does not see any immediate prospect of war there. He writes from England, from a countryside still tranquil.

MR. WALTER LIPPMANN, whose discourses on current affairs have not appeared for some time past in the *Herald Tribune*, talks in the *Yale Review* about what befell President Roosevelt when he came to office. Mr. Lippmann thinks he did not at all foresee and could not well have foreseen the immense job he was coming into when he took office. When he saw what was going to happen and what did happen he rushed through what emergency measures could be devised, all in haste and not thoroughly thought out. His dealings with the

closed banks were helpful and successful; his other emergency measures were more faulty because of the haste in which they were planned. Seeing that the situation could not wait on debates in Congress, he asked for great and unusual powers, which Congress promptly gave him. Some of his measures did well, others not so well.

In that Mr. Lippmann and Secretary Wallace are much of the same mind. The N.R.A. attempted too much and too many details. The idea was to raise prices and provide more purchasing power. General Johnson had the enormous job of putting business under codes. He did a Herculean task but did it too fast. He ordered greater payments by business, shorter hours, everything to raise prices and increase employment, but did not give business time to make the money it was ordered to pay out. That has made trouble, a trouble which the President seems to realize and plan to correct. General Johnson has quit with tears in his eyes, so the papers say, but on the whole with applause from observers and undiminished esteem. The situation now is that if any concern makes any money, one government or another, local or national, grabs as much as it can as fast as it can. That interferes a good deal with private relief, the support of the charities, and all the individual efforts to keep people alive until circumstances improve.

MANY people think religion could do much more for our troubled world than it is doing if it were better understood and better handled. This view is not confined to lay observers but is shared heartily by many ministers of various denominations.

In Germany the newspapers report that the Nazi Primate of the German Protestant Church, Bishop Ludwig Mueller, wants in Germany a single

Church embracing both Protestants and Catholics. "What we want," he says, "is a German state free from Rome. The goal for which we are striving is one state, one people, one church."

Officers of the American churches have no aspirations so compelling as that. They do not want a national church. The churches here get along together very well; none of them wants to destroy the other. They simply feel that the one great remedy for our troubles is to christianize our people, our policies.

That is, of course, the natural aim of Christian churches—what they are for, what they are all about; but their guardians do not feel that they are doing enough about it. They want better methods, more zeal, more effort. The Presbyterian pastors of New York resolved unitedly on October 1st to go in for a spiritual crusade through November which, as seen by one speaker, would "shake New York for God." The expression is a little ambiguous because of our very limited acquaintance with the Almighty and his expectations, but at least it means that the speaker hoped that the efforts of his brethren would wake up things on the spiritual side. Thirty-seven thousand communicants of the sixty churches in the Presbytery of New York are to be asked to sign a pledge to take some public stand against war, to seek the friendship of persons of other races, and to pray and read the Bible systematically.

That is all good. There was a suggestion that the Presbytery should "line up in the League for Decency" in which the Roman Catholic Church has been so active; but that suggestion was sidetracked for the sake of concentration on what they called the six points in the "covenant of re-consecration."

It might be said of this Presbytery

effort in New York that even if it succeeded and waked up thirty-seven thousand Presbyterian communicants, that would only be a drop in the bucket; but it would make quite a splash, and it is by drops that the bucket has to be filled. More prayer, more Bible reading are both excellent suggestions. Prayer represents one of the most powerful agencies that can be operated by human beings. It needs to be far better understood—what it is, what it does, what it might do. Even imperfectly used, it is a great stabilizer of the spirit. It is not used as much in families as it was two or three generations ago. The speed of life has increased so much that family prayers do not fit easily into modern conditions. Prayer to be much worth calls for meditation. There may be meditation still in the rural districts, but town life does not visibly make for it.

As for the Bible, it still has an enormous circulation, still is the best seller of all books printed. It is translated into most of the known languages, but apparently it is not read as much as it used to be. Other reading has multiplied enormously; cheap reading abounds, much of it cheap in all senses of the word. Newspapers, of course, circulate vastly, and they are a necessary ingredient of our life. There is, however, a lot of news in the Bible, and the more one knows about that depository the more news he gets out of it. It has survived extraordinary misuse; misunderstanding of it has been at the bottom of appalling cruelties and repressions, but it is immensely hardy, and so far as distribution goes it goes stronger than ever.

Conflicts in the details of religious belief limit its use in the public schools though in most of them it stays on.

Diviners and forecasters search the Scriptures. They want to know what is going to happen and some of them think the Bible is helpful to them.

The British Israelites, who hold that the Anglo Saxons and other worthy groups are the descendants of the Lost Tribes and heirs to the promises made to Jacob, are about the greatest Bible readers now operating. Many of them are Fundamentalists who think everything between the two covers of the book is "so," and divinely guaranteed.

So the efforts of the Presbytery to increase prayer and Bible reading are surely well directed. Where they and the organized Christians are generally likely to slip up is in the imperfect conception of what is right and what is wrong. Christ walked about in Galilee with very little regard for the rules made by the Pharisees, diffusing wisdom, creating an atmosphere. He wasn't a Dry; he left most of the details of life to be governed by competition, the less important things yielding to those that were more important to the spirit. That men should love one another was important. That they should love God was important, though what God is was left very considerably to their powers of conjecture. The organized-church people are apt to want to put clamps on people to keep them from doing something that the said organized Christians think is wrong. The Methodists have given us an appalling example of that in their dealings with rum. But you may do all they would have you do, and still miss out. St. Paul understood perfectly well what that came to. He was concerned about the details of life but he said you might get them all right and still miss the great point and the great power of the Christian religion. "Sounding brass and tinkling cymbals"—he understood about those things. What the times need is not so much a great drive to put over the religion of the churches

on an increased number of members as a better—and fuller understanding of the mind of Christ. Some of the Presbyterian ministers understand that. Christ drew people unto him; he was marvellously attractive. The Jewish authorities did not like him but the multitudes did. Great revivalists seem to have had that power. When it comes it does its work. That is what we should hope to get in increased volume out of religion—more love in the world, more love of our neighbor, which is the main way by which we express love of God.

Our world is not proceeding on those lines at present. The nations, especially in Continental Europe, seem less inclined to co-operate in helpfulness than to bite one another's heads off. Living in fear, they incur enormous expenditures to protect themselves against what may happen. They surround themselves, and we do the same, with barriers of tariffs, for fear somebody will get away from us what we cannot spare or sell to us something that should be produced at home. All this enormous jealousy and fear delay our emergence from the current Tribulation. It has got to pass away before our plight can be cured. This "love," which is the vital element in the Christian religion, covers many details of life and many helpful purposes and its increased infusion through the world is more essential to the welfare of every country than even an improved power in airplanes.

There are many signs that the minds of men in general are going through notable changes. The facts of current life are crowding ideas upon everyone. A lot of rubbish has to be swept out of life, a lot of new intelligence set to operating. Hopeful people think that matters are moving in that direction and quite fast.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE HOME PLACE

A STORY

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

WAKING, before she was aware of Ralph's heavy breathing and the warmth of his body beside her, Phyllis thought first that she was in her own blue bed in her father's house, and then that she was in the big maple bed in the house that Ralph had built for her when everything was fine. Heavily reality came over her like the "billows down over the soul" her mother-in-law was always singing about. She opened her eyes and saw the eight gray squares that made the windows in the winter dawn and knew that she was in the old four-poster bed in Grandma Young's room in the little house on the Young home place.

Overhead, in Edna and Tom's room the alarm stopped its muffled whirring and she heard the thud of a window being let down. Tom was up and Edna would be up and on the stairs in a minute, stumping down in her stock-

ing feet to dress by the heater in the dining room.

Phyllis put a hand on her husband's shoulder and began to give him gentle shoves, saying in a sharp whisper, "Ralph! Ralph!"

He drew away and mumbled, "Whata you want?"

"Get up," Phyllis whispered; "the alarm's gone off. Tom's up."

"Oh, Lord," Ralph moaned, and with an elbow drew the covers well over his head. Phyllis kept at him until he woke and sat up. He swayed backward and forward, his hands hanging limply over his parted knees. "What time is it?" he asked.

"I don't know," Phyllis said. "You won't drop off if I get up to see?"

"No, I'm awake. Seems like I haven't been asleep."

Phyllis slid from the bed and felt with her toes for her mules and when

she found them went with her hands out before her, feeling her way toward the middle of the room and reached up to turn on the light. Ralph heard the click of the light chain against the bulb and laughed shortly. "How many times you going to try to turn on that dead light?"

"No telling," Phyllis said. "I can't get used to their being off." She was at the far side of the room, cautiously moving a chair.

"What you doing over there," Ralph wanted to know; "isn't the light on the dresser?"

"Be still," Phyllis whispered, and a moment later he heard her fumbling among the things on the dresser for the little gilt slipper that held the matches. She struck the match twice, leaving long phosphorescent streaks on the sandpaper cat match-scratcher before she got a light. She turned the wick low. "I was fixing a coat so the light wouldn't shine in Betty's eyes," she said.

Ralph got stiffly out of bed and went shivering across the room to put down the window. Then he came and stood behind Phyllis—she was beginning to comb her hair—and picked up his watch from the dresser and squinted at it. "Quarter a five! Good God!" he said.

Phyllis was drawing the comb rapidly through her long black hair. "Betty fretted so," she said; "I was up with her a dozen times, couldn't keep her covered."

"So?" Ralph said. "Didn't hear you." He was getting into his clothes and burring his lips noisily.

"I tried to be quiet. You were restless too, kept groaning."

"I was dead."

Phyllis was coiling her hair, frowning into the dim and speckled-looking glass. "Ralph, I'm going to say something," she said. "I can't stand it any longer!"

"Huh? About the boys?"

Phyllis drew the combings from the comb, wound them about her finger, held them gingerly between her fingertips a second, then stuffed them into the china hair-receiver, whirled about, and put her hands behind her, gripping the edge of the dresser. "Yes, I am," she said, "and I don't care if it brings the roof down. We've as much right to this house, to peace in this house, as Edna and Tom have. The boys tease and tease Betty until she cries in her sleep, 'Don't George! Quit, Tommy!' There's no sense in boys their size picking on a little thing like Betty. They keep her scared and cross all the time. She was never like that at home. You know she wasn't!"

Ralph was wrestling with a broken suspender buckle. "Better go easy," he said. "Edna's so sour now she don't even look at me. Never says a word."

"Then you talk to Tom!"

Ralph sat down on the bed, stamped a foot into a shoe, and hooked and tied it before he answered her. "Ya, and have him blow a fuse," he said. "I've got to work with that sorehead all day, and that's no cinch."

"All right then, I talk to Edna," she said and turned away from him, her teeth on her under lip.

Ralph slid his watch into his overall pocket and went across the room and looked down at his little daughter where she lay on old Grandma Young's sofa. Even in sleep her little fists were doubled up tightly and her face, white against her brown curls, was tense. "Sure she's comfortable?" he asked his wife. "If this old sofa's as hard as it was when I used to get sat down on it when I was a kid, it's hard."

"There's the down comfort under her."

"Tell you what," Ralph said, "if she complains they bother her to-day I'll talk to Tom. But let's not get things

stirred up again if we can help it."

Phyllis sighed and looked quickly into his eyes as though she would say she was sorry to have plagued him with any trouble in the world. She took hold of his hands and lifted them, palms upward, and drew him to the light. "How're your wrists?" she asked.

"Oh, sore."

"Bad as yesterday? Didn't the liniment help any?"

"I don't know. They're stiff."

Phyllis drew his hands up and pressed the wrists gently against her cheeks. "Well, well," she said softly, "got me a big old stiff corn-picker." Ralph clasped his hands behind her neck and drew her head against him. "Stiff, all right," he said; "can't begin to pick with Tom. Never could, even when I was home." He spoke as though home were some other place.

"You're not used to it, that's all," Phyllis said. "You'll catch up. We'd better get out there." She drew away from him, and he put out his hand to open the door for her, but the door swung open before his hand touched the knob and his little old grandmother gaped up at him with her head atremble.

"Young man, what are you doing in my room?" she piped, clasping her hands over her little round stomach and straightening up as well as she could.

"Oh, dear," Phyllis sighed and struck her hands together with a hopeless little pop.

"Hello, Grandma!" Ralph bawled, cupping his hands close to the old woman's ear, "you know *me*. I'm Ralph! You gave us your room, don't you know? Your bed's in the kitchen."

"Oh," Old Grandma Young said, "that's right. I forgot, I guess. A-course. But who's this woman?" She drew back, tucking down her chin and

wrinkling her old forehead and scowling at Phyllis. Ralph laughed, put his hand on his wife's shoulder, and pushed her toward his grandmother. "Phyllis, my wife!" he yelled. The old woman grinned foolishly and spat at him with a quavery hand. "Don't try to fox me," she said; "you! Your wife! She isn't any such a thing. You ain't big enough to get married. Is my bed ready?"

"Now, Grandma, your bed's out in the kitchen," Ralph said.

"Go on, 'tis not," the old woman said, still playfully, ducked under his arm, tottered across the room, then made a feeble attempt to lift her bony old leg up on to the bed. Ralph came and picked her up, put her in the bed, and tucked the covers up under her chin. "There! Go to sleep!" he yelled.

Phyllis was quieting Betty. Ralph blew out the light and motioned for Phyllis to go ahead of him. He gave her a husbandly spank as she went through the door.

"Oh, why'd you let her get in bed?" she asked.

"Why not?" Ralph said. "Can't let her stand in the cold all morning and argue."

Phyllis stopped to spread the covers over little Tommy's bare legs. Edna's boys slept on the folding couch in the dining room. "Edna'll have everything done," she said.

"Well, let her. Get up this time of morning—like we had a crop to pick!"

In the kitchen there was already a good warmth and the smell of burning cobs and hot grease and coffee. Edna stood at the stove, a crock of pancake batter in one hand and a case knife in the other. She scorned the pancake turner Phyllis had brought from her home. She did not turn or speak.

"Tom and Papa out at the barn?" Ralph asked cheerfully.

"Acourse," Edna said. Ralph and Phyllis exchanged mock disgusted looks; Ralph got his sheepskin from behind the kitchen door and went out. Phyllis, left alone with Edna, took a loaf of bread from the tin box and began to cut slices. Edna turned from the stove to say, "That's enough. We got cakes." Phyllis put the bread on the table and looked about for something else to do.

"Ain't your girl going to school today?" Edna asked.

"Yes."

"Then hadn't you better be putting up her lunch?"

Phyllis looked at her sister-in-law's broad back, her rising anger nauseating her a little. She had learned to wait to put up Betty's school lunch until Edna was out seeing to her chickens. She knew it irritated Edna to see her fill the thermos bottle with chocolate or soup and put an orange or apple into the child's pail. Edna's boys thrived on thick sausage sandwiches and cold mincemeat pie. Phyllis set the butter in the warming oven to get it soft enough for spreading sandwiches.

It was a relief when Mama Young came in with little Betty in her arms. She had wrapped the child in a blanket and was hugging and kissing her, making quite a fuss over her. "There, there," she was crooning, "was Grandma's girl scared? Was her scared of Old Grandma snoring?" She opened the oven door, pulled a chair toward the stove, and sat down with the child on her lap. She held the little feet toward the oven's warmth, her sturdy pink hands clasping the ankles. She paid no attention to Edna's angry shove of the pancake griddle to the far side of the stove. Phyllis, watching, saw that Mama Young was not going to let her eldest boy's wife's sulks disturb her. The old woman put a hand on the child's forehead. "Phyllis," she said,

"this child's caught cold. I believe she's got a fever."

"I don't know how I'm to tell," Phyllis said. "I've no thermometer, you know."

Edna turned and looked at Phyllis, her small blue eyes bright and belligerent. One of her boys had broken Phyllis' thermometer playing doctor, and Edna had not offered to replace it with a new one. Neither of the women had forgotten.

"Well, I don't need a thermometer to tell when a child's feverish," Mama Young said. "Look at the fire in her cheeks, and how dry her lips are. Don't feel a bit good, do you, Sweet?" Betty laid her head against her grandmother's soft bosom and sighed a whimpering sigh. Mama Young carried her to Old Grandma Young's bed in the kitchen corner and covered and patted her. "You sleep a while longer," she said. Then she went in the pantry, came out with a glass of jelly in one hand and a jar of jam in the other, and went to the table with them. Phyllis, watching her, liked the soft roll of her mother-in-law's walk. There was something at once soft and strong about it. The old lady was smiling to herself. "Arch's mother's in Phyllis's bed," she said to Edna, ignoring that young woman's gloom. "I heard her runtin' around in there and Betty acrying. Seems like Old Grandma can't get used to sleepin' out here in the kitchen, even if it was her own idea. One day she understands it clear enough and next day she's all mixed up and wants back in there. Don't know where she's at or anything. Thinks Ralph and Phyllis are strangers, and don't belong here." A loud breath that was almost a snort came from Edna's direction, and Phyllis thought that Edna might as well have said, "Isn't the old lady right?"

"Ain't it time you got your boys up, Edna?" Mama Young asked.

"I'll get 'em up," Edna said. "Mind the cakes, will you?" This last to her mother-in-law. Edna seldom asked Phyllis to do anything, but if she saw her empty-handed her very back showed her disapproval. She went into the dining room to wake her boys, slamming the door. Alone in the kitchen Phyllis and her mother-in-law smiled at each other. There had never been anything but a good feeling between them in the three weeks Phyllis and Ralph had been in the house. Whether Mama Young liked her just because she liked her or because she had borne her her only granddaughter, Phyllis did not know, but she was very glad of her good will.

The men were heard in the porch and Mama Young said, "Put the butter'n syrup on, will you, Phyllis?" Phyllis, when the old woman moved in her path, put an arm about her plump shoulders and gave her a squeeze, being careful not to tip the syrup pitcher.

The three men came in, dipped water from the reservoir to the wash pan, and washed in turn, Tom first. "Ah-ah," Grandpa Young groaned loudly, his face in the roller towel, just as he always did. Phyllis watched first Tom then her husband stoop down to see into the little looking glass to comb his hair. She wondered why the glass had never been hung higher on the wall. "Why haven't you hung the glass higher?" she asked Grandpa, and was surprised to find herself speaking her thought aloud.

Grandpa Young laughed. "Hung for Harvey," he said, with the fondness in his tone that the Youngs dropped into when they spoke of Harvey, their baby. "Yes, sir, brought that mirror home about the time Harvey put on long pants and begun to spruce up to spark the Drier girl; didn't I, Mama?"

"'Bout, I guess. Only you got your boys mixed, Papa. It was Tom here liked the Drier girl." Mama Young

seemed a little embarrassed making this correction and smoothed a kind hand down her eldest son's arm, and smiled without looking into his eyes. Edna came in in time to hear her say "liked the Drier girl!" and looked angrily at her mother-in-law and suspiciously at her husband. Phyllis had not before heard any of them speak of the Drier girl, yet she felt the name's importance. Papa whistled thinly as he combed his hair. It was plain he realized he had said something he should not have said. Edna's boys had come in and were making a great racket. The middle one, George, had on only one shoe and was running limpingly around the table with the other two boys after him. Edna held the shoe in her hand. "Will you fix this, Papa?" she asked; "the sole's loose."

"Sure will, sure will," Papa said, "soon as I've had my breakfast. Breakfast ready, Mama?"

"Yes, Arch," his wife said; "it's up and on the table. Come on."

Edna was seeing to her boys' washing and combing. "You kids pipe down," Tom said with very little spirit when he saw them scuffling over the towel. Phyllis felt that his halfhearted efforts at discipline were mainly for her benefit. He really did not mind their din and got cross with them only when they fought or when they disobeyed him "out and out."

"Where's Betty?" little George yelled. "Ain't she coming to the table?"

"She's sleeping in Old Grandma's bed; don't wake her," his grandmother admonished and put a hand on his shoulder and pushed him toward the breakfast table. "Your Grandma's waiting on you," she said.

Tommy, the oldest boy, ran to the bed to look at his sleeping cousin, and his Grandma said, "Come on away from her!"

"He's not touchin' her!" Edna said

sourly. Grandma got them all quiet at the table at last, after much chair scraping and some scuffling among the boys, and when all the heads were bowed, Grandpa said in a voice an octave lower than his speaking voice, "Our Father we thank Thee for this Thy hand's bounty. Bless this food to our use and us to Thy service. Forgive us our sins. Care for our loved ones, and lead us in the paths of righteousness. Amen." The plates were turned over and Edna got up from her chair and brought the crockful of cakes from the warming oven, then took her place at the stove to fry more cakes and have them ready. They ate without talking.

"Let me fry a while," Phyllis offered when she had eaten her cake. Edna did not answer for the space of time it took her to turn the three cakes on the griddle. Then, "Better get your girl up, hadn't you?"

"No, I'll let her sleep to the last minute."

"That's right," Mama Young said.

"Betty sick?" Tom asked.

"Didn't sleep well," Ralph said.

"Likely ate too many biscuits last night," Edna said.

"She didn't have biscuits," Phyllis said, trying to keep her rising anger out of her voice. "I don't give her hot biscuits for supper."

"That's right," Edna said. "Got your stomach, ain't she?"

"There's nothing wrong with my stomach or hers," Phyllis said. Ralph looked at her warningly. "That's right," he said casually. "You can eat anything, can't you, Baby?"

"Baby, baby!" young Tommy crowed loudly, his mouth full of cake and syrup, and began to choke. His father struck him smartly between the shoulders; he swallowed, rubbed the tears from his eyes, and finished. "Uncle Ralph called you a *baby*, Aunt Phyllis!"

"Shut up," Tom said, "and watch what you're doing."

Phyllis got up from the table and went to get Betty, who had waked. Old Grandma Young came out of the dining room, her hands held tremblingly before her, and announced from the doorway, standing in her nightgown and Phyllis's good coat, "There's a raw wind; it's agoin' to blizzard. Have you seen to the stock, Arch?"

Ralph got up and went to her, took Phyllis's coat from her shoulders, and put her shawl round her and yelled, "Want your breakfast, Grandma, or do you want to go back to bed?" The old lady considered, puckering her lips and plucking Ralph's sleeve with her dry fingers. "I don't know," she said plaintively; "never slept a wink. I was worryin' about George the whole night."

"Dream about him?" Ralph yelled. Phyllis wondered why Ralph cared to spend so much time humoring the old woman. He seemed to like especially to hear her "go on" about his Uncle George who had run away to the Klondike and never been heard from. Ralph led his grandmother to her place at the long table and sat her down.

"Yes, I did," she said, much pleased, "but I can't remember it good. All that's clear is, he came in that door, with a bucketful of gold, a milkpail full, and I said, 'Georgie boy, what have you there in that pail?' and he said, 'Milk and honey, Ma,' and I looked, sure enough, 'twas gold, pure molten gold." She said this last in a sad dreamy voice and fingered the edge of the blue-veined oilcloth. She looked up and round at them. "Have you had the blessing without me?" she asked. "Guess so," and held up her plate with both hands, like a child, for the cakes her daughter-in-law brought.

Grandpa Young got up from the table and went to the cellarway, where, on a ledge, he kept his cobbling kit. He sat down near the kitchen window and adjusted the little shoe on the last,

between his knees. While he was trimming the edge of the sole with his knife he put out his tongue and ran it slowly from one corner of his mouth to the other. Little George, behind his grandfather's chair, put out his tongue in a mocking gesture, and the other boys giggled. Phyllis wished for the right to slap them soundly. She remembered her patience of her schoolteaching days and wondered why she could not keep from being annoyed by them.

"Well, let's get moving," Tom said, and got his sheepskin and cap from behind the door. "Let's have those mended gloves, Edna," he said. Edna brought the gloves and he took them from her absentmindedly and without thanks.

Phyllis was laying Betty's place at the table with the blue-and-yellow Mother Goose plate and mug that had been a gift from her father to Betty. Ralph went to her, his cap under his arm, and kissed her. "Where's the girl?" he asked. "Mother's combing her hair in the other room," Phyllis said. She was the only one to call Mama Young "mother." Ralph took a step toward the dining room door, and Tom cried, jerking his cap down over his forehead, "Oh, for Pete's sake, let's get going!" Ralph swung about and followed him.

Edna, putting cobs into the stove and frowning over the heat from the coals, said to no one in particular, "Be time to come in by the time they get out to the field!" Phyllis wondered whether her bitterness was all for the time that was lost. She had never seen Tom kiss Edna or show her special attention of any kind.

Grandpa Young had finished with the shoe. "There you are, there you are," he said after he had felt carefully to see that there were no tacks to hurt the little foot, and handed the shoe to George. The boy took it and hopped to the bed to put it on.

Little Betty came in with her hand in her grandmother's. She was dainty, with her hair nicely curled and the pink ruffles of her neatly ironed apron under her chin. Phyllis lifted her into her place where a mug of milk, an orange, and a bowl of oatmeal were waiting for her, and tucked a napkin under her curls. The orange was a right but a shameful thing. Phyllis knew that even Mama Young, much as she adored the child, thought oranges for every day in the winter time a real extravagance. Even Ralph, she knew, thought an orange for breakfast, with things the way they were, "pretty steep." Phyllis stood between the family and the orange, hoping nothing would be said. "Just the juice, please, Mother," Betty said; "I don't want to eat it." Phyllis felt tears come to her eyes. Her hand closed on Betty's little shoulder. "Eat it," she said sharply, and the child, alarmed, ate the orange, section by section. Edna came to the breakfast table with her plate full of pancakes. She did not look at Betty but Phyllis knew that she had seen the orange. Grandpa came and tapped Phyllis on the arm with a gnarled forefinger. "I'm going to town," he said. "If you don't mind Betty's going early, I can take her."

"What's wrong with the boys riding?" Edna asked before Phyllis had time to answer. The old man raised both hands in an unconscious, soothing gesture. "Sure," he said, "all of them, sure," and to Phyllis, "if you don't mind. If the teacher ain't there yet, I'll see there's a good fire before I go."

"All-right. That'll be nice," Phyllis said and then pictured with dread little Betty alone in the schoolhouse with her three ornery cousins.

"Here, here! Don't do that," Grandpa said, and Phyllis turned to see one of the boys down on all fours, chasing the other two with her good

coat over his back, the corners and the sleeves dragging on the floor. She ran and snatched it off him and went with it into her bedroom and came out with Betty's wraps.

Mama Young was very dubious about letting Betty go to school at all. Old Grandma, canny as she always was when there was a word of sickness in the air, said, "It's a raw wind, the kinda wind to bring a child home with a rising in the head might cost her her hearing."

"I want to go," little Betty said. "I feel good now," and Grandpa picked her up and smoothed his cheek against hers and said, "I'll keep her wrapped good," and carried her out to the wagon.

Phyllis stood at the window and watched them drive away, Betty in the high seat with her grandfather, the boys scuffling in the wagon bed.

Edna went out to see to her chickens. Washing dishes with Mama Young, Phyllis said, "I wish Old Grandma could have her room back. She comes in almost every morning and thinks it's still hers."

"I know," Mama Young said, "all she keeps her wits for for sure, seems, is the weather and sickness."

"What about the room up in the ell?" Phyllis asked. "Isn't there room up there? I could put all the stuff in one end and set up a bed in the other." She asked this rather breathlessly, not wanting her mother-in-law to know how very much it meant to her to have the room, Mama Young had been so nice about moving Old Grandma and fixing the little bed for her in the kitchen.

"Why, Child, you'd freeze up there," Mama Young said. "There's no fire under, you know. We've never set up a stove in Arch's and my room. And there's no floor laid up there. Just boards laid across for the trunks and things to rest on. We were going

to lay a floor up there once, even took the lumber up, but Tom and Arch's used a good half that floorin', I wager, for one thing and another. I don't know how many times they've come down carryin' a board or two for this and that. And the walls ain't plastered, you know—just the walls, not even lath. There's no light acourse. We didn't wire in there, but it don't matter acourse until we can afford to run the light plant again."

"I'd like to go up and look at it," Phyllis said.

"All right, all right, soon as we've set up the dishes."

They went up the narrow stairway, Mama Young ahead, past Tom's and Edna's room to the ell room door. With her fingers Phyllis turned the bent nail that held the knobless door closed, and they went in. The front part of the room was pretty well filled with trunks, boxes, a discarded set of driving harness, broken chairs, and dismembered bedsteads. Onions and seed corn hung from the rafters.

Phyllis stood with her shoulders hunched and shivering, her hands in her armpits, and looked at the room through her breath. "There's enough boards to floor half of it," she said; "more than half."

"Well, 'spect Arch would lay it for you, yes, I'm sure he would, first day he ain't workin'."

"I can do it myself. I can nail down boards," Phyllis said. "May I have it?"

"Why, bless your heart, Child, acourse you can have it if you want it; but it'll be cold sleepin' up here."

"I've plenty of bedding. Are there nails enough?"

"Oh, I'm sure, of one kind and another. Let's get the oil stove up here if you're going to do it now. I'll help you clear the place."

Between them they carried up the big oil stove and, while the room was heating, Phyllis tidied Old Grandma's

bedroom and the dining room. Edna watched her hunting nails in all possible places but she asked no questions. Phyllis found Mama Young, her shawl about her, sorting boxes of stored-away stuff and filling a cob basket with papers and rags to be burnt. "I'll wear down this pile of junk," she said, "so's there'll be more room. Old magazines and letters and stuff the boys saved." She emptied a paper sack of old photographs and snapshots into her lap and began sorting them, throwing some into the cob basket. Phyllis cleared a place nearest the doorway, laid two boards, and felt happier than she had felt in months when she had nailed them down. Mama Young was blowing on her hands to warm them and saying, "My, my," over picture after picture. "What fools women are when it comes to their hair," she said; "but a pretty girl, she's pretty still, no matter how she's fixed up."

"Have you found a pretty one?" Phyllis asked.

"Yes, the little Drier girl."

Phyllis got up from her knees and came to have a look. "Why, she's lovely," she said. "Does she live around here?"

"Can you read the German under it?" Mama Young asked. "I can't, but I remember what it says: 'You're a flower'."

"*'Du bist wie eine Blume'*," Phyllis read.

"Yes, that's right. Her father wrote it there. She oughta been Tom's wife, by rights. Woulda been, but Drier, he was pro-German, they said, and he moved down to that little German town, corner of the State, I forgot its name—they've changed it since—and that winter got the flu, all of them, and it took her right off. I felt bad about it this morning, Papa bringing her name up like that, gettin' things mixed and thinking it was Harvey was interested in her. Tom was such a

youngster; why, he wasn't over seventeen. She was sixteen."

"And what about Edna?" Phyllis asked. They had gossiped very little, she and her mother-in-law. Her mother-in-law talked much when she was not singing hymns, and her presence was always comforting and seemed to take away some of the chill of the trouble that had come on them, but they had not gossiped.

Mama Young sighed. "Oh, he just started going with her—I don't know. A man start going with a neighbor girl like that, and after a while, if there's been no trouble or anything, it's kinda hard to quit, not without a reason. After he'd been going with her about a year—for so long there he'd not gone with anybody, and we thought he just didn't care for girls and never was going to get over the little Drier girl—why, he came in one day and said if Papa thought it was all right he'd put up a house across the road. Arch was willing—we had it then."

Phyllis took the picture of the little Drier girl in her hands and looked at it. "She was so fair," she said.

"Yes, very light-complected, with blue eyes. A mighty nice girl." Mama Young went on with her sorting and her "Oh mying" as the pictures brought either amusement or sadness, and Phyllis laid flooring. She worked as fast as she could, for she wanted if possible to have the room ready when Ralph came in at noon. Once she hit her thumb, and rocked back and forth, the injured hand between her knees, her eyes blurred with tears, and did not say anything. Then she got up and went to the window and looked out across the rutted lead-gray road toward the house Tom had built for Edna. Smoke came from the chimneys and eddied downward. Strangers lived there now. Tom's place had had to go, and because Tom and his father had "got Ralph started" and Ralph had failed and lost

his "place" too, Edna hated Ralph and Phyllis, and Tom carried a scornful, silent grudge.

"Want to see Edna in her wedding dress?" Mama Young asked.

"She looks a lot the same," Phyllis said. Somehow she had expected a wedding veil to make a different woman of Edna. "Her shoulders are so heavy."

"Yes, yes they are. That comes from workin' in the fields. All those folks do, right along with the boys. She'd be out there pickin' corn now if Tom would let her. It takes the delicacy out of a girl, I think. I never did a thing outside when I was a girl, and Arch has never asked it of me, except acourse if there were more cows fresh at once than he could milk. Old Grandma, she'd 've liked me to do more gardening, I think; but my, the house and the babies are enough, seems to me, with the chickens and canning and all, for any woman. She used to grumble at me—but she's forgotten now, I guess, been with us so long she thinks now I'm hers, was born hers. Yes sir, one day she said to me, 'That happened when you was a baby. Or was it before you was born?' she says. Yes, she's forgot altogether how she felt against Arch marryin' me."

Mama Young went downstairs to help Edna peel vegetables for dinner, and when she came up again she leaned against the door and stood smiling. "She'd give her eyes to know," she said, "Edna would, what you're up to up here, but she didn't ask and I didn't tell her."

"I'm done!" Phyllis said. "Now will you help me set up the bed?" She chose the biggest of the bedsteads and they set it up. Phyllis had to saw two new slats from a remaining badly warped piece of flooring. "I know well what became of those old slats," Mama Young said, tenderly. "Little Harvey made 'em into stilts. He was

the slightest child I had, and to think the size he is now! Six foot three! To think of him playin' football all four years and steppin' right into such a good job. This mattress is a little old, but I guess you won't feel the lumps much when you got a couple of feather ticks over it."

Phyllis brought up bedding from her trunks in Old Grandma's room, and they made the bed, Mama Young exclaiming over the beauty of the blankets. "—and such good sheets too; my, you'd think you meant to marry a city man when you filled your chest up. All those towels too you got."

Phyllis laughed. "I didn't have anybody in mind," she said, "until I got my school and met Ralph."

"I think it's nice," Mama Young said. "He wrote home about meeting you, and he never wrote about girls when he was in school, not one those two years, though he had 'em, I guess; they all do."

They made a little bed for Betty of a folded feather bed in a great packing box set on two chairs. They were done, all but sweeping up the sawdust, when they heard Tom and Ralph come in. Mama went down for the broom and came up with two red-and-white quilts over her arm. "There!" she said, and took a ball of cord and a ring of safety-pins from her pocket. "Nail up nails and tie the cord across and we'll hang the quilts for curtains to shut off the junk end of the room."

"Stay out! Stay out!" the old woman called excitedly to Ralph when she heard his step on the stair. "We'll call you when we want you!" The quilts, hung on their safety-pin rings, made a gay and handsome curtain. "Looks pretty spiffy!" Mama Young said; "now, don't it? I thought you'd like the red. I'll go down and send Ralph up." She went out, walking on her tiptoes and holding up her hands in mock surprise. Phyllis had not guessed she had so much fun in her.

Almost at once she heard Ralph's step on the stair again. She tossed the hammer into a box behind the quilt curtains and waited, her palms cupped round her elbows.

Ralph came in and stood a moment with his mouth open, looking round. He looked helplessly, almost reproachfully, at her.

"Ours," she said, and felt her eyes fill with tired tears. Dimly she saw him go to the bed and sit down with his hands hanging over his knees. She knew what he was thinking. He was remembering her dainty room in her father's house, the big room with the maple bed in the house he had built for her, the house he had lost that Tom held so against him. So many times she had seen him sit like that, after supper in the kitchen downstairs, sit and slowly shake his head. If she had fixed up the room when they first came he would have said something, would have protested against her working in the cold. Now he said nothing at all. She went to him and sat beside him, resting her clasped hands on his shoulder. She was tired too and leaned against him. "Wanta know something nice?" she said, in a voice they kept for foolishness. "Your big brother Tom doesn't love his wife Edna, and he never, never did! Isn't that a sweetly solemn thought?"

"Ya, I guess that's right," Ralph said. "He wanted the little Drier girl. Like to never got over it."

Phyllis lifted one of his hands and laid it against her cheek. "How's m'old corn picker?" she asked. "How's the wrist?"

"Oh, sore." He lay back on the bed and shut his eyes. "This is—nice," he said. Phyllis rested her hand on his outflung arm. "And Old Grandma'll never find us here," she said.

Ralph laughed in his throat and drew her to him. "I don't mind her," he said. "I like to hear her go on."

"Ralph!" Tom's voice came in exasperation up the well of the stairs. "Come on down here and eat. We got to get out there."

Mama Young put her head in from the dining room. "Would you carry that boiler of water, off the stove, in here for me, Ralph? I'm going to give Grandma her bath." Ralph carried in the boiler of water and emptied it into the tub beside the heater. "It's too cold for me to take a bath," the old woman was protesting. "Mamie, I never bathed you or any of you children on such a cold day. You'll see."

"It's not cold in here a bit," Mama Young said patiently, "and I'll bathe you under a blanket."

"Oh, all right," Old Grandma said. "I suppose I can't help myself, but you'll see."

In the kitchen Grandpa Young was slowly eating his dinner, his head resting against his left fist. Phyllis thought he looked very tired and much, much older than Mama Young.

"It's too cold to go out and pick, boys," the old man said, "and anyway, what there is you can pick in two days. Let it stand."

When he had finished his dinner Ralph sat still at the table, looking at the old man. Without thinking what he did, he kept touching his sore wrist to his lips. Phyllis filled her plate with food and then let it go almost untouched. She was very tired from her morning's work, and now that they were downstairs again she felt some anger with Ralph, felt he might have said something, might have felt something more than sadness and shame at his own inability to furnish a better place for her.

"I went in to see Walter," the old man said in the stillness. "He said last spring, he thought he could let me have something, but now he can't. I don't know how we're goin' to feed, the winter." The boys looked at him without

saying anything. They were both surprised that their father should have thought that Walter or anybody else would lend them money. "I helped Walter out back there, I helped him twice." He looked sadly out the window toward the cornfield, as though he looked down rows of years. "And he'd help me if he could." He chewed slowly a while and said, "We'd better write Harvey." He took a large bite of pie and shook his head. The sight of the pie, eaten in such sadness, made Phyllis feel sick. She got up from the table and went upstairs. In her room in the ell she took off her shoes and got into bed, not between the sheets but between the blankets, and lay shivering, her feet curled like a child.

All the Youngs, in great need, waiting months and months to ask their baby, their darling, who had a good job, to help them out! Grandpa had chosen a moment when Mama Young was out of the room to suggest to the boys that they write. There had been some little trouble when Harvey was home last, just what the Youngs had kept to themselves, but they all felt touchy about asking anything of him. Phyllis had seen her younger brother-in-law only once—at her wedding. Ah, the wedding. She remembered how pretty her father's house had been with flowers. "Local belle, charming daughter of local banker, marries Western ranchman at brilliant wedding," the foolish little hometown paper had said. How silly to call Ralph's wheat farm a ranch! Now the farm was gone, the house they had built and all, and her father's bank—it wasn't really his, of course; he just ran it—was an empty building. She could see it as it had looked when she had stopped to see her father, the windows streaked with Halloween soapings. A cousin had given her father a room in his house where he could sit and look down on the street.

Would Harvey, with his good job and his bachelor apartment and his car, help them? A lot he cared, not to have written! He couldn't help but know how things were in Nebraska. The bed was warmer and her stomach felt better. Crying, she fell asleep.

The squeaking of the door wakened her and she put out a warm hand and curled it in her husband's. "Why, how dark!" she said. "Is it late? I must have slept a long time."

"It's clouded over," Ralph said, and sighed deeply.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh—plenty."

"What?"

He sat down on the bed beside her. "I had it out with Tom."

"About the boys?"

"No. We didn't get round to that. About the place."

"What place?"

"Both of them, his and mine. Edna started it. We were writing to Harvey. I was writing and Dad and Tom were telling me what to write, and Edna put in her say. . . . Ah, I don't know what she said, but something like—'Why don't you tell him why we have to ask, why we got in the hole?' and I said, 'Why did we?' and she started in, and Tom took it up then too, trying to smooth it out and only made it worse. Said if he and Dad hadn't mortgaged Tom's place to start me out they'd have his place yet. Why, Tom himself was all for me buying that combine; you know he was. Lord, I guess I worked as hard on this place as he did. Threw it up to me about those two years in 'ag' school. Lord, he coulda gone too if he'd had the gumption. Dad wanted him to go. That combine!"

Phyllis, looking up into his face, remembered a night in their living room on their own farm. He had been writing a letter to a school friend. She had caught him grinning, and he had

quoted from the paper under his hand—Ralph was shyly proud of his wit, "And, I've settled down now; I've got me wives and combines!"

"What did you say?" she asked.

"Oh, I blew up, I guess. I told him everything. Why, Phyllis, you know it was on his and Dad's say I bought that packing stock! Lot better'n any of us got sucked in. Did he think I wanted to come back here? Stick you off up here in a hole in the wall! He'd never a tried the wheat farm, himself. He had his chance. He was scared."

"Then what?"

"I hit him."

"Ralph!"

"Yeah. I socked him. Only thing I'm sorry for it wasn't out in the field."

"Ralph! What'd he do?"

"Nothing. He got up and came for me, and I hit him again. Then Mama came in . . ." He laid his head down on her shoulder. There was something about the smell of his hair that made her think of her teaching days. More than one hot head had cooled against her shoulder after schoolyard scraps. "Well," he said, "he had it coming to him!"

"And Edna?"

"I don't know. I didn't think about her."

He turned and laid his cheek against hers. "You sore?"

"No, but it was bad for the folks. What about the letter?"

"Dad's finishing it up, I guess." Neither spoke for a while.

"Don't you think you ought to go for Betty if it's going to storm?"

Ralph did not answer. He had gone to sleep. She waited a little, slid her arm from under his head, got up, put on her shoes, and went down stairs.

Mama Young was alone in the kitchen. "Edna's gone out to shut up the chickens," she said calmly. "Arch thinks it's going to storm."

"Don't you think someone ought to go for Betty?" Phyllis asked.

"Arch's gone," she said. "Took the wagon." The old woman was standing at the kitchen window, trying to thread a needle by the dim light. Phyllis took the needle from her hands and threaded it. "Thought I might as well mend gloves," Mama Young said; "have 'em ready."

"Did Ralph hurt Tom—bad?"

"Oh—I don't think so. They were both pretty ashamed of their selves, I think. Did he tell you—they were writing to Harvey? I was gettin' Grandma dressed after her bath and didn't know till I heard 'em scuffling. I hate for 'em to bother Harvey, but I guess it has to be."

Phyllis looked at her mother-in-law's face bent over the glove on her hand and wondered whether the boys would be relieved or disappointed to know that their coming to blows impressed their mother less than the letter to her baby.

"He's such a boy!" the old woman said. "He's got on well, but he's a free spender too. I doubt if Harvey's got it to send. I wouldn't be surprised if he pretty well lives up what he makes. A boy not married, you know, he can't lay by much there in a city. Too many places for it. He'll be put out if he has to disappoint them."

"If he can't help, what'll they do?" Phyllis asked.

"God knows," Mama Young said, and added "—I trust."

There was the rattle of wheels on frozen ground, and Grandpa drove into the yard, got down over the wheel stiffly, and put up his arms for Betty. Phyllis opened the door for her, and the child threw herself into her arms and began to sob loudly. Edna came in, her shoulders hunched under her shawl, and said sharply, "Now, what's the matter?"

The second of her sons began to ex-

plain loudly and the other two chimed in. Phyllis listened, looking from one to another of them, her child's arms tight about her neck. Betty was wearing her grandpa's cap. "They threw my cap up in a tree!" the child sobbed. "George did, and they wouldn't get it down."

"Ah, we couldn't!" George said, "the little old bawlbaby! We tried and tried to get it down. Tom was up in the tree when Grandpa come along. We got let out early. I just tossed her old cap up there and she started in to bawl—"

Tom had come in. Phyllis noticed that his face was a little skinned but not swollen. He heard only the end of his son's explanation. "You can get right back down that road and get that cap," he said hoarsely. "Get."

George began to whimper.

"Go on!" his father yelled; "get that cap and no back talk."

The boy pulled on his cap and went to the door crying. Edna stepped between him and the door. "Hang up your cap!" she said. "You're not going out in this." She looked defiantly at Tom.

"Get away from that door," Tom said.

"You make me!" Edna said, her head drawn low between her shoulders.

Phyllis clasped her arms more tightly about Betty. Tom took a step toward Edna, and the child, frightened, screamed sharply. Tom swung about to look at Betty, and the door opened suddenly behind Edna, and Grandpa came in. "Going to storm, all right," he said; "glad the stock's all up."

Edna moved away from the door and said again to her boy, "Take off your things and hang 'em up!" The boy obeyed, looking sullenly from his mother to his father. Tom went to the table, sat down, and folded his arms. Phyllis let Betty down and stooped to take off her overshoes. Her sobbing

had not stopped. It filled the kitchen.

Phyllis looked up at the clock and saw the white rectangle of the letter to Harvey behind it. It seemed startlingly white in the dusk of the room. The little boys were very quiet. Phyllis heard Tom's angry breathing between her child's sobs. "Never mind, never mind," she heard herself saying and realized she must have been saying it over and over.

"Come help me get in cobs," Grandpa Young said, and little Tommy went out with him. Mama Young was cleaning a lamp chimney with a piece of newspaper. She held it up to the dim light, blew in it, and wiped it with her apron. "There," she said when she set the lighted lamp on the table, as though she had fixed everything. "Now, girls, what'll we have for supper?" Neither of her daughters-in-law answered her. Edna went to the stove and put cobs on the fire, rattling the grate noisily.

Grandpa and little Tommy came in with cobs. "Let's milk early, boys," the old man said.

Tom got to his feet. "That somebody yellin'?" he asked his father.

"I thought I heard something," Phyllis said. Tom turned and looked at her. She felt he was not angry with her at least. "That's right," he said; "sure is," and went out on the step.

"Can't hear anything in here," Edna said, looking over her shoulder at the still crying Betty.

"It's somebody comin' in from the road," Mama Young said, peering out. "Man and a woman, looks like."

"Car stalled, I expect," Grandpa said; "it's droppin' fast. Bet it'll be plenty cold to-night. Spitting snow now. Sharp as sleet."

The stair door opened and Ralph came into the kitchen, and almost on the same instant the outside kitchen door swung open and Mrs. Young came

forward, smoothing her apron, to welcome whoever had come.

"Harve!—why, you old—" Ralph said loudly, and Mama Young cried, "Harvey!" and threw her arms about the young man's neck. Grandpa came in, and while they were all greeting their youngest and dearest, Phyllis had time to take as good a look at the girl with him as the lamplight would allow. She was a small, very slender girl in a short gray fur jacket. Her slim, thin-stockinged legs were red and shivering with the cold. She moved toward the stove, took a violet handkerchief from her sleeve, and wiped her small nose. Yellow hair fell in disorderly crinkled strands over her cheeks.

It was Mama Young who reminded her son of the girl's presence. "Oh—this is Willa," he said, and turned back to his brothers; "my wife," he added as an afterthought. Mama Young put her arms about the girl and introduced her to Phyllis and Edna. Little Betty, through with crying, sat on the edge of her great grandmother's bed in the corner and stared. The boys, all three, climbed into the woodbox and stared too.

Helped out of his coat, Harve rubbed his hands above the range and said, "Sure didn't expect to see you here, Ralph. Driving back? Well, guess you'll have to wait till after the storm. Radio says it's going to blow a good one."

Before Ralph could answer, Old Grandma tottered in from the dining room, trailing a quilt about her shoulders. She came slowly round the table, one hand held out in front of her, her head thrust forward. "George!" she squeaked happily, "Georgie!" and let the quilt fall and held out her arms. "Hello, Grandma, how are you?" Harve said and gave the old woman a hug.

"I dreamed it," she said; "I dreamed you was here." She patted his face.

"That's Harvey," Grandpa Young said in her ear. "That ain't George, Ma, that's *my* boy, Harvey." He put out his hand as though he would lay it on the head of a child of three or four years. "Harvey, *my* boy."

"Oh," the old woman said, loosening her arms from about Harvey. "And I thought you was George, *my* boy George. Went to Alaska, you know. So you're Arch's boy—you're Harvey?—You are not! George, you're foolin'."

"Nope, I'm Harve, Grandma, sure am."

"Well, well," she stroked his hand. "I'd a sworn, if I'd swear, you was George. You favor him . . . Who's this you brought home, Son? Who's this woman, George? You got a wife up there?" She came close to Harvey's wife and peered into her face. "I declare, girl," she cried, "what you done to your mouth?"

"That's make-up, Grandma!" Harvey yelled; "paint!" The girl's lip curled and she drew back. The old woman tucked down her chin, folded her hands on her stomach, and said, sternly, "George Young, have you brought home a strange woman?"

Harvey laughed. "Just a little strange, Grandma," he said, and at the horrified look his grandmother gave him he added, "she's all right."

Phyllis was helping Harvey's wife out of her coat. The lining was torn in the sleeve. When the girl took off her hat her half-length yellow hair fell about her shoulders. She twisted it up with tiny, red-nailed fingers.

Ralph led his grandmother to her bed and made her sit down. She seemed much shaken.

"Sure didn't expect to see you here, Ralph," Harvey said again. "Sure nice." Then, "Tom, you folks over for supper too? Regular family reunion."

Edna snorted.

"Ya, we're all here," Tom said loudly. "Better know it first as last. Had

to let my place go. Ralph lost his. We're all here."

"That a fact?" Harvey said, looking from one to the other of them and then at his father.

"That's right, son," the old man said guiltily; "it couldn't be helped. We've got just this place. Corn's better'n most around here, but it's not much. I don't know how we're going to feed the winter. I wrote you to-day."

"You're flat, Dad?"

"It looks like it, Son. Well, it's not quite that bad. I've still got my place here, and that's more than most around here."

The girl, who had been shivering by the stove and had said nothing at all, stepped suddenly into the circle of lamplight and cried shrilly, "Damn you, Harve Young, you do *this* to me!" She was crying, with sudden sharp, angry sobs. "You drag me off out here!"

Mama Young gasped.

"Oh, shut up, Wil," Harvey said, took her by the arms and tried to quiet her.

"Yes, we'd go to your folks," she screamed; "they've got a farm, a big house, plenty of room!"

Harve put his hand over his wife's mouth. "Shut up," he said evenly.

"Shut up yourself," she screamed against his hand, struggling, sobbing. Tom placed a chair for her. "Sit down, won't you?" he said, and Phyllis was surprised at his concern, his politeness. The girl dropped into the chair and rested her sharp elbows on the table and cried the louder. Mama Young started to go to her, to put an arm round her, and Harve said, "Don't touch her, Mama; let her go." He backed toward the stove and stood near it, rubbing his cold hands up and down his legs. He looked round on the family. "I'm sorry," he said; "I've done everything I could. She's carried on the whole way."

"Did you have car trouble, Son?" his

mother asked, trying to comfort him, trying to get away from the weeping girl and the tragedy, for all of them, her outburst revealed. "I haven't any car, Mama," Harvey said, like a child who wants to confess everything and be forgiven; "I haven't a thing. My job blew up four months ago. We—hitch-hiked."

"Yes," the girl screamed, "in all this cold, rode in trucks—everything! You lied, Harve Young—you said—"

"Shut up," Harve said again.

Tom stepped forward and put a hand on the back of the girl's chair. Phyllis saw his hand waver before it curved round the top of the chair back, as though he would lay it on the girl's bright hair. "What's the matter with you?" he said to Harvey. "Is that any way to talk?"

Mama Young touched Harvey's sleeve with her hand. "It's all right," she said, her voice trembling. "Ralph, will you get the boards out of the cellarway and help me widen the table? We'll get supper right away. Harvey, you'll feel better when you've had your supper."

Grandpa couldn't quite take it in. "You mean you've lost your job, Son?" he asked gently.

"Lost it!" Harve said, "the whole concern went under. Wil worked in the office. . . . I—we got married."

Ralph had brought the table boards and his father helped him pull the table apart and put the boards in. The girl had quieted a little. She half turned in her chair and rested an arm on the back of it, against Tom's hand, and sobbed. "He said to come here—he lied—he said—"

Harvey, still by the stove, groaned.

"Better get those galoshes off," Tom said; "looks like they're soaked." He came round in front of the girl, knelt awkwardly, and unfastened the small buckles. Edna, at the stove, was slicing potatoes into a sizzling skillet. In

the dim light Phyllis saw her small eyes glint and her head lower between her thick shoulders.

Phyllis felt sick again. She moved toward the window, laid her cheek against the cold pane, and felt a little better. There was no more doubt about it now. In her mind she counted the winter months and then March and April. In May—not a good time for a farm baby, Edna would think.

Grandpa was saying something more about money, as though he were talking to himself. Old Grandma got up from her bed and came toward the table. "You're not to worry, Arch," she said soothingly. "It's all yours. I said to Pa, before he died, 'Don't split it up. Leave it every acre to Arch. He'll take good care of it.'" She looked around on them. "George—" she said, "did you bring a bucket of gold, or did I dream it?"

Tom set the small overshoes back of the range. "Better move up," he said to Willa; "better move up to the fire and get warm."

Phyllis, at the window, shut her eyes.

Now Ralph came to her, saw she didn't feel well, and put his arm about her. She let her weight rest against him. "Look," she said, nodding her head toward the lamp flame reflected in the window. "When I was little Father used to say, when I'd ask about it, 'twas a fire to warm all outdoors." His arm tightened. If he would only pick her up and carry her upstairs and put her in the bed, cover her up, and stay with her to comfort, away from all his people and the smell of food frying.

"Anyway, we're all here together," Mama Young was saying, as though she were speaking to little children, "and supper'll be ready soon."

Old Grandma had come close to her son. "Arch, is that the wind I hear?" she asked, "is that the wind blowin' like that?"

Ralph turned and shouted to her over Phyllis's head. "It's the wind, Grandma, but *you* can't hear it!"

"I can feel it," the old woman said, "I can feel it to the bone, in this house. Is there fuel in, Arch? Weather like this don't clear overnight."



WHAT ABOUT PUBLIC WORKS?

BY DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE

THE advocates of a great Federal Public Works program have been disappointed. The first program has reached its peak and the depression is still flourishing. The big gun that was going to blast the depression out of the landscape finally went off with a pop that was not heard round the world. Yet the lessons of the disappointing outcome of the first public works program will be valuable as a guide in future, if the lessons can be made clear.

The three billion dollars have not been wasted, even though they failed to kill the depression. Several millions of men have been hired for short periods and paid directly or indirectly out of that three billion fund. They, in turn, have spent their wages and have helped to support business activity and employment of all kinds. The public works program, together with the CWA and the Federal Emergency Relief, has kept the country alive and has given the people time to prepare themselves for more effective action. Without these measures of relief the country might have fallen into a state of disorder in which intelligent consideration of future policies would be impossible. Incidentally, a lot of useful public works are being constructed.

The Public Works Administration has also developed a large body of administrative experience both in Washington and in the States and an administrative organization notable for honesty and for its "professional" attitude. Under the shelter of the Public

Works Administration there have grown up two bodies which may have an important influence on policy formation at a later stage in the New Deal—the National Planning Board, afterward the National Resources Board, and the Mississippi Valley Committee, afterward extended to be the Water Resources Section of the National Resources Board.

By a partial relief of unemployment, by creating an organization capable of administering a public works program of a more adequate type at some future date, and by initiating two important agencies for an intelligent treatment of our national resources, the three billion dollar fund has more than justified itself. But it did not kill the depression. The reasons for its failure to accomplish its main objective were to be found not in the administration of the Act, but in a whole series of economic misconceptions that were written into the Act itself. The program was foredoomed because the elements of a successful attack on the depression along this line were not well understood at the time when the Act was under consideration.

The most vital error in the public works program was the idea that self-liquidating public works are a "sound" instrument of recovery. In 1932 the orthodox conception of economics was embodied in an abortive program, which was to be financed by the RFC with "sound self-liquidating" loans.

This came to nothing, and in the closing weeks of the old Congress Senator Wagner made a bold attempt to amend the program by eliminating the self-liquidation, but without success. The time was not ripe for any rational treatment of public works, and during the excitement of the spring of 1933 no great progress was made in understanding this problem. When the new Public Works Program was adopted the best that could be done by the liberal Senators was to eliminate the word "sound"; but the actual self-liquidation remained to render the program ineffective as a recovery measure. The majority could still "think of nothing but lending more money."

The theory of self-liquidation springs from the general assumption on which the policies of the previous Administration were based—that expenses must be chiefly borne by the people with small incomes, so as to avoid the necessity of taxing further the people with large incomes. A "sound self-liquidating" project is one that is so arranged that charges can be laid directly upon the consumer, so that no expense will fall on the Federal treasury (and the income tax). The logic is quite simple, except for the joker. Major premise: the Government cannot spend money indefinitely without getting any back. (Silent axiom: the income tax is unthinkable.) Minor premise: the most direct way to get the money back, without rousing any dangerous thoughts about taxation, is by charging fees to the consumer. Conclusion: self-liquidating projects are the soundest projects. The name "self-liquidating," like so many other relics of the New Era, has that fine nutty flavor that characterized the period. The idea was that such projects paid for themselves, because the people who paid for them were not visible, to the conservative eye. The consumer, however, though microscopic in size, is

all the business man has to live on.

But not all public works can be made self-liquidating. Schoolhouses and streets can hardly be made "self-supporting" by stationing a policeman to collect one cent from everybody who passes a given point. However, there is more than one way to levy upon the consumer. Local projects can be paid for by local taxes or assessments on real estate, mainly borne directly by the people with small incomes, or indirectly by the same people through higher rents and prices. Under the late Administration this principle was called "local self-help," and meant simply that those taxing bodies that cannot effectively levy income taxes ought to be the ones to carry the costs of work relief, rather than the Federal Government which might possibly tax the higher brackets.

But not all public works can be either self-liquidating or local. About ten per cent of the public works in the past have been done directly by the Federal Government. Here the problem can be quite easily solved by the use of special Federal sales taxes. Roads can be financed by gasoline taxes. Someone has suggested that grade crossings can be financed by a combination of taxes on railroad tickets and on automobiles. Thus the consumer can be made to take up the forgotten man's burden, and any risk of having to think the unthinkable can be avoided. This was called, under the late Administration, "broadening the base of taxation," and was considered a highly satisfactory solution not only by conservative Republicans but also by such distinguished Democrats as Mr. Hearst.

Direct self-liquidation, payment by local taxes, and payment by Federal sales taxes are all forms of the same mechanism, by which money is distributed to the consumer with one hand and taken away from the consumer with the other hand. They are ways

of meeting the public demand for action without getting any action. Something is the matter with public works. What is the matter is the unspoken axiom that the larger incomes are not any part of the picture. Even now we walk softly lest we disturb the Goose that laid the Gilded Bricks.

One of the most serious obstacles to any adequate program of direct expenditure is the belief that spending is "extravagance." The truth is that from the national point of view a flood control project or a bridge built with the labor of men who would otherwise be doing nothing whatever costs the country just nothing. Wealth made by salvaging what would otherwise be wasted is pure profit. When large numbers of men are involuntarily idle the "cost" of public works is merely a conventional sign on a piece of paper—provided the funds to pay the idle labor come out of the idle money that is being held by those who cannot or will not spend it. Those whose idle money is the cause and symbol of the idleness of men naturally call public spending extravagant; but to the country at large there is no extravagance in turning idleness into public wealth. To the country at large, as the President recently pointed out, the real waste is in not using our manpower. The difficult problem of "paying" for avoiding waste is merely the mental difficulty of making the bookkeeping fit the facts.

Public works, if they are to be a means of increasing the prosperity of business, will have to be a means of forcing idle money into the market for goods and services without any corresponding growth of business debt. An effective public works program would be like a pump that forces the circulation of water by sucking the water out of one place and driving it into another. When the current has run through all the channels of busi-

ness, it finally comes to rest in the surplus incomes of the people who cannot or will not spend their money. From there the "normal" course has been to pass the surplus income through the investment market back into circulation, with the constant and unlimited growth of business debt. The function of an effective public works program would be to draw off some of this unspendable surplus and spend it, forcing it back into circulation without the formation of business debt. Self-liquidation, on the other hand, is a means of connecting the outgoing pipe back to the pump, so that the pump will not have to draw from surplus incomes. The result is that a fine healthy current of buying power goes out into the business world for a short distance and then is cut back to the pump without making the full circuit. Everybody knows that there is a short-circuit somewhere in the New Deal, but not everybody, even among the New Dealers themselves, knows where it is. The short-circuit in the New Deal is the Capital Goods Fallacy, the belief that money should not be pumped out into business except with formation of a debt that will turn it back again through the same hole where it went out. The Self-liquidation Fallacy is merely a special form of the Capital Goods Fallacy, the inability to think of anything but lending more money.

So long as it is agreed that the i ---- e t-x is unthinkable, the financial experts can say that public works have got to be paid for by the consumer or, as a Professor of Business Administration recently expressed it, "you can't make water run uphill." To an engineer that expression is a source of wonder at the marvellous nature of man. Many thousands of years ago, when the first engineer invented the first pump, the first Professor of Business Administration told him he couldn't make

water run uphill. An orthodox economist may not yet be able to make water run uphill, but engineers do it all the time. A public works program will make stagnant funds flow uphill into the springs that feed the streams of business—provided the suction end of the pump can be put into the stagnant funds.

II

The economic theory of delayed depression is a source of confusion in thinking about the nature of recovery by lending. According to this theory the money poured into circulation by capital investment will run up and down Main Street for a long time, carrying business activity and making prosperity. At each time round a small fraction is drawn out as interest and amortization and returned to liquid capital, which is then returned to circulation by fresh investments. The circulation appears to be complete. In fact it is not complete. There is new saving, and the liquid capital is supplied faster than the means for paying old debts. Finally the debts become unbearable, and business collapses under the load of overhead charges. The theory of delayed depression is merely that there is always a period of several years before the debt load will crush the business system; and that during that time we can have our fun. The theory was correct during the earlier stages of the business cycle, but is no longer correct under present conditions. The delay, after the stimulating effect of new investments and before the depressing effect of new debts, has become too short to give us time to have our fun.

To the economists who still believe in recovery by capital investment the public works have seemed to be not a means of spending money but a "priming" of the capital goods market. The Government was conceived as

leading the way, by making long-term investments in dividend-paying property, in the hope that the private investor would not only take the resulting bonds off the Government's hands, but would then be encouraged to go on and make private investments of his own on a large scale. Thus "confidence" would be gently restored, and the standard old-fashioned recovery by investment would follow in due course. The provisions of the Act were drawn under the influence of this belief, and the program could not produce a recovery largely because this belief, widely held among economists and financial experts, that recovery must come through the investment markets, is no longer valid.

New capital is legitimately used by the business world for two main purposes. One use for new capital is to provide equipment for meeting the needs of a growing market. The other use is for "progress," or the provision of new and improved facilities, with consequent bankruptcy of the old and shabby ones. The cost of progress is bankruptcy, and the rate of progress that can be endured is measured by the amount of capital loss that can be absorbed without setting off a panic.

The quantity of capital that can be injected into the economic system in the way of building new plant and forcing the elimination of old plant depends in practice on the emotional tolerance of the people toward the loss on their investments. Before 1929 the people were able to take a considerable volume of current loss because they were unaware of the volume of unrealized loss that was being prepared to fall on their heads at a later date.

At the present time, on the other hand, the business world is in an abnormally sensitive condition. The business men who still exist and who hope to carry their debts and avoid

bankruptcy are organized under the NRA. These surviving concerns are naturally sensitive to new competition. They have lived through the war; they have no desire to die for their country after the armistice. And they are vocal. The NRA has given them a voice; they are no longer helpless victims of the law of supply and demand.

Examples of the articulate opposition of business to new capital investment have occurred in the administration of the public works program. One case was that of an abandoned mining district that had been allowed to fill with water. The numerous owners of idle mining property in the district had in the stress of the times succeeded in uniting under a public commission, with power to build a mill and a dewatering system for the district as a public project. The enterprise would give employment on the construction of the new mill and pumping equipment, and thereafter to unemployed miners in the operation of the mines and plant. Here was a chance for new employment by investment of fresh capital.

Immediate protest came from the existing operators in the adjoining district. The protesters brought out the fact that the market for their product is inelastic and that in spite of every effort to increase sales they were operating on about half time. They pointed out that no change in distribution of employment would affect the quantity of employment—that if new employment were given in the abandoned field the same number of days' work would be subtracted from employment in the present field of operations. Moreover, since the market would be obliged to support one more mill with its capital charges, the effect would be to poison the whole industry. Competition would be intensified and the insecurity of all operations and of all employment would be aggravated.

In view of these permanent disturbing effects, the protesting companies took the position that the temporary stimulant offered by construction operations during the building of the plant would be overbalanced by the depression caused by operating the plant thereafter.

Whether the existing operators were right or wrong in their contention is not the immediate question. The chief moral of this case is the unusual sensitivity of the business world to the threat of new capital. Under the old laissez-faire conditions, with public opinion indifferent and unorganized, the new operations could have been financed by private capital without any disturbance. If one of the old mines were driven into closing down, the others would have heaved a sigh of relief and would have felt that that was that. But the notion of combining their efforts to ward off new competition would have occurred to them only in the form of a wistful grimace at the Sherman Act. Only the protégés of the largest bankers were said to be able to get away with that sort of thing.

Now, however, the Government itself is taking a hand in business, both through the PWA and through the NRA. Business men have a right to organize for self-protection, and especially they have a right to protest any direct action of the government that endangers their own solvency. The old system of slipping new capital quietly into industry in one place and letting the old capital fall out somewhere else with an entirely inaudible thud is not the way things are done now. The carpets have all been taken up, and nobody can move without rousing everybody else. The public sensitivity to capital loss has become acute and, for the present at least, the quantity of new capital that can be peacefully absorbed in modernization

and forced obsolescence has been made comparatively small.

The conflict between the vested interest of business in not being disturbed, and the interest of finance in unlimited additions to the capital debt burden will no doubt be instructive to all parties, especially to the economists. In the long run if any sensible outcome is to be obtained it will doubtless require a reduction of the extreme sensitivity of business and the establishment of a reasonable amount of capital goods activity, with the gradual elimination of inefficient plants at a rate not beyond the limit of tolerance. But for such an adjustment the first requisite would seem to be a considerable degree of prosperity and resumption of employment, so that those who get hurt by the wheels of progress may be promptly and inconspicuously relieved.

The conclusion would seem to be that prosperity will have to come before any considerable resumption of capital investment, and that even after the establishment of prosperity the total volume of capital goods activity cannot be large, on penalty of a repetition of the New Era and its aftermath. If this conclusion is valid then the prospects of creating a stable prosperity through a prior expansion of capital investment, either private or public, would seem to be small. Hope of such a "normal" recovery has already been deferred a number of times, and with each recurrent failure the position of those who say that a safe recovery cannot be expected through the investment market becomes stronger.

The fact is that business could be temporarily revived by new investment if the new investment could be poured in fast enough to give widespread employment in the capital goods industries. But in order to pour in the new investment fast enough there must be some way to avoid seeing what will

happen afterward. Private investment is hesitant because the veil that hides the future is too thin—too many people know or feel in their bones that if they borrow or lend they will get hurt. The standard way of overcoming this difficulty is to start a stock market boom by which the mind is obscured and "confidence" is brought on. Here too, however, the veil is too thin—too many people know that a stock market boom would lead to disaster. Hence the growing demand for a large program of self-liquidating public works. Self-liquidating public works do not seem at first glance to be commercial investments in competition with business; they seem to be something new and different. The fact that they would soon lead to a collapse of the business debt structure is obscured by words that seem to make them different from ordinary business debts. Thus the veil that hides the future is perhaps thick enough at this point to allow a revival of large-scale capital goods activity—there are perhaps too few people who see that this is a boom in sheep's clothing. Like any boom, moreover, all it needs is speed and volume to make it a success—for the moment.

The first public works program failed to produce any results primarily because it was too small. This is a big country. The United States has been losing some forty billion dollars a year by staying in this depression, and three billion dollars, spread over a couple of years, was an attempt to feed an elephant with a teaspoon. If the program had been larger, it would have caused a revival of business, in spite of its self-liquidating feature, because the depressing effect of added business debt is not immediate. Revival of that kind, however, is only a shot in the arm. Self-liquidating public works cannot be piled on the consumer indefinitely, any more than self-liquidat-

ing skyscrapers. As soon as the building stops we go into another tailspin. That kind of revival is not recovery in any sense that the New Deal will dare to recognize. Recovery is the establishment of a spending program that can continue indefinitely, on a scale that will employ the labor that cannot be employed by private industry. That means permanent large-scale spending, with a balanced budget which does not rest on the consumer, and that means again thinking the unthinkable, the horrendous but essential income tax.

The second public works program, as it is projected at the present writing, may be large enough to bring on a full revival of business, but that will be only the beginning of the battle. Let no one think that the revival of business will be the success of the New Deal and the end of the war. From there on it will be a desperate race with disaster, to get the self-liquidating feature removed from all the projects that can practicably be made free, and to counteract the others by a spending program in public services. There will be an almost overwhelming temptation to forget the income tax and to succumb to the lure of a stock market inflation. If we fail to stop the growth of business debt and to raise the lower incomes to the point where the buying market can carry the existing overhead, the piledriver will land on the New Deal as it did on the old one.

The chance of victory will be brighter if the new program can be started, so far as practicable, on a spending basis; but even if that point is lost there will still be a chance of winning through to stable prosperity by the rapid elimination of self-liquidation. A desperate chance enough it seems just now; but we are learning fast, and much may happen in the brief respite between revival and collapse.

III

The fact that a large program of self-liquidating public works would lead to a flash boom and collapse does not mean that self-liquidating work can be wholly avoided, but only that it is economic poison and needs to be given with a suitable antidote. Some kinds of construction cannot be practicably made free of self-liquidation, and yet they are so necessary on general grounds that they must be pushed. Housing is the most conspicuous example. Housing for rent is now a private commercial business; and nothing can now be done in the housing field without dislocating the business system somewhere. Housing is more or less self-liquidating, and is, therefore, harmful to the business world. Yet the reform of our real-estate situation is imperative. The economic disadvantages of dislocating a going business will have to be faced and counteracted by special means. Before considering the other types of public works that are of value as instruments of economic adjustment, it will be desirable to discuss the drawbacks of the housing program and how they can be counteracted.

The slow progress of the various attempts at Federal housing has been largely due to the difficulties involved in the problem of who is to take the capital loss. There is now in this country enough housing to accommodate practically everybody, though in a highly unsatisfactory manner. There is need for a few new houses to take care of recent additions to the number of families, but on no such scale as in the past when the population was increasing by leaps and bounds. In the main, new housing means the abandonment of old housing. The landlords may not be getting their rent, but they are always hopeful that some day good times will return, or that somebody

may buy their land to build a skyscraper, or that in some way they may avoid realizing the capital loss measured by their present revenue. When they hear that the Federal Government is about to go into housing on the grand scale they react in two ways. The first is to try to sell their own property to the Government at pre-depression prices; the second, after the first has failed, is to protest against Government competition. If the Government were willing to buy out the owners of slum property at their own price, tear down the old buildings, charge the loss to the taxpayers, and then build new housing for no more tenants than the number who occupied the land before, everybody would be happy and housing would be going ahead under full steam. The cost of buying and scrapping the old buildings would be paid out and written off in consideration of the social benefits derived from slum clearance. That, however, would be much too easy for the property owners. Why should they be bought off at full price while everybody else is taking losses? Any such easy solution would end in a fine scandal. Ninety per cent of the projects submitted were hopeful attempts either to dispose of slum property at inflated values or to bail out sour subdivisions that had come on the market just too late.

Another solution was to buy vacant land where it could be obtained at a fair price, and build new houses there, letting the present landlords take the consequences. In one large city where such a project was under way the neighboring landlords organized and raised a political turmoil. The case was decided against them on the ground that, owing to the type of building proposed, the tenants would be drawn not from the houses of the protesting landlords, but from more distant parts of the city where the owners were as yet unaware of the surprise in store.

A small volume of Federal housing can be built in the face of such difficulties and protests, but the obstacles increase with the size of the program. Whatever may be the moral aspects of the ownership of slum property, any plan for causing the owners to take losses on a large scale is bound to have certain drawbacks. One drawback is that capital loss, wherever it may fall, is a general business depressant. The landlords on being squeezed are likely to stop paying their bills or to sell other property and securities and generally to spread their troubles over society at large. Another drawback is that landlords, like other people, have access to their Congressmen, and being numerous and highly vocal, they can and will kick up a row whenever they feel themselves in danger. Congressmen are there for the purpose of reminding administrators that the consent of the governed is an essential element in all successful policies. At present, although the public is generally in favor of housing and slum clearance, there is no clear public sentiment as to what should be done about the capital losses involved. There is no clear way to distinguish among real value, speculative value, and plain robbery.

Some housing can be done by buying up old property where it happens to be obtainable at a low price. Some can be done by taking tenants away from landlords who do not happen to wake up until too late. Some can be done by using eminent domain in places where the courts will apportion the losses in a tolerable manner among the various parties at interest. Some can be done by police condemnation of unsuitable buildings, releasing tenants for new accommodations, and throwing the losses on the landlords. Some can be done by taking advantage of earthquakes and fires where the insurance companies kindly cover a part of the necessary losses. Perhaps during the

current discussion of the new program some legal way may be found to use the Federal power to force a solution of the old-house problem on a grand scale. But by one means or another, the difficulty must be met; it cannot be side-stepped. Housing for rent is an investment. The field is occupied. New housing means scrapping old buildings. Somebody has got to stand the loss of the old buildings. New building is a stimulant to business, and the loss of old buildings is a depressant to business, coming quickly after the stimulant. As a means to quick revival housing will do the trick if there is enough of it; but as a measure of recovery housing is bootstraps.

Housing will have to be done, and ways will have to be found to make it harmless. Two possible treatments will serve as examples of what might be done. One is to buy out the present landlords at deflated prices, with deferred payments so as not to inflate the stagnant mass of money now in the banks. Then instead of charging this cost against the rent, pay it off in a few years out of income taxes. Thus the necessary capital losses would be thrown on uninvested capital funds rather than on capital already invested. The difference is vital. It is the difference between wrecking an old debt and making a new one, or paying an old debt and preventing a new one. The latter has a better effect on business.

Another way to avoid the depressing feature of a housing program would be to buy out the landlords and charge the cost against the rent, and then raise the incomes of the tenants by other means, such as old age pensions and other free services paid for by income taxes, to the point where they can easily pay the higher rents.

As the sign in the railroad station said: "Those who wish to smoke in here must either put out their cigars or go outside." Those who wish to make

self-liquidating housing must either not make it self-liquidating or else do something that will counteract the self-liquidation.

Housing is an example of a vitally necessary activity that cannot be counted in a program for establishing stable prosperity because it adds to business debt and to the threat of early collapse. Another example of the difficulty of using public works for creating prosperity is in the relation of the Federal Government to the localities. Local water-supply systems, for instance, are customarily charged to the consumer, and there would be the greatest difficulty in making water service free and chargeable to Uncle Sam. And aside from technical and political considerations, there is the important requirement that the local governments must not be atrophied. Some things must be done by the people acting as a nation; but other things will always have to be done by the people acting as local communities. There is a desperate need for national expenditure, because only the nation can collect adequate income taxes; but the need for a healthy local spirit is no less positive. Some kinds of public work must be left to furnish a field for local activity, and water supply is as good an example as any.

On the other hand, there are many local activities that as they expand in volume become more definitely connected to national interest. Flood control, sewage disposal, roads and grade crossings are examples. About many of these classes of work there has grown up a technic for estimating the tangible benefits accruing to local property owners as a basis for assessments. In general, if the tangible benefits were greater than the cost, the project was considered sound. The time has now come to recognize that the nation has intangible interests in such projects that may be greater than

the tangible benefits, and also to remember that, taking the nation as a whole, the true cost of a dam built with otherwise unemployed labor is nothing. Realization of these factors will help in transferring part of the cost of such work from the consumer to the Federal Government, which can charge the bill to surplus incomes.

There can be some extension of the field of Federal action into local public works, and some further extension of the practice of Federal grants in aid, but these practices can never be safely carried to the point of leaving the localities with nothing to do for themselves. The principle of "local self-help" may have been used by the late Administration as an excuse for Federal irresponsibility; it has, nevertheless, a valid meaning. But the fact must be kept in mind that public works so far as they rest on local taxes are not any part of a program for establishing a stable prosperity.

The public works that form a legitimate part of a recovery program are those that produce free services for the people outside of the commercial services now being provided by private business. Just as the automobile made the country prosperous for a time by supplying a new avenue for spending surplus income, and just as air-conditioning may help to create prosperity by luring wealthy people into new luxury spending, so a sound public works program is one that adds to the existing fields of spending for the national surplus income. The CWA was a crude and hasty attempt in the right direction. "Raking leaves" failed to win general approval; but a well planned program for extending and improving the national parks and forests may be approved by the public. The CCC has been generally successful and should be extended. Flood control and sewage disposal are definitely Federal interests and ought to be done

largely or wholly with Federal money. Roads and grade crossings can be more extensively built with Federal grants. Alongside of housing, large national park areas ought to be cleared in crowded districts such as Manhattan Island. The idea of clearing more than half the land in crowded areas seemed impossible a few years ago, but as the strangeness wears off it will be seen to be sensible.

The field of Federal public works will expand as we come to realize that surplus labor and surplus income are like water power which cannot be saved, but which must be spent usefully or wasted. There will probably never be enough plans for physical improvements to employ all the surplus manpower over a long period of years. But governments spend money on public work that is not physical construction. Perhaps the widest field of Federal expenditure will be in public services—scientific investigations, public health, war against insect pests, segregation of the mentally deficient, encouragement of the arts, and numerous other activities not usually called "public works." Of all the public services those that provide economic security, especially the old age pension, are the most valuable as economic mechanisms, because they are double-acting. Old age pensions, provided the premiums are collected on a graduated income basis, have the advantage that they can be used in large volume and without running out of projects. They will also have the important effect of cutting down the volume of savings, and reducing the need for Federal spending and taxation to keep the business world free of excess capital. Because of these advantages the old age pension will probably be the main feature of any successful recovery program, provided the premiums are collected on a graduated income basis. At the moment there is a plan going the rounds for basing old

age pensions on a sales tax, by which they too would be made ineffective as a means of recovery. Here we have the self-liquidation fallacy turning up again in a new place. The hope of making the forgotten man pay all the bills springs eternal. If any such plan were to be adopted, the heaviest gun of the New Deal would have been spiked before firing a shot, and the outlook would be a bit discouraging.

IV

Self-liquidation is not the only fallacy that distresses the public works program. There is also the problem of temporary financing. The common practice has been to finance any emergency expenditure if possible by selling bonds to the public. During the first years after 1929 the cities were encouraged to sell bonds in order to raise money for relief. The effect was to bear down the bond market and to assist in the final collapse of the banking system. Thus the depressing effect of throwing large masses of bonds on the public market went far to counteract the stimulating effect of public works and relief. The final result was disappointing. Another disadvantage of this type of financing is that when prosperity returns the public is holding a large volume of public bonds. Then the tax revenues increase, and the bonds are paid off. The bondholders, finding themselves with lump sums in their hands, go to their brokers, and reinvest the money. By this means large sums are thrown into a rising security market, adding to the inflation. After the War several billion dollars were injected into the securities markets by the payment of a part of the national debt, thereby encouraging the inflation.

The policy of selling bonds to the public in hard times and paying the bonds in good times is a means of de-

pressing the market when business is poor and inflating the market when business is good. This policy tends to increase the violence of business fluctuations and to counteract the effect of timing the public works program. We can time public works till we are blue in the face; so long as they are financed by the orthodox method the whole operation is bootstraps.

The proper way to finance depression relief is by selling bonds to Government-controlled banks. When a bank buys a Federal bond, the bank has an asset—the bond—and a liability, the money paid for the bond and credited to the check account of the Government. The money is created by the process of writing it in the check account. When the emergency budget is financed by borrowing from banks, instead of draining money out of the check accounts of private investors, the operation creates new money; it is an expansion of the volume of the medium of exchange.

By the same reasoning, the bonds should be held by the banks and not sold to the public until the day when the Government is running a budget surplus and is prepared to call in a part of its debt. When a part of the national debt is paid to the banks in return for bonds the money with which the debt is paid vanishes, by a reversal of the process through which it was created. This is a deflation of the volume of the medium of exchange.

The crude basic theory of anticyclic financing is explained here because it is fundamental to timed public works and because it is not widely understood. The same theory applies equally to any reserve system against hard times, notably to unemployment insurance and corporation reserves. The economic advisers of the Administration appear to be among the few who recognize this basic theory. They are face to face with a further problem:

whether the total of such reserves might not be so large as to overbalance business fluctuations and create a dangerous reversed cycle. Further study may indicate that any such reversed cycle would tend to diminish automatically in length and depth. If not, the problem of anticyclic finance will have to be managed as part of the general problem of credit control, which is another story, and a long one.

The principle that Federal expenditures in hard times should be temporarily financed by inflation of bank credit, rather than by public borrowing, has been stated dogmatically to make clear the relations between the factors. The present condition, however, may call for a special treatment, because the situation has run so long that great quantities of potential investment funds are available to create a runaway inflation in the securities markets as soon as business is revived. There are various alternative ways of treating this condition. One would be for the Government to make its own money and spend it, leaving the private capital sitting in the banks, and to take further measures along the lines of the Securities Acts that will prevent the investment of the idle funds until they are gradually dissipated by inheritance taxes or spending. Another way would be to borrow the idle funds for the spending program and then pay off the bonds by an overtax on inheritances that would counteract the inflationary effect of the liquidation of Federal debt. Both of the suggested measures are, of course, contrary to the principles of "sound" finance, as any measure must be that is aimed at increasing the stability of business.

The necessary use of the word "debt" is unfortunate because of the fact that business debt and Federal debt are opposites in the national bookkeeping, provided the Federal taxes are laid on the upper brackets. Business debt

and local municipal debt, which is in the same class, rest on the consumer and hurt business. Federal debt, to be paid out of taxes on the higher brackets, rests on the investor and hurts finance. High Federal debts make high income taxes and prevent the formation of business debts. Low Federal debts allow low income taxes, releasing capital funds to inflate the volume of business and municipal debt.

The distinction between business and Federal debts has been well confused by conservative authorities, who have assumed as axiomatic without argument that Federal debts are the same sort of burden on the taxpayers as any other sort of debts. A speaker at the recent Bankers' Convention, for example, remarked that we cannot build prosperity on unlimited debts, meaning apparently Federal debts. The unspoken premise here, as always, is that the income tax is unthinkable, and that Federal debts must be paid by the same taxpayer who has to pay local debts. The truth is that we cannot build prosperity on unlimited debts resting on business, and that means simply that we cannot build prosperity on a growth of private investment, nor on self-liquidating public works, nor on local public works, nor on unlimited debts of any kind whatever resting on business. And if Federal debts must rest on sales taxes then there is no way out, and the only kind of prosperity we can build is a repetition of the events leading up to 1929, on a somewhat more magnificent scale. The fact is that the unspoken premise is the joker.

The budget question has been well confused during this depression by the financial authorities who make our definitions for us. The effect of trying to balance budgets during depression is of course to destroy business and reduce the national income, as the experience of the last few years amply illustrates. On the opposite end of the

scale, the attempt to balance the budget in good times by cutting the income tax and reducing the surplus adds money to the capital markets and blows up the financial bubble. That fact has also been well illustrated by the events of the years 1924-29. Trying to balance the budget by the fiscal year increases the violence of business fluctuations, both upward and downward. Finance makes its profits on the ups and downs, which helps to explain its interest in annual budget balancing.

On the other hand, if the Government is trying to stabilize business it will have to run in hard times a large budgetary deficit financed by inflation, and in good times a large budgetary surplus based on income taxes and used for deflating the eager balloon of Wall Street. The balance will be by cycles instead of by years. That is the reason why many of us who are now shouting loudly for having the Government spend beyond its revenue, are going to be shouting equally loudly, after the revival of business, for having the Government collect revenues beyond its expenditures. The fact is that the Federal budget ought never to be balanced except momentarily at the shadowy "normal" point between good and bad times.

V

In all these formulations of the principles of Governmental action for creating a stable prosperity, the necessity of going contrary to the advice of the financial authorities has appeared at every point. Our financial leaders have made life a bit hard for the productive part of the community by persuading us to buy foreign bonds and shares in investment trusts and other "securities," and then telling us that what happened was the will of God. But the real damage they did to us

was in making our definitions of "sound economics." "Sound economics," according to the High Priests thereof, was anything that made the money flow out of the pockets of the business man, the worker, and the consumer into the pockets of the financier. They defined the laws of economics to suit their own interests and made us believe they were the laws of God.

"Sound, self-liquidating" public works, and "sound" methods of doing the financing, are clever ways of putting the suction end of the pump into the same bucket as the discharge end, so that we may be allowed to splash happily without dampening the good old business cycle and the gentlemen who live by the same. So far they have been pretty smart; but for the long pull they suffer from the disadvantage that their good old business cycle has broken its spring. Their god has died on them. Sooner or later we are going to demand a stable prosperity commensurate with our increased productive powers, and sooner or later we are going to stop playing with our bootstraps and go after a public works program that will mean business.

A public works program that will establish a non-collapsible prosperity will have to be correct in all the ways that the orthodox financial authorities do not like. It will have to be made up of non-self-liquidating Federal projects or grants-in-aid, adequate in volume and speed, temporarily financed by bonds sold only to banks, and ultimately validated by taxes on the upper brackets. That is a large order. Everything has to be right all at the same time or else there will be trouble. But the same is true of automobiles, wives, buzzsaws, and all the dangerous but fascinating elements of our world. When we get ready to take the public works program by its right handle we shall have a powerful engine for making stable prosperity.



AND JACOB WRESTLED

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

I GAZE on you, gray-eyed implacable ghost,
And I am not afraid.
You are like fruit that glitters with the frost,
And by that sudden silver death is made
The dream a lesser Midas to his cost
Touched—and lost.
Now that the hills grow smoky and the sun
Turns neither left nor right
To smite
Our hearts with the rich contagion of his light,
My work is finished and my song is done.
Now that the leaf
Mixes her bright dust with the duller grief
Common to most,
This moment with the earth is much too brief
A chronicle; and though the golden sheaf
Flames like the legendary fleece
At sunrise and at sunset in the meadow,
It is a drugged and treacherous peace.
Death is the dark custodian of this hush,
This lovely and tubercular flush
Of autumn; this apparent festive fire
Nurses no Phoenix in her blue secret cone.
It is the pyre
The heart's Atlantis perishes upon;
The beautiful abyss
Of dead hope, dead desire,
Sunk with nostalgic Nineveh and Tyre,
The gulf of all abandoned bliss,

*Banners and plumes drowned in the dismal shadow
Of some impossible Persepolis.*

*Now if I should go out
Into the vineyards with the women and the men,
And stamp the grapes and shout,
What then?
Life also has too short a term.
Even the Pharaoh in his splendors hid
Under a heaven-assaulting pyramid—
The tower of the worm
Is less infirm.
So, leaning hard for breath
Upon the precarious battlements of death,
The charnel taste
In mouth and nostril, with doomed feverish haste
We build a heaven, knowing very well
The bricks were baked in hell.*

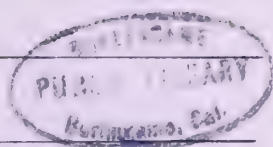
*Like Jacob, I was left alone,
Suddenly quite alone,
As if a lamp had been blown out by vague lips
That sucked the flame;
As if invisible lips had blown
The light out, spilling like quick bloom on the stone.
The room was just the same
For a little while; at length
I went cold
All over; I could sense
Unmentionable lusts assembling in one massive imminence,
One slow nightmarish shape
From which there was no escape.
The darkness was a monster feeling his strength,
And God was very tired and very old.
"And Jacob was left alone and there wrestled
A man with him until day."*

*Involved in a coil of nameless dreads,
Each with a hundred heads*

No sooner lopped
Than hideously outcropped
Another and a viler, though the bleeding never stopped,
So involved
Like Jacob, one thought trembled through and nestled
Upon the branches of the brain from somewhere
Even while we wrestled,
The Shadow and I.
It was a thought intangible, unresolved,
Like silence, like the sigh
Of silence, but I felt upon my hair
The breath of your compassionate despair,
And through the blood and battle rang
The summons that could make a dead man cry,
A live man laugh aloud and, laughing, die,
And through the sweat and smell of death it sang:
"Jacob is like a lion!
Aroused to his weakness,
He knows his strength.
They have gouged his eyes out
That he might see himself,
That he might perceive
The meaning of his agony
To the glory of Israel."
And Jacob wrestled
And the sun rose,
And in the sun a voice,
And the shadow rushed upon him like a bull,
His wings braced stiffly out like steel
From his shoulders.
There was no wind
Save the gusts and whirling eddies of the combat.
There was no sound
Save the thick breathing of the wrestlers.
The sun showed through the shadow
And the voice said:
"I make roads and arches,
And hang flags and pour music
And roses upon the neck of the conqueror,

*And the hero falls in battle,
And the captains cut off his head,
And the black curls are clotted purple,
And they leave his body to the dogs."*

*And Jacob was left alone;
And there wrestled a man with him until day,
And it was day,
And the shadow went up in the sun
Like smoke,
And the voice was Jacob's voice:
"Jacob is like the stars
Which stand in their station,
Which crowd the darkness,
Which will not bend down to the morning.
When the winds move in from the water
They cannot be quenched.
Jacob is become a name and a pillar of fire.
Nevertheless, it is written,
There is much to do by day,
And the night has her work.
It is written:
These things are found in books.
But a man must work.
His hands hunger for earth.
How else shall he understand the books?
He shall go out into the vineyards,
Singing in the dawn,
With the grape-treaders.
He shall consort with the women
And trees and animals.
The girls will bring him bread,
And he will drink the pressing of their feet.
It will cool his throat
Like a quick gulp of early mountain air.
Labor will be good,
And after the labor
It will be good to sing.
It will be good to rest."*



HOW WE RECONSTRUCT NATURE

BY M. ILIN

Translated from the Russian by Vladimir Koudrey

THERE is such a thing as living photography—movies. A living map does not yet exist. But if such a map did exist, we should see strange things happening on it.

In front of our eyes the whole American Continent would quietly start toward the Asiatic shore, over the Pacific Ocean. It would swim slowly, only about nine feet a year; but if we were able to speed up that movement, we should see the American Continent dock at Asia, lifting and breaking the shores. And after that, they would become one Asio-American Continent. This will happen sometime in the distant future if the scientist and geologist Wagoner is right in his theory of the movements of the continents.

Watching such a moving map, we should see how the oceans change the pattern of their shore lines, just as water poured on a plate changes its shape if we move the plate. Advancing on to the dry land, the sea would flood whole countries, constantly creating new bays, islands, and straits. At the same time we should see the oceans retreating in other places, leaving behind tremendous surfaces—the dry bed of the ocean.

But we should see other changes also, rivers running down the hills, carrying those hills into the ocean. Little by little the hills and mountains would become less high and the valleys wider and wider. Whole ranges would be cut by the water into sep-

arate mountains, and then the mountains would diminish to hills, and finally where stood the mountain range there would now be flat country. Meanwhile, from the bottom of the ocean would appear new wrinkles, new hills, and new ranges.

On such an imaginary living map we should see that the whole surface of the earth moves, some sections rising and others flattening out, just as one side of the scales goes down when the other comes up. In some places the earth's surface could not stand the pressure; the ground would crack, showing huge fissures, and we should see how earthquakes come about.

But on this map we should see even more clearly how fast the forests, prairies, and deserts move along the surface of the earth. The forests would move toward the north; the prairies would follow on the heels of the forests; the deserts would advance on the prairies. The geologist Williams, in one of his books, tells us of these movements of forests, prairies, and deserts.

Watching our imaginary map, we should see the black curved lines of rivers move and grow. Here and there in the mountain country new rivers would suddenly appear. Sometimes it is possible for one big storm to give birth to a river. In front of our eyes this young river digs its way through the ground—cuts its own channel, just as men dig canals. We

should see the river curve swiftly where it has to go round an obstacle, as when a cliff turns the young river away from its straight route. We should understand the private life of a river, full of adventures, fight, and struggle. We should realize that rivers are not so independent as they look when we study a dead map.

On a live map we should see how they fight against one another, competing for the tributary streams, encroaching on one another's water sheds and basins. Sometimes a defeated river comes out of the battle like a soldier with his arms and legs chopped off. This happened once to the Maas River when its tributary streams were stolen from the east by the Rhine and from the west by the Seine. This is described by the French geologist, M. Ogg.

Looking at our living map, we should understand that every river has its childhood and its old age. Such a vast river as the Mississippi, for instance, was once a powerful young torrent. A long time ago the Mississippi River, bubbling and pushing, was digging its own channel, bombarding the cliffs which it met on its way. But now the Mississippi, grown old and fat, with effort carries its burden of water, suffocating in the sediment which it gathers on its way. Higher and higher the silt rises, choking the channel. Now the river is not forceful enough to dig out its own banks. All it can do is to retreat without a struggle, stepping aside, the current moving a little to the right or to the left. Often it forsakes the old course, turning away from the towns which have grown up on its banks. In many places the oblong, narrow, curved basins left behind tell us that a long time ago here flowed the Mississippi. From the shape of those lakes we can tell that they were once a part of the river lost in the retreat.

"Bixby! Look out for President Islands and the old Chicken! The shores are changing here all the time. You will not recognize the headland above number 40!" Thus writes not a geologist but an old river pilot, Mark Twain.

Rivers, islands, lakes, mainlands, bays—everything in nature changes and we could see all this on a living map if one existed.

And man? Could we see him on such a map?

No, man would not be visible on this map even if it were of the size of the Red Square in Moscow. The scale of the map would not permit us to see man but we could detect his work.

We should see the curly wool fall off the mountains; that would be man cutting down the forests. The results of the labor of hordes of men denuding the mountains would show. In other regions we should see a green color spreading, covering the brown spaces of prairies; cutting like wedges into the dark greenery of the forests. Those are the invisible men cultivating new fields. The little green fields among the forests grow, flow together, and soon there are only little islands of trees left in the fields.

We should see how man destroys and builds. However, we should hardly see much of a plan in the work that has been done. In many places we should see rivers drying up because man has cut down the forests and plowed new lands in a region where the small brooks find their source.

Thus we should discover new meanings, new ideas in our map. What had looked accidental and enigmatic—the curve of a river, a range of mountains torn in two, the zigzags of the shores of the ocean—now would be clear, like a mathematical problem after it is solved. We should understand why the Volga River on the map

looks like a huge tree with many branches at the top and almost none at the bottom. It is because the desert is advancing on the Volga from the southeast.

On a living map it would be perfectly plain why the eastern shores of the American Continent repeat the lines of the shores of Africa but in reverse. Wherever the American shore has a projecting headland the African shore has a bay. Geologist Wagoner says that long ago in the past a huge block of land which is now the American Continent split off the old world and moved towards the west.

We should know also that the Atlantic Ocean is not only an ocean but is a terrific fissure on the face of our planet which appeared at the time when the moon tore itself away from the earth in order to go its own way. (Pickering's hypothesis.)

Our living map would also explain to us why the American Continent is still moving toward the west through the Pacific Ocean. We should see that it is only settling into balance again after the terrific upheaval caused by the splitting of the Continent.

All our world would seem different and new if only we could look at it on a living map.

II

I said that a living map does not exist, but that is not quite correct. I myself have seen a living map. It was in the Academy of Science in the fall of 1933.

The huge concert hall was full. A conference of the Academy of Science was in progress. All of the Academicians were seated at a round table in one corner of the hall on a platform. The hall itself was crowded with people who had come to participate in the work of the Academy. There was not enough room for everyone. A huge

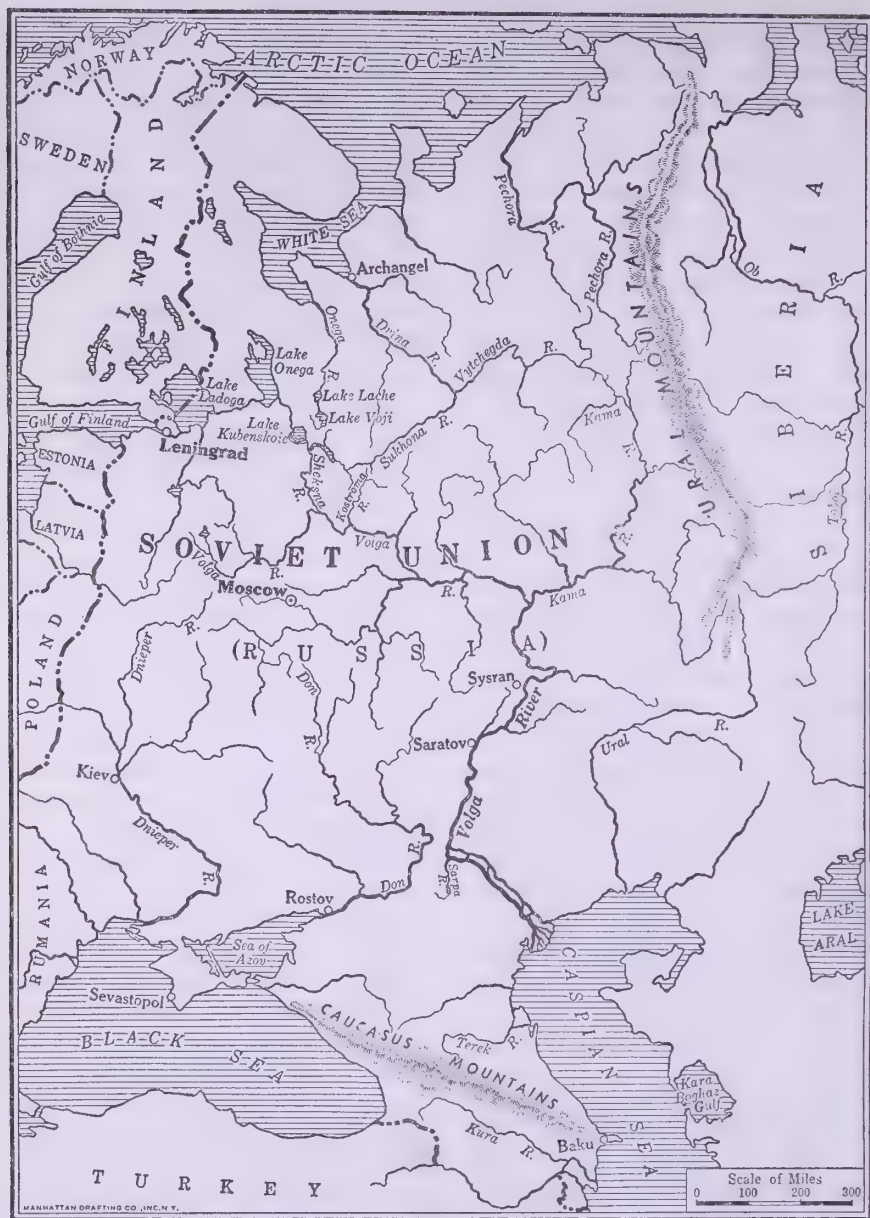
crowd outside of the building demanded admittance to the Conference. Everybody wanted to come up the stairs and walk through the doors which are one hundred and fifty years old. Innumerable are the scientists who have crossed this threshold, but never before had it been besieged by such a crowd. What had drawn all those people? The report of new work in integral calculus, or of newly discovered ancient Russian literature? No, those things interest only a few.

The Conference was discussing a subject which was interesting to everybody: the question was the reconstruction of our country—the problem of the Volga River which does not yet exist, the future Great Volga.

Not only was the subject extraordinary but its presentation was new to the walls of our Academy. Many scientists from various countries had made their reports here, but now it was not only a scientist but an old revolutionary, one of the oldest friends of Lenin, G. M. Krjijanovsky, who presented the results of their research.

Behind the speaker's platform hung a huge map of the Soviet Union, almost as high as the ceiling. Suddenly the map came to life. A switch was turned and the map revealed the black lines of the dams, the blue spaces of irrigated fields, the red capillary system of canals, and the green streaks of the forests. The dark blue branches of the rivers, like the veins on a hand, swelled above the dams, overflowing into the lakes—the water supply. Green dotted lines ran along the future high-tension electric lines, connecting towns, districts, and provinces. Unexpectedly a white light sparkled, symbolizing tremendous power plants: Samara, Yaroslavl, Perm, and dozens of others. Finally the whole pleiades of Valdai power plants appeared.

All of these lakes, dams, and power plants do not exist yet. This was a



picture of how our country will look after three Five Year Plans.

The discussion in the Academy concerned the fate of our rivers and seas. Never before in human history has the fate of rivers and seas been decided by an assemblage of scientists. Rivers were born, grew up, and died without

the help of Academicians. Oceans have encroached on the land or retreated from it and nobody has ever regulated their lives.

But now the time has come when their fate is to be decided, and the Volga River and the Caspian Sea are the first to be brought before a jury.

In order to irrigate the steppes east of the Volga and get water for the Aralo-Caspian region, we have to reconstruct the Volga River—to take away some of her water.

But a river is not only water. It is a definite route; it is a source of energy; it is the home of fish.

Nature is complex and if you think of reconstructing her you have to consider everything.

In the first place let us consider the route. The Volga is an important water route, a great river which connects Europe with Asia. As far as length and width are concerned the Volga has few rivals but it has no great depth. In summertime almost throughout the whole upper Volga region the water is so shallow that the river boats stand idle along the banks. Only in the middle and lower Volga region do the boats pulling the barges travel continuously. But even the lower Volga is not deep enough.

The Volga is not a young river; she is an old lady. With an effort she drags the cargo of mud with which she is fed by her innumerable tributary streams. Often it is too much for her strength to drag this silt over the bottom, so she drops it along her route, blocking her own channel with shoals, rapids, and promontories. Then she herself has to go round these obstacles, to the right or to the left, curving, abandoning towns which stand on her banks. She has already curved away from Saratov and Sysran and it is quite possible that soon she will abandon Samara.

In the summertime the water in the rapids is often only waist high or even knee high. It is a struggle for the river boats to keep afloat. Often you can see a boat struggling like a horse whose carriage is stuck in the mud. It jerks from side to side, unable to free itself from the sand bar. This is so true that the people along the Volga

River call every loaded barge or boat a cart. And just think how much energy, coal, and sweat is wasted!

We shall have to make the Volga deeper and then it will become the main traffic artery of our country. The railroad lines which approach from the east and from the west will play the part of feeders to this great water route. Then it will be easier to move huge cargoes of freight over our big country.

Rivers are like blood vessels which transport food to the cells—towns, factories, state farms. But those blood vessels are not yet connected in one complete system of circulation. Often they approach one another closely with tiny branches of streams, but still they are separate. It would seem as if it might be enough to dig small canals, three to ten miles long, in order to connect the rivers. And if we connect the rivers it means that we shall connect the oceans into which they flow. The Volga River is already linked by a long chain of rivers and canals to the Baltic Sea. The Baltic-White Sea Route opens an entrance for the Volga into the White Sea. It is quite possible to connect the Volga with the Arctic Ocean through the Kama and Pechora Rivers. In this way the Volga River will be connected with three seas and when the Volga-Don Canal is completed, it will give the Volga two more seas: the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov. And in the west the Volga will be connected with the Dnieper River. Then the Volga will become a really great water route.

She will be connected with five seas and with the large rivers of the European section of the Soviet Union. But we can go even farther, over the Ural Mountains into Siberia; and with the help of the Tobol River, connect her with Siberian rivers. Thus rivers which were so greatly distant from one another will join hands.

The White Sea will be connected with the Black Sea; the Arctic Ocean will be connected with the Caspian Sea. No other water route in the world could be compared with this in length. The central port of the system will be Moscow. At present we are already constructing a canal which will connect Moscow with the Volga River. Soon it will be possible without leaving the river boat to travel from Moscow to Leningrad or Baku, to Sebastopol or Archangel, to Rostov or to Kiev, or even to New Sibersk.

The old small river boats and barges will disappear and in their stead big powerful steamers will be built. The country will be strengthened. If it should be attacked by an enemy, that enemy will be met by strong floating fortresses carried by the deep waters of our river system.

III

But a river is not only a route; it is also energy. Besides width and depth, every river has a third dimension; namely, the drop which it makes descending to the sea.

We all know that the Volga River flows into the Caspian Sea—almost as well as we know that a horse eats oats. But not many of us know that the Volga drops into the Caspian Sea from a height of two hundred yards. And these two hundred yards will give us energy.

If the Volga's drop were abrupt like a waterfall, it would be a much larger waterfall than Niagara. But the river doesn't drop suddenly. It is a gradual, an almost unnoticeable descent, spread over almost a thousand miles. And this means that we shall need not one power station but many. In accordance with the Great Volga project, there will be built twenty-two power stations along the route.

The fact that we shall use the

Volga's water for energy does not mean that there will be less water in the river. But we shall take a great deal of the Volga water during the next three Five Year Plans for the purpose of irrigation and for the needs of towns and factories. Besides that, much more water will evaporate after we build dams which will greatly increase the reflecting surface of the river. But let us remember that the Volga flows into the Caspian Sea. This fact cannot be changed. And it means that the flow of water into the Caspian Sea will be cut down. Consequently, what will happen to this Sea? Will it not become shallower?

A sea is one part of our country's household economy. Never before has a sea had a wise owner; but now that the Caspian Sea has such an owner, he has to weigh and calculate everything wisely. Every good owner has a bookkeeping system. We also have to start a bookkeeping system for the Caspian Sea. These account books will be just like any other account books, but the figures entered in them will not mean roubles, pounds, or yards; they will mean cubic kilometers. On one side of the book the income will be credited: the inflowing rivers, the heavy rains, the snowfall. On the debit side will appear the clouds, the fogs—the water which evaporates from the surface of the sea.

The Caspian Sea receives most of its water from the Volga River. Every spring the river is high, because of the melting snow on the Russian plains. More than a thousand small rivers and lakes, not counting brooks, empty themselves into the Volga. After every heavy rainfall the water level rises. The Volga, like a huge sponge, swells and then contracts, and all of that water goes into the Caspian Sea. In spite of the fact that much of this water evaporates on its way, every year

the Caspian Sea receives about 270 cubic kilometers of water.

Do you know how much 270 cubic kilometers of water is? It could be placed in a barrel whose bottom is as large as Moscow and its sides as high as Kazbek Mountain.

But the Volga is not the only river which empties into the Caspian Sea. From the Caucasus Mountains the water of the Kura and Terke Rivers flow into it. The Ural River empties itself into the Caspian from the north. These rivers feed the Caspian Sea with about 90 cubic kilometers of water a year. But this water comes from the rivers only. The Caspian Sea has to be credited with snowfall and rainfall also. So if we add all these sums we shall see that altogether the Caspian Sea receives every year more than 450 cubic kilometers of water.

How does this Sea spend its water? We know that the Caspian Sea is cut off from other seas. And we also know that if it did not spend its water the level would gradually rise; but since this does not happen, where does it spend its water?

Straight into the air. The water evaporates. But we have not yet determined where that moisture travels. Maybe the Caspian water feeds the glaciers of the Caucasus, or perhaps it descends as rain in the mountains of central Asia. Strange and unsolved are the routes of water over the earth. Somewhere in the north there is a snowfall. In the spring the snow will melt and flow into the Kama River, and from there into the Volga, and from the Volga into the Caspian Sea. Then it will rise into the air and travel to central Asia where it will fall as rain, run down the hillsides, and water the cotton fields at the foot of the hills. But this is not yet a complete route. It is only one part of an astounding journey of which we do not see the end. Everything in nature is related: the

cotton fields of central Asia, the northern swamps of Russia, the rivers of the Caucasus, the snow on the Russian plains, and the water of the Caspian Sea. Only now do we begin to recognize this close relationship between the various phenomena of nature.

The Caspian Sea does not exist. It has not existed now for a long time. When it did exist, it, like all seas, was connected with other seas. There was a strait which connected it with the Black Sea. But the surface of the earth does not remain immovable. A great upheaval took place which forced up a large area of land, thus separating the Caspian Sea from the rest of the water of the globe. The Caspian Sea ceased to be a sea and became a lake. Consequently this lake leads its own life and not the life of the ocean. All seas and oceans, being connected with one another, have one mutual account book. It is quite a different matter with a lake. A lake has to make its own ends meet. If the intake of water is less than the evaporation, a lake has no resources with which to meet the deficit. The level of the water in a sea will always remain the same as that of any other sea, whereas in a lake the level will fall. Rains will increase the size of a lake and droughts will diminish it.

When the Caspian Sea became a lake it had a deficit. The evaporation of water was much greater than the intake. The "sea" started to dry up and become shallower. The water retreated from the shores as the level fell lower and lower. But the Sea did not dry up entirely. It was lucky enough to find a balance. The smaller it grew, the less water evaporated, until finally the income and the expenditure balanced. Now it became a strange sea—a sea in name only—actually a lake. A sea whose shores are seventy-five feet below sea level. If one compares the maps of the last cen-

ture with contemporary maps, it is easy to see that the Caspian is now three feet shallower than it was even on those maps.

We are now planning to reconstruct the Volga River and the other rivers which flow into the Caspian. How will the Sea be affected by this change?

We need the Caspian Sea. We need it because of passenger and freight navigation; we need it because of the fisheries which give us more than half of all our supply of fish. If we build dams on the Volga and use its water for irrigation, the Caspian will receive about 60 cubic kilometers less water each year. And this is not a trifle when we know that the entire yearly flow into the Caspian is 450 cubic kilometers.

What will happen? The income will be cut down while the evaporation of water will remain the same. And again, as once before, the Caspian Sea will begin to shrink. However, this time it will not be because of geological changes but because of man's labor.

In ten years the level of the Caspian would fall 3 feet; in twenty years 6 feet; and in fifty years 9 feet. The sea would become shallower and shallower. But even now it is shallow enough. Even now we have to fight for every yard of depth, shovelling out silt at the mouth of the rivers and at the ports. The water would retreat from the present shore line tens of miles. Many ports would stand on dry land and it would be necessary to transport them farther out to the new shore line or to build canals. But not only our ports would suffer. In Persia now they are building a new railroad connecting the interior with the port Bendergayaz. And then this port would not be on the shore of the Sea.

Many bays and lakes connected with the sea would dry up; and it is in those shallow, quiet waters that fish spawn

and the young fish find shelter. By destroying those lakes and bays we should destroy great numbers of the fish which are so important to us. It would take 400,000 head of cattle to make up for the fish which we now get out of the Caspian. But it requires effort and labor to raise cattle, whereas fish need only to be caught.

The Kara-Boghaz Bay would be divided from the sea and dry up. The Kara-Boghaz Bay is an important source of chemicals created by nature. Here various salts used in many industries crystallize along the shores. Gloomy, dry, and salty bottom lands will appear for thousands of square miles as the Sea shrinks, and because of this the climate will become still drier and hotter.

Until now the Caspian Sea has protected the lower Volga region, the Don River steppes, and the Ukraine from the dry spells of the desert east of the Caspian. But if we decrease the surface of the Sea, this will give access for the desert winds from that region. So by irrigating the land in one place we shall improve nature while in another place we shall make a change for the worse.

But we ought not do this. We cannot afford to improve with one hand and destroy with the other. Some people might say: why should we worry about what will happen in fifty years? But we cannot calculate that way. Fifty years for a man, is a long period of time. Never before have people figured seriously on what would happen a hundred years hence. They considered only the present. And that is why people lived their lives like robbers. How much coal, iron, oil, and timber has thus been senselessly destroyed! A socialistic society must be different—a gigantic collective of men, embracing millions of people. Its life is measured not by years but by centuries. It has per-

formed a tremendous labor, similar to a real geological upheaval. There will be serious consequences if it does not calculate in advance every detail and if nature once awakened, should turn against it.

IV

In the Academy of Science hundreds of scientists were planning a solution of the problem of what should be done with the Volga and the Caspian. Work was going on in many different departments. In one department, specialists were calculating the level and the aquatory of the Caspian for tens of years ahead. (The surface of dry land is called territory, the surface of a sea, aquatory.) In another department other specialists were discussing how to preserve the fisheries in spite of the reconstruction of the Volga. In the third department chemists were deciding the fate of the Kara-Bog haz Bay. In the fourth, meteorologists were discussing the problems of climate. In the fifth, they planned dams. In the sixth, they talked about soil. In the seventh, they discussed grain.

Engineers, agriculturists, geologists, economists, physicists—all branches of science were represented. There was no hall large enough to hold everyone, so the work went on in many different buildings—in the Electrical Institute, in the Geological Institute, and in the House of Engineers.

Maps of the seas on the walls were changed to charts of rainfall and snowfall, then to drawings of dams, then new maps, new charts, new tables, new drawings.

The collective brain of hundreds of scientists solved the Volga-Caspian problem in six days. At the last assembly, one of the academicians stood on the platform and read the final resolution.

It was more like a courtroom than

an Academy meeting. Everyone was waiting to hear what the verdict would be.

There were many points in the resolution but one of the first was as follows:

"The water level of the Caspian Sea must remain unaltered."

The intake of water and the evaporation must remain equal. But how can we save the Caspian if we take so much water from the Volga for irrigation and water supply? The resolution explained this also: the water taken away must be replaced by feeding the Volga with water from neighboring rivers. But which rivers?

In the south there is a shortage of water. In the north there is abundance. In the south we have droughts and in the north endless rains. In the south there are steppes and deserts, and in the north, swamps. The northern rivers carry the unused water into the Polar Ocean and the White Sea. What will happen if we correct nature and take some of the water from the northern rivers and direct it into the Volga?

Engineer Nikolsky had a scheme for accomplishing this. In the north the course of the Volga runs very close to the Onega, Sukhona, Vytchegda, and Pechora Rivers. These four rivers, all taken together, have as much water as the Volga. They could easily be connected with the Volga by canals. The watershed is not steep and the ground is soft.

But it is not enough to connect the rivers; it is necessary to be able to regulate the flow of water, forcing it to run in whichever direction it is needed. To do this we must build huge reservoirs, one where the Pechora and Kama will join and the other at the juncture of the Kama and the Vytchegda.

To do this the upper reaches of these rivers will have to be dammed, after

which the lakes thus created should be connected by a canal. From such a reservoir it will be possible to direct the flow out in the direction where it is needed. Thus we shall tame the rivers by reducing them in the spring and by raising their water level in summer.

We shall regulate the lakes also: the three northern lakes which appear on the map like a chain, one under the other, Lache, Voji, and Kubenskoie. These lakes will be connected in one system with an outlet into the Volga, through the Kostroma and Sheksna Rivers. Thus we shall have a huge triple water reservoir which we can use not only for the Volga but for the Sukhona and Onega Rivers, although undoubtedly the Volga will require most of the water.

This will give the Volga not only additional water but it will give it depth and connect it with the north. Then it will produce more energy for power, utilizing water which before was wasted.

The northern rivers will supply the Volga with a great deal of water but still it will not be sufficient. Therefore, Engineer Riesenkauf suggested that we take more water from the Volga's closest neighbor—the Don River. There is one place where the Don River runs very close to the Volga. Here a canal should be built which will serve two purposes—to carry water to the Volga and for navigation.

But while considering the needs of the Volga, we have no right to forget the Don. How would this affect the Don? We need the Don for navigation, for fisheries, for the water supply of towns and factories, and for irrigation. We must calculate how much water to keep and how much we can afford to give away. The Don River will also have its own account book. The Don's income is 22 cubic kilometers. Its expenditure is 8 cubic

kilometers. Thus we see that we can give 14 cubic kilometers of water to the Volga without robbing the Don.

But how can we stop the flow of the Don into the Sea of Azov and turn it into the Caspian Sea? The resolution says by constructing a tremendous dam out of stone and sand we can create there a large lake—a water reservoir. And this is precisely what we need, because from this reservoir we shall be able to direct the flow of water in whichever direction it is needed. The two canals will divide this water between the Don and the Volga, and the canal into the Volga will bifurcate to permit some of the water to run south into the valley of the River Sarpa which will irrigate the steppes.

The Sarpa River, located in the Kalmik region, has a good flow in spring but in the hot summer is only a dry bed. It is one of those rivers which is marked by a dotted line on the map. We shall reverse the process: instead of the Kalmik steppes feeding this river, we shall make the Sarpa feed the steppes through an irrigating system. Thus we improve on nature.

Now what shall we have? There will be a complete network of rivers, canals, and reservoirs. Out of the Don Reservoir, the water will be sent toward the Volga through a canal. The first branch of this canal will permit part of the water to flow back into the Don, and the second branch will carry part of the water to the Sarpa. At both places we shall build power stations which will send energy east of the Volga to pump the water for the irrigation system. Thus with one key we open four locks: we create a water route between the Don and the Volga, we get power to pump the water for the irrigation system, we supply water to the Kalmik steppes and to the Caspian Sea. But there is also a fifth lock: we shall improve the Don River.

The Don is a real steppe river, restless and turbulent. It is called the quiet Don, perhaps for a joke. Seldom is it quiet or shallow; often it is very boisterous. How disastrous the quiet Don can be in spring when it overflows its banks! It has happened at times during the spring rains that in its lower reaches the level of the quiet Don rises fifty feet! The natives will not forget for a long time the flood of 1926, when the river broke into the fields, washed away the top soil, and left behind hopeless swamps. After every flood the channel of the Don River changes its course, twisting from side to side, making it constantly necessary to deepen the new channel for navigation.

To tame the Don we need a curb, and the dam creating a lake will be this curb. However, this one dam might not be sufficient to stop all the spring flood of water, and we may have to build other dams higher up the river. Only in this way shall we be able to regulate the flow of the quiet Don.

And when we have done all this then the Don will really become a quiet Don: its banks will be saved from yearly floods and navigation will be possible as high as Voronezh.

We intended to reconstruct the Volga River, but it means that we shall reconstruct all the large rivers of our country. The Volga, Don, Pechora, Sukhona, Onega, and Vytchegda—all will be connected in one tremendous water system, joining the Caspian, the Black, the White, and the Polar Seas. It is clear that one cannot reconstruct one bit of nature without affecting others. Because in nature everything is related.

V

With the water from the Don we have saved the Caspian Sea from drying up. But let us see, maybe the Sea

of Azov, into which the Don flows, will suffer from this.

All of our seas belong to one household and we do not wish to sacrifice one sea in order to save another.

But this plan will not affect the Azov, because it is a real sea, connected with the Black Sea by the Kertch Strait. And thus sufficient water will be replenished by the Black Sea.

So everything is in order? No, not quite. The sea is thickly inhabited by fish, clams, and crabs. They are all fed by what the Don River carries into the sea. So what will happen if their food supply is cut down to one-third of what it was? Undoubtedly there will be hunger under the water.

And there will be another difficulty. The Black Sea will supply the Sea of Azov with salt water, which will doubtless kill many fish unaccustomed to salt. The Sea of Azov is a shelter—a sanitarium, so to speak—for many fish from the Black Sea. Every spring through the Kertch Strait arrive shoals of fish from the Black Sea for recuperation. If the supply of food is cut down and the water of Azov becomes saltier, it will greatly affect the native fish as well as these visitors.

Such things have happened before under the sea. Geological changes separating two seas have caused the complete destruction of certain varieties of fish. And now we are on the verge of bringing this about with our own hands. We are ready to destroy not only the fish but the fisheries—the source of income of the surrounding population.

But there is a means of preventing this. We can call on the Dnieper River to help dilute the Sea of Azov. But how? The Dnieper is over one hundred miles distant from the Sea of Azov. To dig such a tremendously long canal to feed the fish would be a little irrational. There is another scheme: to direct the water from the

Dnieper along the shore of the Black Sea through estuaries, bays, and lagoons. We need only to separate them from the sea by small dams and build a short canal in one place: namely, to cut through the Perekop Isthmus. In this way the fresh water from the Dnieper will flow parallel with the Black Sea into the Sea of Azov. This will also be a connecting link in the water route between the Dnieper and the Don. Oil ships from Baku (the Caspian Sea) would not need to enter the stormy Black Sea but could go through the Volga, the Don, and into the Dnieper.

Besides that, the Dnieper water will do another good deed. It will irrigate the dry land of northern Crimea where the soil is even richer than along the Volga and where it needs only water to be productive.

But the next question is, what will happen to the Dnieper? Maybe it will turn out to be necessary to borrow water somewhere else in order to pour it into the Dnieper? And so there would be no end to the story.

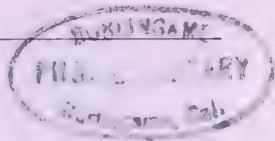
Fortunately, this is not so. The end is in sight. We shall take from the Dnieper only a small quantity of its water, about 10 per cent. And we shall take it at the mouth of the river where actually the Dnieper does not need its water any more.

Now let us glance at this whole tremendous project with its various water systems, power stations, reservoirs, and irrigation systems. The whole chain is the project of the Great Volga which was discussed in the Academy of Science in the Fall of 1933.

There are still innumerable things to be planned, estimated, and gone into before the Great Volga will be constructed. But this project is not a fairy tale.

While I am writing this page, trucks are passing in front of my window with big letters on their sides—"Sverd-Volga Construction." That means that they are already at work on the middle Volga.

To-day in a newspaper I read several articles on the Yaroslavl and Perm dams, and the Moscow-Volga Canal which has to be built first. All this is part of the Great Volga project. But the Great Volga is only one link in the reconstruction of nature in our country. I could tell you about other links, about the Angara and Yenisei Rivers, or about the irrigation of the Kulundinsk Steppes by the Ob River, or about the gigantic Kuma-Manitch water route which will connect the Caspian Sea with other seas and which would restore the connecting link between the seas, destroyed millions of years ago.



A MURDER HAS BEEN ARRANGED

THE STORY OF THE ROSENTHAL-BECKER CASE

BY RANSOM McCARTHY

IF you had been in New York on the night of Monday, the 15th of July, 1912, it is possible that you might have sought relief from the overpowering heat in the café of the Hotel Metropole on West 43d Street. You will perhaps recall the ripple of interest that stirred the café when Herman Rosenthal, the proprietor of the gambling house two blocks above, came in just after midnight. The gambler had a copy of the first edition of the *World* in his hand and very clearly was in an agitated frame of mind. You might have noticed his nervousness, but if you did not understand the cause there were plenty in the café who could have told you. Two days before, distracted by a quarrel with the police, the gambler had committed the unpardonable sin. He had permitted to appear in that same *World* a long affidavit charging Police Lieutenant Charles Becker of the Strong Arm Squad with persecution after protection money had been paid. Now the underworld seethed and those on its fringes were waiting to see what would happen. That was the reason why the gambler's dark eyes were troubled and why he was so subdued. As he sat at a table talking with his friends his voice rose plaintively, "You think I did right, don't you?"

Did you wonder who the people were roundabout who watched Rosenthal out of the corners of their eyes? We know now who some of them were, but

not all. They too were waiting and wondering. You could not know of course that people were walking up and down outside, watching through the windows. You could not know that one by one the cabs on the rank in front of the hotel were dispatched on errands that would keep them away—and the street clear—for a long, long time. You did not know that passersby had been suddenly shoved and advised to keep moving. You didn't know that, an hour or so before, a man with a completely bald head and drooping eyelids that had no lashes had started north in a car with two companions from Tom Sharkey's bar on 14th Street, had driven far uptown, and there had rung the bell of a man named Frank Cirofici. He was addressed as Dago Frank, but that name would have meant nothing to you then. Or would it? You would not have seen the car start downtown again, through the hot dark streets, and come to a halt at 6th Avenue and 42d Street, where three men were waiting on the corner. Some of these things may have been dimly suspected by one Boob Walker who sat at a nearby table or by Mr. and Mrs. Reisler who were drinking and listening to the music; but if they did suspect they did not show it.

All this while you were probably getting as near to the electric fans in the café as you could and perhaps were talking about the Bull Moose cam-

paign, just getting under way, or what the election odds were on the New Jersey college president. You didn't see that group of men from the car go in the building on the corner of 42d Street and climb the stairs to Bridgie Weber's poker club. You didn't hear another car stop in the street below, on its way uptown from the box fight at the old Madison Square Garden, nor see a loud-mouthed man in a police uniform saying good-night to a gambler who got out of the car.

But presently maybe you did see a short, stocky man come into the café from the street, run his eye round the room, and then move past Rosenthal's table. "Hello, Herman," the man said. "Hello, Bridgie," was the reply. The stocky man did not stop but made his way out of the café again and disappeared. Across the way Mr. Coupe, the night clerk of the Elks Club, was standing in the doorway, looking toward the Metropole.

Then presently down the block from Sixth Avenue came a gray touring car bearing five men. The driver stopped the car by the stage door of the Cohan Theatre, opposite the hotel and, in obedience to an order from one of his passengers, turned the car round. At just that instant a man entered the café and came over to Rosenthal.

"There's someone outside who wants to see you, Herman."

Rosenthal dropped his paper, put down a dollar for the last round of drinks, and moved to the door with the man close behind. If at that moment—at 1:56 Tuesday morning—something had told you to go over to the café windows, this is what you would have seen: The gambler stood on the steps under the canopy lights, peering out into the street. Suddenly the man who stood behind Rosenthal put up his hand. And then, in answer, springing from the car, came the four assassins. Without a word they closed in upon the gam-

bler and fired. He swayed, stretched out a hand for support, and then collapsed on the sidewalk. The next instant the men had turned to make their getaway and in a moment the car had roared off into the darkness. But not before Charles Gallagher, a cabaret singer who was passing by, had seen the license plate—41313 N. Y. One other man had seen the number—Mr. Coupe, the night clerk at the Elks across the way.

From Times Square and Sixth Avenue people came running, there were shouts and screams, and in no time the street was jammed. Round and round milled the crowd, swaying back and forth about the dead man who lay under the canopy lights in a pool of blood, his nose and cheek torn away in a ghastly wound. While he lay there and people came and went away again, the extras had reached the scene and beside his very body the newsboys were shrieking, "All about the big murder! Rosenthal shot dead on the street!" If you were not aware that Mr. and Mrs. Reisler had quietly set off to warn Mrs. Rosenthal, perhaps you did see a man lean over the body and say, "Hello, Herman," and then look up and smile. Did you guess that you had witnessed a murder that had been planned for weeks, and that involved many people—one of the strangest, most spectacular murders in our history?

II

The police were a long time in coming—it was afterward remarked that this was strange since there were no fewer than five patrolmen within a few rods—but they showed up at last. The body, which had been covered with a tablecloth from the café, was picked up and carried away to the station house on West 47th Street. Upon discovering this, Mr. Gallagher went thither also, like a good citizen, to turn in

the license-plate number. His public spirit was rewarded by his being instantly hustled into a cell. If you have ever seen the West 47th Street station house you will understand how depressing on a summer night such treatment would be. Mr. Coupe of the Elks Club was more prudent; he left the country immediately. As for Mr. Considine, the proprietor of the Metropole, he watched the crowd finally melt away. With a disconsolate heart he surveyed the blood-stained sidewalk and cursed his luck—for he rightly guessed that his hotel was ruined.

While all this was going on, a *World* reporter who knew District Attorney Whitman had called that worthy on the telephone, routing him out of his bed. The defender of the public weal was told in scorching phrases what had happened. Opportunity was knocking at Mr. Whitman's door and, urged on by the impetuous reporter, the official made haste. Pitching on his clothes, the District Attorney hurried uptown. At 3:25 in the morning—an hour and twenty-nine minutes after the murder—he appeared at the station house in front of the astonished police and took charge of the investigation.

Instantly he demanded that Mr. Gallagher be released. How strange it was that the cabaret singer's number proved to be the right one while six others turned in by the police were wrong. Before dawn the car was found, its engine still hot, in a garage near Washington Square. The chauffeur, powerfully disturbed, was snatched from his bed hard by a few minutes later.

Meantime, informed of the murder by a mysterious telephone call, Police Lieutenant Becker was on his way downtown from the Bronx. At 4:25, just an hour after the District Attorney's arrival, the Lieutenant appeared at the station house. There, the body of the gambler in a back room,

the two confronted each other. The Lieutenant was forty-two years old, a tall, thick-set, red-faced gendarme, head of the Strong Arm Squad, lord over the gamblers and the bawdy-house madams, used to loud talk, golden-oak living and horse laughter, a robber baron in a small way, buying building lots and accumulating large bank accounts on a salary of twenty-two hundred dollars a year. Facing him was Whitman, forty-four years old, a lawyer, and former judge, accustomed to the traps and runways of the law where the Lieutenant was familiar with the more primitive methods of the knuckles and the bludgeon. Did they know at that moment as they looked at each other that they were deadly enemies? The long and relentless pursuit of the Lieutenant by the District Attorney had begun. But daylight was breaking and the final triumph of the lawyer and the death of the policeman were yet three years off. There were other demands at hand.

Away went the District Attorney from the station house and down to the darkened gambling house on West 45th Street where the hysterical widow was weeping and wringing her hands. The Lieutenant quietly set about some errands of his own. Still other interested persons were also moving—out of town. Then it was morning and the newspapers were in full cry.

It may be of interest to recall a little of the background of the case. That the police of New York were graft-soaked and that they preyed upon the underworld—the gamblers, the thugs, the prostitutes, and the gangsters—was well known. It is a habit that American police have. Law enforcement was largely reserved for the small fry—drunks, panhandlers, agitators, strike picketers, and sleepers on park benches. The *World* never tired of delving into the workings of this "System," an expression still so new that it always ap-

peared in quotes. We had not yet come to describe a whole economic and social order as a system. In this system Rosenthal had a place and, like the rest of his kind, had bought protection. More than this, he had charged in his affidavit that Becker had been a partner in the gambling house. A quarrel had broken out and before it was over Rosenthal's house had been raided and a patrolman put on guard night and day. Squeezed to the wall, the gambler feverishly determined to revenge himself. He haunted the Mayor's office, he tried to talk to the Commissioner of Police, to a judge and other officials. He had even got the ear of the District Attorney, but without result. Then, on the invitation of a reporter, he had given his affidavit to the *World* and dragged the fight into the open. This changed the situation and the District Attorney listened. An hour was set for the gambler's appearance before the Grand Jury, but before the morning came the gunmen had found their quarry and the desperate witness was silenced forever.

Round the town rumors were flying. The lid was about to crack and no one could tell what reputations would survive. The gamblers were in a fever of apprehension over their livelihood and their safety. With shutters up and green tables covered, they waited while the city bubbled and heaved. The stool pigeons were busy, the Tombs churned with excitement, and the public swallowed up extras by the thousand. Where were the gunmen? What were the police doing? *Who was responsible for the killing?* With all its canvas spread, the story sailed onto the front page, there to stay for many weeks. In the words of one newspaper, it was the "most wonderful crime story this town has ever heard."

From the very first Becker, and after him the police department, were regarded as suspect if not actually guilty.

This suspicion was not allayed by the District Attorney. "I charge that the police permitted the murder and deliberately allowed the murderer to escape," he declared. "There were five policemen there—one of them only ten or twelve feet away—when this crime was committed. Others were twenty feet away and so on, but not one of them attempted to draw his revolver or do anything that a policeman would naturally do under the circumstances."

The police squirmed under these charges and quietly moved Lieutenant Becker into the background. It was useless. The excited public had less interest in the gunmen, whoever they were, than in the Lieutenant. He at once issued a statement to the effect that he had been "shocked" by the murder and had no idea who the guilty wretches were.

The efforts of the police to protect themselves were answered with thunder from the District Attorney. "I accuse the Police Department of New York," declared the prosecutor, "through certain members of it with having murdered Herman Rosenthal. Either directly or indirectly it was because of them that he was slain in cold blood with never a chance for his life." From this time on there was scarcely a day when Mr. Whitman was unwilling to take the reporters into his innermost confidence. Was not the city at the mercy of thugs, was not the underworld being turned loose on a helpless metropolis? What a spectacle, my masters! What were the well-bred—and well-to-do—to do? Duty called him, duty called all upright citizens, and the voice of duty must, should, and would be obeyed. This touched Rhinelander Waldo, the gently bred, career-man Police Commissioner, to the very quick. He wrote—and gave to the reporters of course—a scorching letter to Mr. Whitman. The District Attorney took high ground at this and upbraided the Com-

missioner for "the insulting tone of your letter." Never had virtue seemed to flourish so vigorously. A mass meeting at Cooper Union received the public defender with frenzied applause and heard him say that "the murder of Rosenthal is a challenge to our very civilization."

These tactics, especially where Lieutenant Becker was concerned, were ably seconded and embellished by the newspapers. Becker's none too rosy career was carefully overhauled. He was known as a plug-ugly and had a reputation for brutality in making arrests. He had been particularly active in the jailing of women charged with soliciting—the graft snoopers were especially interested in this—and had once got himself into hot water for arresting a woman who turned out to be the wife of a silk manufacturer of Paterson. Not long after, he had been awarded a medal for jumping into the Hudson at West 10th Street and rescuing one James Butler. This was well enough, but Mr. Butler spoiled the story later on by swearing that Becker had paid him fifteen dollars to fall into the river and permit himself to be rescued. Bull-headed, loud-talking, and quarrelsome, Becker had been led by his ambition in 1901 to raid a series of saloons which were under the protection of a Captain in the department. At once Becker was disciplined for poaching on the domain of a superior. But he survived it all and prospered, became a Lieutenant in 1907, and in June, 1911, succeeding to the command of the Strong Arm Squad, found himself viceroy of the underworld. Then the bank accounts began.

All this interesting information and more sufficed to fill the papers for Tuesday and Wednesday, but by then it seemed as though something ought to be in hand. Mr. Whitman ignored the police. Aided by William J. Burns

and others, he was carrying on his own investigation with funds supplied by prominent citizens. Hot and cold by turns, clammy with uncertainty, headquarters were in a state of jitters. Lieutenant Becker was assigned to clerical work; various gamblers were solemnly interviewed. Nothing happened. Hourly the police promised vital information, but it was not forthcoming. Then Shapiro, the driver of the murder car, began to talk. It was as though a switch had been thrown, setting the whole machinery of the story into motion.

On Thursday there quietly appeared at headquarters the man who proved to be the star witness of the case, Jack Rose, otherwise Jacob Rosenzweig, otherwise Baldy Jack, otherwise Billiard Ball Jack Rose. Rose had no hair on his dead white skull, he had neither eyebrows nor eyelashes, but he lacked neither wits nor a passion for dress. "Unrecognized" by the police, he asked for Commissioner Waldo, failed to find him, and went away. Half an hour later he returned and this time was put under arrest. He admitted blandly that he had hired the car but had used it to go uptown to see his brother-in-law. Later on, coming downtown, he had heard of the murder. He knew Becker but hadn't set eyes on him for two months. He denied the report that he was the Lieutenant's graft collector and declared Becker to be an honest, upright man. "I haven't," he said, "the remotest idea why or by whom Rosenthal was murdered." After he had made his statement he was taken—resplendent in gray suit, gray silk shirt, and gray tie—to Mr. Whitman, who received him with open arms. Soon Mr. Bridgie Weber, the well-to-do proprietor of the poker club at Sixth Avenue and 42d Street, began to be spoken of again, and with him one Harry Vallon, a gambler also and an intimate friend of Rose. Both were

arrested. Like Rose, they had excellent alibis.

But these alibis proved very frail affairs because of the steady leak of information from Shapiro, the driver of the murder car. Barely had the chauffeur been arrested when Mr. Aaron J. Levy, a politician of some note, came forward as his counsel. Though it developed that he had not been involved in the plot, as a common carrier he had come uncomfortably close. It was Shapiro's statement that Rose had hired the car that forced the pallid poker player to give himself up. Levy was endeavoring to strike a bargain with the District Attorney that would allow his client to turn state's evidence and gain immunity. Mr. Whitman was wary and so, day by day, Mr. Levy told a little more. It developed that Shapiro's partner was an acquaintance of one Big Jack Zelig, the boss of an East Side gang. It was revealed that directly after the shooting, as the gunmen dashed back to the car, one of them had knocked Shapiro on the head with the butt of his revolver and had yelled, "Go on, you bastard! The cops are all fixed; nobody will bother us. It's a clean getaway." The Police Department didn't seem especially happy about all this.

On Saturday the *World* contained the three following items of interest:

1. Lieutenant Becker had attended a prize fight at the old Madison Square Garden on the night of the murder. He stated that he had driven uptown, after the prize fight, in a borrowed automobile with Jack Sullivan, a gambler. He had dropped Mr. Sullivan at 6th Avenue and 42nd Street at 1:30 a.m. and then had proceeded home to the Bronx.

2. Jack Rose stated that he had left his automobile (Mr. Shapiro's cab) at 6th Avenue and 42nd Street at 1:30 a.m.

3. The gray car, driven by Shapiro and carrying the four gunmen, stopped in front of the Metropole at 1:40.

These three items are of even greater interest when it is recalled that Sulli-

van happened by the Metropole immediately after the shooting, that Bridgie Weber's poker rooms were at the corner of Sixth Avenue and 42d, and that it was none other than Mr. Weber himself who, a few minutes before 1:40, passed through the Metropole Café and greeted Herman Rosenthal.

On Saturday, the 20th of July, the Police Department began to hedge. The Deputy Commissioner admitted "considering the possibility that Becker may have had knowledge of the plan." Rose, now jailed, every day handed the District Attorney a fresh supply of sensation. On the evening of the murder he had gone with one Charles Plitt to the home of Dora Gilbert, Rosenthal's divorced wife, to secure her signature to an affidavit about the gambler's moral delinquencies. Becker had proposed to use this, Rose said, as defense against Rosenthal's charges in the *World*. On Tuesday, July 23d, the District Attorney announced, "I'd give anybody immunity if he could give us the real culprit and this goes for Weber . . . Shapiro . . . yes, for Rose too. That ought to be plain enough."

It certainly was plain enough; they wanted the *real culprit*. Two days later came a huge story that gave to the world four names that now are a part of our history: "WANTED FOR MURDER: LEFTY LOUIE, DAGO FRANK, WHITEY LEWIS, AND GYP THE BLOOD." A certain Sam Schepps, intimate friend of the Messrs. Rose, Weber, and Vallon, was also wanted, but it took some days to find him enjoying the waters in Hot Springs, Arkansas. On the same day that this story appeared Lieutenant Becker was invited to come before the Grand Jury and testify. He didn't come.

That very night Dago Frank Cirofici, the gunman, was found in an opium stupor in a Harlem flat. Instantly Shapiro made a complete confession which destroyed the alibis of Rose,

Weber, and Vallon. The next morning the entire front page of the *World* was devoted to the joint confession of the three gamblers. Among them, they declared, they had planned the murder of Rosenthal at Lieutenant Becker's express command. They had devised the whole scheme and had hired the gunmen, assuring the killers that the Lieutenant had arranged that the coast be clear for the murder and that not a single cop would raise a finger. The last doubts about Becker were swept away and he was at once arrested, formally charged with the murder, and speedily indicted. The gamblers' confession, for which a bargain had been struck, brought immunity with it, and they were slated to appear as the State's chief witnesses.

In the midst of this excitement the hunt for the other three gunmen went on simultaneously with an investigation of police graft. One cesspool after another was uncovered. Becker was reported to have banked \$58,845 in nine months. Others were involved, and the heads of police officials were being lopped off, left and right. Apparently there was no end to sensation. Within a week after Dago Frank's arrest, the café proprietor who had informed on him was shot to death. The city was in tumult as one by one the gunmen were gathered in and the day approached for the bloody assize.

III

It is necessary to pause for a moment at this point to make clear the relations between the gamblers, the gangsters, and the police. The principal gambling district of New York began in the neighborhood of West 33d Street and ran north, on either side of Broadway, to 59th. With houses running wide open, the income from protection was large. Five hundred dollars to open and three hundred dollars a month to

operate was the protection demanded for a house where roulette, faro, and so on were played. The small fry on the force were sweetened with an occasional ten- or twenty-dollar bill. Poker clubs, a little lower in the scale, cost from fifty to a hundred dollars a month in graft, with crap games a little higher at fifty to two hundred and fifty a month.

It was about this time that the Broadway gamblers began doing business with the gangsters. These boys also had close police connections and strong political friends. On election days they were invaluable. Big Jack Zelig was one of the leading gangster chiefs of the time. He dealt in violence of all sorts and had a price list which, according to Herbert Asbury, ran as follows:

slash on cheek with knife	\$1-\$10
shot in leg	\$1-\$25
shot in arm	\$5-\$25
bomb	\$5-\$50
murder	\$10-\$100

with prices slightly higher for very dangerous work. As Zelig's business grew he began to form alliances with the proprietors of Broadway gambling houses, furnishing gunmen for their protection, black-jacking rival proprietors, or informing against them. Or it might work the other way. Honest John Kelly was supposed to have paid Zelig considerable sums just to keep his thugs out of the place.

These forays naturally caused a good deal of acrimony. Rosenthal, a year or so before he moved to West 45th Street, had been interested in a gambling house on the East Side and had become embroiled with Bridgie Weber. Waylaid and beaten up by two of Zelig's men, Weber laid the attack at Rosenthal's door and, whether true or not, the result was that for some time Rosenthal was under the displeasure of both gamblers and police. It was this bad feeling that was made so much of

later in Becker's defense. But there was a final complication. It developed that Zelig had quarrelled with the police and shortly before the murder was in the Tombs on a charge (framed by Lieutenant Becker, it was claimed) of carrying concealed weapons. Then Becker had sprung him and the enraged gambler realized that he had been put in a position where favors could be asked and exacted. The four gunmen who did the deed—Lefty Louie, Dago Frank, Whitey Lewis, and Gyp the Blood—were all Zelig's men. Still boiling with rage, the gangster testified before the Grand Jury that indicted Becker, and it was announced that the Czar would appear as a witness at the Lieutenant's trial. But his chance never came. Just as the trial was about to open, Zelig was killed!

IV

Shortly before noon on Monday, October 7, 1912, Lieutenant Becker was brought to trial before the venerable Justice Goff in an Extraordinary Term of the Criminal Branch of the Supreme Court, especially convened by Governor Dix. For the accused: John F. McIntyre, the famous criminal lawyer, assisted by a string of seconds. For "the people": Charles S. Whitman, District Attorney of New York County and his Assistant, Frank Moss.

Before a jury of married men—Becker had insisted on this—appeared a series of witnesses called by the State in rapid succession. Waiters, bystanders, cab drivers, and hangers-on described the scene in West 43d Street on that breathless, bloody night. The courtroom shivered when a cab driver, who had a stand near the Metropole, collapsed in terror as the four gunmen were led in to be identified. Then, with the circumstances of the murder fresh in mind, the prosecution called

their ace, Jack Rose, the "best poker player in town."

Dressed in a dark-blue suit with braided edges, his patent-leather shoes glittering, the gambler, "shaved to the blood," appeared from the Tombs. Impassive, deathly quiet, his bald head shining and lashless eyelids lowered, he took the stand and was sworn. Softly, so softly that the spectators had to lean forward and cup their ears to hear, he told how, falling upon hard times, he had become the Lieutenant's graft collector. He described the nature of the business dealings between Becker and Rosenthal and the outbreak of the quarrel. In the same dead monotone, he told of the enraged Rosenthal's attempts to see various officials and Becker's dread of what might happen if the gambler got to the District Attorney.

The witness's voice rose and the audience realized that something was about to happen. Becker sat with his counsel, face drawn, "his eyes sunk within blue rings."

Becker said to me: "There is only one thing to do with a fellow like Rosenthal, just stop him so that he will not bother anybody any more for all time." . . . I says, "What do you mean?" and he said, "There is a fellow I would like to have croaked." "Why, Charlie," I says, "there is other ways of handling Rosenthal. . . ."

Rose's voice became shriller and shriller until, as he described the end of this interview, he almost screamed:

"Nothing [Becker said] for that man but taken off this earth. Have him murdered, cut his throat, dynamited or . . . anything."

Then he described how, at Becker's behest, he had visited the gunmen, told them that Rosenthal's death was fixed and that they were to do the job. Complete protection was promised if they consented, but if they did not the Lieutenant would see that they were framed and sent up. They consented.

This conversation was supposed to have occurred sometime in June. The murder was done on the 16th of July. In the time between came the repeated postponements of the killing, the reasons for which were never made clear by Rose or any other witness. Day after day went by, Rose said, with Becker growing more exasperated at the delay. Finally, in order to get action, Becker suggested that Bridgie Weber, the poker club proprietor, be brought in. Rose said that he consented and that a few nights later Becker, Rose, Vallon, Weber, and Sam Schepps, Rose's hanger-on and shadow, met at a vacant lot far uptown. Upon this meeting the case really turned. Schepps, Rose said, had not been present at the discussion, but had waited nearby. He had seen but not heard. He knew nothing of the plot though he spent his time with Rose and went about every day with the conspirators. He was the corroborating witness and nothing more.

At the meeting, Rose said, Weber consented to take the murder in hand and a few nights later sent the gunmen to shoot Rosenthal as he emerged from the Garden Restaurant. They were dissuaded by Rose, who thought he saw a Burns man at the door. The next day, he said, Becker frothed at the mouth. "Walk up and shoot him in front of a policeman. There ain't nothing to fear."

Then on July 14th came the publication of Rosenthal's affidavit in the *World* and further delay was impossible. The next morning—the 15th—Becker telephoned to Rose, "Now there is still time. To-night is the time and it will just fit. It will look like the gamblers did it on account of his threatened squeal." That evening Rose, in company with Vallon, Schepps, and Charles Plitt, Becker's press agent, drove to the house of Dora Gilbert, Rosenthal's divorced wife, to

get the affidavit about the gambler's doubtful morals. This was accomplished with the aid of a good deal of champagne, and the party adjourned. From Tom Sharkey's bar, said Rose, he telephoned for Shapiro's car and, taking Vallon and Schepps with him, drove uptown to call for Dago Frank Cirofici. The other three gunmen had been warned already and had met the Shapiro cab when it came back to Weber's poker club at Sixth Avenue and 42d Street.

While Shapiro waited outside, this congress of choice spirits sat down at a table for refreshment. Weber went out and a few minutes later came back and gave his guests the fateful message: "Rosenthal is at the Metropole." The hour and moment for the man's death had come. At once the four gunmen got up and went out. Too late now to back out, too late for anything but to live through an eternity for word to come that the job was done and the gunmen gone. The word came. Sick with apprehension, Rose said that he went over to the Times Building and called his master on the telephone to announce the death of the Lieutenant's enemy. Becker told him that he knew it already, Rose said, and was on his way downtown. In the first gray light of the hot morning they met in the deserted street outside Bridgie's, and when Becker said that he had seen Whitman at the station house, Rose's heart sank.

And then Rose hesitated an instant, asking, "May I use that word?" "I want you to use the very words," instructed Mr. Moss, and Rose obeying, continued: "Becker said: 'It was a pleasing sight to me to look and see that squealing Jew there, and if it was not for the presence of District Attorney Whitman I would have reached down and cut his tongue out and hung it up somewhere as a warning to future squealers.'"

A gasp arose from the spellbound listeners in the courtroom, for Rose's voice had in its tone all the venom he could impart

to it. His eyes glittered but his always expressionless face never changed.

It was the face of Lieutenant Becker into which came sudden lines, splotches of color, where the blood receded from some veins and rushed pounding through others. Becker looked like a wreck of the strong man who had entered the courtroom, but it was not the collapse of a man who has given way. Rather his appearance seemed to result from an actual breaking down of the flesh, a collapse purely physical, for from his eyes blazed forth the same defiance with which he had first faced Billiard Ball Jack.

The next day, distracted with fear, Rose said that he met Lefty Louie and gave him a thousand dollars from Becker to divide among the four. Then he went into hiding at the house of a friend. There Becker telephoned him and asked him to go downtown and see the Lieutenant's lawyer.

I said, "What, with two hundred cops looking for me, go down to Broad Street?" Becker said, "Well, I'm doing this, ain't I? I wouldn't care if the whole department was looking for you." I said, "Well, I don't feel well anyway."

Becker finally sent his lawyer to Rose, asking for an affidavit describing the various deals with Rosenthal.

I said, "This is a rather poor time for any such things about affidavits or things like that, Charlie. A man murdered and they are already beginning to talk and pointing at you and pointing at me and everybody else. What's the use of affidavits now?"

So the State finished with Rose and handed the witness over to the defense for cross-examination.

Hour after hour went by in the inquisition, but Rose, so soft, so quiet, watching from under his eyebrowless eyes, moved like a cat through McIntyre's ambushes. Finally the defense, in a state of exhaustion, begged for adjournment. The white-haired judge would have none of it; the night was still young, there were hours ahead for further cross-examination. The

Justice did not propose to hold the witness over another day. Wrathfully the defense recommenced until at last, unable to endure the strain longer, McIntyre capitulated. Unruffled and still impassive, Rose looked for a long moment at Becker and then suffered himself to be led back to the Tombs.

The sensation of Rose's testimony had not subsided when Weber and Vallon were produced. Step by step, the prosecution took Weber through a story that buttressed and confirmed all that Rose had said. At one point in the cross-examination of Weber came this:

Question: When you went to the Metropole and found Rosenthal there on the night he was shot, did you put your arm around his neck and say, "Herman, I'm your friend."

Answer: I did not. . . .

Q: Did you speak to him at all when you went around there?

A: I did.

Q: What did you say?

A: I said: "Hello, Herman."

Q: In a friendly voice?

A: Yes.

Q: And at that moment you knew he was going to be murdered?

A: (Weber swallowed hard and blinked) I did. . . .

Q: What did you say when you returned?

A: Only "Rosenthal is in the Metropole." Then all the men rushed out.

Q: Did you try to restrain them in any way?

A: I did not.

Q: Did you know that they were going to the Metropole to shoot him to death?

A: Yes.

The testimony of Vallon was in general similar to the stories told by Rose and Weber. He too had stayed behind at Weber's when the gunmen departed, he said, but unable to stand the strain, had crept out and, from a distance, had seen the killing accomplished and the murder car make its getaway. He was not so generous, however, as Weber, who testified that he had sent Mrs. Rosenthal fifty dollars toward the funeral expenses.

After the three accomplices had done, the indispensable Sam Schepps was produced. Despite the mountain of loathsome detail which the prosecution had piled up, it was almost worthless without the testimony of this vain little man, blinking and winking behind his glasses, a gnat buzzing about in the company of dragon flies. He was to provide the corroboration which the law required before the confessions of the accomplices would be worth anything as evidence against Becker. The jury must be convinced that this flip-pant, half-cowering, half-swaggering man, Rose's "lobby-gow" and errand boy, an "enlarger of portraits" and a worshipper of vaudeville actors, race track touts, and gamblers, could possibly have spent his time in the company of three master black-legs and still have no knowledge of the murder. It was a ticklish thing. From being terrified within an inch of his life, he grew bolder and became an insufferable strutter. During his first half day on the stand he was so supercilious and so insolent that the prosecution, watching the jury, trembled for their case. At the noon recess he was "lectured brown on both sides" and returned, meek and humble, to the box from which he finally emerged, having successfully outwitted the defense throughout the cross-examination.

Schepps was one of a large and interested company who testified that they had been placidly drinking soda at various fountains about Times Square at the moment the murder occurred. Hearing the shots, Schepps had hurried to the Metropole, he said, and had seen the body. Across the street, on the steps of the Elks Club, he found Vallon, who could not keep away from the place of killing. The two stood there, looking on helplessly until they could stand no more. Then, in search of refuge, they went away to bed.

Multitudes of less important wit-

nesses, most of them with fly-blown pasts, completed a damning indictment of Becker. To be sure the attempt to go into Becker's bank accounts was frustrated by the defense, which contended that such testimony "might tend to establish bribery and extortion" and that, since Becker was not charged with these things but with murder, the testimony could only inflame and prejudice the jury. Though the contention was sustained, the battle over it did Becker no good. So the State rested at last and the defense took up their super-human task.

Day after day the papers had speculated about what Becker would say when he took the stand. Was it possible that the bottom of this well of murder and corruption would ever be reached? While the public waited for Becker, other witnesses crowded on. Chief among them was Jack Sullivan, the gambler, who had spent the evening of the murder with Becker and who had struggled through the crowd to look at Rosenthal's body.

Sullivan had been arrested along with other suspects and it was while he was in the Tombs, he said, that Rose, Weber, and Vallon had come to him and declared that, in order to get out of their dire strait, they proposed to frame Becker and turn state's evidence. They offered him, declared Sullivan, a chance to come in on the deal and he refused. In a nutshell this was the whole of Becker's defense. From beginning to end his counsel contended that Rosenthal's death was the result of a gambler vengeance quarrel and that, being trapped, the guilty crowd had turned upon Becker.

Some of these arguments were convincing. The testimony of Rose and others was full of yawning holes and as a corroborative witness, Schepps was simply incredible. As for the frame-up, there was the agreement made by the State that if neither Rose, Weber,

nor Vallon had fired the shots they should not be prosecuted: a handsome prize worth working for. Furthermore, while in prison the accomplices had lived like lords. One of them, not fancying his bed, had had another with a special mattress brought in. There was expensive food and drink and no lack of waiters, errand boys, lackeys, and visitors of all descriptions. Other witnesses for the prosecution had also been well treated. The defense contended bitterly that this indulgence had gone so far, in one case, as to include a new set of false teeth.

But where was Becker? He and he alone could hope to break through this jungle of back-stabbing and conspiracy. When would he take the stand? Day after day his appearance was postponed until at last it became apparent that he was not to testify at all! He did not dare! That finished it. The rest of the defense was shadow-boxing. If the State's witnesses were a shoddy collection of frauds and worse, those of the defense were no better. A finer collection of shysters, confidence men, and black-legs of all sorts has seldom been gathered together. Summoning all their powers, both sides swept on to the summing up, the prosecution crying out that justice and public safety demanded the conviction of "the will behind the brain behind the gunmen."

Finally the aged Goff charged the jury. At four o'clock on the afternoon of October 24, 1912, the jury retired. An hour went by, then another and another. In the Sheriff's room the defendant and his wife waited. There was a flurry when the jury sent out for Rose's confession and after that silence again and more waiting. His Honor finally went off to the Museum of Natural History to listen to a lecture. In the street the crowd grew steadily, milling about in the dark and the cold. Hour after hour after hour and no news.

From the courtroom [according to one newspaper] where a crowd of newspaper men and court attendants still waited for the return of the jury, the heat had been shut off and presently those who were compelled to remain there donned overcoats and hats and sat dejectedly about with their collars turned up. So the hours passed. . . . In the Tombs too, and far uptown at the Democratic Club of the 23rd Assembly District of which Becker is a member, there were anxiously waiting crowds also. In the Tombs there was not a prisoner but who waited eagerly to hear the fate of Becker. . . . As the night wore on the crowds in the street increased.

Then, shortly before midnight, it was whispered that Goff had been sent for. He came and at 11:57, after being out almost ten hours, the jury filed in, "coats over arm, hats in hand, looking stern, uneasy, worried but determined." They had a verdict at last. At the command Becker stood and, clutching the hand rail, heard the twelve men declare him guilty of murder in the first degree. Outside, his pregnant wife, her time not far off, waited for the news. When they told her she collapsed.

V

While Becker's lawyers were busy preparing an appeal the next act in the case began and the four gunmen were brought to trial. Here also the District Attorney was determined upon a conviction to clinch the case; public interest was high, hay must be made while the sun shone.

The trial began November 9, 1912, before the same Judge Goff who had presided in the Becker trial. The gunmen, more soberly known as the Messrs. Horowitz, Rosenberg, Cirofici, and Seidenshner, were tried en bloc. The prosecution led off with the splendid dash of absolute certainty introducing the star witness, Louis Shapiro, the chauffeur who had driven the murder car. In a group the gunmen were presented before him and, though fright-

ened almost out of his wits, the driver squared his jaw and identified them all. It was a spectacle. The gunmen, all young, were in their Sunday best. They had been carefully coached and were very quiet, but they were plainly in a trap and there was no one they could trust. They had been murderers for hire, working under Zelig, a boss who looked out for them. Now their boss was dead and they were in charge of others who talked law and not action. They who had killed so easily confronted a man who was determined to kill them. In the witness box was the man who had driven them to an address they did not know, where they were to murder a man they did not know, all under orders and all under the express assurance that not a hair of their heads should be touched. Well, they had been touched, and God only knew how they were to get out of the jam. All they could do was to keep their eyes, dead with hatred, on this taxi-driver who, to save his own skin, was about to cut their throats.

And the throat-cutting was successful. Shapiro, who had admitted that if Zelig had been alive he would never have dared to testify, told in detail the story of that long night. It coincided with the story Rose had told at the Becker trial and added grisly details of its own. When the State had finished, the gunmen's counsel asked Shapiro why, when he had been arrested the very morning of the murder, he had told the police he could not identify the men he had driven. "Because I was afraid." It was enough. For a week the show went on, but it was hopeless. They were plainly doomed. At 1:38 in the afternoon of November 19th the jury went out, and twenty minutes later sent back word that they had reached a verdict: Guilty of murder in the first degree.

Three nights later, on November 22d, a crowd gathered at the Aldine

Club to do honor to the valiant District Attorney. Lyman Abbott, Walter H. Page, and others beat the tom-toms and deluged the defender of justice with praise. Was there a whisper that Mr. Whitman might be the next governor? The president of the Aldine denied that the dinner had any political motive. No, no. They had gathered only to raise a joyful noise before the Lord, to give thanks for purification.

Other interested parties were busy and had no time to pay attention to the gunmen's transfer to the death house at Sing Sing. Bridgie Weber, closing his poker club, was bound for Europe for relaxation. Mr. Schepps had succumbed to a vaudeville contract and was eager to be off for the West. As for Rose, he was about to start on his evangelical-reformer career. He had written a book, *Twenty Years in the Underworld*, and was looking for a publisher. Lieutenant Becker was closeted with his lawyers and engaged in acrimonious argument pending his appeal. Rosenthal, the gambler, who had caused all this excitement, was moldering in his grave. Nobody remembered him or his widow, who, quite forgotten, was casting about for some source of daily bread.

Though convicted, the gunmen were kept alive by legal obstruction for nearly two years. Philosophically they received the news that they were to die on Monday morning, April 13, 1914. A week before, Dago Frank Cirofici had been received into the bosom of the Church, and the others reasserted their faith in a just God and declared they had forgiven their enemies.

Then began the unholy show with which our capital punishment is dressed. Rabbi Kopstein officiated at a Passover feast held in the death house for Lefty Louie, Whitey Lewis, and Gyp the Blood. Dago Frank was constantly with his spiritual adviser. It was announced that a special breakfast

would be served the gunmen on Sunday and that Warden Clancy would "play selections on a phonograph by the noted Warsaw tenor, Cantor G. Sirota, for them." A committee of rabbis met with Governor Glynn and prayed earnestly. Two Franciscan nuns visited Cirofici and from the barred corridor sang "Whispering Hope" to give him fortitude. The East Side Peddlers Association held a special meeting, attended by five hundred members, and amid fits of wild and incoherent weeping, besought the Governor for pardon. Dr. Felix Adler in his Easter sermon thumped the desk vigorously, declared the whole business a horror and said that "theistical administration" was necessary. Other ministers plucked other strings. It all came to nothing, and even the mysterious smashing of the dynamo in the death chamber did not delay the execution.

At ten minutes past six on the morning of April 13, 1914, all four were dead. Nothing remained now for the gunmen except the four huge East Side funerals which they were to receive. At the very moment they were being lowered into their graves preparations for Becker's second trial were being hurried forward.

On February 24, 1914, a few weeks before the electrocution of the gunmen, the Court of Appeals had thrown out Becker's conviction. The credibility of Schepps as a corroborative witness was scorchingly dismissed, one of the justices declaring in so many words that the photograph enlarger was an accomplice. The nocturnal meeting in the uptown vacant lot where Becker asked Weber's aid was an especial target of scorn. Where was the witness, aside from Schepps? In sum, the court held that Becker's connection with a murder committed "by proxy twice removed" had not been proven, and called for another trial.

Once again the long, malodorous cast of characters assembled, and on May 6, 1914, the day of the Secretary of the Treasury's marriage to the President's daughter, the trial opened before Justice Seabury. Lieutenant Becker this time was represented by Bourke Cockran, the famous Tammany spellbinder, assisted by the usual battery of seconds. Where did all the money come from? District Attorney Whitman, mounting to the governorship by his conduct of this gory case, once more directed the prosecution. He must have felt like Denman Thompson on the twentieth anniversary of "The Old Homestead." As for the public, the swelling number of extras and screaming headlines showed that interest still burned.

The preliminaries of the second trial consisted of a series of explosions. Mr. Cockran commenced by wildly accusing the District Attorney of hounding an innocent man and then flounced out in fearful rage when Mr. Whitman produced a copy of a speech which the spellbinder had been so shortsighted as to give a year before. "Mr. Whitman," Mr. Cockran had said, "was the heart of the force that directed this triumphant conflict for the vindication of justice."

Then came the interminable job of selecting a jury. Five hundred talesmen were drawn before twelve men could be found who hadn't made up their minds about the case. So long a time did this require that when but one juror was lacking, the *New York Globe* took a chance and put out an extra describing the opening scene of the trial, giving Mr. Whitman's address to the jury. The paper was on the street while the search for the last juror was still going on. Instantly the defense screamed for a mistrial, and no sooner had this broil been disposed of and the trial really got under way than a city clerk, who was attending the trial, said in a very loud voice: "This case is a

frame-up. Whitman will never be Governor with the aid of a witness like that."

At last there was an end to obstruction and, like a prima donna playing a return engagement, the sibilant Jack Rose took the stand. In the years since the first trial Rose had become a platform lecturer and an exhorter on the evils of the underworld. Soberer now than in the bloom of his poker days, he told his story once more. There was one new charge of poison in him. He declared that for a long while before his violent death Rosenthal had been a stool pigeon for Becker.

"When you were planning this murder did not your conscience prick you at all?" Rose was asked by the defense.

"My conscience," said Rose softly, "was entirely under the control of Becker."

Smarting under the reversal of the first conviction, the prosecution had now to prove beyond peradventure the vacant-lot conference. Out on this thin ice they skated, bringing with them James Marshall, a vaudeville actor who testified that he had been employed by Becker as a stool pigeon. He had seen the conference in progress and recognized those who had been present. With a sigh of relief the State saw this witness slide through cross examination and shortly after handed the trial over to the defense.

Would Becker testify? If it was true that he had not taken the stand at the first trial because of the fear of graft questioning, would he dare to run such a fearful risk again? Over and over again came reports that the Lieutenant would face his accuser and fight it out, but days passed until at last the defense announced that the defendant would not appear. That settled it; Becker was doomed. At 4:54 on the afternoon of May 22, 1914, the first reconviction for first-degree murder in the history of New York

City was announced. Becker must die.

While the great enemy was triumphantly stumping the state for the governorship, the Lieutenant's counsel desperately strove to circumvent the inevitable. But it was hopeless. Every sort of maneuver—hearings, pleas for a new trial, exceptions—all were fruitless. Death was fixed for July 30, 1915. The raucous laughter, the loud-mouthed jibes had gone. The huge bull-necked man who had trampled those who stood in his way was now to be trampled by others. He was gray and stooped and sunk in prayer. Frantically the faithful wife rushed from place to place like a mad woman, beseeching help. Even Rose was approached, but he would not stir; the smoothest poker player in town could be merciless too. Becker was "guilty as hell."

To the Lieutenant's long final statements, full of explanations of all kinds, the new Governor turned a deaf ear. Mrs. Becker went to the Nelson House at Poughkeepsie where Governor Whitman was staying. Tortured almost out of her senses, the wretched woman cried out for mercy. The Governor stood it for half an hour and then dismissed her. Leaving the hotel, the dazed wife did not wait for a train but, in her agony to reach the prison, took a taxi. All we know about that ride is that the taxi fare was eighteen dollars.

Before midnight she had reached Sing Sing and shortly after that the last farewells were over. Nothing more remained except to strap a quivering, half-demented thing into the chair and kill him. There was a war on now. It was a new and terrible world, and even the widow's last convulsive effort at revenge—a coffin plate labelled "Charles Becker, Murdered July 30, 1915 by Governor Whitman"—recalled only dimly the gambler Rosenthal who, very early in the morning of July 16, 1912, stepped out of the Metropole Café into eternity.



THE CHINESE ATTITUDE TOWARD GRAFT

BY PEARL S. BUCK

ONE of the difficulties which confront the expatriate of any country is the spiritual dilemma in which his soul lives forever unsure. He finds himself continually asking: is or is not my own country better than this one in which I live as a foreigner?

To this there is never an answer, although the expatriate does not realize it for many years, and perhaps he never does. He continues to reply, first in one way and then another, depending upon the experience of the day.

The subject to which this question is most frequently applied by the foreigner in China is graft. Sooner or later the visitor there will hear long complacent explanations of the prevalence of graft. He hears that though the crusader and the missionaries may fight their hearts out trying to change the system, the wise man learns to accept it and to look upon graft as a part of Chinese life—as the habit of centuries. Yet although it is true that a wily servant or a tricky merchant in China will set the white man growling with homesickness for his own honest countrymen, nevertheless, a day in New York or Chicago sends his heart flying across the Pacific again, hurt and seeking refuge in the Chinese who at least do not pretend to Puritan heights of perfection.

Whether graft permeates all Chinese life I do not know. It is true that in private as well as in public life certain

forms of graft are accepted. The servants in a household have a regular part of their income from "squeeze." This is clearly understood and the proceeds are fairly divided. The cook gets five per cent of all grocery bills and he charges from five to ten per cent extra on all purchases he makes in the market. The house boys get five per cent on laundry bills, on shoes made for the family, on tailor bills, on all purchases made at shops or from dealers at the door. The carpenter, the tinner, the general repair man must expect to pay the servants with a generous tip at New Year time or by a piece of work—a milk box made into a trunk or a tin box for rice. The gardener, who also in winter takes care of the furnace, gets five per cent on all coal bills and garden necessities, and on taxis or carriages. Every expenditure made for the household is taxed by the servants not less than five per cent, nor more than ten per cent. This form of graft is perfectly open and known, and the wise mistress ignores it.

In shops the clerks may also get certain percentages on sales or certain reductions on goods. The land purchaser expects his commission naturally, and beyond this a good feast when a bargain is made. Hired men on a farm get certain regular gifts or meals or percentages on purchases and profits. Policemen, to keep their eyes keen for thieves, accept tips from householders. If the tip is insufficient

and thieves break in, recognition of the consequences of his stinginess and a generous promise of reward will hasten the return of the booty. In such ways does life proceed smoothly for everyone concerned.

In official life graft takes chiefly three forms: illegal taxes privately imposed by officials above and beyond official taxes, as well as actual falsification of amounts of official taxes collected so that a certain proportion is retained by the official; nepotism and "friend pidgin," and third, the graft which results from the attitude common to many officials anywhere, that laws are made for the common people only and rulers are above them.

The evils of unjust and illegal taxation are perhaps the most serious which the Chinese people have to endure. The rapid change in officials during the past few years, the constant pressure of civil war, which has given warlords permanent excuse for extortion on the grounds of defending the peace, the lack of a strong central authority have made it possible for taxes to be collected in many regions as much as ten years in advance, and in a few regions even fifty years in advance. Officials have superimposed all sorts of special famine-relief taxes or "patriotic" taxes or opium-suppression taxes and many others, and since there is no accounting required for such accumulation, it is beyond doubt that much of it goes into the pockets of collectors and officials.

Where the family is still the ruling unit, as it is in China, nepotism must necessarily exist on a large scale. So long as a family is responsible for the support of any and all indigent and disabled members so long must it be expected that a man will fill any posts at his disposal with jobless nephews and brothers in order to ease his own burden. There is a certain reasonableness in this; for in China the fam-

ily performs the duties which in many Western countries are performed by the state. There are no state institutions for the poor, the aged, the helpless, or the defective. Each family is expected to care for its own. The result is much the same as in other countries, but the funds are collected differently. The public pays in either case: in the West by open taxation, in the East by more devious means.

And, indeed, one cannot fail in sympathy sometimes for the harassed man in an official or even a private position who is perhaps the only one in a large family who has a salary, and who must feed and house and clothe any relative of his who comes to his door or is within his house, and who must see that the dead are buried and the young married, and not only simply buried and married, but buried and married in a style becoming to the family, so that the family honor will not be sacrificed.

And public opinion in China approves this. As yet it would be considered a serious lapse on the part of an individual if he let his family suffer in order to serve the state more honestly. After all, the state is nothing but other people's families, and each must consider first his own if he is a filial son and a true brother to those who depend upon him.

"Friend pidgin" is only an enlarged nepotism. A man helps his friends in the time of his prosperity, not only out of genuine friendliness but as an investment against a possible or probable day of adversity. When such a day comes he may go boldly and without shame to this friend and that and ask for aid because once he aided them. The need is the more real since there is general belief in the wheel of fate, whereby to-day's rich man is to-morrow's beggar. There is little or no protection of an individual's position in Chinese society beyond the strength

inherent in money or arms or special privilege; and should these fail, as they may fail at any whim of a ruler or change of circumstance, all that is left are friends who are bound by previous obligations.

The American mother of a Chinese son who is trying to make him ready for life in his own society said, "It seems to me the education I give my boy and all the training I try to instill into him and all the ability he may possess will not serve him without friends. The only way he can rise is by having the right friends. Yes, I am frankly cultivating certain people for my son's sake." It is true that friends are a guaranty of security in a society full of insecurity, where, because there are not public laws of government to stand upon, each man, whether commoner or governor, must forge as strongly as he can the personal laws of family and friendship.

How peculiar it is that the Chinese official or great man should feel himself above the laws of the land, I do not know. I have not seen enough of the mighty in other countries to find out whether this trait is chiefly Oriental or not, although my observation in other ways leads me to feel that there is no such thing as a purely Oriental quality of human nature. Any one thing may be more or less in the Orient, and less or more in the Occident. But in China, at any rate, one of the real obstacles to progress in modern times has been the tendency of officials high and low, as well as of rich men and men of influence and place, to think that laws are made only for the poor and common folk, who do not know how to behave. Here the graft may not be in actual cash, but in some form of special privilege, such as exemption from taxation and customs duties, and rights of entry into forbidden areas and innumerable local privileges of a like nature.

This self-arrogated immunity has its beginnings perhaps in the Confucian teachings of the superior man who is to be so disciplined in virtue that he need be governed by no law, having indeed fulfilled the Christian conception of those who no longer live by law because they live by grace. If officials were truly the men Confucius says they ought to be, all would be well enough, but unfortunately they are still a little lower than the angels, although they are not willing to acknowledge it. The result often is that laws are practically nullified, because when higher officials consider themselves above the law lesser officials ape them, and their servants follow suit, and penalties are avoided to a degree which makes the laws too frequently useless except in the case of a man unfortunate enough to be poor and helpless. The fact is also that the state in many regions of China does not prosecute, and quarrels and judgments for crimes committed are settled out of court or brought before local courts notoriously open to favor the man who gives the largest bribes. Unequal as justice is in any land, there is as yet in China very little machinery set up for the administering of justice, and bribery is universal.

II

There is no way of making comparisons about graft in different countries. The confirmed expatriate, at least in China, tends to idealize his own people the longer he stays away from his country. He usually belongs to a small and ruling group of white men and his society becomes ingrowing and self-congratulatory. He compares himself and his fellows not with equals or superiors in Chinese circles, but with the servant or the coolie or the compradore who is all too frequently and unfortunately the only one with

whom he comes into intimate contact. Because his servant takes a squeeze of five dollars a month, he believes the gossip that General Wang takes a squeeze of a million dollars a month. Because a wretched ricksha puller trades off a false coin for change, he believes the president of a Chinese bank capable of speculation on a large scale, as indeed he doubtless sometimes is, in common with his fellow-bankers in other lands.

But the expatriate forgets this. He asserts loudly that in a white man's country such things couldn't happen. Officials in his country are more honest—"they *have* to be," he says, "or the people wouldn't stand for them." He views with the utmost disgust the placid Chinese who accepts without disturbance graft in high places and low, although be sure he is not ignorant of it.

To a certain degree, in a certain way, the expatriate is right. There is a difference, for instance, between Americans and Chinese. Americans do not apparently view this matter of graft so nonchalantly as the Chinese. There seems to be knowledge everywhere of graft in political and economic systems; but the American when he discovers proof of it is highly irritated and demands punishment, if possible of a fairly severe sort.

The reason for this hatred of graft on the part of the average American is as yet somewhat obscure to me. It cannot be simply moral; for too often he succumbs to similar temptation when opportunity comes. The number of people in America who are willing and even eager to get something for nothing seems not noticeably fewer than in China. Public robbery of some kind or other apparently permeates our American life if one is to believe what one hears. A head-waitress in a well-known chain restaurant in a large city told me the other day that

they had to exercise constant vigilance because there was scarcely a meal time when there were not persons who tried to pass the cashier's desk without paying for what they had eaten. I inquired if these were poor people; to which she replied, "We don't get real poor people coming in here. No, they just want to 'get away with something.'"

I have been told by civil servants that persons who receive their salaries out of public funds tend, unless they struggle against it, to become lazy and lax and to look upon such funds not as a trust to be wisely expended, but as an inexhaustible supply—an attitude common to public servants in any country. My own observations in a small way show me nothing new in America as compared with China. How many times have I cautiously slowed my car at a sign on the highway which proclaims "Men Working," and how seldom have I discovered them working here in America, even as they do not in China! And graft on a princely scale is of course to be discovered on the front pages of many American newspapers.

But here I halt. Here is the difference in the American and Chinese attitude toward graft. In Chinese papers graft is not a matter for headlines. It is not of sufficient interest. It is not news. In America surely it cannot be news either, yet the discovery of it is always a public excitement. Of course it is quite true that in China modern government is comparatively new and as yet has no adequate machinery for prosecuting public officials or private individuals guilty of graft on a large scale. And it is equally true that a certain delicate situation prevails which would make it dangerous and unpleasant for many persons to begin a campaign of the sort. There are glass houses in China also. Even though there were not, it would not be

wise to throw stones. For some day the over-zealous thrower of stones might need friends to whom to fly, and there is no one so friendless in the world as a thrower of stones among glass houses in China, no one so friendless and no one so defenseless in his turn. And his turn will inevitably come. Men learn, therefore, to turn a blind eye and a deaf ear, and to value their friends for their virtues. After all, the successful grafter is usually the soul of generosity to his friends, and it pays to prolong his success. The situation regarding graft itself, therefore, is not so much fundamentally different in the two countries as that the two peoples have two different attitudes toward graft.

I do not believe that this difference in attitude toward a fairly well known fact of life anywhere springs from a real inequality in morals. The Chinese and the American may moralize about different things. The American may be more or less conscientious on the subject of lying and the Chinese on the matter of obeying his parents so long as they live. But they are equally capable of moral principles, of developed conscience, and of consistent action. Moral nature cannot, therefore, explain this difference in attitude toward graft, an evil common to both peoples.

The main difference is not basically moral at all. It has nothing to do with right and wrong. It is like the difference between anger and good humor in a man when he discovers his pocket has been picked. I venture to say there would undoubtedly be a larger number of Chinese who, the first shock over, would grin and accept the loss than there would be similar Americans. At least I can see the American protesting more seriously against his fate. This is partly because, to balance his native delight in being able to "put something over,"

the American has an extreme distaste for having something "put over on him." Public graft is on funds to which the average man has been forced to contribute, and when graft is discovered he feels robbed as an individual and is angry. This is, of course, a very healthy natural anger and may have its effect in bringing lower, at least, the proud and mighty grafter and intimidating the lesser ones.

Moreover, the American has more to support him than does the Chinese. He has a public opinion which, however secretly it may countenance and take part in graft, is still ashamed to acknowledge it openly. He has a machinery of justice whose function is to punish the thief and the robber, at least when enough attention is called to him, so that the people will become unfortunately incensed if the machinery is not set into motion. He has, most important of all, a policing system which protects a plaintiff, so that he need not fear, usually, a personal revenge.

But the Chinese would say calmly—as indeed he must, for what else can he do?—"Why should I expend my precious life force in anger against an evil I cannot hope ever in my lifetime to overcome by any amount of anger? The evil is universal, it must remain universal *so long as things are as they are*. It only behooves me to be more watchful, more distrustful, to avoid in so far as I am able letting myself be at the mercy of anyone. If I am helpless, as I must be before a public official, let me bide my time until his hour is come, and then I will join in his downfall. For Heaven does not allow the evil to live forever. When Heaven strikes I will strike." And he buttons his pocket more securely for the future.

Nor does his philosophy prevent his making use of any of his own opportunities, if he is so minded, although I do not believe that there are more

sticky palms in China than elsewhere in the world—certainly not if they are friendly palms. Nowhere can there be a higher standard of friendship, where literally a friend is closer than a brother. A friend who makes profit from a friend is held despicable. But it is only human to profit by the stranger and by those whom one dislikes. It is not wrong for a shopkeeper to double the price of an article on his counter when a foreigner asks for it. He has no relation to the foreigner and there is no reason why he should not profit by his passing. But let some circumstance make a friendliness between the two, and the price will fall to its proper scale. There is something above profit even to a shopkeeper. There is *li*, there is right conduct.

There is then this guiding principle in Chinese life, this ruling reasonable principle of *li*. *Li* is, in short, the principle of reason, the principle which understands and weighs before condemning, which takes into consideration the necessities of humanity before it imposes the ideals of austerity. It is humanism in its purest essence. It governs even graft in China. It has made the Chinese accept philosophically the picking of his pocket; for the thief was in his way exercising his right to a living. It has made him accept with equanimity the squeeze of his cook; for so cooks have always done, and the wage is fixed with squeeze in the minds of both. With equal equanimity he accepts also the larger squeeze of the magistrate who rules over him; for the magistrate must live as well as the cook, and he has his rights, too.

There is only one time when the philosophy halts, and that is when cook or magistrate takes more than he should—when, in other words, he violates *li* or reason, and behaves outrageously. Then, be he cook or

magistrate, his end is come. A mob of angry farmers, who were patient and without complaint under years of illegal taxation, may suddenly rise with grim ferocity and sack a magistrate's court and drive him out or even kill him, not because he grafted, but because he grafted too much and beyond what was expected of him. At that hour men could rise up in protest; for the right was with them and it was Heaven's will.

The whole scheme of life in China is based in accordance with *li*, on acceptance of a certain amount of inevitable graft. Official salaries, as well as servants' wages, take graft into consideration. Where no monies pass and there is no possibility of graft, the wage rises accordingly. College professors are paid relatively well, as are all teachers and clerks who handle no funds. In a way, therefore, graft does less injury to the public in China than it does in America, where the scheme ignores or denies the possibility of graft, where the wage scale is immeasurably higher, and where graft is so much extra, both to him who gains and to him who loses by it.

III

If morals have little or nothing to do with the different attitude toward graft between the two countries, there is another basic cause for the difference. It is that the Chinese are more rational than Americans. They are rational above all people on earth. They do not blindly accept things as they are. They are not truly fatalistic in the passive and unintelligent sense of the word. But they do accept things as they are until they can be changed in one way or another. However they may plan to deceive the stranger, among themselves they acknowledge completely and without pretense their every situation. No

fair words put forth by a governor or a general ever deceived any Chinese. Behind the noble, flowery phrases he casts up quickly the cost of what is wanted. If it is within reason or if the circumstances are beyond his control, he pays what he cannot escape. If the cost is too great, there are ways.

For the Chinese is wise in life. He does not demand of his officials an impossible purity. He knows his own frail human heart, how easily he is tempted and how naturally he falls, and shrewdly he surmises that if his own heart is thus, every other is at least as likely to be so. Nor does this mean that the Chinese is bitter or even cynical—quite the reverse, since there is no one so really bitter or so entirely cynical as the disappointed idealist who discovers human nature. The work-a-day Chinese is without romantic idealism and he is not disappointed. He remains good-humored and, if he makes allowances for himself, so does he for everyone else. In a country where every office is unstable, where to-day's government office may to-morrow be given to another, where a general of the morning may by night be decapitated or taking refuge in a foreign tour, he knows graft is to be expected. The future must be provided against; the hour of downfall must be anticipated. An official has always a large family, an entourage who are dependent upon him and whose future rice must be prepared. In any insecure society where the individual must fight his lone way, at the mercy of others stronger than he, graft is inevitable. No public wage is large enough to provide against fear. A man faced continually with the possibility of change and downfall and with many dependent upon him must be superhuman to resist taking all he can when he can. And the Chinese recognize the fact that circumstances determine morals. It may even be moral

for a man to squeeze; since his first duty is to his family and he must provide for them at any cost. It is his highest responsibility; for according to Chinese code a man must care for his parents first, and then his children and wife and brothers and sisters. If these are destitute it is a primary crime.

This does not mean that the Chinese are not making fairly consistent efforts, particularly toward steadying their governmental offices sufficiently to provide the security necessary for less graft. They are trying to do so, and the trend is toward building up a public opinion which demands more honest officials. But they do not make impossible demands even upon their highest officials until it is fair to do it. The foundation of security must be built before a sound superstructure of official honesty can be raised.

For the Chinese mind is too essentially rational to set up a standard for character which the conditions of the time make impossible of fulfillment. And the Chinese can wait. They know what is right and advisable. Like all other peoples, they prefer honest officials, and the honest man, whether worker or ruler, is worthy of honor when he is found. The noble exception is always to be praised. But the ideal is not tarnished because it is not now possible to fulfill it, nor is a man dishonorable because it is not convenient or expedient or possible for him in his present circumstances to achieve the ideal which he very well knows and would like to achieve if he could.

I once went into a temple of great beauty where the priests were notoriously corrupt and evil livers. While I stood in the main hall an old man came in to worship. He performed his devotions humbly and sincerely, and when he was ready to go I followed him and out of curiosity I

asked, "Does it not disturb you that the priests of this god are so known for their evil?"

To this he answered simply, "It is true they are evil, but what has that to do with the god? Because they are evil, shall I allow it to disturb me? It does not disturb the god. He sits serene and pure above their evil." I had no answer. Indeed, the Chinese does not lack very real ideals. He knows as well as any on earth what each man should be in his position, and the ideal is not shaken because a faulty man falls short.

Nor is he harsh in his judgment upon the faulty man. He knows the pressure of life upon us all. I am reminded of an incident in my own household where my gardener took a higher squeeze on our coal bill than he should have. Embarrassed by the fact that his morality was obviously to my benefit, I diffidently approached him from another plane. I suggested that he might be happier in himself if he were a really honest man. He was cleaning out ashes at the time, and he turned an earnest, smutted face toward me and answered humbly, "My mistress, of course I should like to be an honest man. Of course I should be better satisfied with myself. But how can I? If I were to turn truly honest, in a year I and my family would be dead of starvation. Why, if the world could be exactly divided into one-half honest people and one-half dishonest, I would gladly take a chance and join the honest ones. But when all the world is dishonest, how can I so utterly throw aside my duty to my family?"

Against such logic I was silent, for indeed I had no answer.

The Chinese knows that honesty must be made possible before it can be made essential. This is, of course, what the American cannot realize. The whole philosophies of the two peoples start from opposite poles.

The Chinese starts with knowledge of life as it is and makes his deductions of what it ought to be and expects no sudden miracles, knowing well how easily compelled is the human heart. The American, born of his Puritan forefathers and nourished by an idealistic religion which does not involve itself with the actual life of the nation, begins his philosophy in dreams and builds his laws on what ought to be rather than what can be.

For essentially there is as much insecurity in American life as in Chinese. Even in so-called normal times—for we can set off the effects of our depression against the usual flood-famine-war combinations in China—the insecurity in American political life, at least, is enormous. Every major official for instance knows that he holds his place secure for only four years. He must make it worth while in one way or another to leave his usual business and go into government. It is inevitable that many such persons must feel temptation very heavy upon them.

Nor have we, as did the Chinese particularly in the past, any safeguard of natural selection. That is, democracy of the American variety provides no means of choosing the more intelligent and benevolent minds to govern others. The examination system of old China and the high educational standard of new China provide a fairly sure selection of at least the best of the nation, and, therefore, those who may have more conscience on the taking of graft than would the average man. We in America have not even so selective a system as in the English government, where there is a certain *noblesse oblige* among able minds to take an active part in government.⁶ It is inevitable, therefore, that where conditions are so ideally prepared for graft as they are in America, graft must exist on a large scale, whether the idealist will face it or not. The Chi-

nese realist—naturalist, if you like—would acknowledge it and set about removing root causes, if he could, rather than be content to punish notorious individual cases and ignore the whole basic condition. Or if he could do nothing basic, he would, as he has done in the past and is doing now, set certain recognized limits to the evil, choosing to do this rather than to live in a world of fantasy and of seeming rather than actuality. The American is perhaps an incurable romantic, who turns away from anything “depressing” whether it be in life or in literature. He says, “I see enough evil—I want to think about something pleasant.” So he escapes into a false heaven. The Chinese says, “Is this life? Let me know it, since it is all I can know, evil and good.” And he finds content and peace in knowing and in adjusting his inner life to his knowledge. He can no longer be hurt since he knows everything.

For he recognizes, this wise Chinese, wise when he is born, whose elders teach him an old wisdom of how to live happily in a hard world, that the moral nature of man is not a fixed thing, nor can religion or philosophy fix it. Honesty, like all the other virtues, is entirely relative and relative fundamentally to but one condition, and that is economic. When a people is rich and prosperous doors need not be locked and goods may be left unheeded. But in times of distress and need, whether individual or not, standards change. When the distress becomes national there is a widespread change of habits of honesty.

There are perfectly obvious examples of this in our own times. Seven years ago I chanced to spend a few months in an American university town. No one thought of locking up anything. I went away for days at a time leaving my house unlocked. It

was an amazement to me, accustomed as I had been to a very different state of affairs in China. A Chinese friend of mine, who happened to be in the same American town, said, “I have been here three years, and although no one locks his house, I have not heard man or woman complain of being stolen.” I went back to China overwhelmed with respect for my own countrymen.

Last year I returned to the same town and immediately felt more at home. I was told I must keep my door locked even though I left the house for a half hour. There were so many thieves about. What had happened? Simply that economic conditions in America were approaching those which China has had to struggle under for centuries, and human nature had responded in America as it has in China. A man is not above his fellows, and never has it been more clearly proven than in the changing moral standards in many American communities with the continued depression. America is much more like China to-day than she was seven years ago. If the depression should continue indefinitely, in fifty years, perhaps less, there might be little or no difference in our living conditions and, therefore, in our standards of honesty.

The Chinese then in his attitude toward graft does not demand what is above human ability to perform. In hard times, in insecure tenure, in economic depression, he knows what must result. A national life of forty centuries, with innumerable wars and vast depressions, has taught him wisdom, and we of America are just beginning that long, long road which the Chinese have traveled. I suppose somewhere along the way we too shall learn to view without romanticism life as it really is, and find it humorous and worth living, grafters and all.



LITTLETOWN

THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN VILLAGE

BY WILLIAM G. MATHER, JR.

THE other day a farmer called on Jonas Handman to deliver a basket of apples. He knocked on the kitchen door, waited for a while, then went round to the front door and knocked there. Nobody came. Handman had said that he wanted those apples, so the farmer put the basket down on the porch and went back of the house to the barn. There he found Jonas hanging by his neck, dead.

Jonas had never been known to do any real work about Littletown; while his father was living he never had to. And when his father died he left him the store blocks downtown. Jonas seemed to get along very well on the rents up to a few years ago, and was in the pool room most of the time. There were two stores, one with a hall over it that hasn't been used for years except for a few months some time ago by the Girl Scout troop. Last year Bill and Ed Brown started a garage in the store part of that block, when the grocery which Jed Simmons had run was closed out after his funeral. The other block had been vacant for a few years, except for a rummage sale or bake-sale in it now and then. The garage did not pay much rent, and you can't charge a women's society for sales, so it seemed that things had turned out badly for Jonas. We hadn't realized they were that bad though.

The truth is, we don't miss Jonas

Handman very much. He was never, so to speak, a contributing member of our community. But his suicide is the third within the past year.

Littletown is small, as its name implies, with only some fourteen hundred people. And three suicides in one year is altogether too many for that population.

Some of us are beginning to worry about what is going to happen to our town. The past thirty years have seen many changes in the world, and from the point of view of the small-town man they have not all been good in their effect. There seems to be a sinister force at work, threatening the very existence of many small towns.

Take the little hamlet a few miles from us called The Flats. Thirty years or so ago The Flats was a busy little crossroads with two cheese factories, two stores (one with a hall over it), a blacksmith shop, a shingle mill that took its power from the creek, a school, and a church. They had great times with family reunions, square dances, warm-sugar parties, and the like, and it was known as one of the best communities in our neighborhood.

To-day not a single one of those signs of business life remains. There is only the old church, empty and unused, and the school with only a handful of pupils. One out of three of the houses within two miles of the cross-

roads in every direction is unoccupied and falling to pieces.

No wonder that we in Littletown are becoming nervous. As the advertising posters begin to be pasted on the inside of the show windows of store after store of ours that closes, the ghost of The Flats comes over the hill and haunts us. Twenty years, forty years—and shall we also belong to the Past?

II

Littletown is a cozy village in a hollow of the beautiful, surprisingly abrupt hills of southwestern New York. The Baptist church, a few rods down Spring Street from the main corner, is at an elevation of 1400 feet above sea level, while the tops of the hills round about are 1800 and 1900 feet. The only flat land is found in the valleys, and in only small patches there; in one summer alone three men, tilling the rolling slopes, were hurt by the overturning of tractors. The land has been farmed for a century and a third but is untamed yet!

An ancient glacial lake lay to the north of Littletown long before even the foot of a Seneca Indian had disturbed the deep grass of the pastures of the deer, and the lake left behind, with its shoreline and outlet banks, a level but tortuous passage through the hills to the more gently rolling valley of the Genesee. Along this path wound the old cart road to the cities of the north in the early days of settlement in the 1790's; and when Clinton's Ditch traversed the State from east to west a canal was dug over the same gentle path to connect Rochester, with her port on Lake Ontario, to the Allegheny River. It was possible in those days to move slowly up the canal, through Littletown and across to Oleander, where one turned down the Allegheny to the Ohio, thence to the Mississippi and the Gulf. The canal

is gone now, but the locks still stand, with now and then a crumbling skeleton of a gate between them; and there are men in Littletown who will tell you of unloading salt at the Port of Littletown in those days, and women who remember the Sunday School outings when heavily loaded, bunting-draped barges moved off for a day in some grove along the canal.

The Pennsylvania Railroad bought the canal and used the tow path as a base for its rails; part of the Erie main line follows the same route, and is well traveled; but the Pennsylvania is a branch line, built to serve the little towns along the old artery of travel. Such is the way of Time that it is running fewer trains each year, the rails are beginning to gather rust, and a concrete highway makes the tires whine as cars speed over the old route of the post road, the canal, and the iron horse.

It was nearly a century and a half ago that a group of men discovered the valley in which Littletown lies. It seemed a good place for a town, this little flat patch with passes through the hills to all four points of the compass, so they took up land rights. One faction wanted the village at the north end of the hollow; the other, at the south, against the hills. Each set up a store and a tavern on its chosen spot; but the liquor must have been better at the latter place, for North Littletown is now just a filling station, a house for tourists and a school.

The village grew slowly but was regarded as a coming town. A new post road from Buffalo to Pennsylvania was surveyed about 1870, and Littletown was on one of the two possible routes. The village was astir; two post roads, a canal—what more could one ask to insure prosperity? And then the road went through Oleander, a village of the same size, almost a day's journey (in reality, only sixteen miles) up the

swampy valley to the west. Old timers shake their heads and date that city's rise from the changing of the road. "When I was a boy Oleander wasn't as big as we are now," they say, and sigh the sigh of men who have guessed wrong.

But the long grass was still there, and the cows were there, going about the business of the cud unmindful of the fate of village empires down below them. Within ten years after the incident of the road, the milk from more than two thousand cows was being handled in the many cheese factories tucked away in the folds of the hills, and more than three-quarters of a million pounds of rich, mild-flavored cheese were marketed through the Littletown exchange each year. Almost all of the land, even in the remotest hills, was in pasture or grain.

The little cheese factories are just about all closed now, for cheese can be made at lower cost in Wisconsin and Minnesota; but there are a few left, and a chain store and a national meat packer still maintain cheese warehouses in Littletown. The War helped to change the nature of the dairy industry, as it boosted the sale of condensed milk, and several large condensaries were established in and near our village. One of them is still operating, the milk being hauled in by trucks that rumble through when the sleepy storekeepers are sweeping out in the morning.

Milk prices are low now, and the dairymen who have to pay for long hauls of milk are finding it hard to keep going. The old days of milk-prosperity—if they could be called that—do not seem likely to come again; dairying is a serious, corner-cutting, belt-tightening business, and a good many hill pastures are growing up to brush and scrubby timber.

There was another time when Fortune gave her Mona Lisa smile to

Littletown, and now and again we get a little publicity in some newspaper because of it.

It seems that away back in the early days a bowlegged man called Seneca Pete used to drive an old gray mule down from Buffalo with two empty kegs strapped on her back. A mile or so from the village is a scummy spring in a swampy hollow, that used to form a thin film of oily substance over its surface. When flint and steel were struck close to its edge, it would burn for a time. The Senecas guarded it as a treasure, dipping their blankets into it and straining out the precious oil that had oozed up from the rock below. It was thought to be good for snake-bite, good for wounds, good for general principles; and Seneca Pete would load up his mule and plod back to Buffalo, there to sell the famous "Seneca Oil" to the doctors. It was the first petroleum discovered in America.

When Drake proved the worth of drilling a shaft for oil Littletown heard the news with joy. When oil ran out of its own accord, without need of a drilled hole, how much more must there not be below the surface, waiting for the bit to free it and send it spouting up into the sun?

A well was drilled close to the edge of the old spring. The top of the casing still stands in the weeds, ragged, rusty, ashamed. But over the hills, only eight miles away, begins the rich oil field from which the world's best crude is pumped. Fortune missed us by that slight a margin.

A few years ago the men whom oil had made rich came to our town and built a monument in tribute to the spring that had led the way. We are proud of that boulder with its bronze slab and generally motor our visitors out to see it. But we would rather have a derrick.

In the first decade of the present century, Littletown made its bid as a

manufacturing center. A knife factory, a pulley works, a cheese-box factory, and a novelty concern erected buildings and began operations. Perhaps a hundred men were employed, with two dozen others in the two older mills that had been long established for the grinding of feed and flour and the sawing of lumber. An enterprising citizen with little taste put up a whole street of somber houses, all alternately alike, on the edge of town. We had our factories and our slums. We were on the way to becoming a big town.

The knife factory died first and one of the banks took it over. The novelty firm moved on. The pulley works went under two years ago. The box factory merged with the saw mill.

The buildings still stand there, sagging, empty, and the Chamber of Commerce is busy dangling bait before the eyes of small city businesses, hoping to entice them here. A year or so ago some of the younger business men became impatient and from somewhere managed to raise two thousand dollars, which they gave, together with an old barnlike structure, to a man with an idea for an airplane. The plane almost flew, at that.

Commerce, oil, manufacturing—they have all paid us but fleeting visits. They roused our hopes, they made us dream. Yet on the hillsides the sleek cows still graze, the milk trucks roll through town in the early morning, and the only mills that stood the test of time are the feed and flour mills, grinding out food for the cows. Even the sawmill is owned by the same men that own the feed mill. And it makes cheese-boxes. We have not wanted to be rural, but it seems that we cannot help it.

III

Although Littletown is small, it does not lack facilities for trade. There

are three chain groceries in town, hated like poison by the proprietors of the locally owned groceries, of which there are also three. The local stores are forever urging us to keep our dollars at home, to support home industries, to remember old friends; but so far only one of them has cleaned up his place of business, painted the front an attractive color, enamelled the shelves, and removed the cat from the warm show window. He gets some of the business that the bright, neat chains get, but the other two have their troubles.

We did have two bakeries, one of them half a grocery also. The bakery has gone bankrupt; the combination hangs on. Bread trucks come in daily from Oleander with fresh rolls and bread and pastry, attractively done up in boxes or transparent paper with no flies inside, and most of our housewives prefer to buy their baked goods that way.

If you wish to buy a pair of shoes in our town, you have many opportunities. When the last census was taken, there were only two thousand eight hundred and forty-four feet in the village, but there are six places in which to buy shoes. There are two men's clothing stores, one pool room, one men's and women's clothing store, and two drygoods stores—all selling shoes. Of course, no one of them has a large assortment of either sizes or styles, but you may find what you want if you are lucky.

There are two meat markets, one run by the man who also manages the moving picture theater. But two of the chain groceries also carry meat, and so one of the markets has put in a line of bread and rolls, cakes, and canned goods. He is new to town and swears that if the competition extends to other stores he will put in dresses and cameras and a soda fountain.

There is the ever-present ice cream parlor, whose owner, in partnership

with his brother, also runs an ice cream factory. They make very good ice cream, putting real cream from the local dairies into it; thus it costs more to make than do the frozen puddings turned out by the Buffalo factories, and so their business remains small. The drugstore on the opposite corner from the ice cream parlor carries the Buffalo brand.

There are two drugstores and they both sell drugs in addition to watches, alarm clocks, cameras, radios, candles, wall paper, candy, mirrors, pictures, greeting cards, toys, and what not. And there are two pool rooms, two hardware stores, two electric stores, the proprietor of one of which doubles as funeral director, three restaurants, two gift shops with jewelers' counters, two hotels, four garages.

Yes, we have the facilities for doing business. Two of everything at least, including two banks to handle the inevitable bankruptcies that come more frequently in recent years. If Prosperity ever dared walk down our main street it would be plucked raw before it had gone half a block.

We used to have business too. The farmers' teams crowded the streets, and their children the stores, and everyone was happy. They used to give you a bag of candy when you paid your bill. But business is drifting to Oleander now, with its ten-cent stores and its larger stocks of suits and dresses and furniture, only twenty-five minutes away over a good paved road that we were mighty pleased with when it was first laid down.

Sometimes we look back on the paving of that road and grin crookedly. We were proud as Punch when the job was finished. There were editorials in the paper, photographs of leading citizens, and all that. We came within an inch of having one of these celebrations with a symbolic wedding too. If our storekeepers could have seen

how much of their business was going to roll over that road to Oleander, they would have worked for a symbolic funeral instead.

But they didn't see it and went right on doing business as they had done it for years before, when we had to buy from them or go without. But now, if we don't like what they have or the price that they set upon it we can try in Oleander without much trouble. A lot of small-town business men are making that same mistake; they do not seem to realize that the swamps and hills that cut their customers off from the rest of the world are being filled and levelled now, and that their business is in competition with every other store of the same line within forty miles. Even Oleander, now with nearly twenty thousand people, complains that some of its trade is going off to Buffalo, seventy miles to the north-east; and Oleander has some large stores.

Of course, it is true that a man in a small town like ours cannot expect to have a large store; but sometimes I wonder if it is necessary to break up what little business we do have among so many men and make it still smaller.

One of the things that keeps business poor is the fact that there just aren't as many people to buy goods as there used to be. Our village declined 11.7 per cent in population between the last two federal censuses. As for the countryside round us, a drive over the dirt roads in any direction will show what is happening there, as house after house stands empty with its shutters banging in the wind. It does no good to call those dirt roads "side" roads; they were main roads when our village was growing and our present number of stores were founded, and the people who traded with us came over them to market.

Modern methods of agriculture have made it possible for one farmer to

handle more stock and more land than several farmers could in the former days, and the surplus farmers have moved away. The poorer land is going out of cultivation, as not worth a man's time, and the better land is being tilled more cheaply and better. The population of the old canal and post road days is not needed any more. Men do not go down the meadows four and six abreast, swinging their scythes, at harvest time; one man rides round on a mower. One man sitting on a tractor turns two or three furrows at once. One man milks two cows at once while leaning against a post and watching the machine suck and blow. Farming is a business now, and the sheriff sells out the man who cannot run his farm in a business way.

I cannot sigh over the departure of the old days of hand agriculture. I was raised on a farm. I have had a double-shovel give my ribs a Dutch rub when plowing corn in the old stump field, and I am glad that men can farm now more safely for their bones and their religion. The women in farm homes too do not long for the days when the dining room was full of harvesters and the kitchen full of the fumes of hell. The new ways are better. But that does not alter the fact that they mean fewer feet to be shod, fewer legs to be overalled, fewer freckled, sun-browned misses to wear the new, soft dresses.

IV

The people that live in Littletown are nice. The Legion and the Ku Klux would accept them all. We have very few foreign families—you could count them on one hand—and still fewer colored. There are the usual number of faithful elderly spinsters waiting to join Ma and Dad, who died and left them without the job that had been husband and children to them;

the usual number of widows and widowers living alone with their memories in rambling, solitary houses; the usual number of retired farmers sniffing the wind wistfully in the morning; the usual number of children playing in the yards of the smaller houses on the side streets. There are not many young people though; the population takes a running jump over the twenties, and the few that are left keep asking, "What's doing in the city? Are jobs opening up there yet?"

It makes it rather hard on the young folks in high school. They are determined not to be like Mother and Dad, but there are few in between to copy after. So they read the magazines and go to the movies and get their styles of dressing and acting from there. A little too much lipstick, talk rather coarse and loud, clothes just a bit extreme, and a faraway look of cities over the horizon when the school bell has rung for the last time, tell their story.

A year or two ago one of the men from the college of agriculture gave the young folks in our high school a questionnaire about their choice of a vocation. Only 16.5 per cent of them said they were planning to do work similar to their father's, and only 13.8 per cent were intending to stay in town. Their dreams will change of course, and disappointment will also come; but that does not change the present situation much. Our young folks do not like us and see no future for themselves with us.

On Sunday morning the bells in five steeples ring the call to worship, and the doors of five churches open for the crowds of worshippers who will not come. All of our churches have a seating capacity far in excess of their resident membership. Yet we are a fairly religious town; for a census that the churches took one year showed that over half of our population belonged

to some church, and the average for the United States is less than that. The proportion is considerably smaller, however, among the country people; relatively few of them come to our churches, and they have none of their own. They say that their clothes are inferior to ours, and that we are not friendly with them. I think that their clothes are on the whole as good as ours, but they are probably right about the lack of cordiality; we have had our eyes fixed on the dream of being a big city for so long that we have forgotten the people who tend the cows that fill the milk trucks that rumble through town.

Our churches are costly affairs. In 1930 we spent, one of the ministers estimated, \$17,507 for the four Protestant churches alone. Thirty years before that the records show that the cost of those same churches, with more members, was only \$7,089. I do not attribute this rise to extravagance but to the upward tendency of our necessities; thirty years ago we did not feel that a college education was necessary for our ministers; but we do now, for so many of us are college-educated that we abhor scientific blunders in the pulpit. And college men cost us more than illiterate, or semi-so, ministers. The same is true of our pipe organs, our redecorated buildings, our robed choirs. Those things are part of our modern culture.

Our extravagance comes, however, in our insistence that each small church group must have those things for itself. The Methodists, with only ninety-four members, must have those things just as do the Baptists, with two and one-half times as many people over whom to spread the cost. Some people I know have actually declined to join one of our churches, not because they did not feel spiritually ready, but because they knew that they could not stand the financial pressure that is put

upon its members. The gospel is far from free in our town.

Some efforts have been made toward inter-church co-operation. Union services are held on summer evenings, and even the smallest building is adequate to hold the combined audiences. The young people of three of the churches began a joint society, but the older folks of one church withdrew their young people after a few weeks, saying that they were having too good a time with the others and feared they might be "weaned away" from their own church. Two of the churches have had a joint men's class for a few years, and the men got along with one another there as well as they did in the lodges or the business men's clubs; but when talk began of union of the two churches at a time when one of them was without a minister some of the women said things that put a stop to it.

It may be after we have had a few more burials in our beautiful green cemetery on the hill that church union will come nearer, and we shall become fellow-Christians as well as fellow-Littletownians—but there are those who will term my hope sinful.

Although we are losing population, our school is becoming more crowded every year. The classrooms are full of seats. It seems that out in the country districts, as the little schools lose students until only a few are left and the cost per pupil becomes high, the schools are closed and those few children are taken in to our school by buses. Also, more young people above the age at which they are legally required to go to school are wanting to continue on through the high school; they feel the need of higher education in this day. We shall have to build a new building for them eventually, and yet we hesitate at the cost and keep putting it off. A large part of our tax-paying townsmen are retired farmers

whose income is small and limited, whose children are already educated and gone, but whose influence is great.

We have a beautiful little library, built by funds which a good woman left for the purpose, and the young folks use it very well. Their parents, except for women who do a deal of novel-reading, do not use it much. We are not enthusiastic in the cultivation of our minds but are fairly satisfied to let them be as they are. One of the doctors was fuming the other day that there were eight card clubs in town but not one mother's club.

When evening settles down upon us there are several things that we can do. Generally we sit at home and listen to the radio, which is pleasant in the summer when it can be heard through an open window on the porch. If the night is fair we visit friends; and if there is something extra on at one of the lodges those of us who are not officers, who would go anyway, attend.

We have two lodges, the Odd Fellows and the Masons, the former with a large proportion of farmers in its membership. The leaders of both complain that meetings are poorly attended, not like the good old days. But the rooms are open in the afternoons, and the older men drop in to play checkers and cards and talk. The women have their Rebekahs and Eastern Star and put on bake-sales now and then.

There are, besides the Legion—which is getting a bit fat—and the Grange, a number of other organizations in town. A D.A.R. chapter that was recently formed by some lady who belonged to no other club, I think, and who wanted to join one; a chapter of Daughters of Union Veterans; a Current Topic club that should properly be called Current Gossip; the Shakespeare Club that discusses astronomy and art; any number of card clubs that are the breath of life to the two little

gift shops; and in each section of town a "sunshine" club that sends flowers and gifts to the sick. The women spend a great deal of time at these various clubs; for they are, like most small-town women, forever lonesome and inquisitive about one another's affairs.

We have two business men's clubs, whose main occupation is talking about bringing "new business" to town, but none of them includes in its membership farmers, whose milk trucks bring in all the new business that ever does come.

For sport, the younger men have organized a soft-ball league that fights noisy battles in the park at twilight. The barbers have a team, the railroad men, the feed-mill men, and so on; "Lucky Tigers," "Keystones," "Barney Googles" they call them, and get real sport out of the games. Baseball loosens up the muscles that have been fighting rust on the rails or waiting behind the counters for business to come home and be forgiven, and also takes their minds off the complaining women who wait for their men folk to return at sundown and listen respectfully while they retail the gossip of the day.

V

Last year the farmers took a step that disgusted the business men. They organized a co-operative feed store in one of the empty buildings, to handle feed and flour and the like, buy seeds and fertilizer, and ship some produce as well. The business men regard it as very ungrateful of them, especially in the midst of this business depression. If they had only taken some stock in the knife factory or the airplane industry now, the farmers would have been showing real co-operation. But this event proves to them that the farmers do not understand civic needs.

One would think that the young

people, even more than the women, would be very busy; for they have any number of organizations for them in the school and the churches and the Scouts and the Hi-Y. Some organization is putting on a sale of some kind, raising money for some purpose, almost all the time. But the truth is, as I have observed, that a few of them belong to nearly everything, with no time even to study, while a great many belong to nothing and do nothing except stand on the street corners and giggle.

There really is not much else for those who are not dashing off to some meeting or other to do. They can go to the movies, which cost money, or they can shoot pool, which also costs money and is not too well thought of, or they can go home. They rarely do that except to work at their lessons. What they fall back upon is the promenade. From the library they drift down one side of the street to the filling station, then cross over and back up the other side, and so on around again. Now and then they pair off and slip away down a side street where the lights are more dim.

One winter a new minister suggested opening up some of the rooms of a church and installing ping-pong tables, checkers, a piano, and the like on Friday and Saturday nights. He didn't get far with that idea. "What for?" was the attitude of his board. "We spend a lot of money on our young folks now, and then when they get through school they go off to the city and we never get it back. And besides it isn't right to use the church property that way."

So the card-tables gossip about the goings-on among the younger generation of this awful day; one of the older ministers fulminates weekly about the drinking and necking proclivities of youth, and the business men complain that the young people do not remain

to marry and settle down and breed a trading population for the town. And all the while the more ambitious and worthy of the young folks are whispering impatiently among themselves, "Let's get out of here to where something's doing!"

And that probably is the very spirit that led their ancestors to come to Littletown in the first place.

We used to have, not so long ago, considerable doing in our town. Every fall we had a fair, of which we were justly proud. We had halls for exhibits, a race track, a grandstand. I can remember when I used to swallow a whole bag of popcorn without tasting it, as La Paloma won by a nose from Gelter's Pride or while I watched Zanzibar the snake eater for one dime, ten cents, the decimal part of a dollar. But the fair stopped some years ago for lack of entries, and enthusiasm, and patrons, and money; and last year we arranged to sell the old buildings that remained in order to pay off a debt we owed the printer.

The grove just south of town, a clean place of hard maples lifting round bare trunks above the grass, used to be the scene of camp meetings, chautauquas, and political rallies. Tents were pitched amid the trees, water brought from the spring, horses staked out, and the whole family settled down to enjoy religion or whatever there was, while one of the boys ran the farm between hayings. Jolly, informal, full of fist fights and love-making, of prayer and mud-slinging, summer camp meetings were the balm of sultry days. Brush grows up in the old grove now, and the cows scratch their lean necks against well-nigh obliterated hearts with arrows stuck through and letters, "H.C. and V.T." O Time, how could you?

Here it lies, the little village in the lap of the hills, about it the marks of its former happiness and hope, and be-

fore it the shadows seen only by itself and the old men who sit on the bench before the pool room on calm afternoons. They too have lived and dreamed.

And the storekeepers agitate home trade, dangle decaying buildings before decaying industries as an attraction to come to Littletown and die, and at the last do as Jonas Handman did. Just between the main highways of travel, just on the edge of the oil field, not big enough to be a city, not small enough to be a hamlet—wanting things, almost getting things, too alive to die and too dead to grow, what shall become of us?

We have the poor comfort of knowing that our lot is not solitary. There are many villages like ours to-day, facing what we face. We hear talk of the decentralization of industry, of the putting of great factories into small units scattered over many towns, but we know that salvation for us does not lie in the scheme. It may be done, but we know that it will be the villages nearer the great cities than we are that will profit. And the extent of their profit is doubtful; industry began in small towns once and left them; we had factories once, and they are gone; nor have the prodigals shed many tears of penitence as yet. Many villages like us are waiting for either factories or farmers to come back; for over one hundred thousand acres of farm land have been abandoned in our county alone, many times that in the State, and millions in the whole country.

Everywhere that this has occurred there are villages with Jonas Handmans.

Of this, I think we are certain: that the process of shrinking will go on until there are just enough farmers left

outside our village to supply the milk that the market demands. And when that point is reached there will also be just enough stores left in Littletown to supply the needs of these farmers. The churches will either die or merge the one with the other until there are just enough churches to accommodate us all, villagers and farmers, in our worship. The little district schools will probably draw together in consolidation until our youth can find in the minimum number of good schools the maximum preparation for life.

These things will not happen easily. They will be accompanied by struggle and pain. But if we can see where we are going, and help one another on the way, we may be able to reduce the Jonas Handmans.

Littletown is not going to die. Littletown is going to start over again, this time with its eyes open, its goal more real. We shall gain a spiritual dividend from the re-organization of our village life, I think; for whatever we do we shall have to do together—and that is good for the soul. One with the countryside, with the old false barrier between village and farm forgotten, with the common interest of storekeeper and dairyman at last known and understood, the renascent Littletown may be a better place than before.

For life still goes on about us. Lovers marry and are given in marriage; children play in the front yards; men sweat in the fields; women peel vegetables in the kitchens; and the cows come home at evening in long patient lines, trailing down from the hill pastures.

And wherever there is life there are the needs of life, that cannot be met by any one man alone.



JEWS AT THE CROSSROADS

BY WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

THERE are certain indications that, as a result of the great Jewish tragedy in Germany, a new and revolutionary attitude toward the Jewish problem has arisen and is now being evolved chiefly among Jews themselves. The old traditional opinion that anti-Semitism is entirely a problem of the non-Jew and that its connection with the Jews is that which some external catastrophe may have with its innocent victims, is beginning to give way to the new point of view that the problem of Jew-hatred is a subjective problem of the Jew no less than of the anti-Semite and that it cannot be solved entirely by people outside Jewry. The problem is internal as much as external and it has to be attacked from within, in the Jewish ranks as well as from without, in the camp of the anti-Semites. Preaching to the anti-Semites or denouncing them as vile and worthless creatures is not enough. Nor is the incessant appeal to the liberal non-Jewish world for help the best way of fighting the old scourge. The Jew must strengthen his position from within; he must set his own house in order; for there is no short-cut to salvation and no real help can come from outside. A cleansed and strengthened Jewish life will withstand anti-Semitic attacks much better than a weak Jewish society bolstered up with the aid of powerful liberal and humanitarian allies from outside. In short, Jews, like most people who have gone through a pro-

found tragedy, are beginning to look inward.

The first step in all such processes of introspection, whether in the individual or society as a whole, is self-criticism. There is no mechanism known so far other than profound, searching self-criticism which is not afraid to probe the most hidden sacred places and to reveal the most painful truths—a criticism which sears and cleanses. But it is exactly this first step which is the hardest for the Jews to take. As a people, Jews are not averse to self-analysis, but they are most sensitive to criticism from without as well as from within. The reason is obvious.

For centuries Jewish life has been a constant fight with fierce enemies who have sought to destroy it. In conditions such as these the instinct of the group is to close its ranks and not to allow its weaknesses or faults to come to the surface, lest they be seized upon by the enemy and used as ammunition against the group itself. Censorship is the first act of a nation at war, and Jews have been at war from times immemorial. The virtue of self-criticism has, therefore, never been strong among the Jews. It is seldom, if ever, that one will read in the Jewish press a dispassionate presentation of common Jewish faults and shortcomings such as one meets in the press of any other Western people. An ordinary criticism of the Jewish type, such as Sinclair Lewis for instance presents of

the American, would be passionately resented as anti-Semitism. If a non-Jew, or even a Jew, would attempt to do to Jewish society what George Bernard Shaw has done to the English, he would be proclaimed an anti-Semite and would be hounded out of liberal society. It is one of the minor tragedies of Jewish thinking that, by long and unfortunate association, criticism of the Jew and anti-Semitism have become inseparable in the Jewish mind. In recent years the growth of Jewish nationalism has stimulated even more an unfortunate tendency which was already strong; a necessity has become a virtue; a censorship which has been imposed by need has become a patriotic duty, and any infringement of it has been made an act of treachery to the group or to liberal humanity.

One of the few good services which the Nazi upheaval has done to the Jews is that it has awakened their doubt of the need and efficacy of this censorship and has turned their minds in the direction of self-criticism. After the first gales of protest have been spent and the oceans of self-pity have been shed, new and harsh voices have begun to be heard demanding a searching of heart within Jewry itself for additional possible causes of the great tragedy in Germany as well as for anti-Semitism in other countries. Was this terrible outburst of the Nazis indeed only an external catastrophe having nothing to do with internal Jewish life? Is there no inner connection between this tragedy and Jewry? Is it all only a matter of Nazi brutality and viciousness? Is there not something also in Jewish life which might be partly responsible for this and for the other similar tragedies?

Merely to ask these questions is to start a line of thought which is nothing short of revolutionary in Jewry and which may lead to novel discoveries in that vast field of the old Jewish prob-

lem. To follow it consistently is to trace without much difficulty the inner connection between, at least, some of the more popular forms of anti-Semitism and the corresponding aspects of Jewish life. There is, in the first place, easily found a clear-cut connection between hatred of the Jews in many countries, especially in eastern Europe, and that peculiar mode of life of a small group of people living in the midst of preponderating majorities of other groups and yet violating almost every rule of the social code of these majorities and their conception of good neighborliness. In eastern Europe, where the bulk of the Jews still live, they differ from their non-Jewish neighbors not merely in religion but also in social life and customs, in economic occupations, in language and culture, and even in dress and in physical appearance. No caste rule in India could evolve a life more distinct and separate from the one around it than is that of the majority of Jews in Poland, Galicia, Carpat-Russia, Rumania, the Baltic States, and the Balkans. No other human institution could so thoroughly and completely preserve medieval life, thought, and custom in the midst of the Twentieth Century, as did Jewish orthodoxy in eastern Europe. Catholicism, which has also preserved portions of medievalism, has limited its preservations to the Church; Jewish orthodoxy has managed to preserve the Middle Ages in the everyday life of east-European Jewry and in crude, unsublimated forms. It is only our remarkable Jewish sensitiveness and our inability to listen to the most common truths that are responsible for the fact that this most obvious of all truths is never mentioned publicly to the Jews. It is downright "anti-Semitic," for instance, to mention the fact, seen by the most unobservant traveler in Poland, that the medieval Ghetto gaberdine and ear-locks still worn by

the majority of Polish Jews, and which emphasize their segregation, are a powerful factor in the maintenance of the notorious Polish anti-Semitism.

But the medieval Ghetto is retained not in dress alone. It is maintained almost as a replica of the Middle Ages in the separate Jewish quarters in Warsaw and in every big city in Poland and Galicia. It is kept up in the separate Ghetto schools, where the education of the young has not changed for the last five centuries. It is preserved in the institution of the "wonder-rabbi" who still works miracles and rules, an absolute monarch, in a domain of fierce fanaticism. It is kept alive in that nasty, pre-medieval theory of blood racialism which the Nazis have just discovered, but which the Jews were the first to introduce and have embodied in their life for centuries. There seems to be almost an historic justice in the fact that the present Nazi outburst of morbid racialism vents itself on the Jews; for the entire mad theory of a pure, chosen, superior race which has to keep its blood pure from mixing with the impure blood of the rest of inferior humanity is a direct unaltered imitation of the chosen-people theory which is still in force among orthodox Jews in eastern Europe. That detestable conception of "*rassenshande*" which Julius Streicher, the nastiest of the Nazis, is now attempting to introduce into Germany, is lifted bodily from the Jewish Ghetto where it has ruled life for centuries and is still largely in control. There is no greater tragedy in a Jewish family in Poland than to have a daughter marry a non-Jew. Leprosy, syphilis, or death are smaller evils. The idea that it is a crime against the race for a German to break bread with a Jew or to drink a glass of beer with him is but a poor imitation of a similar but stranger Ghetto law. For the plain fact is that the bulk of middle-

class Jewry, that great reservoir in eastern Europe which is continuously refilling the ebbing Jewish populations of the West, has never left the medieval Ghetto, while the non-Jewish Western world about it has not remained similarly stationary. The result is a gulf between these two worlds so enormous that it is in itself sufficient to create the antagonism felt everywhere against the Jews.

II

It is true that all this medievalism is now rapidly breaking down throughout the Jewish world under the pressure of Western civilization. In all Western countries, and even in eastern Europe, Jews have been assimilating, and are still assimilating rapidly; the Ghetto walls are breaking down everywhere and the fierce mental and physical separation of the Jew is disappearing and even assuming reverse forms. The modern assimilated Jew not only does not shun the table and bed of the non-Jew, but will often give his entire fortune and life for this privilege; and yet anti-Semitism is admittedly not smaller in some countries of the West than it is in the east of Europe. It is this fact which is mostly responsible for the rise of Jewish Nationalism and for the tendency to underestimate the power of Jewish separatism as a factor in Jew-hatred which Zionism has made a fashion. But this undeniable fact does not detract in the least from the validity of the other truth. It only shows that there may be some factors other than separatism which cause anti-Semitism. Besides, even in Western countries where the Jews are assimilated Jewish separatism largely exists, although different in form from that in eastern Europe.

The invisible walls of the Ghetto are largely retained even under assimilation. Even in New York, London, Paris, Berlin, and everywhere where

middle-class Jews seem to assimilate, we live practically in towns of our own, retain our old economic occupations, eat our own food, keep up our own manners and standards, and lead a social life which is hardly less distinct from those of our neighbors around us than is the medieval life of the Polish Jew from that of his neighbors. There is the same old horror when one marries outside the tribe, the same sharp division of the world and everything in it into Jewish and non-Jewish, and the same distinct mental attitude toward the Jewish and the non-Jewish parts of it. Except that we have doffed the Ghetto gaberdine and have changed our first names, most of us who have assimilated still live within the invisible walls of the Ghetto.

This incomplete and superficial assimilation can be a source of even greater animosity against the Jews than is the old tribal separatism of the Ghetto. For this half-assimilation produces certain traits in the Jewish character which are definitely more hateful than anything which the Ghetto has ever produced. There is that abhorrent mental slavishness of the average half-assimilated Jew which makes him crawl and cringe before the non-Jew as a dog wagging his tail before his master. The old Ghetto complex of racial superiority easily passes into its exact contrary, a feeling of abject inferiority which makes the most gifted Jew look up slavishly to any non-Jew as to a superior being and exert himself in imitation of him. To pass for a non-Jew, to be most like a non-Jew is for this type of Jew the state of highest perfection for which he is sighing secretly and which he is striving to reach as the highest ideal of his life—an attitude reminiscent of certain uneducated negroes who are striving to look like white people. The Ghetto at its worst was never guilty of this attitude. Then there is that

painful self-consciousness of the incompletely assimilated Jew who is forever aware of his Jewishness as a hunchback is of his hump and is forever trying to hide it only to reveal it the more. There is that painful fear of being conspicuously Jewish which only results in its greater obviousness. Above all, there is that strong, morbid desire of the incompletely assimilated Jew to run away from his own people and from everything in himself which reminds him of them, a desire which leads to the most terrible of all Jewish complexes, that of self-hatred.

The extent of self-hatred among the incompletely assimilated bourgeois Jews is appalling. By far the greatest anti-Semites, both known and unknown, come from their ranks. The reason, for instance, why a good many assimilated Jewish employers do not employ Jewish workers can be traced to the fact that these people simply cannot stand the sight of a Jew and are irritated by his mere presence. It is this which easily forms the most widespread as well as the most abnormal trait of the modern, half-assimilated Jews. It not only poisons the lives of most of these people and turns them into miserable, hateful neurotics, but it also forms the cesspool where the microbes of the most vicious anti-Semitism breed and spread to the non-Jewish world. Instinctively the average non-Jew hates these sick, abnormal creatures more than he ever disliked the separatist, but healthy Ghetto-Jew. Medieval anti-Semitism was mostly religious and social; modern anti-Semitism is economic with an element of the psychological in it.

The one great service which Jewish Nationalism has to its credit is that it has raised a healthy Jewish protest against this pathology of the incomplete superficial assimilation. But Nationalism, although it protests against it, does not destroy this mor-

bidity. Some of the strongest Jewish Nationalists are at the same time the most acute sufferers from the most objectionable complexes of Jewish assimilation. For at bottom both Jewish Nationalism, with its exaggerated pride of race, and the morbid desire to run away from Jewishness are one and the same thing psychologically. Both are natural complexes of a small group living for centuries as a distinct minority in the midst of a majority. *Both are the penalty which we Jews are paying for having broken for centuries the natural laws of normal social relationship of ordinary humanity.*

III

The most important inner connection of all, however, is to be found in the relationship of anti-Semitism to the economic life of the bulk of Jewry. Here the causes and the effect are so clearly at work that only he who deliberately shuts his eyes from dictates of false patriotism or sentimental humanitarianism can fail to see them.

To the average non-Jew, Jews, rightly or wrongly, represent the very incarnation of the system of exchange and money power against which the modern world is to-day everywhere in revolt. It is not only in the mind of the anti-Semite that the Jew is inseparably associated with money. The association cannot be eradicated even from the minds of people who are kindly disposed toward Jews. The fact that this association is more historic than real; that by no means all Jews are bankers and money lenders, and that there are millions of Jews who have no connection with money does not alter the strength of the belief. For, in the first place, a psychological fact and a true fact are not always one and the same thing. An error can be as potent a fact in psychology as the truth. Second, the

truth remains that Jews who by the discriminations and persecution of the Middle Ages were driven almost exclusively into business and trading occupations have largely retained these occupations to the present day, and to a much greater extent than most other people. The middle class is with most other nations only a class; with us Jews it is the people. No wonder then in the eyes of the non-Jewish world we are mostly a people of traders rather than producers, the closest allies of capitalism. This is true not only in eastern Europe, where the conditions of the Ghetto still prevail, but still more in Western countries where Jews have largely assimilated and have become in every way like the rest of the population round them.

One of the remarkable paradoxes of Jewish assimilation is that it can and does affect practically every branch of Jewish life, but not the Jewish economy. Under the pressure of assimilation, we Jews have in some places abandoned every allegiance of the Ghetto, beginning especially with religion although this is generally supposed to be our most distinctive and strongest feature; but we have not abandoned the economic foundations of the Ghetto. The strange fact is that the more assimilated the Jew the more he adheres to the old Ghetto occupations of banking, finance, and a few professions. In unassimilated Poland Jews have a numerous and strong class of laborers and artisans; but in assimilated Germany the native Jewish population was, before the coming of Hitlerism, overwhelmingly engaged in business, finance, and the professions. Every effort which has been made during the last two generations to divorce middle-class Jews from business and to direct them into production has failed. All the schemes of Jewish land colonization and efforts to change Jewish economic life from trading to pro-

duction have ended in failure. In Argentina, in the United States, in Palestine the result is everywhere the same. For a time these Jews, stimulated by huge philanthropic enterprise, by the necessities of immigrant life or by profound idealism, would turn to land settlement or to other productive labor; but soon the habit of centuries, or what seems to be the ingrained genius of the group, would assert itself; the colonies would be deserted, and the workshops exchanged for stores and business, big or little.

The most conspicuous illustration of this is now being enacted before our eyes in Palestine. The Jewish settlement in the Holy Land, begun two generations ago as an idealistic scheme for productivizing Jewish life, is now being rapidly transformed into that very product of the Ghetto which the first pioneers of Zionism were most eager to eradicate. If it were not for Jewish labor in Palestine, which is today fighting a valiant battle to keep alive the old social ideals of Zionism, Palestine would have been now the community with the most rampant business spirit in the world. The only great Jewish productivization scheme which seems so far to succeed is the one in Soviet Russia; but that scheme has not been long enough in existence to allow of its being classed as a final success. And even if it proves a success it will not be because middle-class Jews will have abandoned business and trading, but because the very system itself will have been destroyed. There seems to be no way of weaning bourgeois Jews from business other than that of destroying business itself.

Of course much of this business spirit is merely the spirit of the age, and much of what has been said above applies with equal truth to other people as well as to the Jews. Capitalism is the heritage of all people, not only of

the Jews, and the whole of modern humanity has been profoundly affected by the system of exchange and trading. But the Jewish bourgeoisie has had the bad or the good fortune of being associated with this system so long, and for a time so exclusively, that it has affected their psychology more than that of other people. Probably nowhere else in history has the psychology of a people been so profoundly affected by its economic occupation. The average Jewish business man seems to be born for his occupation and he retains all the psychological attributes of trading and exchange even after he leaves business. Trading seems to be not an acquired but a natural characteristic of this people. So thoroughly has this type of Jew absorbed the spirit of business and made it its own that many psychological attributes which are in reality the usual attributes of the business world as a whole are in the general mind confused with the characteristics of the Jews and are erroneously thought of as national Jewish characteristics. The love and servile adoration of success, that great goddess of Business, is generally thought of as a special trait of the Jewish character. The terrific drive, rush, and push which is the very nature of competitive business is almost universally thought of as Jewish. The eagerness and the greed which consume its owners; the cheap craftiness without real wisdom; the all-too-great cleverness which mostly results in outdoing someone of something; the shallow ability for skimming the tops of many things without plumbing the depth of any; that almost uncanny enterprise and energy to build and sell castles in the air, to bring the North and the South Poles together if necessary to complete a business deal; the ability to amass a fortune without producing anything; the morbid desire to outbid everyone, to be first everywhere, to ex-

cel in everything; the parasitism which really does nothing useful and yet makes the biggest noise and splash, rushes about, shouts, and gesticulates as if it did everything—all these are in reality outstanding attributes of the current economic system, but they are generally thought of as typical traits of the Jews.

Anyone who has known Jews, the plain and simple Jewish folk, those who have no money and no complexes, knows that these are no more their true characteristics than is the Ghetto gaberdine. They are an old people and have the true wisdom of long experience. They love learning and music and things spiritual infinitely more than money; they love artisanship and all non-mechanical labor; they know the futility of acquisition, the vulgarity of showiness, the superficiality of success, and the value of simple, quiet, modest living. The greatest majority of them live in such appalling poverty that if it could be known to the world at large it would wring the heart of humanity and would destroy the myth of the close association of Jews with money forever. As a people they are as capable of profound spirituality to-day as they were in the days when they produced God-intoxicated men; their idealism keeps alive every social movement for the betterment of the lot of mankind; they hate brute force and have that genuine abhorrence of bloodshed and war which no other Western people has yet reached; they have a burning passion against tyranny in all its manifestations; they are born protestants of the spirit; their compassion for the weak and helpless makes the legend of the Nazarene a reality of present everyday life. But the great trouble is that these obscure folk are not known in a world where wealth is most conspicuous, and those rich Jews who are known have in their all too great

adaptability so thoroughly assimilated the acquisitive, economic system by which they were kept alive for centuries that the ordinary person mistakes many characteristics of this system for those of the Jews and judges the entire people by what are really not their true selves.

Herein lies the most prolific cause of anti-Semitism. Jews have in the popular mind incarnated in their persons a system of economy which is now seriously breaking down throughout the world and causing an amount of social suffering, probably more widespread than ever before in the history of mankind. The anger and bitter hatred caused by this great suffering of millions of people is now floating about like a storm cloud upon the social horizon, ready to discharge the accumulated suppressed discontent upon the first real or imaginary culprit. The Jew stands out in most cases as the most prominent symbol of the hated system, as the living personification of the people's trouble, and it is upon him that their wrath is poured down first. It is not in vain that the outbursts of anti-Semitism occur always in times of economic depression and among people most deeply steeped in economic despair. It is not an accident also that the present period, which is probably the gravest in the history of capitalism, is also the period of greatest anti-Semitic upheaval. For anti-Semitism is but a form of economic unrest, misdirected, misguided, following the wrong clue but, nevertheless, not without some plausible, understandable, erring, human reason. It has been the misfortune of us Jews that our history has pushed us into the tragic position of the petty representatives of a rich economy which is based on the oppression of the great mass of humanity, and we have never had the moral courage to sever relationship with it voluntarily. We have, there-

fore, always had to stand, and are standing now too, the brunt of the natural hatred which the oppressed always feel for their oppressors or for their representatives.

IV

Seventy-five years ago, an obscure German exile and refugee, named Karl Marx, living in the most pathetic poverty in London, was writing weekly letters to the *New York Tribune* prophesying the present crisis of our social system and other things. Most of these letters were promptly and regularly relegated to the waste-basket because the great Dana, who had already then formulated his famous theory of Journalism, did not find that these articles came up to the standard of the story of a man who had bitten a dog. But some of these letters, nevertheless, managed to see the light, and in one of them Karl Marx discussed the Jewish question. He pointed out the near relationship, both economic and psychological, existing between the Jews and Capitalism and the valid reasons because of this for the existence of anti-Semitism. The implication of the article was, of course, not to justify anti-Semitism but to point out the only way of eradicating this old scourge, namely: that the Jews must break radically with a system which has always been the most prolific source of the world's hatred of them. But capitalism was yet in its bloom then and it had much to offer to the Jews. Marx was, therefore, promptly declared an "anti-Semite," and even his Rabbinical parentage could not save him from being declared an enemy of Israel.

But the message of that obscure exile in London fell on fertile soil among the mass of the poverty-stricken Jews in Europe, and ever since then it has burned an eternal flame in the hearts of the Jewish people. It is a matter of

record that every social movement among the Jews in the Nineteenth Century has been a conscious or unconscious striving toward an economic reconstruction of Jewish life as well as of Society as a whole. Instinctively, the mass of the Jewish people has always felt that the solution of its acutest problem lies not in religious, nationalistic, or racial panaceas, but primarily in social and economic reconstruction. This is also the reason why Jews have from the Nineteenth Century on always flocked into radical social parties and have brought to radical movements in every country their greatest enthusiasm, genius, and devotion. Herein lies the secret of the paradox of so-called Jewish radicalism which has baffled many of the non-Jewish world. This world cannot understand how the Jews, who are generally known as the ablest representatives of the system of trading and exchange, are at the same time also its fiercest opponents and strongest fighters. The contradiction is but apparent, not real. Jewish radicalism is no paradox. It is the natural reaction of the Jew to the too close nearness with a system into which he has been inveigled by historic necessity, but against which his essentially spiritual nature revolts. It is the atonement of the finer and more sensitive spirits among the Jews for the gross materialism of their money class. Jewish radicalism has always been strong because the bond of that particular class with capitalism has been strong; it is profound because it is a protest against a profound lie, the lie of the identification of the whole of the Jewish people with the meanest service of Mammon.

But while there is nothing paradoxical or new in the phenomenon of Jewish radicalism as a whole, there is something new and significant in the phase of it which we are witnessing at present. For it is clear even to a casual ob-

server that Jewish life is at present in the midst of a revival of social radicalism the like of which even Jews have not seen for two generations. All over Europe Jews are now in the vanguard of the forces fighting fascism, and they pay the heavy casualties of the first impact with that new, brutal force. It is commonly known that Jews, as Jews, are the greatest sufferers of fascist brutality, especially in Germany; but it is not so widely known that they also stand the brunt of the fascist attack in all countries of central and eastern Europe as radicals. The prisons and concentration camps of Poland, Rumania, Hungary, Austria, Germany, and of the Baltic States are overflowing with cruelly tortured Jewish young men and women whose pitiful martyrdom is not even mentioned because they are being tortured and racked not as Jews, but *only* as radicals (which is considered quite proper in our present brutalized world).

Even in the United States there is now in evidence an effervescence of Jewish radicalism which can be compared only to that colorful and interesting period of exactly fifty years ago when the first Jewish immigrants from Russia had just come to the American shores bringing with them their fresh enthusiasm for the Russian revolutionary movement together with the first message of socialism. The significant distinction between the present and the earlier Jewish radicalism of that period is that the older brand was transplanted growth brought over by immigrants and nurtured by them chiefly through their love for their old homeland; it therefore wilted and died when the memories of the old home had faded and the immigrants had adjusted themselves to the new American environments. The new radicalism is a native product of the younger, American-born Jewish generation (the old immigrant-radicals are now, curiously,

the most conservative, if not reactionary, element in American Jewry), and the movement draws whatever real sustenance it has from the native soil. Another feature of the present Jewish radicalism is that it is no longer confined only to the sweatshop workers and to the tenement dwellers of the East Side; it embraces also the younger people of the Jewish middle class and of the professions.

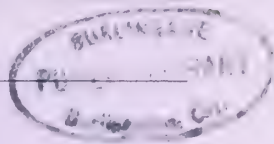
It is this latter which is evidently alarming some well-meaning American friends of the Jews, and they even publicly warn the Jews against the new danger. But these good people do not realize the depth of the movement against which they are warning nor the strength of the social forces behind it. It is not caprice or mere intellectual fashion that is driving these young people into the radical ranks; nor can Jews or anyone else control this new social tide. There is an historic necessity back of it, one which that poverty-harassed exile in London prophesied seventy-five years ago and which is coming true now. The fact is that the economic system with which the Jewish middle class has been closely affiliated for many generations has now come before a fundamental crisis, and this crisis affects the social and economic position of the Jews more than that of any other people. The Great War, the economic depression the world over, the rise of fascism in Europe, and finally the tragedy in Germany have all undermined the Jewish economic position in Europe and are driving the Jews from the advanced posts in commerce which they have occupied since the pioneer days of capitalism. The old association with business and trading which the Jewish middle class has kept up for centuries, and which it was reluctant to give up voluntarily, is now being broken by force everywhere in Europe, not only in Nazi Germany. The system no

longer needs the Jews, and is attempting everywhere to get rid of them. The Jew has done his work, and the Jew may go. It is one of the chief functions of fascism to show the Jew the door of the palace which he has done so much to build. Capitalism, at least on the Continent of Europe, no longer has anything to offer the Jews except hatred and discriminations with or without Aryan paragraphs. Middle-class Jewry is facing its gravest crisis in centuries, and its more sensitive members are, quite naturally, joining the forces of social revolt.

Whether this is a danger to the Jews or not, they cannot escape it. The tide of social events which carries them into opposition is doubly strong in their

case, for they suffer as Jews as well as members of a faulty economy. But there is at least one great compensation which amply rewards the Jews at present for all the dangers and suffering of a period of profound crisis. This is that the new social tide which is carrying them together with the rest of humanity tends to break that century-old, unnatural alliance between Jews and money which, although it has given some Jews great power and position, has subjected the bulk of the Jewish people to the hatred and contempt of a great portion of mankind, and has formed the most prolific source of anti-Semitism. If the tide accomplishes nothing else but this, it will have accomplished enough for the Jews.





TAKING THE HOSPITAL OUT OF HOSPITALITY

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

THE Greeks had a word for it—*εὐξενος*—and what is more they knew just what it meant and all that it might mean. Yet, unreasonably enough, we borrowed our own word from the Latin—*hospitalitas*—and then it took us a long time to work it over into current usage.

The Greeks (who knew how to tell stories to adults so simply that children might enjoy them) deemed hospitality the greatest of the virtues. Thus it is that we moderns, who rate it as an outer garment to be donned or doffed for convenience's sake, cannot read the story of Alcestis with complete appreciation. Here is the gist of it.

Admetus and his wife were young and intensely devoted to the business of loving each other. But the fates had decreed that Admetus should die. Then comes Apollo, after the intriguing fashion of those old Greek gods who were forever messing into human affairs, and argues with Death about it. Death claims his due, but is willing to accept a substitute. Admetus discusses the matter with his aged parents, who presumably have not many more years to live. But they do not view his proposition favorably. In fact the old gentleman gets rather nasty about it. Then it is that young Mrs. Admetus offers herself for the sacrifice, and her husband agrees.

Most of this is told to us in advance by an obliging chorus, and the action begins in a house of mourning where a

despairing young man weeps over the body of his love and realizes what a despicable egoistic wretch he has been. Incidentally old Admetus Senior says nothing to comfort him.

Then comes the guest, a big roistering chap with a letter of introduction, Hercules by name; and the law of hospitality dominates that house. It is true, admits the young host, there has been a death here—a servant, a stranger—do not let that mar the joy of your visit. So, with the death chamber shut off, and Admetus trying likewise to shut a door of his heart upon his bitter grief, the visitor is entertained according to his bent. There is wining and dining, dancing and riotous play in the guest's chambers, with drunken complaints now and then from Hercules that his host seems not to enter whole-heartedly into the fun. Then Admetus slips away for the funeral, and a grief-stricken servant, who had been left at home to care for the guest, lets the truth leak out. With the shock of it Hercules sobers up. Great is his shame for his own conduct, greater still his sorrow that the lady of that house is dead, but greatest of all his admiration for Admetus who could so nobly uphold the law of hospitality; for the comfort and happiness of the guest has transcended all other considerations. Thus it is that Hercules in expiation is moved to seek Death in his sunless home, struggle with him, and rescue the dead wife.

"I trust that I shall bring up Alcestis," he soliloquizes, "so as to place her in the hands of that host who received me into his house, nor drove me away although struck with a heavy calamity, but concealed it, noble as he was, having respect unto me. Who of the Thessalians is more hospitable than he?"

The dramatic moment of the play arrives when Hercules brings a shrouded figure into the presence of the grieving Admetus and demands that, as a last act of consideration for a guest's whims, he shall take this strange woman into his home in place of the wife who is dead. And so the play closes happily with these lines in the final speech:

"But lead her in, Admetus, and as thou oughtest henceforward, continue in thy piety with respect to strangers."

Then there was the case of Procrustes. The Greeks have told us about him, being careful to mention at the same time that he was not a Greek. Probably of some mixed breed with a strain of Persian in him. His first name seems not to be a matter of record, but it might easily have been Georgos or Michel. This Mike Procrustes had a large place set well back from the road on the main highway from Eleusis to Athens. In fact it was about half way, and so far from either point that motorists were likely to be out of gas or in need of a night's lodging when they reached the entrance of the estate. George had a few of his retainers planted casually near the highway with instructions to invite any belated travelers in for refreshment and a night's lodging. If they were Greeks they were not surprised at this, since such hospitality to strangers was taken for granted.

But Procrustes seems to have been a degenerate of some sort, with sadistic tendencies. He had a guest-room bed which was his particular pride. One

guest after another was invited to occupy that bed, and then carried to it, hog-tied. If he happened not to fit it exactly, the head butcher and his assistants stood ready. The guest was lopped off if he proved to be too long, and stretched out if he proved to be too short—and few survived the ordeal. George M. Procrustes seems to have kept up this playful business until Theseus, who was a sort of state constabulary complete in one person, happened along that way and made Procrustes sleep in his own spare bedroom.

So there we have in revealing fable the opposite extremes of hospitality—the Greek and the barbarian. Reviewing a lifetime of my own experiences as a guest, I am not quite certain which extreme I prefer. For there have been good Greek ladies who were, I am sure, hiding dire catastrophe while they made me welcome. Subdued telephone conversations, inevitably overheard, make it clear that some cherished plan has been abandoned; at dinner I am assured, after intercepting a wigwag by eyebrow semaphore, that Edward always skips the squab; and the appearance of the library at breakfast time is obvious proof that Susanne has slept on the sofa. "She likes to," insists the hostess; "she often does it when there is no one here." Yet I had not been permitted to refuse the invitation to stay. The argument over it had in fact reached a danger point that made staying necessary, even though one sensed a certain hysteria in the insistence. And my latter hours are filled with a perplexed wondering as to how I may leave a fragrant memory. Were I Hercules I should descend into hell and bring back at least the missing squab.

At the other extreme is the barbarian host, stretching me out to make me fit his bed. For I must be taken to view the new real estate extension,

and inspect the reconstructed town hall. Whether I am weary or not, there must be a party; I must, at regular intervals, move to a more comfortable chair; and a reluctant Bobbie must be summoned from his play so that I may hear him say his piece.

Well do I recall a committee of ladies appointed to receive the visiting lecturer. "We have nothing to do all the morning," they assured him gaily, "but to make your stay a pleasant one. What would you most enjoy doing?"

Words trembled on his tongue but were not allowed to become vocal. "First, my husband's office," said one; "and I know he would love to show you over the factory. While he is doing that we can attend to a few little things."

"Then a drive out the new boulevard," said another. "My car can pick him up at the factory without the least inconvenience. Henry won't be wanting it until afternoon."

But a third was not to be gainsaid. "He must see the civic museum. I am tremendously interested in it," she explained. "There aren't any other cities of this size that have one. Old maps," she waved an indicative hand, "early deeds, daguerreotypes, and some of the most interesting portraits of leading citizens, old furniture"—she waved both hands—"and shingles from the first house, and—and that sort of thing," she ended vaguely.

"But he hasn't said what he'd most like to do," broke in the first. "What would you most like to do?" she asked him archly.

"I wonder," he suggested feebly, "if I might wash? And then do you suppose I might just sort of lie down somewhere and not bother you?"

There was an outburst of delighted laughter. "Of course you can wash! There is a place at the factory office. But you're not bothering us a bit, and we couldn't be so inhospitable as to

leave you by yourself. Why, we couldn't have you going away without seeing our city."

II

Greek hospitality is the nobler of the two extremes; but it is likely to be too noble. Few guests, when well settled into the bosom of the home, can remain long unaware of sacrifices; which means that sooner or later they are ill at ease, with nothing to be done about it. The worst hospitality of our best households is likely to be Greek; but our community and national hospitality is nearly always procrustean.

Just after the War, when the Allies were exchanging compliments instead of duns and I.O.U.'s, Uncle Sam was host to many a distinguished visitor, from grizzled warriors to prime ministers and potentates. In whispers I have been told of the visit of a well-loved king and his gracious lady to our shores. States and cities were clamorous in their demands that he should be routed in their direction. Local politicians brought pressure to bear upon the State Department. Mayors and governors felt that to secure a local appearance of a reigning king and queen would affect the voters more favorably than would even the winning of several government appropriations. So it was planned that His Majesty should be stretched to fit our bed. The royal tour was to last for twenty days, and nineteen nights were to be spent on a sleeper! There was no Theseus to save him, but the King saved himself. Knowing something of America, he insisted upon seeing his itinerary, and then politely asked that it be changed.

But sturdy old Marshal Foch could not protect himself so effectively. His journey across the continent gave city after city an opportunity to add to his weariness by showing itself off. When he would have a little quiet he must

review a parade three hours long; when he would sleep he must eat his way through another banquet. No city or town asked what he would most enjoy; but all seized the opportunity to add to his exhaustion. A caption in a Chicago paper lingers in my memory: "Though Enjoying His Trip, Foch Asks It Be Eased Up a Bit." God forgive us for the chicken we fed him; not because he preferred chicken, but because we wished to prove the skill of our French chefs. As he was leaving our shores he remarked that he could never look another hen in the face.

General Fayolle made a three weeks' visit, representing the French army. I glean these extracts from a Parisian interview with him upon his return home. "It has been a hard fight, those three weeks in America. I come back on the verge of collapse, with grim dyspepsia holding me in its grip. . . . There were many banquets and luncheons. I survived them all. . . . I lived through it," concluded the General, "*but even the organizers of my tour had to admit that it was a record for endurance.*"

I recall a dinner arranged by an association of artists to honor Mark Twain. The back cover of the menu was left blank except for the information provided in brutal type that the space was for autographs. Before the honored guest had begun his final course a procession formed and filed slowly past his chair. For three-quarters of an hour with hardly a break he shook hands and produced autographs, until he was physically weary and his good humor destroyed.

If a single host is so often tempted to imitate Procrustes, what is one to expect from a whole host of hosts? Charles Dickens suffered a heavy drain on his health during his tour of America and was frequently ill. Autograph fiends, clubs, committees, and self-important people left him no privacy or

time for rest, and too little was done to protect him, by any truly hospitable person with authority. He was lopped off to fit our bed; and from Dickens to the latest Prince of Wales such episodes have constantly repeated themselves.

The Greeks chose their word for it with a certain satiric humor. *Euxenos* meant "hospitality" rightly enough, but etymologically it meant the friendliness of the Black Sea. Now anyone who is a guest of the Black Sea can on occasion have a very rough time of it. The Greeks were hospitable in order to please the gods. Their code required that the host should make every necessary and possible sacrifice, and if the guest didn't in his secret heart enjoy it, that was nobody's fault but his. If the lobster neuberg gave him ptomaine poisoning the benignant gods would still gaze down approvingly upon that hostess who had sacrificed time and strength to prepare the stuff. Lo, she had done it for the sake of a guest, when she knew that liver and bacon would have better suited her own family's taste, digestion, and pocketbook. The fact that her household also suffered went to prove there was no discrimination. So she could be blessed by a sense of duty well done and sing softly to herself as she changed the sheets in the guestroom. If her late guest somewhere out in the world was not enjoying his ptomaine, let him reflect that he might better have stayed at home in the first place and eaten his own liver-and-bacon.

The procrustean theory of hospitality is that the host shall not bother so much about the gods, but please himself. Nowadays there are few who possess the simple primitive frankness of the founder of that cult. We modern procrustians are forever denying our real objective, even to ourselves. If we compel a guest to sit in a drizzle watching three miles of pa-

rade, we tell ourselves that he must want to see it. If we force him to drink some homemade concoction which we have stirred with an overweening and unjustifiable pride, it is because we keep telling ourselves that he must be thirsty.

Think of the thousands of guests who have broken their teeth upon beaten biscuit in Southern homes, or have eaten scrapple in Philadelphia, or snails in San Francisco, under the eager and compelling gaze of the lady of the house, while their stomachs writhed in revolt. At this very moment of writing ten thousand persons singled out for attention in as many homes or villages or cities are being immolated upon the altar of local or family pride; and with fixed smiles upon their faces are hearing Susie recite, or enduring a speech by the representative of the mayor.

Hospitality is derived primarily from the word *hospes* meaning a host, generally one who received pay for the care of guests. *Hospitalitas* meant what they got in return for their money. There is a legend somewhere (or if there isn't there ought to be) of a certain innkeeper whose door stood open to the highroad between Beluchistan and Bagdad. Now the fame of this inn or hospital had spread from the Iberian peninsula to the farthest confines of Cathay by reason of its cookery. Its recipes had been handed down from father to son for many generations, a jovial succession of rubicund cooks who enjoyed their own cooking. For always mine host himself directed the mixtures of the soups and stews and compotes. Travelers who had sojourned there in the dark ages left dying wishes that their sons should some day be guests at that inn;

so the family tradition of being a guest there was as firmly established as the tradition of landlordship. Then at last came tragedy, for an only son inherited the estate who could not learn to cook. That heaven-sent attribute simply was not in him. Yet he was forever trying and, as years came upon him, forever more desperately. Travelers passed that way from all corners of the earth, but after one meal were prone to hurry on; until at length he made it a rule that no guests might stop unless they tarried for a week. In such an interval he felt that they might be trained to like his cooking. The only result of this device, however, was that at the end of the week they could not leave; so that in time the inn grew into a vast caravansary, with a great proportion of its rooms devoted to the care of the sick. Thus it was that the word *hospital* acquired its modern meaning.

So we perceive that the human notion of hospitality has undergone many vicissitudes. Some men have been hospitable to please the gods, and others—the great majority—to please themselves. It remains for a race to appear upon this footstool who are instinctively hospitable in order to please their guests. This we may call the Utopian brand.

Such a program is not as simple as it sounds; for if the guest also possesses the altruistic instinct, he cannot be happy if he suspects that his host is less comfortable than himself. Utopian hospitality must be at the household's normal level. There can be no deceit and no real deprivation within that home in order to make the guest happy, for the risk is too great that only the Greek gods will be pleased, and they are all dead.





THE SAAR—AND HUMAN NATURE

BY EDGAR PACKARD DEAN

THE ancients had the custom of prefacing their remarks on politics by a discussion of human nature. The ablest and most famous exponent of this method was Socrates. "Know thyself" was the essence of his philosophy. By this he meant that an understanding of the world presupposed an understanding of man. The method was not without its advantages. Socrates found that much of the criticism which his fellow-Athenians levelled at institutions could with greater propriety be attributed to human nature. For example, the Athenians complained of the inefficiency and corruptness of their government. Socrates reminded them that they were self-governed. The conclusions were obvious. But human nature does not like such obvious conclusions—especially when they redound to itself. And so the Athenians put Socrates to death.

Since the days of the Greeks politics has had many masters. The men of the Middle Ages considered it an adjunct of religion; to the men of the Renaissance politics was a part of the sport of kings; in modern times it has been treated as reflecting the principles of nationalism; and recently it has been regarded as a subdivision of economics. Some, if not all of these views, will manifest themselves within the next few weeks. For in January, 1935, the people of the Saar Territory will hold a plebiscite. The outcome will show the world whether the Saarlanders desire to be reunited with Ger-

many, continue under the auspices of the League, or be annexed to France. Irrespective of their choice, critics will again launch into a long discussion of the Treaty of Versailles. Some will regard it from the standpoint of economics, others from that of nationalism. Except at Rome, few will consider it in terms of the greater glory of God. Probably no one will treat it as embodying the more general principles of human nature. The latter approach leads to the same embarrassing difficulties as in the days of Socrates. If the peoples of the Allied world are dissatisfied with the Treaty of Versailles, an observer of human nature might remind them that the Treaty was drawn up by the accredited representatives of these people. Such a method places the blame on human nature and must, perforce, be abandoned. Our own age can no more accept self-criticism than could the age of Pericles.

II

What is the problem of the Saar? One hears frequent mention of its existence but little of its origin or meaning. In 1919 the French demanded direct compensation for the damages they had suffered at the hands of Germany. To satisfy this demand the Allies created an artificial region around the valley of the Saar River, indubitably German territory, and "gave" it to France. The French State became outright and permanent

proprietor of the mines. The League of Nations became the trustee for the government of the Territory. At the end of fifteen years the inhabitants were to decide by plebiscite whether they desired to return to Germany, be annexed to France, or remain under the auspices of the League. Now, in January, 1935, the Saarlanders are to have their plebiscite.

Why is there a problem of the Saar? Because men fight. If they are victorious they seek the spoils of war. Human nature may change throughout successive generations as to what constitutes spoils of war—women, gold, religious converts, economic resources—but the desire for booty still remains. In the modern world the basin of the Saar is a tempting prize. The region, touching the French frontier at Alsace and Lorraine, is approximately the size of Rhode Island. The population—some 800,000 souls—is one of the densest in Europe. The Saar has 1,086 persons per square mile; the most populous departments of France have about 900; the most populous State of our Union, Rhode Island, has but 566. Coal deposits and heavy industries are the reasons for its density and desirability. On the eve of the War this small region produced nearly half as much coal as all of France. All other products come to coal, and so the Saar is rich in coke ovens, iron mills, metallurgical industries. Brick fields, glass factories, crockery works absorb many more people. Of the 800,000 inhabitants, less than 5,000 till the soil. A tempting morsel, the Saar, especially to the avid French of 1919.

In their public declarations during the course of the War the French had never included the Saar as one of their war aims. The Allied declarations of December, 1916 and January, 1917, the resolution of the French parliament of June, 1917, the Fourteen Points as composed by Wilson and accepted by

the Allies stipulated the reversion of Alsace and Lorraine to France, but made no mention of the Saar. But this in no wise proves that the French had not begun to contemplate the idea of annexations. Secret treaties of the Allies among themselves reveal war aims much better than public declarations. In February and March, 1917, France and Russia concluded a secret agreement whereby Russia was given Constantinople and France was to have Alsace, Lorraine, and the coal district of the Saar Valley. A month earlier Briand had written the French Ambassador at London in a similar vein. Alsace and Lorraine must be returned to France, not diminished as in 1815, but with the boundaries of 1790. France would then possess the Saar Basin which was essential for her industry. Unofficial spokesmen went farther, claiming that France had lost the Saar coal in 1815, the Lorraine iron in 1871, and thereby her strength in the modern world. To regain her ascendancy the French boundary must be extended to the Rhine.

At the Peace Conference the French delegates were inspired by their secret convictions rather than by their public utterances. In March, 1919, Clemenceau threw a bombshell into the Conference by demanding the boundary of 1814 (this would have included most of the Saar) and the right to the coal mines beyond that frontier. Direct annexation was not absolutely necessary though it was presented in strong terms.

From the beginning then the problem of the Saar had two aspects: the economic question of the mines and the political status of the region. Lloyd George and Wilson feared that the boundary of 1814 would create a new Alsace-Lorraine and for that reason opposed Clemenceau's proposal. They had no objection to France's acquiring the coal deposits,

but the Saar must be given political autonomy. The Big Four could not cut the Gordian knot; and so a committee of three was appointed to work out a compromise. André Tardieu, Clemenceau's spiritual son, was the French representative; Headlam Morley, the delegate for Britain; and Professor Haskins of Harvard, the American member. Because of Haskins' pronounced francophil tendencies, the report of the commission was a foregone conclusion. The commission decided that exploitation of the mines should go to France; political control, however, should be vested in a neutral, perhaps international, tribunal.

Clemenceau utilized this report in a masterly way. Wilson shared none of Haskins' enthusiasm for a French Saar, but he was enthusiastic for a League of Nations. Clemenceau found the Achilles heel and proposed that the government of the Saar be vested in the League. Realizing that such a task would make the League a necessity and give it definite functions, Wilson acquiesced.

The final clauses written into the Treaty of Versailles bridged the political-economic hiatus as follows. On the political side German sovereignty over the Saar was to be suspended for fifteen years, during which time the inhabitants were not to be represented in the Reichstag. The government of the Saar was vested in a commission of five appointed by and responsible to the League of Nations. At the end of fifteen years the inhabitants were to decide by plebiscite the future of their province. Economically, France was made full and permanent proprietor of the coal mines, nearly all of which had been owned by the German State. If, in 1935, the plebiscite favored Germany, that country would be obliged to repurchase the mines.

III

Prior to 1919 there was no problem of the Saar. It was the creation of the Conference. Yet one need not conclude with Mr. J. B. Keynes that it is one of the consequences of peace. Many contemporary phenomena are much more the consequences of war than of peace. No better example could be found than the Saar. French foreign policy of 1919 rested on the assumption that she must have security against the possibility of another German invasion. Security could take many forms; the Saar was neither the sole nor the predestined answer to the problem. It will be apparent a bit later that the Saar mines were given to France because other alternatives failed. But in some form France must have guarantees. This demand, so typically French, rests on the experience of invasion rather than on vague hopes of European supremacy. In the spring of 1934 Gaston Doumergue appeared before the Chamber of Deputies to demand greater appropriations for national defense. He stood before his colleagues without arrogance but without illusion and began, "I have seen two wars." That sentence assured the success of the bill. Legion are the Frenchmen who could reiterate that within their lifetime the *patrie* had twice been invaded by Germany, had twice suffered from the Teutonic furies, had twice known devastation. Such an experience constitutes a large part of a nation's mentality. Had the United States been twice invaded by Canada, the farms of New York State devastated, the industries of New England crippled, it is possible that security would be an important element of American foreign policy. To disregard it is idiocy rather than generosity.

England certainly thought so and lost no time in assuring herself of

guarantees against a recurrence of the German menace. British demands centered on navies and colonies rather than on the Rhineland. Without great opposition she took those German colonies which were of strategic importance. With even less opposition she ended the menace of German naval power by ruining the enemy's sea forces and merchant marine. Both then and now the Western world has had little interest in the colonial and naval settlement. England's gains were soon forgotten and a myth arose glorifying the generosity of the British in 1919.

France was not so ideally situated. Her guarantees must be had in the Rhineland, a region which holds an important place in the world's consciousness. Furthermore, England had obtained her gains first, and Germany would be reluctant to make more. Clemenceau was quite conscious of his situation, but he realized that if Germany again broke her bonds, it would be his country and not Lloyd George's which would receive the brunt of the attack. All the more reason for protecting his France against the Teutonic furies. Protection he envisaged in the creation of an autonomous neutral state extending westward from the left bank of the Rhine to the Dutch, Belgian, Luxemburg, French frontiers. In other words, all of Germany to the left of the Rhine was to become a buffer state. Such an idea is to be found in the secret treaty with Russia, in the discussions of the parliamentary committee on foreign affairs, and in Foch's plans for peacetime defense. Lloyd George and Wilson, however, refused to consider such a proposal. Because the Allies did not agree among themselves—an old characteristic of human nature—the resulting solution was a compromise, as are all political settlements. The left bank of the Rhine was to be occupied for fifteen years.

This region, plus a strip fifty kilometers wide on the right bank, was to be permanently demilitarized. Germany promised never to concentrate war supplies within this area.

French designs on the Saar had at times been merged with the idea of creating a buffer state on the left bank of the Rhine. The latter plan having failed, the Saar assumed prominence in its own right. Acquisition of the Saar would seriously reduce Germany's power. That was always the French objective: weaken Germany so that she cannot fight. The strength of the modern industrial state depends on its wealth in coal and iron. France has always been deficient in coal. By acquiring the iron mines of Lorraine she would need even more—in 1918 the Comité des Forges had estimated that Alsace-Lorraine consumed eighteen million tons of coal per year and produced only four. The opportunity of increasing French wealth at the expense of the enemy was not to be resisted. France took the Saar mines for the same reason that England destroyed the German sea forces. It struck at the very heart of the enemy. Perhaps it was not justice. It was certainly human nature.

Closely related to the quest for security were economic motives. The Treaty of Versailles was drafted on the assumption of the supremacy of economics in modern life. If one accepts such a *weltanschauung*, there is a real justification for the transfer of the Saar. The region of Alsace, Lorraine, and the Saar forms a natural economic unit. The Saar has coal, Lorraine has iron, and the two are only thirty miles away. To separate them would be to the disadvantage of both. The Saar is essentially industrial—less than six-tenths of one per cent of the people are engaged in agriculture; Alsace has a surplus of agricultural and dairy products; exchange is not only natural

but convenient. Prior to 1870 Alsace and Lorraine were separated from the Saar by national frontiers. But that was before the Saar became industrialized and was a self-supporting region with one-quarter of its present population. Industrial development came after 1870, and by this time Bismarck had taken Alsace and Lorraine. Economically the three have progressed as a unit. It is with some reason that the French claim they should continue to progress as a unit. The Saar coal, whether it is owned by Germany or France, needs Lorraine iron.

From the point of view of reparations there is also some justice in the French appropriation of the Saar. During the years 1914-1918 northern France had been devastated. Though territorially the war area was a small part of the country, it was the nerve center of French economic life. The estimated cost of repairing the war damage was twenty billion dollars. Germany confessed to willful destruction and admitted that reparations were only just. Both countries were agreed on the principle of reparations, but there was wide divergence concerning the particular form of reimbursement. There were, of course, to be shipments of gold from one country to the other. France insisted that there also be direct compensation. That is, Germany must transfer certain productive sources of wealth which would offset the costs of reconstruction. France, therefore, demanded the Saar mines. Germany protested, but France won her claim. Time has proven that appropriation was the wiser method of reparations. The French State guaranteed all private as well as public losses incurred by its citizens as a result of the War. By 1922 the French government had advanced seven and one-half billion dollars for reconstruction in the devastated area, hoping, of course, to be

repaid in the form of reparations. Up to May 1, 1921 she had received nothing in compensation. Four years after the Armistice Germany had paid a total of \$1,200,000,000. Of this France received 73 million dollars, or 6 per cent of the total. Twelve years after the Armistice Germany stopped all reparations. France has paid for much of the reconstruction out of her own pocket.

If French insistence on direct reparation seems deplorable, it is because of the equally deplorable fact that the nations of the world are sovereign nations. As independent sovereign states they can at any time renounce their obligations. Witness for example, Poland's renunciation of the Minorities Treaty this past autumn. When the Peace Conference constituted the new Polish State in 1919 it decreed that Poland should observe the rights of the various social minorities within its frontiers. Any infringement of their liberties was to be reported to the League which would act as judge. Though Poland owed her very existence to the League, she did not hesitate last September to renounce the binding power of the Minorities Treaty. Observance, she said, was incompatible with Poland's dignity as a sovereign state. Germany likewise is a sovereign state. If it chooses to renounce reparations there is nothing to be done about it. France feared as much and, therefore, demanded direct reparations in the form of the Saar mines. Professor Haskins was pro-French, but for that very reason extremely realistic when he justified the transfer of the mines by saying, "A mine in hand is worth many contracts to deliver."

The conception of a natural economic unit, of monetary reparations—these are relatively new ideas. But there was an older idea at work in the Paris of 1919, one that was probably

more influential than all the others combined: the French frontier must be extended to the Rhine. Richelieu, Louis XIV, the Revolution, Napoleon had, with varying degrees of success, striven to realize this ideal. Clemenceau was heir of this French tradition. If he could not reach the Rhine he would at least have the Saar. He did, in fact, confess to Wilson: "You eliminate sentiment and memory. The world is not governed by principles alone . . . economic interests are not everything. . . . The point at issue is not material reparation only; the need for moral reparation is no less great." One will read a great deal of the diplomacy of the Conference before encountering such a frank admission. But it was the inspiration of all French claims. Had the Allies only given France the Saar on this realistic basis much of the anguish of post-War Europe might have been avoided. Instead they justified the charge on more euphemistic but dubious factors.

There was, for example, the historic argument. No basis could be less tenable. During the past thousand years the Saar has been under French rule for only forty: once under Louis XIV and again during the Revolution and Napoleon. Clemenceau avowed that there were 150,000 Frenchmen in the Saar demanding annexation to France. Such a claim was more than exaggeration: it was pure legend. The census of 1910 showed that there were 342 Saarlanders using the French language. The argument that the Saar coal fields were given to France because of the damage wreaked upon her by Germany, and Haskins' contention that the principle of self-determination did not necessarily involve control of key deposits of minerals, were also of dubious value. The Treaty likewise made an impossible division of reality. The coal mines would be operated by France; the government

of the Saar, education, and religion would be administered by the League. As the League was acting purely as a trustee, the Saarlanders would retain all of their old customs. Statesmen know that in practice it is impossible to have economic control of a region without assuming political domination. Abstractly the two can be neatly separated; actually the two are hopelessly intertwined. Germany would have had fewer just grievances had the Treaty been as realistic as the French aims. But this was impossible. Clemenceau and Wilson did not see eye to eye. It is a common fault of human nature.

IV

Whether the Saar would rise to the status of a problem depended much more on the execution of the Treaty than on any stipulations drawn up at Paris. Events soon proved that the Saar would be an international *cause célèbre*. During the fifteen years of League rule there have been four actors: the people of the Saar, the League, France, and Germany. The Saarlanders have not been the only martyrs nor France the only villain. In truth each of the participants has been both martyr and villain. There are no heroes. For no one was willing to make a sacrifice.

From the first the Saarlanders have had a chip on their shoulders. They consider themselves as indubitably German citizens. Yet it was they who were snatched from the fatherland, they were the people decreed to pay for the German folly of 1914, the ones destined to appease the French wrath. The government of the League they consider but a thin veil for French domination. As long as they are separated from Germany it is impossible for them to consider themselves as well-governed. Economically and otherwise they have benefited greatly by

fifteen years of League rule. But they will not admit it, not even grudgingly. They are articulate only in their grievances.

Unfortunately the early years of League rule confirmed the Saarlanders in their distrust. From November, 1918, until February, 1920, when the League assumed its Saar functions, the people were subjected to a French military occupation. Political and civil rights were suspended and the usual "incidents" occurred between the military and civilians. The first Commission of Government for the League assumed its powers at Saarbrücken in February 1920. Though the period of military rule was terminated, French domination continued. The chairman of the Commission, Rault, was a Frenchman and a majority of his colleagues were French in sympathy. Exclusive operation of the mines and a majority control in the Commission France already possessed. In the major Saar industries, Parisian bankers aimed at a controlling share of stock. Because France was master of the supplies of coal, other industries had to yield. Of the seven major Saar industries only two escaped French domination. The Saarlanders were right—government by the League was the same as French annexation.

Such a pro-French commission was more than unfortunate considering the unique powers of the League. Elsewhere the League is a consultative, deliberative, investigating body. Only in the Saar does it have a direct mandate to govern. The Commission of Government is its representative, being appointed by and responsible to the League. By the terms of the Treaty of Versailles it is heir to the powers of the old German Reich, of the Prussian and Bavarian states. As a legislative, executive, and judicial body its powers are supreme. To be sure in 1923 the Saarlanders were granted a *landesrath*

or parliament. But the latter is a purely consultative body. It has no authority over the Commission nor is the latter responsible to it. Yet the very completeness of its own powers has made the Commission circumspect. The principle of democracy, so strong in 1919 and 1920, had not been observed in the Saar. Lest the citizenry have cause to invoke this principle, the Commission of Government has been judicious in the exercise of its functions. In truth, the Saar has probably been the best governed of all regions in post-war Europe.

The Treaty had stipulated that the Saar was to be an "autonomous country independent of Germany." Accordingly, the Commission abolished the German flag and designed a new one for the Territory. The Imperial seal was superseded by one incorporating the coats-of-arms of the four principal Saar towns. German postage stamps were replaced by those more becoming to an autonomous province. Statesmen have long observed that human nature is more affected by changes in external symbols than by fundamental revision of institutions. The new flag, seal, and stamps caused no end of opposition. For the Saarlanders viewed the changes differently than did their Commissioners. To the latter it was merely the substitution of one flag for another. To the Saarlanders it meant the loss of their beloved *German* banner. The Saarlanders are German and are proud of it. Psychologically it is impossible for them to regard non-German symbols as anything other than un-German. All attempts to make them an autonomous (*i.e.*, different) people they consider the same as a Frenchifying or Italianizing policy. Were the Commission of the League composed of angels the Saarlanders would be dissatisfied. For it would be non-German, therefore un-German, and *ipso facto* bad.

Because of this mentality the Saar is unconscious of its gains as the result of fifteen years of League rule. In the old Reich it was Ruhr coal and Westphalian products that commanded priority in the German markets. The Saar was treated as the Cinderella of the Empire. Her coal often found no buyers and her manufactured products were distinctly slighted. The fact that France wanted to win the plebiscite of 1935 has been more favorable than disadvantageous to the Saar. In the role of the guardian of German traditions, France may have been a villain; but in economic matters she has been a Prince Charming. The French realized that one way to win the favor of the Saar was to give her prosperity. Saar coal and other products have been constantly absorbed by the French market. Though the region has naturally been affected by the world depression, the Saar has benefited by being incorporated within the French customs-union. The depression paralyzed German economic life much more than that of France. Saar trade unions have also prospered under the French regime. The old German Empire had always prohibited the formation of such groups. So too the Nazi Germany of 1934. France has never shared this antipathy; and in respect to the Saar it was one more means of winning favor. The Saar also profited by being under the regime of the franc rather than the mark—the franc having suffered less from inflation.

Of their gains the Saarlanders have said little. But in their complaints they have been extremely voluble. The greatest grievance was the use of French troops as a gendarmerie. The army of occupation was steadily diminished after February, 1920, but never completely withdrawn. Those who remained were called "railroad police." From the first the Commis-

sion was reluctant to recruit a native gendarmerie. Rault, as chairman, maintained that it would be impossible to find four thousand loyal Saarlanders to serve as officers; furthermore, the Territory could not afford the cost. The Saarlanders contended that fifteen hundred men would suffice. This thorny problem was not settled until 1930, when the last French troops were withdrawn. Rault was probably correct in his belief that a gendarmerie of Saarlanders would be of a doubtful loyalty. As the representative of the League, Rault was responsible for the maintenance of public order. His agents must be men who had his confidence. Nevertheless, the retention of French troops gave substance to the Saarlanders' complaints and made them feel they were being dragooned.

Another set of charges illustrates the platitude that politically human nature knows no gratitude, that irrespective of what is given, more is demanded. When the Saar belonged to Germany its administration was filled with functionaries from Berlin and Munich. The League dismissed most of these retainers, partly to weaken the German influence and partly to appease the Saarlanders by appointing them to the vacant posts. The natives were appeased but insisted that still greater power be granted. In general what they desired was local autonomy which, for the Saar, would be only a prelude to incorporation with Germany. Nor were the troubled waters soothed when the Commission allowed the formation of a Saar parliament of thirty members elected by universal suffrage. Its powers were specifically consultative. At its first meeting it demanded the right to initiate legislation, interpellate the government, and enjoy parliamentary immunity. It revived the old grievances of French troops, French schools, and Frenchmen in the administration.

The first phase of League rule reached a climax in 1923. The immediate cause was the French occupation of the Ruhr. Miners in the Saar engaged in a hundred-day sympathetic strike prompting Rault to adopt an emergency legislation curtailing public liberty and to summon French troops as a guarantee of public order. These events caused England to stiffen in her attitude. Heretofore she had allowed France to determine League policy in the Saar. The British realized that France was none too enthusiastic over the idea of the League and for that reason had not opposed her in the Saar. Occupation of the Ruhr stirred British opinion and the government insisted on an investigation of the activities of the Saar Commission. The inquiry was held during the summer of 1923 and revealed some interesting facts. Except to suggest the withdrawal of French troops after 1920 and the establishment of a parliament, the League had exerted little pressure on the Commission. By reappointing the same members each year, it had placed its seal of approval on their work. The Commission was disclosed as being completely dominated by Rault. He had even determined major issues of policy without consulting his colleagues.

Little emerged immediately from the Geneva investigation, but Rault found it advisable to take his colleagues more and more into his confidence. In 1926 a new chairman, the Canadian Stephens, was appointed, to be followed by the present chairman, Mr. Geoffrey Knox. The air, however, had definitely been cleared and the period from 1924 to 1932 was the most tranquil of the Saar interlude. This was due to several factors. The Saar, on the one hand, was becoming accustomed to League government; and although it was still articulate, opposition had lost its old sting. Eco-

nomically the period was one of prosperity—the depression hitting France and the Saar much later than other countries. The Commission, on its part, had passed beyond the necessary but dangerous stage of altering institutions and was now absorbed with mere administration. It progressively lost its pro-French bias. The successive chairmen after Rault, Stephens and Knox, were Anglo Saxons and much more neutral-minded. French propaganda in the schools diminished, the number of French troops functioning as police steadily declined, and in 1930 the last French soldier left the Territory. After 1926 Parisian financiers began to sell their holdings in the major Saar industries, thus increasing the possibilities for neutral government. Then, too, much of the period falls within the Briand-Stresemann *rapprochement*. In the autumn of 1929 the two statesmen began to discuss the possibility of Germany's buying back the Saar mines. Despite German nationalism, the industrialists of the Ruhr were not enthusiastic over competition from Saar products; and the repurchase price which they induced Stresemann to offer was ridiculously low.

V

With the death of Stresemann and the fall of Briand from power, the Franco-German honeymoon was over. The last years of the Saar interlude have been characterized by an intense propagandizing activity. This time the initiative has been taken by Germany. An underground campaign, beginning after the abortive *rapprochement* of 1929–30, bore its fruits in the municipal elections of November, 1932. Of the 4,301 municipal councillors elected that month, only seven were for a continuance of the *status quo*. If the Saar plebiscite had been held that autumn—Hitler had

not yet come to power—it would probably have shown a 95 to 5, perhaps a 98 to 2, desire for return to Germany.

The rise of Adolph Hitler has immeasurably complicated the situation. His first acts were to expel many Jews, to diminish the power of the Catholic Center party, and to persecute the Socialists. Many Jews fled to the Saar and there began a counter-campaign. Saar newspapers representing Center and Socialist parties at first opposed Hitler. But they too quickly succumbed to the idea of a greater Germany. By the summer of 1933 the United German Front party had swallowed the Nationalist, Populist, and Centerist groups. Concrete manifestation of the strength of the German Front came in August, 1933, when 80,000 Saarlanders at Niederwald demonstrated their loyalty to the Reich. By October impartial observers estimated that 80 per cent of the plebiscite voters were members of the United Front.

With the Saar becoming more and more German-conscious, opposition groups worked for a postponement of the plebiscite. The Saar socialists petitioned the League for a two or even five year adjournment. In January, 1934, an unequivocal answer was given: the plebiscite would be held in 1935. Meanwhile the French, in the person of the Comte de Fels, has made a quasi-official proposal. De Fels suggested that the Saar remain permanently under the auspices of the League, and that the League move its capital from Geneva to Saarbrücken, thus acknowledging the new union. Germany naturally refused to accept such a plan. She would certainly win the Saar and saw no reason why she should transfer it to the League.

The weakness of Nazi efforts to win the Saar lies in the fact that its propaganda machine began to function too soon. A year ago the region was 95 to

5 in favor of a return to Germany. Even Hitler could hardly hope to improve on this. Nevertheless, the machine of propaganda, coercion, and terrorism began to function. Meanwhile events in Germany such as the suppression of liberty, the attempts to form one national church, the *putsch* of June 30, 1934 had caused the Saarlander to reflect on the freedom and tranquillity of League rule. The Nazis, therefore, intensified their Saar propaganda. There is no doubt that Nazi clubs in Saarbrücken, Saarlouis, and other towns are inspired by Berlin. Geoffrey Knox, chairman of the Commission, reported to the League that he had found unimpeachable evidence that Nazi clubs in the Saar corresponded with official Nazi organizations in Germany; that the latter had taxed each of the three and one half million members of the German Workers Front ten cents a month for campaign funds in the Saar. Thousands of dollars have crossed the frontier to buy up Saar papers, bribe the doubtful, and strengthen the zealots. Many young men have gone from the Saar to Germany in order to receive training in Nazi military camps. Such men will be the nucleus of a Nazi army in the Saar to guarantee order after the plebiscite and to support Nazi coercive propaganda before the plebiscite. To insure complete success in the elections, the Nazis have communicated with Saarlanders living abroad and are offering them trips to the homeland with all expenses paid. Were it not for the fact these vacationists are to be in the Saar on election day, the act would appear decidedly fraternal.

But it is within the Saar proper that most of the Nazi activity has centered. Every sort of means has been used to excite German ardor. The Nazis own practically all of the newspapers. Some have been so vitriolic in their criticism that Knox has been obliged

to censor them; others coming from Germany have been prohibited. Clubs, charitable societies—any kind of an organized group has been approached and, if converted, has in turn spread the faith. Propaganda has been backed up by threats and boycotts. Any opinion in favor of the League has been considered as treason to Germany. Many men have become Nazi not because of conviction but to escape violence. One factor has helped the cause tremendously. With everything pointing to a German annexation, many have crossed the rubicon to be eligible for favors from the new administration. For there have been dire threats of a “powerful reckoning” awaiting “traitors” when the Saar is again German territory.

Against this machine of propaganda and intimidation there has been little resistance. Geoffrey Knox as chairman of the Commission has been practically helpless. His police forces—now recruited among the Saarlanders—are disposed in favor of the Nazis. Rault's old contention that a native gendarmerie could not be trusted seems verified. As a result the League has granted Knox the right of recruiting two thousand non-partisan but German-speaking men to serve as police during the electoral period. The undertaking is not without its dangers, as Knox well realizes. The idea of a “foreign” gendarmerie can easily arouse a citizenry to riot. But the Commission is determined that peace and security shall prevail on election day—a regime that the Saar gendarmerie could not and would not guarantee. The courts have been lax in convicting Nazis of breaches of the peace. In truth, all of the police, judges, and members of the administration have gone over to the Nazi camp—hoping, of course, that their loyalty will be rewarded after January, 1935. With government officials climbing on the

bandwagon, it is not surprising that the average man should follow.

Only within the past few weeks has there appeared real opposition to a greater Nazi Germany. This comes from an old party that has defeated more than one German statesman, Bismarck included. Catholics in both the Empire and the Saar—the voting population of the latter is 72 per cent Catholic—have quietly but firmly resisted the attempts of *Der Fuehrer* to supplant the Christian faith by a Norse mythology. Persecution of various bishops has only served to confirm adherents in their attitude. German Catholics are sincere Germans but they also have duties to Rome. None will defend the Reich more loyally; but they will not be incorporated into a totalitarian state. They have a life apart from the Reich, a life inspired by the Universal Catholic Church, and this they intend to keep. They will serve man, but not exclusively. They have duties to God and these they intend to observe. The deciding issue in the plebiscite may be whether the Saar Catholics think they can serve both the Empire and God.

VI

The drama of fifteen years reaches an end this month. In reviewing Saar history since 1920 human nature is revealed in its various facets. The League has had a difficult but unavoidable role. The French were resolved to have compensation in 1919, and the Saar became the sacrificial lamb. Consequently the League had to start from a false position. In fact though not in theory, exploitation of the entire Saar was given to France. Fact, however, was disguised by certain trappings such as League rule and a plebiscite. With the passing of years the trappings lost their falseness and became the true reality. The first

Commission was pro-French; but this was only a reflection of the pro-French wave that engulfed all of Europe after the War. Generally speaking, the government of the League has striven to be a neutral party and has succeeded. If it has made mistakes it must be remembered that this is the first time in the history of international politics that such an enterprise has been undertaken. Heretofore such commissions existed to regulate a specific problem—*i.e.*, the rights of various countries bordering a common waterway—or to rule a backward people. Never had the idea been applied to a homogeneous people of political maturity and strong national sentiment. The League had neither precedent nor trained administrators to help it.

Its work is by no means concluded. In point of law the League is not bound to adhere to the results of the plebiscite. In point of fact men have always assumed that the League would be so guided; and the assumption is probably correct. But much will depend on the plebiscite itself, and plebiscites are not easy to interpret. A poll of 95 to 5, 90 to 10, or even 80 to 20 is indicative of the wishes of the constituents. In a normal and intelligent people, organization, propaganda, intimidation could not *alone* produce such overwhelming results. However, a vote of 70 to 30 or 60 to 40 shows that either sentiment is divided or that one side has been the better organized. Should the Saar plebiscite be of this latter category it is possible that the League will take the wishes of the large majority into account. It could give parts but not all of the Saar to Germany, or all of the Saar on condition that the Reich respect the wishes of the minority. The League has yet to emerge from the Saar vale of tears.

On the part of France there has been a complete reversal of policy. Beginning with an avowed intent of winning

the Saar in 1935, she has ended by becoming a supporter of permanent autonomy. The indubitable German character of the Saar doubtlessly helped the conversion; but the fact remains that France has bowed before the inevitable. Economically, she has been a fairy godmother to the Saar though she has received little thanks. Her earlier ambition of winning the Saar aided that province more than France. The Saar enjoyed prosperity but the French cause was not furthered. In one respect she has consistently been the victim of circumstances. Any "incident" in the Saar could not be judged on its own merits but must invariably have an international tinge. A street riot in Saarbrücken was not merely a street riot. To the Saarlanders it was something instigated by France. The men arrested were apprehended not because they were disturbers of the peace but because they were Germans. France has been conceived as the villain behind every incident.

French interest in the Saar will continue irrespective of the plebiscite. The mines are hers as bits of private property. If the plebiscite favors Germany, that country must repurchase the mines within a year. The Saar mineral deposits have been evaluated at figures ranging from \$75,000,000 to \$100,000,000. Were the repurchase price only fifty millions, it is difficult to see how Germany could pay in a twelve-months period. Emboldened by a favorable plebiscite, Germany might well seize the mines and present France with a *fait accompli*. Would Paris accept this or would there be an occupation of the Saar analogous to that of the Ruhr? Like the League, French interest will continue long after January, 1935.

Originally a martyr, with a province torn from her side and "her entrails left bleeding," Germany has become more and more of a villain. If in the

early years, France did not respect the neutrality of the Saar, neither did the mother country. In October, 1920 the German minister of the interior issued a secret circular to those German functionaries who had passed under the service of the Commission. He warned them that they were still German functionaries, that their oath of fidelity to the Commission did not alter their loyalty to Germany. There is considerable evidence that quasi-official circles provoked the strike of 1923, knowing that the blame would fall on France. At no time has the mother country been anxious to purchase the products of the stolen province. Germany has no tariff on Saar coal, yet this product has found no markets in the Reich. The Ruhr has been pleased that the Saar has gravitated toward France for it meant less competition for their own products. Ruhr industrialists have intimated as much to Hitler, but the Leader asserts national unity comes before the profits of industrialists. Throughout all of the period there has been a feeling that the Saar has benefited far too much. The elder sister, the Ruhr, has been decidedly envious over the attentions heaped on Cinderella, the Saar, by the Prince Charming. So much so that Hugo Stinnes, one of the largest German industrialists, recently remarked: "If the Saar ever becomes German again, its products will have to be sent to the scrapyard."

For Hitler, the issue was and remains one of nationalism. An increasing opposition in the Saar, created by his own policies, has seriously complicated the situation. It is not a question of winning the majority of the votes: the Nazis must win all of them. Anything smaller than a 95 per cent majority will be a slap in the face. Thus the issue has become one of Nazi prestige rather than of German unity. An adverse plebiscite might

mean the ruination of the Nazi party. Germany is keyed up; it has been promised great things. Those who make promises must fulfill them. Otherwise their own heads may fall.

Last and certainly not least there are the people of the Saar. It is they who will decide by plebiscite this January whether the Territory will be joined to France, return to Germany, or remain under the auspices of the League. The chances are 100,000 to 1 against union with France. Certainly economic circumstances favor such a union or at least continuance under League rule. The Saar, Alsace, and Lorraine are one economic unit irrespective of national boundaries. Under the French customs-union Saar products have found ready markets, Saar factories have known little depression, Saar wealth little inflation. Incorporation with Germany will mean greater taxes, for the Saar must contribute to the expenses of the Reich; military conscription—there has been no military service in the Saar for fifteen years; poorer business, for Germany has a surplus of coal whereas France must import; an end to trade-unions—one of the Nazi aims is the destruction of labor movements. But the odds favor return to Germany—a succinct proof that even in the twentieth century material considerations are not everything. If the Saar Catholics become sufficiently infuriated with Hitler's religious policy their vote may be enough to swing the plebiscite in favor of a continuance of League rule. This would be a striking proof that even nationalism does not claim all of men's loyalties. For such a vote would mean that much of human nature is abiding in the faith of its fathers, that one still has duties to man *and* to God. Whatever the outcome—Germany or the League—it is apparent that even in this day and age man does not live on bread alone.



THE UNCERTAINTY PRINCIPLE AND HUMAN BEHAVIOR

BY SELIG HECHT

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago the imagination of the world was kindled and the thought of a generation stirred by Darwin's contribution to theoretical biology. Evolution became the keyword to discussion and investigation even in the most remotely relevant of human activities. To-day the center of a possibly similar intellectual disturbance is located in theoretical physics. The ideas recently emanating from this source have captured the popular imagination and have begun to permeate the tissue and structure of our thought in surprisingly varied ways. These effects have come about in a series of surges spread over more than ten years and are the generally visible results of the successive upheavals which have shaken the structure of physical science itself.

Before this period physicists recorded their observations as if no human being were involved in making the measurements. Physical statements were cast in objective form and possessed an ex-cathedra flavor which implied and carried complete conviction. We were told that light travels in a straight line with a velocity of so many miles per second; that a stone, if unsupported, falls to the ground with a uniformly accelerated velocity of such and such a magnitude. Scant theoretical attention was paid to the fact that a person has to make specific judgments and perform certain acts in recording the distance which light

travels or a stone falls in a given time. In describing the meaning of observations, physicists acted as if their data and their interpretation were independent of any observer.

And justly so. The principle of parsimony which underlies all scientific formulation requires the use of the fewest possible factors in describing a situation. Additional factors are assumed only when the facts force their adoption. The facts did precisely that when they forced physicists to reconsider the validity of such accepted concepts as those of space, simultaneity, and gravity. The results were startling, and made the front page of the newspapers.

One upon a time the length of an object was something that belonged to that object. It was the distance between its two ends. Not so at present. Nowadays, length is a number which you get when you put a ruler against an object, and at one moment of time you observe one end of the object against the numbers on the ruler and at a later moment of time you observe the other end of the object against the numbers on the ruler. If the object and the ruler have not moved in this interval—or what amounts to the same thing, if they have moved with identical speeds—then the difference between the two numbers you have read off the ruler gives you the length of the object.

Length as a concept, independent

and logical, has ceased to exist and has come to life only as an operation, as the result of a series of acts performed by an individual. The same is true of space, of time, of simultaneity. All that can be known about these ideas and things is secured by means of a roundabout series of acts. Concepts are the results of operations and can be defined only in terms of these operations.

The operational basis of concepts represents one of the preliminary upheavals in the revolution which occurred in physics. It hardly concerned our daily lives, though Bridgman in his book on *The Logic of Modern Physics* showed how the same ideas are valid in rigorous thinking outside the laboratory. In the main the consequences of this new attitude were limited to special branches of physics and so failed to influence even the general run of physicists themselves. Nevertheless, there were a few physicists who began to realize what the ultimate effect of such a changed attitude would be in the philosophical position of science. If so simple an idea as length can mean something only by virtue of certain activities which the experimenter carries on, then what about the whole process of theoretical thinking? What about most of the "facts" on which we have all laid so much reliance?

The professional physicist is on the whole a philosophically naïve person. For years he had been quite superior to the biologist, for example. To him physics deals with reproducible situations involving real things whose behavior may be adequately described by a proper mathematical equation, whereas biology deals with animals and plants which have their own inwardness and whose behavior and activities cannot be described or controlled or simplified as can those of the ideal piston. A physical object is

something which stays put unless something else starts it going, whereas an animal is something which under any circumstances does what it pleases. Isn't man a living creature and cannot he do pretty much as he pleases?

Now suddenly the physicist was confronted with the necessity of taking this unpredictable creature into his business. He discovered the philosophical problem of idealism and realism; he remembered vaguely about Bishop Berkeley and Dr. Johnson. States of mind and sensations were even to be considered as the only realities. Sense organs entered as factors in interpreting the outer world. It was all very confusing and disturbing.

Of course, most physicists went on their regular way. But the more imaginative and, perhaps, more emotionally volatile contributed to the gayety of life by holding controversies and expressing judgments about the mystery of the universe, the nature of God, and similar topics heretofore reserved for the theologian and the philosopher.

II

Before recovery and equilibrium could be established the real revolution broke out in physics. Heretofore, even if man entered somewhat into the matter, at least a given cause under a given set of conditions always produced the same effect. But along came Heisenberg with his principle of indeterminacy and apparently destroyed the pure and inevitable relations of cause and effect. In the body of physics itself this new principle produced the happiest of results. Data which had been difficult to understand received a new formulation and thereby became intelligible. But outside of physics, and in the minds of even some physicists, the devastation produced has been pitiful. Let us try to understand what happened.

It is evident that various tools are required to observe and to record a phenomenon. Light is one of the commonest tools. If we use the term light or radiation to include X-rays, streams of electrons, and the like, then light is the major tool of modern physics. Visible light gives information about the colors and contours of coarse and even fine objects, but reaches a very definite limit when used with the finest objects in a microscope. This limit can be lowered slightly by using ultra-violet light whose components are of smaller dimensions. When still smaller objects, such as atoms in a crystal, have to be investigated, X-rays are required because their dimensions are still smaller; and so on.

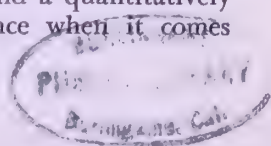
However, certain interfering factors appear to be present. Even with ordinary white light these are sometimes evident. For instance, the examination of an unexposed photographic plate by means of ordinary light at once ruins the plate. Thus the tool used for investigation changes the object which is being investigated. A light-sensitive dye which bleaches in white light cannot have its light absorption measured by this means. When the measurements are half over the dye is no longer the same because the light has changed the dye under investigation. This is what has made so difficult the study of the light-sensitive dye present in the retina of the eye.

To get round these difficulties a variety of tricks can be used. For examining the ordinary photographic plate we can use red light to which it is not sensitive. For dyes sensitive to light we employ a lot of dye and very feeble light and in addition keep changing the material in the measuring instrument. But what happens when all the tricks fail? As the dimensions of the light units approach those

of the object to be studied, the number of tricks available becomes rapidly smaller, and finally no tricks at all are available. The fact then has to be faced that the change in the system which is produced by the observation tool is a necessary and fundamental property of the relation between the tool and the system being studied. So long as a house is examined with the aid of a beam of white light nothing happens to the house because it is enormous compared to the constituents of the light. But if the beam were composed of cannon balls, even without any explosives in them, and were thus of the same order of magnitude as the house, not much would be left of the house after even a momentary illumination by such a beam. This is precisely the case when the interior of the atom is investigated with the only tools at present available, namely, beams of other atoms or of parts of atoms such as electrons.

It is often not possible to tell precisely what happens when an individual unit of the measuring beam hits a single unit of the substance to be investigated, because the contact with the illuminating agent has displaced the unit of the substance and has thus disorganized the original set-up. If the situation were known before the measuring unit goes in and after it leaves, it might be possible to describe exactly what happened. But the difficulty is that the details of the system before and after remain unknown, because the act of studying them by the available tools automatically changes them.

This is a new predicament for the physicist. When a uniform beam of light (using this term in its broad sense) passes through a gas or a liquid or a solid, the physicist can say that the beam has such and such an appearance when it goes in and a quantitatively different appearance when it comes



out. This does very well as a general description of the light and of the substance considered wholesale. It corresponds to the information that the epidemic of influenza of a given year reduced the population of a particular city by so many per cent. Much can be learned by studying the relation of the geographical aspects of cities to their mortality rates during this particular epidemic and during other epidemics. Similarly, much can be learned about the make-up of a series of substances by comparing the quantitative properties of the light before and after its transmission through them. But just as the mortality statistics of a given epidemic fail to tell us the state of health of a particular person in that community, so the quantitative changes in the emerging beam of light are inadequate for telling us what happened when a specific unit of light met a given unit of substance through which the beam has just passed. This, however, is precisely what the physicist wants to know when he is building a concrete picture of the fine structure of matter and energy. He is anxious to determine what a given electron does when it hits a certain atomic nucleus or another electron, and he finds that he cannot do so. A collision such as this may do any one of a dozen things, but he cannot tell in advance which it will do. In other words, the physicist's desire to predict *individual*, unit events in terms of cause and effect cannot be satisfied. He recognizes that what he has heretofore done with lamps, engines, bridges, and motors concerns the prediction of mass events, involving the total behavior of billions upon billions of molecules and atoms and electrons. He wishes to predict and describe the behavior of single, unitary events and is unhappy because he is unable to do so.

Such scientific unhappiness is just as fruitful as the much better known, but

entirely similar artistic unhappiness. If it happens to a man of genius the result is a masterpiece. The scientific masterpiece in this case is the uncertainty principle or, as it has recently come to be known, the principle of indeterminacy. This principle codifies and expresses the essentials of a unit, single, individual event in relation to its capacity to be measured. It says quite simply that there is a distinct limit to the total precision with which such an event may be described. If one aspect of an event is to be specified with great accuracy it automatically becomes impossible to describe some other aspect of the same event with a similarly high precision. Thus it is possible to describe within a certain limit of precision both the velocity of an electron at any moment and its position at that same moment. If the velocity is to be measured with a higher precision, it is found impossible to locate the position as accurately as before. Recently some of the most fascinating contributions by such first-rate people as Bohr have concerned themselves with the effort to invent tricks to circumvent this principle only to demonstrate once again that it is impossible to do so.

The principle goes even farther. It says that the common picture of the electron or of the proton as particles is meaningless. Since our tools are of the same stuff as the things under investigation, we can get no information about the ultimate nature of these objects by their interaction. In terms of the uncertainty principle we have thus arrived at a natural limit to knowledge.

This is for unit events. For a large number of such events, however, it is possible to state what will happen in terms of a scheme of numbers called the laws of probability. The physicist thus finds himself keeping company with the biologist to whom he has been

so superior. He has always supposed that individual biological behavior is unpredictable (who can tell when a specific person will die?), and now he finds that at the very core and basis of all matter and energy he too is helpless and cannot predict. When really confronted with the fundamental behavior of his ultimate units of existence he describes them in terms of probability. About the laws of probability the less said the better. The great mathematician, Henri Poincaré, said forty years ago that everyone believes in the laws of probability because mathematicians imagine them to be facts of observation and observers accept them as theorems of mathematics.

III

This situation has been taken advantage of by both biologists and physicists. There are those biologists with a nostalgia for early religious training who dwell on the indeterminateness of animal behavior, who emphasize the impossibilities of making biology an exact science. To such biologists the indeterminateness of the behavior of individual electrons and protons and quanta has been a windfall because it serves as a model and as a basis for biological unpredictability. They argue that the essentials of biological behavior are determined by the chemical changes in very small units, such as cells, or parts of cells such as the chromosomes, or even still smaller units such as genes. Chemical changes are electron changes; and there are probably so few electron changes in these very small units of biological structure that they come under the uncertainty principle. Therefore, the very basis of biological behavior is unpredictable. Usually the next step in the argument is that this uncertainty leaves room for, and indeed demands the existence of free-

will in human behavior. The complete absence of logic or relevance in this final step is characteristic.

Similarly, certain mystically and religiously inclined physicists have seen the uncertainty principle as a release from the relations of cause and effect, and have even said that the year when the principle was first proposed at last made it possible for an intelligent scientist to believe in God. If the reader is disturbed at such leaps in judgment let him remember that Newton once wrote a very serious religious treatise involving elaborate calculations and predictions—the same Newton who wrote the *Optiks* and the *Principles*.

It is an interesting speculation as to why the biologists and physicists who think and talk in this way are the ones whose views get into the public prints. I suppose it is not news when a scientist announces that he is a religious skeptic. He becomes headline material when he clothes wishful thinking in scientific phraseology. When Eddington, by mistaking the meaning of the word uncertainty in the uncertainty principle, writes charming words of comfort for the religious-minded the whole world listens. But when Einstein and Planck and Heisenberg write sober words of explanation that bring no encouragement to the emotional mystic they receive scant public attention. Of course this is not all. The scientist who thinks he has discovered creation in outer space or the proof of free-will feels that he must tell the world about it, while the scientist who thinks this is romance naturally does not shout it from the housetops.

It was not always so. Some of us look wistfully back to the days when one could crusade for skepticism. We remember with joy Loeb's vigor of phrase and his single-mindedness about the necessity for a mechanistic interpretation of all animal behavior, human included. The vigorous flow

of human activity in such an oriented channel had its strong returns in pleasure.

Why then do we not lay the claims of biological mechanism before the public? Largely, I suppose, because we think it irrelevant. What does it matter whether we publicly uphold mechanism or vitalism? It seems more important for us to devote ourselves to the absorbing developments and ramifications which the impact of modern chemistry, physical chemistry, and physics has produced on the study of animals and plants. The pursuit of science has no bearing on this mechanism-vitalism discussion, it does not deal with free-will and determinism. The method of science, as always, is independent of these ideas. Measurements, verifications, ideas, computations—these are the stuff of science.

Perhaps also we are disillusioned somewhat; the first attack on biological problems by the methods of physical chemistry, which thirty years ago seemed to offer the promise of solving the problems of living structure, has settled down to the organized trench warfare of careful studies of individual problems. The present generation of biologists, particularly the younger element, goes about its business of working with enzymes and proteins, with muscles and nerves, with hearing and seeing, without bothering about the influence of their researches on such problems as free-will, mechanism, determinism, and vitalism.

IV

Nevertheless the problems are there; and they are just as fascinating, just as compelling, and just as insoluble as they ever were. I, for one, have never been wholly convinced of the attitude which most of the present generation of biologists have adopted. It has always seemed to me that we should

speak out—not dogmatically but honestly. What has the study of biological function by the newer methods yielded in point of view? What can the biologist say about free-will, about vitalism, mechanism, and so forth? He certainly cannot solve a problem which has been on the boards for at least two thousand years. After all, Aristotle was worried about the matter, not to mention the later discussion by Jansen, the Jesuits, and by most of the modern and ancient philosophers. A solution is not possible. But at least the biologist can discuss it, and discussion is not without its merits and its fruits, even if conviction be tardy and unacknowledged.

Is life mechanistic? Let us define the term mechanism since it means different things in physics and in biology. Mechanism in physics refers to the nineteenth-century physicist's belief that gross physical behavior is due to the *mechanical* arrangement and interaction of the minute components of matter and energy. It means the application of the principles of the special branch of physics known as mechanics to the building of models for the explanation of *all* physical phenomena. Mechanism in this sense has practically disappeared in the physics of to-day. Mechanism in biology refers to something very different indeed. The mechanist in biology holds that the basic factors, elements, and processes which constitute living material are identical with the factors, elements, and processes constituting non-living material. The differences between living and non-living structures are to him differences in organization, in complexity—differences in short which are quantitative rather than qualitative.

Times have indeed changed, even in relation to the mechanism-vitalism problem. I can perhaps best illustrate this by considering the position of

kidney function in the last twenty-five years. The kidney is concerned with removing substances from the blood stream and transferring them into the urine. This consists of taking a substance out from the blood, where it is present in small concentration, and bringing it into the urine, where very often it is present in greater concentration—a process comparable to making water run uphill. Twenty-five years ago this was a stock illustration to show that the kidney could not work mechanistically. If a physical process like diffusion determines this transfer, then it is going the wrong way. A strong concentration will diffuse into a weaker one but not vice versa, and a good deal of ingenuity was devoted into thinking up various models and arrangements which, in purely obvious, physical ways, would perform this function.

The situation now is quite different. No one worries about this any more than one worries about walking up stairs. Walking up stairs is working against gravity. Yet no one is disturbed by this fact. To climb stairs one must expend a certain amount of energy. It is simple to make water go uphill; it is done every day by mechanical pumps, and on a large scale by the sun acting as a thermal pump evaporating water from the sea. To make water run uphill requires energy for doing the requisite amount of work. In the same way, to transfer substances against a diffusion gradient from the low concentration in the blood to the high concentration in the urine requires work on the part of the kidney. This can be measured, and the result may be found recorded in any handbook of physiology. In other words, the physical and chemical balance sheets of a biological process must tally. The ways in which the organism makes the accounts balance is the problem of the physiologist in his

many disguises. The many papers published in the various physiological and biochemical journals are concerned with the *modus operandi* of the business of life—some directly, some indirectly, and some only remotely.

Whereas twenty-five years ago the vitalistically inclined person would have argued with this point of view, now he can do so no longer. The evidence is too much against him. The ground has therefore been shifted, not necessarily to a new place, but to a different place. The emphasis is upon the organized behavior of the animal or the plant *in toto*, the responses even of the species as a whole. Purpose, direction, meaning, these are the things which show that an organism is not merely the resultant of its chemical and physical potentialities; these show that while the balance sheet may and must tally, the organism is guided by an *élan vital*, an entelechy, or an even vaguer (if possible) emergence or super-organization. In so far as these are terms admittedly used as a short-hand description of our ignorance, we need have no quarrel with them, except that I, for one, am fond of the rough sound of the word ignorance. I like its rugged honesty, its essential humility. But in so far as they are a refuge for those dark and mystical impulses left to us from our cave-dwelling, lightning-fearing ancestors, we must resent them with every effort of our intellect. We must remember that the refined philosopher who terrifies himself with viscerally effective words is no whit more civilized than the primitive savage who is terrified by the wild demons whom he projects into natural phenomena. That we are ignorant of how an animal works, I agree. But that we should hide that ignorance by the use of words calculated to awaken our primitive fears and our mystic preoccupations irritates me into a denial of their necessity.

Most people consider themselves superior to other animals. The phrase "man and animals" expresses it. Such a division has the support of ancient and modern religions and of some philosophers. Descartes made this distinction sharply. Animals were mechanisms—complicated, devious, and interesting—but mechanisms nevertheless. Man alone possessed a soul. Most people will grant you that animals are mechanisms. To them the real problem is man—his soul, his sensations, his emotions, his conduct; these cannot be described in terms of physics and chemistry; for these you must have something different, something which makes him kin to the gods he at one time or another has created for his peculiar purposes.

To me as a biologist, the cleavage comes much lower; the problem comes stark and haunting at a much earlier stage. I am content with the ameba. If I could understand *completely* (I mean *completely* too) the how and why and what of an ameba, I should be satisfied. From my point of view there is no difference between ameba and man except quantitatively. In all its essentials the problem of man as a whole is inherent in any other animal; more than that, it is inherent in any part of him. If I could describe (again *completely*) the inwardness of a muscle contraction, the problem of living beings would be solved. However, the solution of any such problem seems in the infinite future, even on the fairly crude level of the physiologist.

V

Let me explain what I mean by levels. The ultimate particles of matter and energy are electrons, positrons, protons, neutrons, and quanta. To describe the behavior of the simplest material substance—hydrogen—in terms of these units requires the powers of

the most brilliant experimental and mathematical physicists. Not everyone can understand what is understood, and the part which is understood is still a very small fraction of what remains to be understood.

This is for the simplest gas, composed of the simplest molecules, which themselves are composed of the simplest atoms, which in their turn are composed of the simplest and most elementary particles. Helium, the next gas in line, is already too complicated for complete treatment. Approximations have to be introduced in that, for example, the structure of the nucleus has to be neglected and the nucleus considered as a unit. Anything above helium has to be treated mathematically on a totally different level from hydrogen. In dealing with the chemical properties of sodium, the only part which is significant is the outer electron layer. The nucleus is no longer important chemically, or even spectroscopically, and is lumped together with the other electron layers. The treatment of a sodium chloride crystal is on a different level still. For all crystallographical purposes and for most chemical purposes the atoms of sodium and of chlorine need be pictured only as the old atoms of the nineteenth century, namely, as hard elastic balls.

The reasons for this shift in the level of explanation are the structures themselves and the human mind, though I am inclined to give the mind most of the credit. To all appearances—scientific as well as ordinary—a complicated structure behaves like a new unit; and the human mind—mathematical as well as ordinary—treats it like a new unit.

A crude example from a different sphere will illustrate my meaning. Consider a heavily wooded mountain. Each tree is a multitude of problems: its nutrition, its water transport, its

photosynthesis, its growth. Grant for the moment that each of these activities may be described quantitatively with perfect precision. As a respiring, transpiring, soil-holding unit, each tree contributes its share to the function of the mountain as a meteorological agent. It is possible that someone, sufficiently gifted, might be able from the above quantitative descriptions to tell precisely what such a group of trees will accomplish in the way of weather. Yet the meteorologist does not stop to consider the tree. He knows the adage about not seeing the woods for the trees. To him the unit is a heavily wooded mountain as opposed to a bare, rocky mountain.

The position of this specific mountain produces certain effects on the stream of clouds and on the winds, and, therefore, affects the weather in this region. When the weather and the climatic conditions of a large area of the earth's surface are to be understood, the unit ceases to be a mountain and becomes a mountain range. Gone are the fine problems in the physiology of water and inorganic salt absorption by the tiny rootlets of a tree; gone too is the consideration of the tree itself as an entity. The meteorologist now speaks and thinks of the Blue Ridge Mountains and of the Appalachian Range.

The reader can easily go on to greater complexities, and he will presently discover that in the relation of the earth to the sun all these details of trees, mountains, and seas are of no significance. For near astronomical purposes the earth may be considered something which we know it is not, namely a smooth, uniform sphere of the same constitution and density throughout. For far astronomical purposes its very existence may be neglected in view of the overwhelmingly greater mass of the sun.

It would be a foolhardy physicist

who would deny that the atomic and structural regularities which hold in the relationships of mountain to weather are not valid in the larger astronomical units. But no human being could, even if he would, describe the larger behavior of astronomical objects by starting with the behavior of the ultimate particles in each of the components of an astronomical system. He assumes that the behavior could be so described, but he knows that he cannot do so. The human mind has its limitations, which are very quickly reached. As an instrument, the mind is capable of manipulating only very few variables at the same time.

It is not that the behavior of helium is not amenable to description with the same detail as hydrogen. It is that the human mind cannot do it. The equations and their consequences are too complicated to be handled in their entirety. Therefore it is necessary to make simplifying assumptions, and to lump several things together into new units. These simplifying assumptions are experimental as well as theoretical, since our measuring instruments depend in the last analysis on the capacity of our sense-organs to make certain discriminations, and these too have their levels.

VI

If all this is true in physics it is all the more true in biology. If it is so difficult completely to describe the behavior of a helium atom in terms of matter and energy, how much more difficult is it completely to describe an ameba or a muscle in terms of matter and energy? It cannot be done; that is, on the level of the hydrogen atom.

The chemist deals with the reactions of substances, and he derives certain regularities. In the end he makes his balance sheet tally, and he is satisfied. He knows he cannot describe so simple a reaction as that of hydrochloric acid

with sodium hydroxide on the same level as that used to describe the spectrum of hydrogen, and he does not even try. He is satisfied with his level and he spends much of his theoretical life in describing his findings in terms of a level which is analytically just more basic than his.

The biologist knows he cannot describe his findings in terms of the lowest analytical level of matter and energy. He first describes them in terms of biological units which are analytically more basic than the observed phenomena. For example, in dealing with sensory and nervous behavior he develops such units as the all-or-nothing law, the reflex arc, and even vaguer concepts such as inhibition, summation, and facilitation. Once in a while he is lucky enough to find a biological process which, in certain of its aspects, he can describe on a level found in chemistry or physics. For example, he can show how a muscle uses its matter and energy surprisingly like a chemical machine; how the eye focusses its image like a glass lens; how the focussed image is taken up by a photosensitive layer whose properties are surprisingly like those of photosensitive substances manufactured and used by chemists and physicists. A *complete* description of a biological process on this analytical level is perhaps impossible because the human mind cannot manage the necessary number of mathematical variables, and we may ultimately have to be content with a few simplifying assumptions which will change the level of analysis.

Instead of resenting this, we should be glad that our minds are as good as they are. What is this mind which we take so seriously and of which we expect so much? Surely, the day is past when it can be considered an independent entity, a something apart, God-given. We know that the mind,

like other biological organs, is a functional unit which has developed with the animal body. In us human animals the mind has reached its highest development but certainly not its perfection. It is a pathetically fallible instrument, influenced by the condition of the body, by its previous history, by all manner of accidents. But think of what it has already achieved! Perhaps, if given time, it may develop into a still sharper tool for analysis and synthesis.

Considering all this, it is surprising that this recent development of animal evolution should have become so powerful a tool; so powerful indeed that it can be self-critical. Perhaps it is this power of being skeptical of its own achievements which may help us with our difficulties. At one level of analysis the mind can do one thing; at another, it can do something else. And, depending on the capacity for simplification, depending on the experience of the mind, depending on its being influenced by other things, by other parts of the body, the results of its working on two different levels may appear completely contradictory.

VII

This brings us back to free-will and determinism, to vitalism and mechanism. On the analytical level of the laboratory, the mind sees things as determined. The behavior of a gas is determined by its previous and present condition, by the circumstances of its composition and preparation. So is the behavior of a muscle. In the laboratory one is a mechanist; it is impossible to be otherwise. The most vital of vitalists must needs make the chemical and physical balance sheets of his experiments tally. In the problem of mechanism versus vitalism in biology, a choice must be made in favor of mechanism. Vitalism is pure nega-

tion, bewilderment, without a program, without a method of work. I speak as a working biologist; and I describe what I as an investigator must do. A vitalist in science is a meaningless term.

But in human behavior, in our daily lives, the decision is not simple. To his own mind, the behavior of a man seems to be free and of his own choosing, and all the accumulated moralities of the world exhort him to choose the good and to act righteously on the assumption that he is capable of free choice and action.

There are many advantages in accepting this idea of freedom of the will: self-reliance, intellectual integrity, courage to act righteously, a sense of responsibility, a pluck, a gusto, a satisfaction of accomplishment, an appreciation of one's own progress, an ambition. These are the braver side of the medal. Notice, however, that all these virtues are matters of self-interest; see how they flatter the individual, particularly the successful individual. As a biologist I cannot fail to recognize in them the characteristics of the successful animal in the struggle for the possession of a place on earth, for the propagation of its kind. Apparently the will is like any other organ of the body—like a highly developed eye or ear or muscle—which is a useful tool for the survival of an individual in the complicated, biological struggle for existence.

That this is true may be shown by considering the reverse of the medal, which is certainly not so pretty. The same moralities which exhort us to choose wisely and to act righteously tell us clearly enough what to do with those who do not follow the strait and narrow path. A thief must be ruthlessly punished and so must any other transgressor of law or custom. Has he not the freedom to choose a way of life and has he not chosen a

wicked way? One cannot dodge the issue by referring to the accumulated dialectics on the religious and philosophical problem of evil. If free-will means that we can choose our good behavior and be rewarded for it, it means also that we can choose our evil behavior and be punished for it.

As I said before, this side of free-will is not so attractive to the thoughtful person who is seeking an understanding of these problems. Civilized society has begun to outgrow such behavior, though most of us have not thought through the full implications of this change in point of view. I take it that the transgressor in modern society is no longer considered in the light of a free-willed individual, choosing his behavior. Even the principle of the devil, with which the problem was attacked years ago, has given way to a recognition that an evil action is the result of a long series of complicated conditions and happenings for which the unfortunate transgressor is often no more responsible than he is for his curly hair, his dark skin, or his pug nose.

Once this is granted, once it is acknowledged that an obviously evil and anti-social act is not a free and voluntary process, then immediately the case for the reality of the freedom of the will is gone. I do not mean that the *feeling* of freedom of action is gone; I mean the reality of its existence. Thoughtful people have doubted its reality all along. Each of us generally *feels* free in choosing the actions of his life. But it is only too apparent to each of us, as an observer, that much of what our neighbor does is determined by his previous condition, by the elements which have gone into his composition: by his heredity, by his early training, by his position in society, by the tastes of his wife. If we know him even slightly, we can guess fairly accurately what he will do and say under

given circumstances; *he*, however, continues to believe that he acts freely and from choice.

Everything we have learned as scientists makes it increasingly certain that all behavior, including that of the plant, the animal, and ourselves, is determined by the complicated series of conditions and circumstances which enter into the composition of an event. However, as individuals, we feel that our behavior is free. As animals, we have developed certain patterns, certain unifications, certain illusions, if you will, to help us carry on effectively as individuals and as members of a species. Among these units of action is the *feeling* of freedom of choice. The existence of that feeling, however, is no testimony to the reality of freedom of choice.

Two examples will illustrate my meaning. All my sense organs combine to tell me that the table on which I write is hard, continuous, and solid. Yet every bit of physics and physiology that I know tells me that this impression is pure illusion. If modern physics, including that part of it which has given rise to the uncertainty principle, means anything at all, it means that this table is mostly space. It tells me that the total solid content of this table—provided we dignify the shadowy nucleus and electrons of the constituent atoms with the adjective, solid—constitutes a negligible portion of its volume, and that the rest of it is space as empty as a deserted cathedral. This part of the story has been too often told to require elaboration. To me, however, the table is just as hard and just as solid as if I had never known this. The notions of hardness and solidity and continuity are mine by virtue of my sense organs and the structure of my body. They are very necessary to my existence and keep me from barking my shins against the table; but they have nothing to do with the real nature

of matter as revealed by physical investigation.

Color vision and color-blindness may serve as another example. In order for us to get about properly in this world it is obviously necessary to be able to distinguish the different kinds of substances in the environment. The chemical elements differ in a *chemical* sense mainly by virtue of the configuration of the outermost electron shell. When these outer electrons are active they release certain packets of energy which, when picked up by our eyes, result in our sensations of color. We persist in attributing these colors to the objects outside, which do not possess them. The feeling of color is as potent as the feeling of freedom of choice, and is just as illusory.

For several years I have studied the vision of color-blinds, and I have learned much from them about the illusoriness of color and of free-will. We people of normal vision distinguish the spectrum as a continuously varying band of color from the one extreme of violet, through the blue, blue-green, green, yellow, orange, to the other extreme of red. The simplest and commonest form of color-blind sees no such array of colors in the spectrum. In place of the blue-green he sees a patch of white, just as white as any good white light we see. To one side of that, instead of the violets and blues, he sees only one color, probably a blue which decreases in saturation as it approaches his white spot. To the other side of this, instead of the green-yellow-orange-red sequence, he again sees only one color, this time very probably a yellow, which also decreases in saturation as it approaches his white spot.

What world of colors does such a color-blind envisage? A perfectly satisfactory world so far as he is concerned, if it were not for the fact that we normals insist upon making distinctions which he cannot see. We set up

red and green signal lights which he cannot tell apart, and we paint pictures and wear clothes in terms of color differences which are meaningless to him. If let alone, he would have a consistent color classification of his environment which would be reasonably satisfactory, but would be totally different from ours. Of course, he would confuse things which we separate. But we are similarly limited. Sugar is sweet and so is lead acetate; and if we relied only on taste, we could not tell them apart and should die of lead poisoning. Relying on color alone, the color-blind cannot tell green light from yellow or orange light. But we too are limited in the extent of our vision. Bees and fruit-flies and butterflies distinguish the ultra-violet as a separate color, whereas to us it is invisible, just as the extreme red is invisible to them.

According to our biological needs, we have built up a series of response patterns some of which are comparatively simple reflexes like winking our eyes when an object approaches them, and some of which are extremely complicated mental concepts like maternal affection and the feeling of voluntary motion. But we must not let ourselves, as responsive biological units, interfere with ourselves as objective biological investigators.

VIII

What then are we to do as human beings in a social order? Clearly we have to be biological units *and* biological investigators; we need free-will *and* determinism. This sounds contradictory and inconsistent. But so is the hard and solid table which turns out to be mostly empty space. Perhaps it will seem less contradictory if instead of free-will and determinism I say instinct and reason; for that is precisely what it comes down to. Instinctively as an animal I feel my freedom of

choice; reasoning as a trained scientist, I recognize the forced nature of my actions. Both responses are necessary for a balanced life. The feeling of free-will is necessary to give you confidence, gusto, courage to carry on with your work and your life. And yet you need the reasoned determinism to take the edge off your cockiness, to temper your judgments, to eliminate life's cruelties. Remember that the human advantages of a reasoned determinism are tolerance, sympathy, the creation of decent living conditions, the erection of a just social order, and a recognition of the frailty of human behavior; and that these advantages are not to be despised even on the most pragmatic of bases.

We have an excellent biological analogy to all this in the action of opposing muscles. Do you wish to bend your arm? You do not accomplish so delicate a task crudely by merely contracting your biceps muscle. Working against it is the triceps on the opposite side, and in proportion as the biceps contracts, the triceps relaxes, each tempering the action of the other to achieve a beautifully balanced motion which does what is expected of it.

To me the role in life of the instinctive feeling for free-will and of the reasoned knowledge of determinism is precisely like this, since from my point of view they are two aspects of a biological process. I must act as if I were free to make a choice; I must have the vigor, the responsibility of behaving as a free agent. Yet I must always remember how complicated the origins of my behavior are, how determined they are by things I have long forgotten. In this way I shall lead a tempered, balanced but vigorous life. More than that, I must remember how the actions of my neighbor are so largely determined by his previous existence. In this way my life will gain in sympathy and tolerance.

The Lion's Mouth



THE MAN WHO WENT TO PIECES ENTIRELY

BY GILBERT SELDES

(All the characters in this novel are fictitious and the author would rather be dead than found in the company of any of them.)

THE first indication that James Mortimer was going to pieces came when he refused to put oil in his car. It was a rather heavy car, and James drove it a lot, and he did buy gasoline, but when the attendants said in their friendly way, "Check the oil?" he would shake his head decisively. He must have begun this hunger strike against oil with a full container, because he kept on driving for a long time without any ill effects and, as it happened, he put up the car, being unwilling to buy gas also, before everything burned out. He was a bachelor and something of a wanderer, so that abandoning his motor cost him a pang, and when he edged it into the garage for the last time he knew that he was going to pieces. He didn't care much.

Before many weeks were over James Mortimer had stopped keeping appointments; his watch had completely broken down and he couldn't bring himself to buy a new one, so that at first he was either too late or too early and, as he was something of a precisian, this worried him, so he began to refuse to meet people altogether. Presently he gave up coffee, which he made very

well, and certain other foods; he stopped reading; he still wore clothes, because those he had were sturdy, but he never replaced a garter which sagged or a frayed shirt; he neglected his health, stopped going to the movies, and gave up smoking entirely. In this series of surrenders and negations James was slipping out of a life which had once been agreeable to him, yet he was comparatively happy; in fact each great refusal gave him, at least temporarily, a definite feeling of triumph, and it is quite probable that toward the end the appetite for inaction grew on him and he gave up things merely for the pleasure of giving them up.

His motives were not always the same, but a sympathetic observer could trace out a sort of general plan in the strange last days of his existence. James Mortimer was no longer interested in the attractions and seductions of life. These had increased notably and he knew that their power, to attract and seduce, had been multiplied as far as other people were concerned, but he was no longer affected. Perhaps a few specific examples would make this almost noble indifference more understandable.

Oil, for instance. James Mortimer stopped using oil because he never could get interested in prehistoric life. Some people carry their dislike of snakes to the extreme of flinching at the sight of a stuffed brontosaur, but James was not sensitive; only his logical mind was disturbed by the effort to associate reptilia of several million years ago with his motor car. He would pass a billboard with a gigantic

saurian rearing its head and a little block would be set up in his mind. As a practical man he knew that the billboard was there to make him want oil, but it had a reverse effect; by the association of ideas he arrived at the conclusion that he was not interested in ancient animals and, therefore, would do without oil. It wasn't really a conscious process, but after several weeks the blocking was complete. James felt quite cheerful the first time he said, "No oil." It was a declaration of independence.

About the time his watch was smashed James began to see in the magazines a series of pictures which delighted his heart: old inns, stagecoaches, women in furbelows (he thought they must be furbelows, although the more he looked at and thought about the word, the more absurd it seemed; yet it had charm), barouches in the quiet streets of old cities, and with them always, men of a handsomer cast and sterner, more admirable character than the men of today. These men carried large heavy watches, and at the sight of them James' memories raced back to his grandfather whom he had loved very much and who had always let James play with his hunter watch. It surprised James to remember how great a part that watch played in his early life, for when he was four, his grandfather had told him about his babyish efforts to say, "Tick, tock," and he himself remembered the exquisite pleasure of pressing the little corrugated button or stem (which was not a winder in those days) and making the cover fly open, the feeling of being grown up and full of responsibility when he was allowed to insert the key and actually wind and set the watch, and the full manly triumph of telling the time. James' childhood had been reasonably happy and his memories of it were happier still, so that when he saw an advertisement for old-fashioned

heavy key-winding watches he was first startled, then amused, and finally persuaded to buy. On reading the text of the advertisement, however, he discovered that all the things he found enchanting were belittled and the advertisement was openly hostile to the very charm which it set up. Your grandfather's watch, it said, is as out of date as the stagecoach; the argument was that you must buy a new one. James was quite angry, feeling somehow that he and his grandfather were both being insulted, and for several days poked around pawnshops in an effort to find a watch old enough to satisfy the current of desire which the advertisement had created. He failed, but he didn't buy a new watch.

He found soon after that most of the appeals made to him were becoming remote from his interests and that more and more of them were making him angry. He had, years before, guarded his social standing by taking the normal precautions and had been grateful to discover the advantages of mouthwash and soap—he really didn't mind being threatened by advertisers so long as he was interested, and he considered it an act of common decency to buy their products in return. But being, as I have said, a bit of a precisian, he liked to feel some connection between the product and the advertisement. This had a bad effect on his teeth because—not that he was a snob or a racial purist—the adventures of Amos and Andy and the Goldbergs, he felt, left the business of brushing your teeth a little up in the air. Cigarettes were lopped off one by one, because, first, a procession of immensely popular figures from all walks of life did not seem to him an exact equivalent of the popularity of a cigarette, later because he was not a nervous man and needed no soothing, finally because when he felt his energy waning he either took a drink or went to bed.

It was a pity that James Mortimer's interests in life were so limited. He had no curiosity to satisfy, so that the history of rubber in the Malayan peninsula did not lead him to buy tires, and the fact that olive oil came from olives gave him no thrill and ultimately led him to eat no salads. He was a profound skeptic about science and knew little Latin and less Greek, so he was deterred by medical terms he could not pronounce; he had one fixed principle about medicine anyhow: that until doctors learned how to cure the common cold they were wasting their time, and anything signed by a physician of whom he had never heard made him want to write a letter which would be the polite equivalent of sticking out his tongue. But when he thought about sticking out his tongue he also thought of all the disagreeable things the advertisers had told him about his tongue, and so he kept it in his cheek instead.

For a little time James tried to make up for his increasing loss of interest in life by taking an interest in the movies and this failed only because he discovered that the movies were not trying to interest him. He used to go to neighborhood houses and relished the announcements of coming attractions more than anything else, the snatches of future pictures were so rapid and jumbled and curiously complete. But the announcements in the text finally put him off, because he honestly didn't want to have his heart's blood chilled and his spinal column bent and decidedly he felt that when his breath was taken away it should be done by the hand of God, once and for all, and not by Carl Laemmle, Jr. He wanted, in his weak way, merely to have a good time and the constant threat of being overwhelmed in such a variety of passions as he had never experienced in his own life was too much for him.

Mortimer didn't want to prove anything to anyone, neither his income nor

his intelligence, so he had to let a number of admirable things go. He hated to make experiments upon himself, so he gave up shaving, the problem of big and little beads of lather being totally beyond his powers. He had heard Big Ben once and been moderately impressed and he couldn't make any sense out of lectures on involved economic problems delivered in Prague by a visiting Swedish philosopher, and as these and the cryptic signals of police sergeants calling to their mates were the only attractions offered by makers of radios, he let that part of the world go by as well.

For a long time he tried to be a good citizen although he knew that his lack of consumer acceptance was unsocial. But during a relief campaign he read that his wife would glow with love for him if he gave more than he could afford to charity; remembering that love is defined by Dr. Johnson as the passion between the sexes, Mortimer grew dubious and in the end, as always, hostile. Knowing that the government would presently rule everything and, therefore, advertise everything and consequently make everything uninteresting to him, James Mortimer vanished. He left specific instructions that he was not to be filed away in any building made of imperishable material—he had somehow got the idea that the virtue of marble lay in its beauty, not in durability.

I am not at all sure that James Mortimer was the last of the Americans, but a little note scribbled on the margin of an advertisement suggests that he may have been the last American who wanted simply to have a good time and who bought things because he enjoyed them. The note runs: "Cf. Spinoza. We think things good because we desire them, we do not desire them because we think them good." I think he simplifies Spinoza a little, but I see what he was driving at.



Editor's Easy Chair



WHAT MUST WE KNOW?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

How much can any ordinary person be expected in these times to know about the vast machine we call contemporary life? One cannot reasonably spend all his time reading newspapers, and if he could, he would not remember more than a fraction of what he read. Yet the newspapers every day spread out a vast number of subjects upon which it seems important to have views.

How many people know what they think or do not think about the New Deal—what it is, what it does; in what direction it is going and whether they like it, and are content to be going with it? That is a vast question, full of technical details, quite difficult to boil down into anything that can be answered Yes or No. So most people are for the New Deal or not for the New Deal according to the spot in which the times have pinched or profited them, and in a vague way according to what they see when they look round. Their measure of it is loose and incomplete. They just go by faith, which is what we have to do about a great many things. If the New Deal blows up visibly, we shall understand that. We shall have recovery anyhow in the course of time, and if the New Deal lives to be connected with it it will help us to improve it.

But that is only one thing. What's a vitamin? One reads about them in

the paper and how some foods have more and other foods have less of them. One hopes the school children are learning about them and what they ought to eat if they can get it. One does not recall childhood as a time when what one ought to eat was of much concern provided something that tasted better could be had.

What are glands? They say glands are so important. They say one is in the middle of the brain, the pituitary, and that whether it is working right or not makes a great difference to us in our hopes, fears, and deportment. Then there is the thyroid gland. If that goes wrong it is very serious and you may bring up in a crazy-house. Of course there are lots more glands, and there are proteins (no, that is something about food) *protons*; what's that? A subdivision of an atom, or some impropriety of the body? The researchers find these new elements and physiological details all the time, and unless your dictionary is right up to date you can't identify them. Technical words increase and multiply. Somebody was lately saying that ten thousand words were now necessary for ordinary communication. No doubt! No doubt! But one can talk fairly good Nineteenth-Century English with less than that, and quite a bit was communicated in that time.

But glands, must we go round to the

dissecting room to view them? Can't they be exhibited in the movies? It is embarrassing not to have acquaintance with something so important. We know a leg when we see it—which is often and at great length nowadays—hands, faces, more or less body, but we should not know a gland if we met one on the street. We just have to take them on faith and report—mere hearsay.

AND do we need a thirty-five-thousand-ton battleship at two thousand dollars per ton? Figuring is now done by machinery, but in old times when arithmetic did it, that meant that a big battleship would cost seventy million dollars. Lord save us! We need several of them probably. The naval gentlemen say our naval force is running too low for safety. Japan rises and threatens to take over the Pacific Ocean. Now, of course, Japan may be a factor provided by celestial influences to draw Great Britain and the United States into a closer intimacy. When the newspapers say that So-and-So (Norman Davis perhaps) thinks it possible that Great Britain will dicker with Japan to the hurt of its relations with this country, are we to believe that? If we read a mile or two of books, should we be any better able to decide? In the end the English-speaking peoples in the world will doubtless work together, but with various fluctuations of feeling and conduct on the way.

What a world to be living in where one is told he must lay in battleships at seventy millions apiece just to keep the peace! For the naval gentlemen may be right! We average, uninformed persons do not know and the informed persons may be warranted in their fore-sights. But what a world! How long will it be before its navies can be gathered in the Sargasso Sea as the German ships were gathered at Scapa Flow!

And what about the trades unions?

Are they going to run the country? One reads of the A. & P. in Cleveland, and it adds to wonder. The innocent bystander in these times leads a perilous life. Here are the chain stores multiplying all over the country to the detriment of local concerns and insisting on selling us goods, which some of them do very successfully. And here now and then are the trades unions, rampaging up and down our good roads provided at great expense, closing factories, impeding deliveries of merchandise, raising general hob because of grievances that we innocent bystanders know very little about. We hear the din of various clashes of arrogance, and get behind a tree if one is handy.

This use of private force to achieve the ends of organization is not very palatable. The A. & P. mess was settled. Give credit to our government's labor department for that and for the settlement of many other differences and all without calling out many troops or killing many people. Government has its drawbacks, but after all we seem to need one and we might go farther than the one we have got and not fare so well.

A CANADIAN quotes "a parson from the United States" as saying that that country is worse than Sodom and Gomorrah and is being given the discipline it might naturally expect. Perhaps the parson had sold religion short or had personal reasons for discouragement. Not all the more reputable minds show that tendency. General Smuts of South Africa is an optimist. In his address as Rector of St. Andrew's University in Scotland he admitted that we are living in "the most anxious and critical times which mankind has faced for many centuries." But for his fundamental impression of life he fell back on words from what he called "the first page of the greatest book in

the world"—words that came from the youth of the world and in our time are truer than ever. The world, he said (quoting those words) is good. We need not approve of all the items in it, nor of all of its individuals, but the world itself, which he said has a soul, a spirit, a fundamental relation to each of us deeper than all other relations, is a friendly world, a real vale of soul-making, and creates for us visions, dreams, ideals which are still further molding us on eternal lines.

So General Smuts thought the world was all right and that we were not put here for nothing, but were working along upward. There is nothing, he thought, in the nature of things which is alien to what is best in us, and so he said that he remained at heart an optimist. A fine Dutchman is General Smuts, who often has spoken good words and often acted on them. It's curious what remarkable world leaders came out of the Boer War.

Dr. Robert Millikan, the physicist, who landed in New York, coming there from London, had good and cheering words to say. He would not accept the notion that our distresses were due to the developments that have come with increased knowledge. Science as he saw it did not interfere with religious thinking but broadened it. The more men knew the less superstitious they became. "We cannot overdo the development of the understanding of nature and how she works."

Being asked if his theory excluded the supernatural, he said something that cannot in these days be said too often, that there is no such thing as supernatural. We have been calling everything we did not understand supernatural. Very intelligent men do that very thing. They read about "miracles"; they do not understand how they happened; they think they are contrary to the laws of nature, and so they dismiss them as inventions.

But in truth it is as Dr. Millikan says, there is no such thing as the supernatural. It is simply a name for what we do not yet understand. He found our world as he saw it enormously better than it was when he was a boy. He would not have it that unemployment was due to labor-saving devices but held that in the long run they created more employment than they destroyed. Doubtless true enough, but the period of adjustment is trying, as we find just now from day to day.

THERE is a new Life of Isaac Newton and in one way or another that remarkable man has come into momentary attention. Arthur Brisbane, who has taken up the practice of writing a weekly book notice, often of old books, in the *Sunday American*, talked about Newton as one of the pioneers of science about whom Sir Oliver Lodge wrote a book twenty or thirty years ago. These notices of Brisbane's are useful reminders of men and of books that lived to a great purpose in times past but have been forgotten by many who read them long ago and were never more than hearsay to many others. Brisbane poked us up about Newton, pictured to us as the greatest mind in mathematics and astronomy that is known to us, a man who hated publicity, disliked discussion, came of no breed that accounted for his powers, but did a work in astronomy and mathematics of such scope that nothing important was added to it in England for a hundred years. This work Newton himself described as it seemed to him—a picking up of shiny pebbles on a beach while before him stretched a great ocean that he knew nothing about.

That story applies to the distrust of the supernatural above noted and to the impatience with current discoveries or applications of knowledge that put the machinery of our lives out of gear

and make us trouble. People think of them as though the human mind were to stop short where it now is; as though the increased perplexities of men could not hope for solution or increased powers, knowledge or inspirations. But men like Smuts, men like Millikan, who take courage about human affairs, are pious-minded men in whose minds imagination and faith are factors, and who do not expect any standstill in solution of the world's troubles.

A great deal is going on every day and hour that does not come to the notice of the general run of observers and would not impress them if it did, since they would not believe it. That is just as well. The airplanes make extraordinary flights, they are increasingly factors in consideration of our present world; their development is rapid, they are fast annihilating what few impediments to communication are still left, but after all the number of those who ride in them, who navigate the empyrean, is relatively very small. The great mass of people still tread the earth or traverse its surface all too recklessly in motor cars. So it is that most minds of men must be engaged in the practical operation of affairs visible to the senses and related to economics, bread and butter, and government.

WE MIGHT know all about glands and which was which and still not profit by our information unless we knew a lot of other things related to this gland knowledge. One great reason why a little knowledge is a dangerous thing is that it is out of proportion. People say, and say truly, that the great trouble with our world at this moment is that material things and what we know about them have outrun spiritual things and what we know about

them. We specialize on glands and forget how to say our prayers. We specialize on roads, buildings, machinery, and things to embellish and speed up our terrestrial home and omit to justify all this effort by relating it to what we carry with us when we migrate to our celestial home. One does not have to know much about glands to know that they are merely bits of machinery, spark plugs, accelerators, whatever they may be. People who talk about them as though they were sources of life are obviously amusing. If you step on the gas the machine goes farther, but it is not because the machine wills to go but because you will to have it go.

Election seems to have gone Hell-bent, so to speak, for the New Deal, people voting by instinct more than knowledge, according to their conception of Franklin Roosevelt's character rather than according to what they know about all the alphabetical remedies. And about Franklin Roosevelt's character they are probably right. He seems to have great good will, a great fellow-feeling for his neighbor. He will help him if he can, and the voters seem to think he is as good a hand to do it as there is in sight.

Never love a President! Love the man, if he so moves you, but not the President. He may go wrong as President, and if you follow him out of mere affection that will be a mistake. But following Franklin Roosevelt does not seem to be an infatuation. People think he is a good man, they are not afraid of him, they do not think he wants to be Dictator but merely aspires to do the job. It is still his day—two years still assured to him in the White House if he lives, and years of the utmost moment.

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IF INDUSTRY GAVE SCIENCE A CHANCE

THE BOUNDLESS POSSIBILITIES AHEAD OF US

BY J. D. BERNAL

Cambridge University

THE field of industry can be divided very roughly into *materials* and *processes*. Available materials set a limit to the technics of any age. We have ages of stone, bronze, and iron. With the latter came the possibility of greater elaboration in the production of goods and services through machinery and chemical reactions. All materials hitherto used by men have been metals, stones, ceramics, and glass, and animal or vegetable products, usually fibrous, such as wood, paper, textiles, and leather. Developments of the immediate future disclose the possibility of great changes in the relative importance of these types of materials, extensions of each class, and development of important new ones. This will come about as the result of new demands for lightness and flexibility

and the use of substances other than metal and wood.

The relative importance of metals will certainly diminish, though for a long time they will retain a basic function in technical construction, but they will not be the same metals. The lighter metals—aluminium, magnesium, beryllium—will come to replace the classical metals. Iron and steels will no longer be used indiscriminately for structure and machinery. They will be kept for tools and working surfaces. This change is held up by the immense vested interests of the iron and steel industries. But for the demand for airplanes essential for war purposes it is doubtful whether the light metals would have come into their own. Mining and metallurgy will reflect the change. Science has

hitherto only added a veneer of improvements and through mechanical power enlarged the scale of their operation. Electrical and chemical methods will certainly tend to supersede methods based on the pit and the furnace. Already the production of magnesium is an almost automatic continuous process from the brine well to the rolled metal bars. The high-frequency electrical induction furnace is only at the beginning of its career. Even the blast furnace is threatened by a method of production of iron at low temperature by gases or oils. Heavy industries dealing with massive castings and forgings have already given way to more intelligent construction built up and welded. Our new knowledge of the intimate crystalline structure of metals can give rise to a new kind of fine metal work. The crystals will be orientated to give the greatest strength only in the directions in which that strength is needed. This will reduce weight of material by a very large factor. The use of reinforced metal films of soap-bubble thinness may be an important factor in revolutionizing the electrical and chemical industries.

Changes in the use of stony materials, stone, cement, bricks, pottery, and glass are not likely to be as immediate, though cement is already outstripping steel for construction. When we have learned its rational use it may supersede steel altogether. Glass has already ceased to be exclusively domestic. It is becoming part of heavy construction. In time it may vie with cement as a material for roofs, walls, and floors. The development of hard alloys capable of working glass like a metal will enormously extend its uses. The greatest possibility lies in the development of colloid expanded glasses, or aerogels. They combine transparency, heat- and sound-proof properties, and are lighter than cork. It is

now four years since these were first prepared in the laboratory, and in any society intelligently run every effort would have been made to produce them on an industrial scale, yet practically nothing has been done with them. With such light material the principles of architectural construction would be revolutionized. We could make buildings of lightness and elegance such as the world has never seen.

The manufacture of clothing remains essentially the same as in neolithic times. Fiber is extracted from animals and plants, twisted together, woven, cut, and sewn. By ingenuity far more than by science the process has been speeded up to make it possible for the same amount of clothing to be made by far fewer people. The only important change has been the use of wood as a textile raw material, through application of chemistry in the artificial-silk industry. Artificial wool and synthetic silk are almost immediate possibilities. It should not be impossible to short-circuit the present production of clothes by making at first from cellulose materials such as wood, by direct chemical and mechanical methods, a light and porous material which could be molded or pressed into clothes without spinning, weaving, or tailoring. As such clothes could hardly cost more than a few pence, laundering would be superseded.

Introduced in our present economic era, such inventions would be an unmitigated disaster. Millions of people would be thrown out of work. Whole countries would be devastated. An orgy of speculative finance would certainly follow. The essential contradiction between the application of science and the economic system comes out clearly in such an example. For the sake of preserving the present economic system we continue to use primi-

tive methods. The alternative, if science is to be used beneficially, is to scrap the system and introduce a rational one.

But it is not only possible to use such fibers as nature produces. We have already learned to make fibrous substances by purely chemical methods. The industry of plastics, of which bakelite is the best-known product, is already flourishing. But this is a mere beginning. Natural fibers are made up of chains of molecules lying side by side—artificial plastics are jumbled masses of molecules tied together any old how. Once we have learned how to attach molecules together in an orderly way in three dimensions we shall enter into a new world of materials, with a range of properties altogether outside our present experience. Not only can we have combinations of every kind of physical property, lightness, strength, transparency, etc., but it will be ultimately possible to make active materials which, like living things, can change their shape and physical and chemical properties under suitable stimuli.

The present time marks the beginning of a transition from the use of materials extracted out of nature to materials constructed by men. If science can be used to its full capacity, the former will become relatively less and less important. Man has not obtained full control over Nature until he can produce materials with the properties he desires instead of doing the best he can with the materials that are already there.

II

Possible developments of *processes* in industry may be no less varied and important. The first industry to develop on rational lines was engineering, because its processes can most easily be grasped in terms of simple

experience. To most people the great advance of the nineteenth century was simply the advance in machinery, steam engines, locomotives, textile machinery, etc. Through all that period the development of machinery was very much more a matter of native ingenuity and craftsmanship than of science. Although science has immensely assisted engineering progress in detail, it is fair to say that there is still no science of engineering. Mechanics have not been planned. They simply evolved. By using the world which engineers have created as its basis for study science can now begin to see general principles of mechanical construction. We could have rational instead of traditional machinery.

The factors holding us back are primarily economic rather than technical. Machinery and human beings are looked upon simply as different sides of production costs. Low wages mean more human beings in industry and less machinery; high wages lead to machinery and rationalization. Labor costs are cut down by dismissing workmen. The machine is designed to employ the cheapest and, consequently, the most monotonous labor. This is completely contrary to the spirit of mechanical inventions. Those operations which are repetitive and monotonous are just those that could be done best by machines themselves. What people speak of as the slavery of man to the machine is really slavery of manufacturers to profits. If machines had been designed from the point of view of the worker rather than that of minimum cost of operation, they would be as interesting to work and far less laborious than farming or hunting. Practically all the routine operations called for can be supplied by the combination of electrical sense organs (photo-electric cells, etc., and suitable relays), but it is cheaper to employ women and boys at

twenty shillings a week and put them on half-time when things are slack. The intrinsic trend of modern mechanism is toward this self-controlling. Through various devices, such as the torque amplifiers or electrical relay systems, the massive parts of machinery can now be controlled by very small forces. The modern factory need only be operated through a distant control-room with mechanics to deal with unforeseen breakdowns. On a large scale this is the human equivalent of what has been built up through millions of years of evolution in animal organs.

The basis of all mechanical operations in modern industry is power, and chiefly power of two kinds, the universal fluid form of electricity and a localized concentrated form in the motor engines of cars, ships, and airplanes. The main problem of power production has been solved. We have still to catch up from 25 to 100 per cent efficiency in power from coal or oil, and from 85 to 100 per cent in water power. What remains is more a matter of economy of distribution than actual production. Already power is nationally rather than individually controlled, though for most nations the national limitation is clearly much too narrow. The utmost utilization of power can only be achieved when it can be produced and distributed over a range of two to three thousand miles in an east-westerly direction so as to smooth over differences of use in day and night. The two main technical problems are transmission and storage. The first is leading us back to the direct current and probably also, owing to advances in vacuum technic, to re-introduction of the old static machine which would be vastly smaller in size, weight, and complexity than that of the electromagnetic dynamo. The corresponding change on the production side would replace the gigantic

boilers and turbines of modern steam plant by the small high-speed gas turbine. Even with smoothed distribution there would be immense advantages in power storage on a large scale. It would make tidal power a really effective proposition.

The problems of transport and mobile power units are probably those to which greatest attention has been given. They are also those which show the most paradoxical results of scientific ingenuity in social practice. The anarchy of production makes a call on transport out of all proportion to what would be required under ordered conditions. The anarchy of transport itself and of motor transport in particular canalizes this excessive development in the most wasteful manner—indeed, not only wasteful but as dangerous to life as the wars of other days. Great ingenuity has been used on economic ship design, but the advantage of this is now thwarted by national economic rivalries and the operations of financial cycles in which it is necessary first to build in peak years far more ships than are needed and then lay them up in slumps. Instead of advancing, there is less shipping on the sea now than there was in 1900. In the air the same economic rivalries translate themselves into military ones. In times of peace the whole of aviation is a mere training-ground for future destruction in war. In face of these economic distortions the technical difficulties of transport seem completely inconsequent.

Distant communication has been one of the achievements of the nineteenth century, though it is difficult to assess its value compared with the impression that it makes on the popular imagination. Between England and America the telegraph has been used far more for conveying gambling instructions between stockbrokers and sporting and crime news for news-

papers than for any useful purpose. On the other hand, the telephone is altering human relationships in large cities. As in the case of transport, technical improvements are far less important than the complex of social and economic relations in which they are developed and exploited. Great ease of communication should result in great flexibility of action and in richer and more varied social life. Parallel to the communications, however, there has been multiplication of entertainment and of propaganda through the daily press, the wireless, and the cinema. This is produced on such a scale that it far outweighs any social advantages gained by technical development. The real value of modern methods of individual and multiple communication cannot be gauged in a civilization that has simply used them to dress up the greeds and stupidities of more primitive societies. Till now their most powerful use has been to help the police in keeping people under control of the Government. The subtler development of scientific communication will probably be left to an age when these conditions have been swept away. Combined with deeper knowledge of physiology, electrical methods could give us a greater range of sensation and a wider knowledge of the external world than we can at present imagine.

We take the character of scientific improvement so much for granted as to overlook the fact that all science and technic have done since the new stone age is to enable people to get essentially the same things that they wanted then, but to get them in larger quantities and with less physical toil. Even so, it is unlikely that people worked as long or as unhappily as they do now. Science and ingenuity have been used because they pay. They pay by making it cheaper and consequently more profitable to make things which people

previously got in simpler ways. More of them are made and more of them must be sold. Once scarcity of goods had disappeared, development was necessary; but none of this tended to alter the character of the things which people demanded from life. They lived in essentially the same houses, cooked the same food, and wore the same clothes, though they could earn their livings in a greater variety of occupations and get themselves killed in a variety of new ways. But for the fact that science had produced results so profitable and at the same time so magical, far more people would have suspected that the whole thing was a swindle. Unhappily, those who have seen through the application of modern science rarely see far enough. They demand less science and return to simpler times, when what is really needed is more science applied to the convenience of living instead of to profit-making.

III

How this would be done can be seen by considering architecture and the whole apparatus of daily living. The houses we live in are not fundamentally different from those of three or four hundred years ago. In some cases they are the same houses. Science has touched only the fringe of domestic life. Though we have electric light, and the gas-cooker in place of the range, these alterations are all piecemeal. We are actually living in a far more ridiculous way than any of our ancestors, using a number of quite incompatible technics at the same time. There has been no fundamental development in architecture apart from changes in style, plain instead of fancy. The need for economy in space in big cities has led to using new materials in large buildings; but the modern skyscraper internally is simply a re-duplication of rooms, essentially

the same as those of ancient Egypt. The re-planning of human environment from the point of view of human needs has hardly begun. It cannot get under way technically because it implies much more than a change of domestic arrangements or of rooms or houses. It will involve whole cities and countrysides. We have all the materials and the knowledge to break away completely from ancient traditions and to plan living according to human needs. This does not necessarily imply uniformity. New methods should give far greater variety and flexibility than the old ones. There could be a neat separation between the town and the country.

According to whether agriculture was still practiced or had been superseded, the country itself could be all wild or partly wild; but the city could come under one roof, a roof which could be transparent glass without any visible support. Inside, the weather need not be left to the chances of nature. It could be provided with all its varied characters of wind and rain and sunshine, according to what people liked. As people would certainly like quite different weathers, from tropical to arctic, each section of the town could have its own weather. Climatically the town would be isolated and all parts of the world would become equally habitable. The beginning of such air conditioning has already appeared in the homes and resorts of wealthy Americans. There is nothing new in the principles involved. Only the lack of rational consideration for human needs prevented them being applied sixty years ago. The universal and economic use of air conditioning requires the substitution of the isolated small house by the town as a unit, inside of which there would be no longer the necessity of shelter or clothes. Partitions would be necessary to cut off noise, but noise itself

is an indication of mechanical inefficiency. With large enough rooms, hundreds of feet high and square miles in extent, the normal noise of human beings would be heard not more than in the open country. For a long time people would probably be conventional enough to cling to the old habits, particularly the desire for privacy, but in the long run the greater convenience and freedom of the new environment would be bound to lead to a new social life.

In all this the reader will probably recognize nothing but a utopian fantasia, pleasant or unpleasant according to taste. This only shows that as yet no one really believes that physical science can enter into and transform everyday affairs. These changes, which are merely the logical application of technical possibilities, will probably be reached only through a general weaning process with many intermediate stages. For instance, in some modern blocks of flats in London each flat is supplied with a refrigerator and cooked meals brought up on a heated conveyor system. The tendency is toward increasing the services of daily life and making them more automatic. This necessarily cuts across the organization of society based on private property and on the satisfaction of private needs by buying goods. Once the human environment is an organized productive and distributive organization, the necessities of life such as food and clothing become ordinary services and cease to have value in the economic sense.

All the processes we have dealt with so far have been carried out by mechanical means. Changes on an atomic scale will affect human beings far more than larger-scale changes used in mechanical operations. Chemical industry is as early if not earlier than mechanical industry, but it did not become scientific until well into the middle of the

last century, and even then science did not touch the most important branches of chemistry, preparation and preservation of food. One of the certain results of quantum chemistry will be to give us an immensely greater power to effect chemical changes. Long before this has happened, a number of changes arising from the older tradition of chemistry may occur. For instance, one of the first of its applications—soap—may disappear from use during the next few years and be replaced by some sulphonic fatty compound far more effective for cleansing, and without many of the inconveniences of traditional soap, such as curdling in hard water or damaging the skin. The whole industry connected with soap, cosmetics, and margarine may be radically altered by the introduction of material drawn from coal or crude oil. The uses of coal itself are being revolutionized in the present century, but the actual processes used are certainly not economically the most desirable. In England their main object at the moment is to provide for alternative sources of petrol during war. Coal is a highly complex mixture of different hydrocarbons and, apart from simply burning it, methods heretofore used have involved destroying the mixture by carbonization or hydrogenation. It would be more rational, and in future it may be possible, to extract the hydrocarbon by solvents. We should obtain in this way extremely valuable information regarding the constitution of products which may be used for medicinal purposes or even for food. Ultimately, the coal reserves of the country may become its main source of food.

The most characteristic branch of the chemical industry, the heavy chemical industry, will probably go the way of the heavy metal industry. A certain point will be reached when the demand for crude acids and alkalis will

fall off, because less violent methods of producing the chemical changes will replace the present ones in use. In bringing about chemical reactions, high energies are thermo-dynamically inefficient. The aim of modern chemistry will be to carry out all processes previously requiring furnaces and boilers through catalysts and surface actions and by electro-chemical methods. As long as large-scale agriculture is still practiced, fertilizers, nitrates, phosphates, and potassium will still be needed in large quantities, but a rational agriculture should succeed in recovering most of these from town waste. The predominance of heavy chemistry could give way to that of fine chemistry. As an intermediate stage, plants, bacteria, and moulds could be used economically to produce chemical substances. In the long run direct chemical methods will be more economical. The object will be to synthesize not only the simpler basic food substances but also the range of active substances which produce physiological activities in animals and plants, and ultimately not only substances but also structures such as muscle or wood that we require and shall require for many years or centuries. The substances and structures of animals and plants will be for long our models, but sooner or later they may be equalled and bettered.

Among the industries which science has hardly touched, cookery is the most important. There is no science in cooking. Beyond a certain point there can never be a completely scientific cookery. In so far as eating is a pleasure, the production of food must be an art; but just as mechanical ingenuity in the eighteenth century widened out of all recognition the possibilities of producing music, the new chemistry of the twentieth century may affect food and give us a more varied diet and one physiologically more satisfying. It may also produce new flavors and new com-

binations of texture. Already the natural materials for food have been made available in practically unlimited quantities by the combined work of the biologist and agriculturist on the one hand, and improved methods of food transportation and preservation on the other. While scientists are still being paid to assist in these improvements, every effort is being made by the Government to see that the least possible food is produced, transported, and consumed in the interest of national "economy" and keeping up prices. It seems tragically ironical to write about improvements in food at a time when four-fifths of the human race have less to eat than is compatible with health, let alone efficiency, owing to these forced economies.

IV

The list I have given of the possibilities of physical science includes only those of which the nature is indicated by present knowledge, but we may judge from the history of science that even greater possibilities lie in new discoveries of which at present we have no idea. New forces and new possibilities will be placed at our disposal. We might divide the scientific future into the insurable part which we can foresee more or less rationally, plan and prepare for, and an unforeseen part which we cannot plan but for whose appearance and utilization we can make every provision and give every facility. The great discoveries of this century, particularly of the last ten years, are so fundamental that they cannot fail to have the greatest practical consequences. In pure physics we have at last broken into the nucleus of the atom and opened up a new field in nuclear chemistry and transmutation of elements which will probably be more important than the discovery of the atomic theory in the nineteenth cen-

tury. Not only have we the possibility of production of intense energy fields but even of new energy sources. At present everything is on the smallest scale, but so was the production of aluminium a hundred years ago. In the near future protons, neutrons, and positrons may be produced and thrown around by the ton. But long before that happens it is certain that separation of isotopes of carbon, nitrogen, and oxygen on a chemical scale will lead to a complete revolution in biochemistry, and consequently in biology. By using an isotope, the atoms entering a living system can be virtually labelled and traced through their various chemical changes. It is characteristic of present conditions that this work is carried on only under considerable difficulties in two or three places in the world.

The new technic for producing high vacua, which is being developed essentially in connection with the wireless industry, may have in the next century as important results as the low-vacuum technics of Guericke had in leading the knowledge in the mechanical revolution. Although nuclear physics is more spectacular, the effects of quantum chemistry are likely to be both more immediate and more far-reaching. The combination of X-ray and spectroscopic analysis will soon turn into a corresponding synthesis where we shall be actually building up molecule by molecule and link by link as surely as a motor car is assembled from its parts. We shall have at our disposal ranges of temperatures and pressures inconceivable at the present time, and may count on producing forms of matter whose properties are at present beyond our imagination.

Perhaps I have emphasized too much the immense possibilities that physical science opens in its most direct applications. There is the temptation to take the prospect for the reality and to

think that just because these things can be they will be; but the experience of the past already shows us that scientific development may either be held up by lack of support or turned to trivial or destructive uses. Even if this application were made in detail, it is very doubtful if the world as a whole would be any better off under present conditions. Physical science itself is a tool; the scientist may examine its character, but he does not examine its full uses, and in effect it is the uses that count. The combination of the different results of physical science amongst themselves and their integration with biological and sociological science is more important than development of physical science in itself. But far more important than this is the question of the utilization of science in the modern world. As long as it is used as a means to profits parallel to those of low wages and forced labor it cannot develop its potentiality—we cannot even see what its full potentialities are.

There can be no doubt that it lies within the immediate capacity of physical science to solve completely the material problems of human existence. In an organized world it should be possible for every present need of man to be satisfied with something between one and three hours' work a day, and beyond that lie possibilities for extending the capacity of enjoyment and activity indefinitely. Yet this often-repeated statement carries no conviction or satisfaction. Most people feel by actual experience that physical science will not be applied in this way and, even if it were, the result would not be a real improvement of human welfare. The best application of science is conceived of as producing such a fatuous and stultifying paradise as Huxley's *Brave New World*; at worst, a superefficient machine for mutual destruction with men living underground and only coming up in gas masks.

Skepticism toward the beneficial effects to physical science is more than justified. Science was not developed in the past for the purpose of human welfare, but partly to increase profits and partly to secure military superiority. There is no reason to suppose that this has changed. The very structure of scientific research in any capitalist country shows the contrary. The greatest amounts of money and time are spent in applying scientific research to war. Heavy industry, light industry come next, then medicine and agriculture. Sociology and psychology receive practically nothing. This cannot fail to react on pure science. Ultimately, research can be undertaken only in fields where there is a reasonable probability that it will increase profits when applied, and in particular profits to individual firms. It is noticeable how difficult it is to get any research undertaken even for the benefit of industry as a whole, much less for that of the community.

V

The first need which must be satisfied if science is to be continued is that it should be financed, and the finance of science is grossly inadequate. It is estimated by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research that 7s. 6d. is spent on research for every £1,000 net industrial output, *i.e.* on the difference of values between raw materials and finished goods, and of this 7s. 6d. it is probable that not more than 1s. is spent on the scientific part of research. Apart from semi-industrial operations, not more than 2d. really goes to the advancing of knowledge of nature. An increase of ten times this amount of money would still leave the cost of science an utterly insignificant part of general production costs. To suggest such an increase would make every Government official and even univer-

sity authorities hold up their hands in horror. The extraordinary productivity of what research there is is positively embarrassing. Productivity blinds people to the fundamental inadequacy in the finance of science. Even in England, the most favored of capitalist countries, it is difficult enough to extract the amount spent on scientific research to-day. In countries other than the U.S.S.R. it is being cut down. A certain amount, a very small amount, of scientific research is endowed, but most of its funds must come from the industry or Government, in both of which there are very strong forces which limit the supplies available to science while they hinder and distort its application.

In the first place there is competition between individual firms, between industries, and between groups of industries bonded together as national and imperial sovereignties. Inside industry, scientific research is necessarily valued only in so far as it reduces cost. As such it occupies a position similar to rationalization, speeding up, or plain wage-cutting, except in so far as research can be used directly for the purposes of advertisement. Large and small firms thus stand to gain from scientific research, but they also have good reasons to oppose it or support it lukewarmly. In the first place, small firms cannot, or think they cannot, afford to use science except for such purposes as routine-testing. Any result of scientific research would not, therefore, assist them individually but might only lead to increased production with consequently lower prices and profits to them, particularly when the bigger firms can more easily make use of the services of science. But science is no unmixed blessing to large firms who can afford to have research institutes. As long as it leads to a steady simplification of technic, well and good. What if the result of research shows that the

whole of the mass-production factory is not actually necessary and the same product can be produced more easily in another way? Or worse still, what if it shows that the product of the factory is itself not necessary? The danger of obsolescence is a great preventive of fundamental applications to science. Large firms tend to be excessively rigid in the structures of production. This is enhanced when they are joined in cartels or trusts with the elimination of all competition by such methods as restricted production.

Now the application of new discoveries would lead to continual fluidity of production. Fluidity of production means heavy losses on plant and overhead, so that fundamental inventions are not welcome. It is not so much that radical discoveries are hushed up or suppressed by large firms. This does actually happen, but the same result can be got far more easily by merely failing to support research in a particular direction. There are a number of major problems of which the theoretical solution is apparent, but their practical utility depends on some tens of thousands of pounds being available for technical experimentation. For example, the production of white-light gas-discharge lamps is not an insoluble problem, but its immediate solution would involve dislocation and losses to bulb manufacturers and power companies. Instead of having enjoyed its use for ten years, we have still to wait another ten, and continue in the meanwhile to spend five to fifty times as much as we need on our lighting bills. Another example is the low-temperature production of iron which would make the blast furnaces of the world so much scrap. When such processes have become so obvious that they can no longer be ignored, or even bought up and kept down, capital will flow into them. In the meantime we must continue to allow profit to be

made by already obsolete technical processes.

Of course, with production organized as it is, it is not only to capital that the problem of obsolescence is one of the utmost importance. If molded materials took the place of woven materials millions of men would be thrown out of work. Even if the process took ten years there would be little chance of them finding any other. No wonder that the fear of this should set people calling out for a ten years' "Scientific Holiday," or practically keeping down funds for scientific research and cutting them off altogether when they find industries like the rubber industry becoming too embarrassingly efficient. The main function of the Rubber Research Association was to extend uses of rubber in industry and retail consumption and to improve its production for marketing. It was too successful in these fields. In the first, the largest firm in the rubber industry considered it gave too much scope for all and sundry to make rubber products, preferring to concentrate on its own secret research laboratories, while the producers preferred cutting production so as to treble the price. Under these circumstances it might be thought that the Government should have intervened in the interest of the general consumer to support its own research association. Although a Bill was introduced by the Government proposing to levy a halfpenny a pound on imported rubber out of the sevenpence per pound price extorted by the restriction scheme, the Bill was withdrawn—"As it met with opposition by certain sections of the industry." The case of rubber is well known, but similar things have happened to research in cutlery and silk.

VI

It is not only the problem of obsolescence that hinders the application of

science to industry, and consequently of science itself. The radical application of science may cause very large disequilibrium between different industries, particularly where they provide products whose uses are to some extent alternative, *e.g.* cement and steel, rubber and leather, motors and railways. It is not surprising that any one profit-making industry should not feel over-enthusiastic about scientific research in another industry, although rivalries may be tempered by joint ownership. Large-scale support to scientific research by the Government need not be expected. It would need to have wholehearted support from all industries in the country, and this is unlikely to be forthcoming.

By far the greatest perversion of science is found in the activities of Governments themselves. The function of a modern Government, particularly in recent years, is no longer to represent communal as against particular interests inside the country, but has more and more turned outward to support by political and ultimately economic military methods the interests of its own producers against those of other countries also marshalled under their own Governments. Such a policy offers the least encouragement to science as used for welfare; but war is an ultimate necessity, and scientists will always be needed for war. Modern war involves industrial apparatus, so industry too must be retained, and with it all its scientific appurtenances. Consequently, although there is no real danger of scientific technic disappearing, there is a real danger that science used for these purposes will not produce anything fundamentally new, but will lose its character as a foremost factor in the change and betterment of the human race, and at the same time its attraction for the most intelligent and capable minds of the time.

This whole apparatus, which would

be better called uneconomic nationalism, is disastrous to science. In the first place the mechanism of quotas, tariffs, and subsidies offers at least in appearance far more concrete benefits to producers than scientific research. Hence their reluctance to do anything substantial for science. But the Governments have other preoccupations. Their first object is to cut down imports, and to do this they must produce as uneconomically as need be as many of their original imports as they can. Modern science, it is claimed, has made it now possible to produce practically anything anywhere. From which it is deduced that a particular geographical historical entity which happens to become a sovereign state should cut itself off from the world as much as possible. Inside a closed economy it can be done, but at terrific cost of misplaced effort and consequent slowing down of the whole process of technical improvement. Historical advantages of local production are deliberately thrown away for the sake of making goods in the most difficult possible way, but even then the thing cannot be done; there remain substances—metals such as tin and tungsten and tropical products—which absolutely refuse to be found inside all national boundaries. International trade remains a regrettable necessity and one carried on with increasing difficulty. Under such circumstances science must become narrowly nationalistic. Its gifts must not be used by mankind as a whole, but to see how to make England, Germany, or America independent of the products of America, England, or Germany, and to produce other goods, which can be sold to countries which can be persuaded to admit them at an even lower price than those of its rivals, in order to secure the absolute minimum of raw materials and food. This narrows down the function of science and is

gradually breaking down the internationality of scientific work, which at one time was one of the most helpful features of civilization.

Still worse, however, are the effects on science of one of the necessary consequences of economic nationalism—war, preparations for war. Actual military research is not the greatest, although it may be the worst, aspect of this perversion. Modern wars are not so much fought with weapons—even scientific weapons, such as tanks and aeroplanes—as by industries and populations. To wage a war successfully requires, first of all, secure sources of food and industrial raw materials. National food production involves the fantastic agricultural policies described by Sir Daniel Hall. Similar demands for industrial materials require, in England, the production of petrol, in the United States of rubber, and in Germany of wool. Of the £450,000 given to civil research in this country, £90,000 are spent on Fuel Research, for the essential purpose of providing England with an alternative source of petrol in war time. It has succeeded in doing this at the cost of between four and five times the world price of petrol and at a time when crude oil production has been heavily restricted by Government decree in the United States.

The logical result of a nationalist policy is, of course, the return to the pre-scientific age, even though in most countries this would involve the death of between half and nine-tenths of the population.

The present direction of economic and political forces holds out no hope that physical science can realize its possibilities, or even escape from being used for the destruction of the world that it has helped to create. If science is to help humanity, it must find a new master.



GRAND CANYON

NOTES ON AN AMERICAN JOURNEY

PART I

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

OUR train for Chicago, en route to the Southwest, left New York quite late, so we went to the theater first. The piece was a new and very successful little comedy, fairly adroit but not really good, and not too well acted or produced. I was surprised that it was not better done, for I am always being told that the New York Theater is technically far superior to ours. (It probably is, and no doubt I was forgetting the slovenly productions I have so often seen in London.) All round us the audience was exclaiming in admiration at "the lines," thereby proving that audiences in New York are as foolish as those in London. They do not seem to realize that any author with a glimmer of wit can produce these admired "lines," and that what really count in plays are good ideas, sharp characterization, and a steady, cunning development. This nonsense about "lines" is responsible for a good deal of the dramatic rubbish seen on Broadway or Shaftesbury Avenue. But to do this New York audience justice, it was very quick and appreciative, more so than most of our West End audiences, who are apt to be plunged into an after-dinner stupor.

It was a fine night, and New York looked incredibly beautiful as we walked from the theater to the railway station. We had already remarked

that it was more imposing and lovelier than it was when we were here before, depression or no depression. It is difficult to believe that this city has anything to do with the state of American trade and finance. The place goes flowering up in stone and light, without reference, it seems, to American life in general. There is something mysterious about New York. Most capital cities are an obvious expression of their communities. London is English life in brick, chimney pots, smoke, and mist. You could deduce how the English live and think from the appearance of London. But New York, beautiful and titanic, seems to have been built for Americans who have not yet arrived in this world, for a race of giants on the way, and not for the pleasant, rather disillusioned folk one actually meets there. There is a queer discrepancy between the human values and the purely architectural values of the city. If New Yorkers were really like New York, one would never have the courage, never have the impudence, to offer such people one's paltry books and plays. Do these shining towers express the America that is coming? If so, what a race, what a country!

We went from the grandeur of the entrance hall into the gloomy tunnel of the platform itself, and found our

drawing-room, the smell of which instantly annihilated the three and a half years that had gone by since we were here last. I made a worse attempt than usual at sleeping in the upper berth. We seem to be evolving a race that can sleep anywhere, in airplanes, in buses, hurtling and swaying through the darkness. Why am I not one of them? I do not know that I am more apprehensive than most other people, yet the quantity and quality of sleep I get under these horrible conditions are negligible. As my bed lurches, gathers speed, rocks violently, the night becomes more and more menacing and sleep is farther and farther away. You are compelled to think, and your thoughts are not cheerful.

I fell to wondering why certain sections of the American press were determined that their readers should think me an ill-mannered lout. Two days before there had been sent out from Boston a faked interview with me, in which I had been made to say the most ridiculous things, such as that Boston, a city I have never visited, was an absurd place of mock culture, that America was being ruined by silly movies, that all Americans suffered from indigestion. Thousands of good folk, I mournfully reflected, would feel themselves insulted by this claptrap, not one word of which had ever issued from my lips. What had I done, I asked myself, that I should be victimized in this unscrupulous fashion? It was no consolation to know that lots of people would say, and had said, that I must think nothing of these antics of the newspapers. Everybody is influenced by what is read in print. What would the editor of a popular American newspaper say if I went about the country telling people that I had seen him stealing cigars from a drug store counter? Yet this was no worse than the game he

and his like were playing with me.

So, swaying sleeplessly aloft, I addressed thousands of words of passionate remonstrance to these journalists, butchering a fellow scribbler's reputation to make a poor little half-column story. And the train, as melancholy as I was, went hooting mournfully into the night.

We awoke to arctic conditions in the Erie country, which seems to be the coldest place in the world. I was surprised all over again by the ugly sketchiness of the region: the tumbledown wooden shacks passing for houses, the unpaved roads and streets, the piles of old tin cans and rusting skeletons of automobiles. I was surprised because I always expect to find the Eastern States all settled and trim, like the English countryside. I always overlook the fact that even this is really pioneer country. (If it isn't pioneer country, then it ought to be ashamed of itself.) I remembered how astonished I was on my first visit to see such miserable little towns, when I had been told so often how rich America was. The big cities here look rich; but once you are well outside them you notice at once—not everywhere, of course, but in many districts—how poverty-stricken everything looks. You see villages that do not appear to be worth five hundred dollars in their entirety. The same sort of village in England would be solidly built, good brick houses flanking good paved roads, and would represent a far higher capital sum. Is this one explanation of the sudden collapse? It was queer to read, that very morning, an article in one of the popular magazines by Mary Roberts Rinehart, who declared emphatically that, even now, Americans had far more comfort than any other people in the world. But have they? It seemed to me that the lady was mistaking convenience for solid comfort. No doubt

the American has more washing machines and refrigerators and the like than other people have, but they are not necessarily the same thing as comfort.

I looked out of the window at these ugly villages, at their wooden shacks and rutted roads, already coated with ice, and I imagined them in the glare and dust of high summer, in the thick snows of winter, in the slush and mud of early spring, and I could not see that life in them represented a high degree of comfort. To me—a foreigner, with different standards—American life seemed wonderfully filled with convenient devices, for labor-saving, transport, and the like, but not at all comfortable, not even in the larger towns. In fact, American life seemed to me definitely uncomfortable, nearly always too hot, too cold, too noisy, lacking easy conditions and repose. But there are of course more important things in this world than comfort. Perhaps we make too much of it. In England—where the word “comfortable” appears in two advertisements out of three, so that you might think we were a race of old tabby cats—I had often thought we did. Yet here was Mary Roberts Rinehart claiming for America all the comfort there was in the world.

The manager of the dining car had a face like that of a bleached Red Indian. This face is common in the Eastern States, and its frequency suggests that the climate of this continent has the power to carve a certain standard set of features. It turned the round Mongolian faces of the original natives into the austere features of the Red Man, and it may now be working the same trick on the Pilgrim Fathers. This manager looked anxious, sapless, out of key with a rich animal life, and was in sharp contrast to his negro waiters, who looked easy, vital, and masters of their own life. It made you

feel that the slaves had won after all.

I noticed throughout this journey that there were two contrasting types. There was the office man, the man caught in the net of business, who was usually pasty-faced, spectacled, worried, who did not compare favorably with his European equivalent, probably because business drives a man harder here than it does in Europe. Then there was the outdoor working man—the truck drivers, the railway men, and so forth—who looked far superior to the men doing the same kind of work in Europe. It is impossible not to have a respect for these big fellows in their blue overalls. They may not be free men, but they carry themselves more like free men than workmen in Europe do. They are the Americans you meet in Whitman's verses. If there are more and more of such fellows then there is nothing fundamentally wrong with America. It is perhaps not without significance that workmen of this type are usually connected with America's boldest and vastest enterprises, those triumphs of engineering and civic architecture one meets with so often over here, which make one feel that a colossal new civilization is being forged in these States. (Such civilizations, I understand, have always expressed themselves first in architecture.) To an outsider there is something startling in the contrast between the boldness of these feats and the timidity of thought in the people who accomplish them. Where are the vast new ideas? It seems to be in this unconscious thrust through steel and stone that America achieves greatness. Also perhaps in the building up, from the very lowest level, of a new and better kind of people. Probably we have been disappointed in America because we look in the wrong direction for its marks of noble achievement. We inquire for great men in the old way, for highly conscious original

philosophies, for tremendous works of art and, not finding them, are disappointed; whereas we should be looking at the new office building, at the new bridge or highway, and at the men who threw the rivets and mixed the concrete.

II

Early in the evening we arrived at Chicago, a city I hardly know and do not pretend to understand. We took our luggage to the Dearborn Station, and on the way there passed a whole row of burlesque shows, advertised for "men only." This highly organized titillation of the sexual instinct seems to be very American. Nowhere else do you see so many little periodicals that appear to cater for the sniggering adolescent in sex. I am told that this is the result of the Puritan tradition; but when did the Puritan flourish in Chicago, renowned as a swaggering bawdy city? Actually, the pioneering tradition probably has something to do with this matter. The city here is still the place where the men come in to see what girls look like. Every town is, in this respect, a port. And between this, on the one side, and a repressive Anglo-Saxon attitude towards sex on the other, the only result can be this not very pleasant compromise. (But see John Cowper Powys's autobiography for an account of one man who was made perfectly happy by it.) We dined at a popular dance-and-entertainment restaurant, and both the food and service there were excellent. The room was very cleverly lighted, and I doubt if many capital cities could show a more attractive restaurant. Yet you could not mistake it for a place in any capital city. There was something unmistakably provincial about the people. The dancers would have looked better if there had been more young men on the floor; but a surprisingly large proportion of

the young women there were dancing, not very enthusiastically, with middle-aged and elderly men, for the most part sedentary, bald, paunchy figures. The young women were obviously not professional dancing partners, and it looked as if we had arrived at the favorite resort of business executives who liked to take out their stenographers.

At the next table to us, however, there were four young people, and the younger of the two girls was the drunkest of the four. They were noisy rather than happy, trying very hard to make an evening go and not succeeding very well. The streets outside seemed to be doing the same thing. They blazed with light but were almost deserted, though the night was fine. There is something rather sinister about this illuminated emptiness. One night, you feel, we shall all crawl like poisoned rats to die in basement corners; but that night the advertisement signs, the picture theater fronts, the big store windows will be brighter than ever, and every minute the red and green traffic lights will change just as before. The larger picture theaters in Chicago must consume more electricity than any other buildings in the world. Their canopies and entrances are so thickly studded with bright bulbs that they hurt the eyes. It must be a dreadful anticlimax to pass those radiant portals only to see the average Hollywood product.

We had to buy some things in a drug store, and the assistant there, who warmly recommended this concoction and that, looked about as unhealthy as any human being I have ever seen outside a hospital. But then, night duty in a Chicago drug store is not likely to prove the healthiest of occupations. Returning to the station, we could not find any books we wanted at the stall, so bought a selection of popular magazines. I am still unable

to understand why American publishers do not produce whole series of comparatively cheap pocket reprints as English publishers do. I must have bought hundreds of these pocket editions at railway bookstalls at home. Surely the American reader, faced with a journey ten times as long as most of ours, would welcome them.

On our way across Kansas next day, I spent a lot of time going through these magazines. They are, of course, cunning arrangements of advertisements, with a little literary matter trickling through them. Most of my American friends laugh at these advertisements, as if they had nothing to do with the real America. But vast sums of money are spent on them, and obviously they are drawn up by men and women who have an exact knowledge of the public mind. Therefore, these pictures and slogans tell one a great deal, far more, I imagine, than the stories and articles that they break into such irritating fragments. They tell one, for example, that the ordinary American woman, whose custom they are soliciting, is an unusually competitive being. Though freed from much of the domestic toil of her European sister, she is compelled to lead a very strenuous life. She has to compete all the time. When she is young she must look prettier than the girl she is with, otherwise (we have it on the authority of the advertisers) the young males will ignore her completely. She must get her man. Then she must keep her man. Moreover, even if she is keeping her man, and contriving to guard her offspring against all the dangers that threaten children, she must serve the right sort of food, have the right kind of household appointments, go to the right places, read the right books, and go on and on, cultivating her body, her mind, her soul. It is a hard life. Even though you can relax into the per-

fectly adjusted easy chair or on the super-de-luxe mattress, it is still a hard life. That is why we saw at breakfast in the dining car so many middle-aged and elderly women heavily made-up, their faces hard as masks in the morning sunlight. They were doing it to please us all, to keep their end up; but though it is rather unmannerly of a visitor to say so, I must confess that they were not pleasing us. Elderly women can look beautiful, but not, in my opinion, by having their hair elaborately waved and by blotting out all the lines in their faces, which, instead of being masks, should be a fascinating relief map of that life which begins at forty. A few honest wrinkles and creases, especially in the morning, over the orange juice, do no harm at all. It is, in fact, a pleasure to see them.

There was a fine series of landscapes unrolling itself outside. The sky was a darkish gray-blue, and the trees in the distance, probably cottonwoods, showed light against it. The autumn foliage flared gorgeously in the occasional copses. These were water-color landscapes. De Windt, who was at his best in this spacious autumnal country and season, would have done them exquisitely. Where is the De Windt of Kansas? Is he already there, staring at the scene? All this Middle West, with its huge arch of sky and its enormous distances, is painters' country. I know the novelists of the region, who are already achieving something of the mournful fatalism that comes from such vast plains, but I do not know the painters. And I think I would rather see my Middle West interpreted in paint than in words. Yet it was amusing to remember how delighted we were when we caught sight of a broad yellow river and were told it was the Missouri. That was because we knew and loved our Mark Twain, and felt that this rather depressing-

looking river was really an old friend. We were of course a long way from the Huck Finn region, but, nevertheless, we felt that that immortal lad was only round the corner. At home we live in one house where Coleridge lived and died, and own another house where the ghost of Charles the First is supposed to walk, and we yawn at the mention of literary and historical associations. But out here we began to quicken at the thought of them; the countryside took on an added significance; and at that moment we ought to have forgiven all the writers of silly guide books in the world.

Broken old railway cars, skeletons of automobiles, heaps of rusted tin cans, went past the windows, and then a town, a city—Kansas City. These heaps of scrap iron are a melancholy sight, but perhaps it will be a sad day when they are all tidied away, for it will mean that America is no longer a new country. There was a longish halt at Kansas City, so we left the station, and in clear sunlight we climbed the hill outside to look at the enormous War Memorial, at which men were still working. With its raised platforms, fountains, twin museums, and tall tower, it is a dignified affair, very well designed, and I hope I shall be forgiven if I say that it seemed to me a waste of money. Perhaps I have seen too many War Memorials; but I could not help feeling that Kansas City could easily have found something better to celebrate than its participation in the World War. Unless I am mistaken, this city played no small part in the opening of the West (it was here that the original Texan cowboys drove their vast herds of Longhorns, and so began the epic of the lariat), and a native theme of this kind would have been better worth celebrating in stone than the slaughtering of a few weary German machine-gunners. Pershing, Beatty, Foch, Diaz, all came here, and

their heads have been carved on the Memorial walls; but in a few years who will care about these be-medalled heroes? I went through the two museums, with their bits and pieces of War souvenirs, and thought them a waste of good masonry and roofing. If there is ever a movement in Kansas City to transform that Memorial into a monument of peaceful progress in America, celebrating the opening of the great West, that movement can count on the support of at least one English writer, who has seen enough stone carved to the glory of that tragic farce in France. So, back to the train, where I discovered that the barber was a Scotsman, a shrewd little chap. He lived, when not shaving between Illinois and California, in Chicago, and in spite of the depression and the taxes, he had not the least desire to return to Scotland. I met several like him, men who liked to return to my island for a holiday but preferred working and living in America. And I could not, did not, blame them.

III

Next morning we awoke in New Mexico, with the desert flashing past our windows and blue mountains on the horizon. The country was glorious. The villages were of an appalling hideousness. We had caught a glimpse or two of this country in films, but the acquaintance was very superficial. Why have the films left it so superficial? Nearly every person you saw along the route was a godsend as a film type, just as nearly every passing bit of landscape would have made an ambitious film director cry with envy. Yet how little has been done with this country? We have seen nothing of it except as a background to a few trumpery melodramas. New Mexico—what a film you could make out of it, not with handsome leading men and

doll-faced actresses, but with the real people here, the wrinkled ranchers, the somber Mexicans, the mysterious Indians, the desert and the rocks and the shafts of sunlight! In these canyons they fought battles in the Civil War, that strangest and most fascinating of all wars. If they want conflict in their films, let them remember such conflicts as these.

I was busy writing a long speech on these lines to my friends in Hollywood when there was a buzz at our drawing-room door, and I opened it to find a young lady in what looked like fancy dress smiling at me. There was an Indian detour, she began explaining. I told her we wanted to take the little trip. "So glad you've talked it over," she replied brightly, as if we had been sitting solemnly in committee on the subject. So she took about a dozen of us, including a little Middlewestern Jew who made bad jokes all the time, in a bus through Albuquerque, where, she explained, oddly, the chief trade was in "health-seekers" and the manufacture of coffins and tombstones, a sinister conjunction. We arrived at the pueblo and had the embarrassment of wandering like mad sheep through other people's homes. Our guide, all smiles and enthusiasm (though the Middlewestern Jew tried her hard), explained how these Indians lived a happy communal life, almost entirely free from crime; and we representatives of the roaring racketeering world outside stared at the plump mahogany women and the children that looked like Chinese dolls. These Indian women lived by selling trinkets to staring tourists, their homes were perpetually on show, they belonged to a dispossessed race, and yet the fact remains that they had a look of deep contentment not possessed by the female tourists, mostly elderly, who stared at them. (Perhaps because they had not to compete so hard.) And our guide ex-

plained that among these primitive folks the men still had a nasty trick of making the women do all the hard monotonous work, a fact that scandalized the ladies of our party. A detached observer, comparing the two sets of women, might have come to the conclusion that for the females of our species there are certain things, which may or may not result in the arrival of fat brown babies, that more than compensate for an unfair share of hard and monotonous work. We acquired some Indian pottery we did not particularly want, paying more for them than the Middlewestern Jew did for his, and then climbed back into the train, which by this time seemed like home, though a very hot and smelly home.

I must pay a tribute to the food we had in the dining car of this train. I have never had better American food, and had had much worse in my hotel in New York. We congratulated the manager of the dining car, who became our friend at once, and told us at length how he had been a waiter at the Savoy and Berkeley hotels in London. I am not being paid to say so, but I must take this opportunity of declaring that travel arrangements in this part of the world, from Chicago to the Southwest, are superbly well-organized. Indeed, if there is any other country that is easier to travel in than the United States, I have never had the luck to find it. I prefer our own trains at home, because they seem to me to be faster and more comfortable, and also because a constant smoker like myself is not compelled there either to pay extra (as one does for the American drawing-room) or to find himself confined to a miserable little men's room, stale with salesmen's ancient cigars. America is not a smoker's country, though Americans themselves are fairly heavy smokers and have an odd passion for lighting cigarettes through-

out meals. It is surprising how many places are barred to the smoker in these States. It is a mystery to me how Americans can sit through film shows without smoking. In England we do not watch films; we puff smoke at them. All this comes, I suppose, of a deep-seated and very necessary fear of fire; the attitude of a man who lives in a dry wooden house, surrounded by tins of gasoline. In one respect, however, America is a smoker's paradise, for it is a country in which matches are showered upon him. I am not sure that this match business is not as good a criterion as any of a country's wealth and general attitude toward money. Thus in the Latin countries, where parsimony reigns and every tiny coin is important, there are no free matches, and when you buy a box of them you are making a very definite purchase. In England matches are cheap and plentiful and sometimes they are given away. In the United States the broad skies rain matches. After buying a few odds and ends at a drugstore, I tried to buy a box of matches, but the assistant at once offered me a cardboard box containing several dozen of those book matches. Take the lot, he said. My respect for this country was immediately increased: clearly it is the home of a great race.

There followed a night that had seemed very convenient and comfortable in the railway time-table, but that actually was a horrible affair. Just as you became accustomed to being shunted and were falling asleep, the train stopped and you were left in an

uneasy silence and stillness that made sleep impossible for another hour or two. In the end I must have slept a little, for I remember waking to find that we were somewhere very high and that it was snowing. This was Arizona snow. The little station looked as dreary as any I have ever seen. Not so the good-looking young man waiting with the automobile. His costume suggested that a musical comedy was about to begin in these altitudes. He wore a ten-gallon hat and an embroidered cowboy coat, and English riding breeches and long boots, thus making the best of two worlds. The automobile turned a couple of corners and deposited us at a hotel that was almost theatrically Western. It took away our breath, not because it was very beautiful but because we were not used to over-heated rooms at an altitude of about seven thousand feet. But we breakfasted well. We decided then that we had not come all this way to be defeated by a morning's snow, and so agreed to stay at this hotel until the weather cleared and we had seen all we wanted to see. After panting up and down stairs to and from our bedrooms, we ventured out in the mist and sleet.

A few paces in front of the hotel there was nothing: the world stopped; it was after all a flat world and here was the edge. We stared fearfully into the blankness, and after a moment or two there was a swirling, a lifting. Then what breath we had left was clean gone. We were looking into the Grand Canyon.

(To be continued)



THE PERFECT PERRIERS

A STORY

BY PHILIP CURTISS

EVERYBODY who met the Perriers liked them at sight and the more one saw of them the better one liked them; but there were times when even their best friends found them curiously exasperating. Bob MacGregor expressed it openly one hot September afternoon, as August Perrier and he were sitting on the shaded brick terrace which lay at the garden end of the Perriers' remodeled farmhouse.

"Do you know, Gus," he complained, "that you and Helen are awfully discouraging people to live in the same town with? You're so damnably perfect. Sylvia and I wake up in the morning full of life and ambition and crowded with pious thoughts. Then, likely as not, we go down into the kitchen, find that the range has gone out and that we can't have any breakfast. So we stoke it up again with broken boxes or throw together a little burnt toast on the open fireplace, but then there's a yell from the yard, and we find that one of the children has pushed the other off the shed roof or something. By the time that's fixed up I go out to do a little work in my studio and discover that I haven't any Chinese white and can't get any without sending to New York. So I start fooling round with some old canvases and just get a big idea for a picture that has been troubling me for days but Sylvia comes rushing out and tells

me that a tribe of red ants has worked from the pantry up into the storeroom and is eating all the paraffine off her best preserves.

"So then, after smoking out the ants and stopping three more fights between the children and getting a telegram from Chicago from someone who wants to find my sister's address on Cape Cod—and after being obliged to telephone twice to Boston and once to New York before I can find out what her address is, myself—and after the woodman has come in the middle of the rumpus and got half the wood into the cellar before I discover that it's the wrong size, and after Sylvia and I have got into a fight that will keep us barely on speaking terms for a week—*then* I come over here and know with absolute certainty just what I shall find.

"I know that every blade of grass in your lawns will be mowed and every hedge trimmed to a hairline. I know that you will be sitting here, cool and comfortable, looking like a major of British cavalry on leave in Singapore. I know that if you want a drink or a cup of tea it will suddenly appear on a perfect silver tray with a neat little napkin folded in just the right folds. I know that if we go out to the stables you will have a stunning new chestnut mare that looks like a million dollars but that you really picked up yesterday afternoon for a hundred and a quarter. I know that if Helen should call out of

an upper window to ask where you put a wooden collar button left by your Aunt Agatha in the year 1919 you would calmly take your pipe out of your mouth and say, 'It's in the fourth drawer from the right, dearie, in the second bureau on the lefthand side.' And I know that if Franklin D. Roosevelt were to telephone you this minute and say, 'Mr. Perrier, the country has reached its last gasp and you've got to pull it together again,' you would merely answer, 'All that has been taken care of, Mr. Roosevelt, I'll drop a line to the proper people and tell them to go ahead.'"

August Perrier laughed. "That's very flattering. I only wish it were so."

"But, hang it, it is so," insisted Bob. He waved his hand to include the lawns, the hedges, the nodding, delicately colored flower beds, and the distant white paddock fences, which were all in about the condition that he had described. "It isn't just the fact that you have some money and I have none at all. Look at Andy Payson. He has, I suppose, more money than anyone else in West Gosset but he and Molly are constantly in the same stew that Sylvia and I are in. No, Gus, it's something about you that always makes things fall exactly right. If the rest of us are caught by a coal strike we find that you filled your bin eight months before. On the other hand, if a new kind of scab hits the potato crop we discover that you didn't plant any potatoes that year.

"And it isn't just lawns and gardens and tea trays and things of that kind," continued MacGregor. "You always seem to know all sorts of things that nobody else knows. For example, I see a review of a new book in the Sunday paper and say to myself, 'I'll have to read that sometime.' I come over here the same afternoon and invariably find the book itself, all fresh and new,

lying on your library table. Or perhaps a bunch of us will be sitting round listening to music, and someone will ask, 'What's that he's playing now?' And nobody will know until we ask you or Helen and you will say, in a casual voice, 'Isn't it Misinsky's what-do-you-call-it in B minor?'

"But the most maddening thing is that you're never away from West Gosset ten days a year, yet you always seem to know everybody on earth. Sylvia or Molly Payson or Margaret Dodge will meet some marvellous new people in Barrington or Stanwix and plan a dinner to burst them on the world. But when they tell you or Helen about it you merely say, 'The Stewart Van Deusens? Oh, yes, they're very amusing. Their mother was a sister of my uncle's second wife.' And by jimine it's always true. But how do you do it, Gus? How does a person get that way?"

It was typical of August Perrier—and also perhaps typical of all that MacGregor had been saying about him—that he did not waste any time in forced, foolish denials. Neither did he turn the whole question aside with some chance jocosity. Instead, he drew thoughtfully at his pipe for several seconds, as if the whole matter did indeed present an interesting and quite impersonal problem.

"Did it ever occur to you, Bob," he asked at last, "that almost anyone can do a job fairly well if he picks one that is small enough?"

MacGregor shot at him a look of sudden, amused appreciation. That was another amazing thing about August Perrier—that the answer he gave to a given question was always satisfactory but never quite the one that had been expected.

"Then you would say—?" suggested MacGregor.

"Exactly what anyone would say if he cared to think about it," replied

Perrier. "Given a modest amount of means, a few natural inclinations and plenty of time, is there anything so marvellous in keeping up a house, a small stable, and a hundred and fifty acres of land? If you and your family had lived for two or three generations in Berkfield County, wouldn't it be strange if you didn't know most of the people in it? If you never painted a picture, wrote a book, or played a note of music, but spent all your time looking at other people's pictures, reading other people's books, and listening to other people's music, couldn't you also give the impression that you had covered a good deal of ground?"

"I see what you mean," admitted MacGregor, "but I still don't believe that that wholly explains it. With all the money and all the time in the world I could never make a place look as yours does. And Sylvia, bless her heart, could never run a house the way Helen does." He grinned. "I can see it now! The children would be putting white rats in all the guest-room beds and cleaning their skis with the tea napkins."

"Well, there you are!" insisted Perrier. "That's precisely the point. Painting pictures and bringing up children is your principal job. All the rest of it, house, grounds, reading books, and knowing your neighbors, is purely secondary. But with Helen and me those things are full time. So is it strange that I know when a new disease is attacking my apple trees, but that you don't even think of it until the leaves begin to drop off?"

"I suppose so," nodded MacGregor, not quite convinced. He leaned back in his deck chair, looked vaguely round, as if some object in the landscape might give him a new point of attack; but while he hesitated the slow toll of a bell came across the meadows from the church tower in the village, a full mile to the eastward.

MacGregor leaped to his feet. "For the love of Sam Talmadge! Six o'clock? And I promised Sylvia that I'd pick up the kids at the lake at quarter-past five."

Perrier looked up, smiling faintly. "Won't you have just a bit of cheer and refreshment before you go?"

"No, thank you," answered Bob. "I haven't got time. Not even with a silver tray and a folded napkin."

A moment later his rickety, open car could be heard rattling down the short driveway to the road then, having passed round a low rise in the ground, could be seen for a few hundred yards on the highway, Bob driving in the same manner in which he talked, with his mussed hair flying, his big shoulders hunched, and his hands and feet doing twice as much as was necessary.

The car had hardly disappeared when Helen Perrier came out from the dim, low-ceilinged living room which opened on the terrace. In actual age she was probably fifteen or sixteen years younger than her husband; but that was still another strange point about the Perriers—that no one ever noticed the difference between them. Three days after her marriage Helen had seemed to spring into a sort of demure, quaint maturity and remain fixed at that point while Perrier himself was one of those weather-beaten, sailing-master-like men who appear precisely the same during a large part of their lifetimes.

Absently Helen glanced over the terrace, picked up a burnt paper match from the bricks and put it in an ash tray. She straightened the chair which the visitor had occupied, then seated herself in another, nearer to her husband.

"What was Bob MacGregor raving and ranting about?" she asked.

Perrier shrugged slightly. "Oh, the same old story. It seems to amuse Bob and at the same time slightly irritate

him that we keep our lawns properly cut and wash our faces almost every morning."

"I know," replied Helen. "I do wish people would stop talking about that for a while."

Her husband turned quickly. "*Has* anyone been talking about it, except Bob?"

"Oh, no, not exactly in so many words, but you know how it is with almost everyone who comes here." Helen began to imitate the high, mincing tones of a typical feminine summer visitor. "'Oh, Mrs. Perrier, I've heard such marvellous things about your *charming* old house—everything is so *exactly* right—such *adorable* atmosphere!'

"And also," continued Helen, resuming her natural voice, "Margaret Dodge has been giving me one or two nasty little digs lately. She asked me the other day whether I had never in my life felt the slightest desire to kick over the lamp, paint my face, and elope with a bus driver."

"Margaret," remarked Perrier, "is a type of girl that seems to have been only partially grasped by the modern commentators. She likes to dress like a rope dancer; her talk is somewhat lower than that of the average stableman, but in reality she is primmer than a New England schoolma'am and more snobbish than oldfashioned Newport. My heart goes out to any young man who tries to take her at her face value."

The comment was true enough but Helen did not respond. For several minutes she sat in a moody silence, while the shadows of the house, growing cooler as they advanced, crept past them, out over the lawn, and the whole scene before them—the meadows, the thick line of trees at the village, and the distant, pastured hills—began to assume the still, tidied-up-for-the-evening appearance that all nature seems

to take on at sunset. A buckboard with a clopping gray horse appeared for a moment on the small space of visible highway; a hawk, flying low, began to circle above the line of the brook in a bit of swampland, then circled upward again and disappeared toward the roadway. A chimelike sound, as of some heavy metal struck with a hammer, came faintly and musically from some unknown quarter; then all was silent again except for the regular, pre-autumn chirping of the crickets.

Helen stirred at last. "But, Gus," she demanded, "do you suppose that we really *are* like that? Have we become just a pair of prigs, doing the same little things over and over again, and missing nine-tenths of what most people find in life?"

Somewhat below his usual form, Perrier fell back on the traditional husband's answer. "But what would you suggest?" he asked. "It is rather late for me to become one of America's leading painters, like Bob MacGregor. And as for starting a steel foundry or something, this would hardly seem to be the ideal moment."

"Oh, I don't know exactly what I do mean," admitted Helen. "Personally I don't want to do *anything* different. I love everything just as it is now. But still I wonder—"

A maid had appeared at the entrance to the living room, one of those gray-haired, gentle-voiced maids that one would have expected to find in a house like the Perriers'. She waited decorously to make sure that Helen's sentence was not to be finished, then opened the screen door.

"Mrs. Perrier, Mrs. Payson has telephoned to say that her dinner will be at half-past seven instead of seven. She says not to hurry."

"Oh, good heavens!" exclaimed Helen, half starting from her chair. "I'd forgotten completely about

Molly's dinner. That extra half hour will just save our lives."

Her husband looked at her with sudden amusement. "A Perrier has forgotten a thing like a dinner engagement? Can that possibly mean that we've begun to slip?"

As a matter of fact they could have slipped far worse than that and still have attracted no attention, for the dinner proved to be a small, neighborhood affair at which anyone might have been late. The Paysons' house was a large, semi-modern sort of villa at the other side of the town, on a high hill overlooking the lake, an architect's dream of the year 1897 to which time and pleasant associations had given a certain elephantine charm. As Perrier followed Helen into the heavily hung library where cocktails were being served, he was conscious at first of only the faces that he had expected to see—Andy Payson, a stoutish and somewhat pathetic young man who always looked rather helpless in the presence of his wife, Molly Payson, a bustling and exceedingly smart young woman who, without the least intention of doing so, inevitably succeeded in casting her husband into the shade, and Bob MacGregor, looking quite as mussed and badly dressed in his dinner jacket as he had looked that afternoon in his working shirt and khaki trousers. Then suddenly, through the cigarette smoke and the clatter, Perrier was conscious of a pair of very dark, very large eyes looking fixedly at him from a dim corner of the room and of a figure like that of some Medici princess. For a second he was seized by a queer, excited feeling, but abruptly he found himself laughing inwardly, laughing, in the first place, because he had allowed himself to feel that way and, in the second place, because he had failed to recognize that the eyes and the figure were only those of young Margaret Dodge.

The next moment, however, Perrier was aware, from certain signs in the room, a ribald wink from Bob MacGregor and a sudden stiffening of Helen's shoulders, that he was not the only one whom Margaret Dodge had sent a bit reeling; for while everyone present had known her casually for two or three months, no one had ever before seen her dressed—no one had ever seen *anyone* in West Gosset dressed—as she was dressed this evening.

A tall, dark, and rather broad shouldered girl of twenty-two or -three, her eyes were heavily made up and her hair was arranged in a way that suggested someone like Cleopatra. Her dark velvet gown was cut fantastically low, long black pendants hung from her ears, and a serpentine, gold, Greek bracelet weighted down one forearm. The whole effect was Byzantine, Bulgarian, or plain Monte Carlo, whichever one wanted to call it, and theoretically it should have been awful. But curiously it wasn't. It was stunning, and nobody knew it better than Margaret herself, who still stood with her dark eyes filled with quiet devilry, a long cigarette holder between the fingers of one hand and a cocktail glass, poised rakishly, in the other.

Behind his shoulder Perrier heard Molly Payson, under pretense of passing *hors d'œuvres*, murmuring to Helen how it had happened. Sylvia MacGregor, Bob's wife, had not been able to come (possibly as a sequel to the red ants) so at the last minute the hour of the dinner had been put back and Margaret asked to fill in. With this fair statement of the facts, Helen honestly tried to do her part and be big about the matter, waving a hand gayly across the room to Margaret yet not prolonging the greeting to such an extent that a certain slight reserve would not still be visible. Catching also the suspicion that an effort more

vigorous than usual would be needed to make this party a success, Andy Payson began circling the room with a refilled shaker, while Bob MacGregor, who had come early and who was never judicious about cocktails, headed suddenly for Margaret and, spurred on by her cinquecento appearance, tried to be very daring and Latin-quartery.

To all of this Margaret herself responded only with the same amused detachment with which she had greeted the more aghast atmosphere of a few minutes before. A quarter of a generation younger than anyone else in the room, she realized that she had them all guessing and was having the time of her life about it. To Helen's greeting she replied with a wave of her own which accepted the older woman's cordiality and ignored her reserve. To Andy's outreached shaker she laughingly shook her head, while Bob MacGregor's bumbling advances she so quietly but effectively snubbed that she left the poor fellow bewildered. Yet, oddly, every time that August Perrier looked in her direction he found her large, dark eyes gazing squarely and provocatively at him.

Considering its scratchy start, the dinner went off amazingly well. As if satisfied that she had created consternation enough for one evening, Margaret completely relaxed, became once more just the wellbred, modern-country-house type of girl, listening with interest to everyone's stories and answering questions with amusing, modest replies; but after coffee had been served in what in that house was still called "the drawing-room" things began to start up again.

Bob MacGregor, whose eager hands and feet could never long remain quiet, began clamoring for a table of bridge; but since there were six of them, August Perrier, who detested cards of any kind, ruled himself out. Lighting a cigar, he opened one of the long French

windows and stepped out on the veranda, closing the window behind him again. The cut for places also put Margaret Dodge on the side-lines for the first rubber so, still retaining her modest-young-miss manner, she picked up a book and turned on a reading light over an easy chair, while the players at the table settled almost immediately into the concentrated silences, the curt, monosyllabic questions, and the occasional insulting outbursts of four persons who have played together for years.

For perhaps a quarter of an hour this continued until, in the clatter of discussion that followed a hand, Helen Perrier was suddenly conscious that Margaret Dodge had risen quietly from her chair, had stepped out through the same French window through which Perrier had passed, and was now softly closing it behind her. Bob MacGregor, who had finished sorting his new hand, looked up in time to catch both the act and Helen's expression.

"Better look out, Helen," he warned. "For all you know, there goes the Fall of the House of Usher."

Helen answered nothing but the slightly vicious way in which she fan-shaped her cards, glanced at them, and then slid them together again showed that she had heard perfectly. "Two hearts," she murmured.

MacGregor roared and Helen flushed scarlet. "If I were you," chuckled Bob, "I'd make it one club."

"What in the world are you talking about?" demanded Molly Payson, who was sitting with her back to the window and had missed the whole thing.

"Oh, nothing," said Bob, charitably. "Just one of those little incidents that lighten our dull country lives."

Outside in the darkness of the veranda August Perrier was standing at the far end of the railing, looking out into the night. At the click of the opening French window he turned

and, for the second time that evening, a queer, darting feeling went through him. This time, however, he was more prepared.

"Oh, hello," he said, casually. "Not in the game?"

Margaret did not answer directly but, passing through the shaft of light from the windows, joined him in the shadows at the railing. "What were you looking at so intently?" she asked.

"A thing of no importance whatever," replied Perrier. He pointed with his hand. "I presume that I have stood on this veranda several hundred times but I never noticed before that there is one spot, away down there in the valley, where you can see the lights of the cars on the Lebanon road. It must be five miles away."

"Where? Let me see it," exclaimed Margaret, pushing up with apparent eagerness.

"Down there," repeated Perrier. "Look just a little to the right of the church tower, toward Gosset Mountain. In a minute you'll see a faint flash."

"Oh yes, I see it now," said the girl, slowly. For a minute or two she watched intently, politely giving the phenomenon the attention it deserved, but presently her eyes turned to a nearer point at the foot of the lawn—where the glow of a boathouse lamp, reflected in the water, showed the dark presence of the lake. Perrier, however, realized that she still remained standing extremely close to him, her scented shoulder pressing frankly against the sleeve of his coat.

A thought, half alarming, half entertaining, shot through Perrier's mind. "Just what," he asked himself, "is this infant trying to do?"

In order to find out he remained very still, let his shoulder rest exactly where it was while Margaret did the same. For several seconds they stood, as it were, in a mental and strategical dead-

lock, then, almost with a gesture of impatience, the girl moved away.

"Gus," she demanded, turning squarely toward him, "why do you dislike me so?"

"But I don't," protested Perrier.

"Oh, yes you do," insisted Margaret, "and you express it in the one way that can make me furious. You are always laughing at me, behind those calm, handsome, gray eyes of yours. Isn't there anything on earth that can shake you out of your cool, safe detachment?"

"That's odd," replied Perrier. "You are the second person—no, the third—who has asked me that question today. I'm beginning to believe that I must be a most detestable individual."

Margaret put out her hand and rested it on his arm. "No, Gus, you're a dear but at times you really are maddening. What I mean is don't you *ever* feel a desire to jump, yell, and be thoroughly human?"

"I did about an hour ago," confessed Perrier, "when I saw you in that dress."

Margaret laughed. "That was silly of me but I wanted to raise hell to-night. I was so sick of everything, sick of being dragged around from place to place by a hypochondriac mother who does nothing but talk about her headaches and about the shrinking of her investments and how we are sure to end up in the poorhouse. I was so sick of men who think about nothing except golf scores and the N.R.A. and of summer-resort boys whose idea of humor is to say, 'Oh yeah?' I was—I might as well say it—I was sick of all you in the young married crowd who seem so safe and so sure and always know just what you are going to do every day. So when Molly Payson called me up to-night I suddenly said to myself, 'All right, I'll go. I'll shove a stick of dynamite under their tails and then watch their faces.'"

"Well, you certainly did it," laughed Perrier.

"I did," agreed Margaret, "until you came into the room and then I felt about three inches high. You made me feel like the jackass that you always make me feel when I'm doing something silly."

Swiftly the girl looked over her shoulder to make sure that no one was moving behind the lighted windows. She tightened her grasp on Perrier's arm.

"Listen, Gus," she said. "There's something I've got to say to you and I may never get the chance again. You're the one person in West Gosset that I've really wanted to talk to all summer. I hate you for it—and it makes me mad every time I look at you—but, damn you, you *are* the real thing. The trouble is that you look on me as just one of these crazy, ultra modern youngsters."

For a moment Perrier did not reply but, seeing that she really was waiting for an answer, he spoke at last, slowly:

"No, Margaret, that is not the way that I look at you." He smiled. "If you want the real truth, the thing that has always perplexed me about you is that, under your modernism, under your love of dash and profanity, I get, every now and then, grotesque glimpses of a very different sort of person."

The girl looked at him with slow, dawning suspicion and her grasp on his forearm perceptibly slackened.

"What kind of person?" she demanded cautiously.

"That's a little difficult to say," replied Perrier. "A slight dash, perhaps, of Miss Porter's School, certain vague echoes of Old South Church in Boston, and a very big dose of the late Mrs. Astor. This is what I mean," he explained hurriedly, "I've seen you come into a room, put your feet up on a chair and talk like James Joyce unexpurgated. But let someone else try it, someone you don't like, Bob Mac-

Gregor for example, and instantly you freeze up and silence him like Queen Victoria."

The girl drew her hand entirely from his arm and turned slightly away. "Do you know," she answered, "that nothing you could have said could have hurt me more than that? Then you think my modernism is just put on?"

"Oh, not at all," protested Perrier. "On the contrary I find the combination very piquant. But I've often thought that your friends in general must find you a little puzzling to deal with. What happens, for instance, when they approach you in your Joe Penner mood and find that you've suddenly changed to the Duchess of Chichester?"

"Nothing happens," replied Margaret, soberly. "In fact that's just the trouble."

Both her tone and her words were so palpably meant to be enigmatic that Perrier did not even offer a guess as to their meaning. Only when she seemed determined to stand indefinitely in a half sulky silence did he make a peace gesture.

"I'm sorry if I've misunderstood you."

The girl did not turn. Neither did she lift her voice above a studied monotonousness. "You didn't misunderstand me," she answered. "In fact you're quite right. I suppose that's why I've always been a little afraid of you." She tried silence again, looking down toward the boathouse, then burst out abruptly, "You've said it exactly. I *am* a funny combination of a prude and a bawd. When one mood is on me it seems perfectly natural but then, without warning, the other mood will rise up and kick it in the neck. When I am with proper people I feel possessed to talk and act like a barge hand, but when I'm thrown with a really rough crowd I suddenly find myself getting very Junior League."

"That's perfectly human," admitted Perrier. He studied her closely for a moment or two then took a step toward her. This time it was his hand that rested on her shoulder. "Look here, Margaret. Why don't you come right out with it? You're in a mess."

The girl started back but, meeting with the rail, both hands went automatically behind her and she caught herself.

"How did you know?" she gasped. "It's a man, isn't it?"

The girl bowed her head but still, in the darkness, her whole outline remained tense and theatric.

"What other kind of mess is there," she asked, "for a person of my sort?"

A shadow, moving across the stream of light from the drawing-room, brought her suddenly upright and Perrier turned sharply; but the shadow was only that of Andy Payson, accustomed man-of-all-work, who had taken an ash tray to the fireplace, emptied it, and was now sitting down again at the card table.

Perrier turned back to Margaret. He spoke more gently. "Forgive me if I startled you, but you did say that you had something to tell me."

The girl was still breathing hard, the scant black of her outlandish costume rising and falling, but she managed a pained, rueful smile. "Yes, I did have something," she admitted, "but I hardly thought you'd leap out and tell me first."

"Was that so difficult?" asked Perrier. "As you say yourself, when a girl of your age is in some sort of fix it's usually of one kind." He paused, then asked, "And the man in the case is married to someone else?"

Her terror was now somewhat gone, but in her slouched, half-defiant attitude as she leaned against the rail there was a willfulness, a sort of stubborn bravado.

"Well, yes," she admitted at last.

"He is married. And for two cents I'd run away with him. He's begging me to do it."

"And what's the decision? Are you going to go?"

Margaret glanced toward the lighted windows, then back at Perrier. "That's just the question. Am I or am I not? I was going to ask you if you hadn't broken in."

"Ask me?" demanded Perrier. "How should I know?"

"Well, for one thing," replied Margaret, "you have lived a year or two longer than I have and you happen to be about the only person around here who is neither a roustabout nor a frump. I told you I have wanted to talk to you for weeks and, now that I have tried it, you have been rather miraculous. You seem to divine everything." She suddenly looked up at him with what was a genuine smile. "Please," she begged. "I really am sick and frantic about this. Can't you be miraculous some more?"

Perrier stepped slowly to the rail and stood looking down the dark valley.

"Miracles," he answered, "are apt to be disappointing. After they are over you always see that they were merely what was bound to happen anyway."

"And you mean by that," asked Margaret, "that I am not going to run away?"

"I'm afraid I do," replied Perrier.

"Because you think—"

"What I said before—that at heart you are simply not that kind of a person."

Margaret made no protest. Instead she remained, still leaning on the rail, in a listless silence.

"And that is all you can say?" she asked at last.

"If you want the truth," replied Perrier.

"Oh, I suppose it's the truth all right," admitted Margaret. "But, Gus," she demanded suddenly, "why

have I *got* to be that sort of a person? Or, if I am now, why have I got to keep on being it?"

"Because, unhappily," answered Perrier, "there is a very old theory about a leopard and his spots. I have seen people who tried to disprove it but never one who succeeded. Besides, there are other things to consider. For example—the man."

"Oh, you needn't worry about him," exclaimed Margaret, promptly. "He's been living for years in a worse hell than this could ever bring him."

"You mean—his wife?"

The girl looked up at him quickly, suspiciously, but Perrier was standing in perfect calm.

"Yes, his wife," replied Margaret. "She is the world's most despicable example of the word 'woman.' She hasn't lived with him for years. She's treated him like a toad, run around with every Tom, Dick, and Harry. There aren't any children—if that's what's bothering you. Furthermore she has all the money, or most of it. She wouldn't suffer."

"And yet," suggested Perrier, "she doesn't want a divorce."

"Exactly," agreed Margaret. "He offered it to her years ago—long before I ever came on the scene—and she won't even listen."

"There *are* women like that," mused Perrier. "Sometimes the man has a name that means something in his part of the world and the wife knows its value. She doesn't really care for him. As you say, she doesn't want to live with him, but still she doesn't want to be known as Mrs. Somebody Else."

"And that's precisely what's happened in this case," exclaimed Margaret. She suddenly turned. "Really, Gus, you *are* a wonder. I'm beginning to think that *you're* telling this story."

"Oh, no, I'm not," replied Perrier. "It's your story, and it's what you're going to do that I want to know."

"But you say that I'm not going to do anything at all," answered Margaret. "Yet, Gus, why shouldn't I? You see the facts and I think that, in spite of yourself, you sympathize. Reasonably, morally, as people look at those things nowadays, there's nothing against it. I think that everybody who knows—well, the man, would heartily applaud us. And the rest of the world would soon forget all about it. We've talked it over and over and it all seems so reasonable. But the fact remains that when I come to the point I just simply can't do it."

"Well, after all, Margaret," began Perrier, but the girl interrupted him.

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," she protested. "Spirit of my ancestors—Old South Church in Boston—all that sort of thing. But, Gus, it isn't that. It's simply that I'm afraid. You think that my modernism is all affectation but, honestly, it isn't. I've done lots of things that my mother would never have done, that probably you wouldn't do yourself, and they haven't hurt me a particle. Yet when I come to this one big thing I'm nothing but a coward."

"And so," suggested Perrier, "you are trying to make yourself do it just because you're afraid to."

"Well, not exactly that," protested Margaret, "but it's only my old-fashioned Presbyterian cowardice that keeps us *from* doing it."

"I still wonder whether that's true," mused Perrier. He stood a moment looking down at the lawn, then turned back, facing her. "Have you, by any chance, ever thought of this? My guess is that the man in question, in spite of all that his wife has done, has still kept himself fairly decent."

Margaret nodded. "You're right again. I suppose I shouldn't like him if he hadn't."

"Well, just to test your courage—and his courage," continued Perrier,

"wouldn't it be rather foolish at this late date for him to do just what his wife has been doing right along? Wouldn't that be playing squarely into her hands?"

"Oh, yes, theoretically, I suppose it would," agreed Margaret. "But has he got to stay locked in a prison, as it were, while she goes around and does everything she pleases? And have I got to give up the one thing I want most in life?"

"Not necessarily," answered Perrier. "But it might be a very tragic thing if he—and you—were to dig yourselves painfully out of prison and possibly get yourselves shot in the back while you were doing it, only to discover that a legal pardon was coming the very next day."

The girl looked up at him with wide-opened eyes. "Just what do you mean?"

Perrier hesitated. "This man," he went on, "is not very old?"

"Twenty-six, only two years older than I am."

"And he married very young?"

"You would guess that! Yes, before he was twenty. She trapped him into it."

"Then perhaps he may have older friends who understand the situation. They may be taking steps to get him out of it."

The girl stared at him for a moment, then leaped to her feet. "Gus Perrier, do you mean to say that you actually know who he is?"

Perrier shrugged his shoulders. "I'll risk a guess. It's Charley Foote over in Southbridge."

The girl's hands dropped to her side. "You're absolutely marvellous!"

Perrier smiled but did not answer.

"But does anyone else know?" demanded Margaret. "Does Helen know and all that crowd in there?"

"How could they?" answered Perrier. "I didn't know myself. I was

only guessing. I'm sure that there hasn't been a syllable breathed about you."

"And jolly good pains we've taken," replied Margaret, "to make sure that there wouldn't be." She considered, thoughtfully. "But, Gus, is that actually so—that his friends are going to do something about it?"

"Your questions get harder and harder," complained Perrier. "I was only speculating about a theoretical case. But surely you will agree that it might be a great pity to upset things now?"

"Naturally," answered Margaret. Then suddenly she laughed. "Gus, I've got to say it again. You're positively clairvoyant—or whatever they call it. You're perfectly wonderful!"

A shadow again falling over the lights from the windows made them both look round, but this time there was no explanation. Four heads could still be seen bent over the game. Margaret, however, seemed to take it as a signal.

"Listen, Gus," she commanded. "I couldn't possibly go in there now and play contract. Besides, I'm sure they've begun a new rubber. I'll make some excuse and slip along home." As Perrier started to accompany her she held up her hand. "No, please. It will be bad enough going in there alone."

From his post in the shadows Perrier watched the girl cross the piazza, then just before she reached the shaft of light turn gayly and toss him a kiss. The knob of the long window clicked behind her.

A few minutes later Perrier himself strolled casually into the room. Bob MacGregor, who was shuffling the spare pack, hailed him boisterously.

"Well, it's just about time you showed up," Bob exclaimed. "What in the world did you do to the young Queen of Sheba? She came in here

looking like a ghost and said she wasn't feeling very well."

"I imagine she wasn't," agreed Perrier, but MacGregor continued to look at him, shaking his head.

"Dangerous medicine, my boy," he warned, "dangerous medicine for a fellow like you. The next thing you know she'll have you running with that hot-cha crowd over in Southbridge—along with Bill Reilly and the Foote woman and all that sort of people."

Suddenly a strange look on somebody's face must have given him a hint. He stopped dealing the cards and stared round.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "What have I said now?"

For a moment nobody answered, then Helen Perrier said rather icily, "Perhaps you didn't know that Charley Foote and Gus are first cousins."

"I didn't," confessed MacGregor.

THIS IS MY COUNTRY

BY ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

This is my country, bitter as the sea,
Pungent with the fir and bayberry.
An island meadow, stonewalled, high, and lost,
With August cranberries touched red by frost.
Two hours of sun before the fog erases
The walls on walls of trees trimmed sharp as laces.
A house behind the last hill of them all,
And after that the lonesome seagulls' call;
A juniper upon a windy ledge,
Splendor of granite on the world's bright edge,
A heron on the beach and one on wing,
Wind wrapped round each last and living thing,
A lighthouse like a diamond, cut and sharp,
And all the trees like strings upon a harp.

These are my people, saving of emotion,
With their eyes dipped in the winter ocean,
The lonely, patient ones, whose speech comes slow,
Whose bodies always lean toward the blow,
The enduring and the clean, the tough and clear,
Who live where winter is the word for year
And the briar rose had best be brief,
Where most trees have a dagger for a leaf.
These people are my kindred and my kind.
They have a kind of lighthouse for a mind,
Keeping lit inside because the sun
Is too low to be a trusted one—
The cheerful, crystal people who have had
The chance to know the taste of being sad.



WHAT WILL BECOME OF THE REPUBLICANS?

BY GEORGE SOULE

THE radio reporter announcing the returns by election districts, counties, and States mentions candidate after candidate. But we never hear the word Republican. We look at the cartoons in the papers without ever seeing an elephant. This political monster is as extinct as the brontosaurus. Can such a state of affairs be imagined? It is of course incredible—just as incredible as it once was that the corner of Thirty-Fourth Street and Fifth Avenue should cease to be occupied by the dull red pile of the Waldorf, or that we should see a transcontinental express without a busy steam locomotive at its head.

The Republicans, it has been frequently said—and denied—after their crushing defeat in the recent elections, may go the way of the Whigs. But which way did the Whigs go? The histories tell us that the party disappeared, as did the Federalists before them. Little of the contemporary discussion throws much light upon how and why it happened. Parties, like all other human institutions, are denied immortality; but unless we know more than that it is scarcely intelligent to speculate upon the death of one of them at any particular time.

The defeat itself was of course overwhelming. In the Congressional contest the Democrats established a majority of more than two-thirds in both Senate and House. In the Senate they hold 69 out of 96 seats, the Republi-

cans keeping 25, and the Farmer-Labor and Progressive parties having one each. Out of a total of 35 contests the Democrats won 26, increasing their pre-existing forces by nine, while the Republicans lost ten—one to the new Progressives in Wisconsin, where Robert La Follette changed his label. In the House, where each of the 435 members had to test his popularity, the Democrats won between 318 and 325 seats—more than three-quarters. And of the minority at least 11 are opposed to the Republicans, being Progressives or Farmer-Laborites. Of the Republican Senators elected some are only nominally members of the party of Herbert Hoover and Ogden Mills; the only one approaching national prominence, Vandenberg of Michigan, was careful not to oppose the aims of the President and the New Deal.

The State elections were equally damaging to the Republicans. Republican governors now exist in seven States, Democratic in 39, a Farmer-Laborite in one, and a Progressive in one. The Republicans lost Pennsylvania for the first time in two generations. Their last strongholds are California (where Upton Sinclair, in spite of his lack of endorsement by the President and the concentrated fire directed upon him, polled a larger vote than any previous Democratic candidate for a State office), Kansas, Maryland, Michigan, New Hampshire, New Jersey, and Vermont. In Maryland the

victory was close and may be classed as a political accident; Michigan is also precarious. In Oregon, won by the Democrats, a new farmer-labor party was a close second, and the Republicans ran a poor third. There remain two little black spots in the northeast part of the map, two on the Middle Atlantic, two larger areas on the broad inland expanse of the continent, and one on the Pacific. When Vermont and New Hampshire fail to elect Republican governors the old guard will have died. Their State politics may already be regarded almost as a quaint survival, like their hooked rugs or their candle molds. The other States which remain Republican are certainly no more secure than the crumbled fortress of Pennsylvania. One defeat, however, does not make a lost war, especially in a two-party political system. Leaders trying to rally the routed forces bring forward a number of arguments. The popular vote was not so overwhelmingly Democratic as the percentage of successful candidates. The Administration lost more votes from the peak of 1934 than did its opponents. A shift of ten per cent might change the whole complexion of the government. The Democrats too have been overwhelmingly defeated in the past. We have only to think of the victories of Harding, of Coolidge, and of Hoover in 1928, which made people question whether the Democratic party had any future. Not only that, but the Democrats have been out of the Presidency for years on end since the Civil War. This, the Republican sages never tired of saying, was normally a Republican country. Yet the Democrats have come back. Eventually there may be a reaction against the New Deal; indeed, there is certain to be. The pendulum will swing back, as before. Not in 1936 probably, but surely by 1940.

Here the historical analogy creeps

into the discussion. Is it not just as pertinent to compare the Republicans with the long-surviving Democrats as with the expired Federalists or Whigs? Let us see, by examining both comparisons a little more closely.

First we may pause at the popular vote contention. It is usual for the party out of power to gain in the mid-term elections. But this throws little light on the outcome to be expected when the country votes for a President again. People tend to think of national politics in terms of electing Presidents, not, as in Britain or other Parliamentary countries, in terms of voting for parties in legislative bodies. A presidential election is a bigger sporting event; it involves higher degrees of excitement. Therefore the total vote shrinks considerably when only Congress or governors are at stake. Those who do vote will be, in larger measure, composed of two political classes: first, people who, for a variety of causes inevitable under any set of office-holders, became disgruntled with the existing regime; second, regulars who never change their politics and are close to the machines or are responsive to efforts to get out the vote. More of those who are satisfied or are remote from the party machines will stay away from the polls. In this respect the recent election was normal, except that on account of the unusual prominence of the national government in depression policy more voted than might have been expected on the basis of the usual rule. But perhaps sixteen million stayed away. There is no surprise whatever in the slight gain in percentage of the Republican popular vote since 1932; it means nothing as to the ultimate trend. That it was not sufficient to produce the usual swing back in actual office-holding, that indeed the party in power gained officials, remains the significant factor; for it is a testimony to the nation-wide apathy

toward the Republicans, in spite of the cooling of enthusiasm for the New Deal and the postponement of anything like genuine revival. The Democratic majority may not have been large in percentage of total popular vote; nevertheless, it existed almost everywhere.

II

And why did the Democratic organization previously survive so many lean years? For reasons, it is apparent on analysis, that may not apply with the same force to the Republicans under the existing circumstances. As Herbert Croly once said, the Democratic party has the vitality of a low type of organism. Sprawling, jellylike, it has no tightly articulated nervous system which offers a vital spot to the enemy. It includes persons of all statuses and shades of opinion. It has no consistent political philosophy. Cut off one member and another will grow in its place. Decapitate it even and it will continue to wriggle until sundown. No matter how many times wounded, it always lurks in the swamps, ready to crawl out whenever its natural opponent weakens or loses his vigilance. It can accept as its leader a conservative Cleveland or a radical Bryan; it changes its spots with a beautifully concealing protective coloration. The Republican party has not of course been a model of consistency and logic, but it has pretty thoroughly acted as the chief representative of one interest in the nation's life—industry and finance. This has tied it definitely to a certain kind of policy and leader, and has prevented it from adapting itself so easily to a changed political climate. It offers a shining mark whenever a majority of the voters may become inclined to shoot at it.

A party, too, is not just a collection of platforms and contributors to campaign funds. It is a machine which

derives its sustenance from the control of government. Without that control it can neither recompense with political favors those who pay its bills nor keep intact its staff of political experts and active workers by election and appointment to office. Now no matter how badly and often the Democratic Party was defeated in national elections, it always retained a solid base for its operations in state and local elections. The block of Democratic States in the South never wavered—except for the purely temporary purpose of defeating a Catholic-wet—and even then most of them stayed regular. It was inconceivable, for at least two generations after the War between the States, that the South would go Republican no matter how often the ambition of its leaders to control the national government might be thwarted. In numerous large cities of the North there were also well-established Democratic machines which regularly turned in local majorities no matter what happened in national elections. On these bases the party could rest while the Republicans held the Presidency. They kept it alive with office-holders, heelers, and occasional ambitious leaders to seek national honors. Where are the Republican politicians now so secure? They hold no one section of the country. They will starve on the provender from Vermont, New Hampshire, and Kansas. They may yet lose New Jersey, California, Maryland, and Michigan. Their remaining city governments are poverty-stricken. What gravy there is nowadays comes chiefly from Washington, while States and cities, as far as their own resources go, face the politically disastrous choice between economy and bankruptcy. How deeply the Republican strategists are worried about this situation is indicated by the howls they emit about Postmaster General Farley's distribution of offices as political rewards (a

practice universal with former Postmasters General, Republican and Democratic alike), and their charges of favoritism, extravagance, inefficiency, and what-not in the distribution of Federal relief.

Politicians have been the first to see clearly, because it touches their business so closely, that when the financial resources and powers of State and local governments are disappearing rapidly, and when the national government steps into the breach, those who control the national government will have a greatly magnified ability to sustain a machine. With farmers receiving benefit payments, millions of unemployed living on relief, and everybody dependent more than ever before on what is done in Washington, the possibilities of fattening a national organization and starving an opposing party personnel into submission can scarcely be imagined. Republicans cry out against these practices on the basis of high moral principle, but the protest is likely to be vain. It does not obscure the significant truth that the Democrats have shifted roles with them, have become the protagonists of strong centralized government at the very moment when that government is of commanding importance. Republicans used to be adept at distributing tariff favors and other subsidies to limited classes, but they never had the opportunity to corral voters by the million.

A popular resurgence against the Democrats is the Republicans' only hope, but what hope have they of leading one if it comes? Perhaps the most important handicap of all is the intangible one. They were in secure power for nine years before the depression came and for three while it raged and vain attempts were made to stem it. All their important figures, all their leading doctrines, are associated with this greatest disaster in the history of

the nation. They have no successful excuse; the efforts to prove first that it all arose from the War, and second, that it was about to recede when Hoover was defeated, carry little conviction. They will be associated with it for at least a generation. In the past their great hold on the people has been based on the dogma that they were the party of prosperity. Who knows but what the Democrats might not have mustered a majority long ago if Cleveland had not had the bad luck to run into hard times in 1893? Ever since then whenever the campaigning appeared to be close the old bugaboo was raised. Democrats and low tariffs were synonymous with depression. The worker would be solemnly told that the factory would be closed if he did not vote right. Now the tables are turned. As long as the memory of Hoover lasts the Republican party will be carrying this invisible burden.

The Democrats have been developing new policies and devices; the only program of the Republicans is to go back. What they recommend is what existed under Hoover, and people have had enough of that. Senator Fletcher said in effect after the election that the party must now rebuild itself along more liberal lines and be a militant political force, because the pendulum will swing back to conservative economic principles and the electorate will in due time repudiate the New Deal. That absurd contradiction is in fact the dilemma of the party. It is militantly waiting for something to turn up. It cannot or will not suggest anything new that Roosevelt has not tried; and anyway it does not want anything new. Is there any wonder that it has not one inspiring leader of national standing, that the only men of prominence it keeps in national office are those who, like Senator Vandenberg, express sympathy with the President or, like Senator Nye, are careful

to say that they are not Hoover Republicans but Theodore Roosevelt Republicans? Talking of pendulums does not remove this dilemma. Without sectional or local sustenance for a machine, without a convinced popular following, without a program and without a leader, the Republicans have virtually given up hope of 1936 and are talking of 1940 or later. It may indeed be not eight years but sixteen or thirty-two that they will have to wait. But they are in no position to wait long. Each year out of office will emaciate them farther. For these reasons it is not well to hope for their future on the simple ground that the Democratic party was also an underdog in the past and that it came back. Some other historical parallel may be more apt.

III

If a party is bound for extinction just how does death occur? What, after all, did happen to the Whigs?

The Whig Party, we may remember, was the heir of the defunct Federalist. It represented the conservative, anti-democratic, centralizing, pro-industrial, and pro-financial interests. It was in the line of those who favored a central national bank, "sound money," a protective tariff. It was the Republican party of its day—though the word Republican had been used by the Jeffersonian anti-Federalists, and was later linked with Democratic in the name of the political organization revived by Andrew Jackson.

Now the Whigs, unlike the Republicans of to-day, had no long record of success in office. The Federalists had virtually disappeared during the "era of good feeling," and the Whig Party did not come into being until Jackson with his Democratic manners and principles—which were then held in about the same abhorrence among the social

élite as Bolshevism is to-day—had sharpened the class issue again. But it did represent classes and traditions which had been dominant in the past and were still to be reckoned with.

The Whigs were, however, like the present Republicans not only in principles and class leaning, but in the slender prospect they had of winning national elections. Jackson had consolidated the support of the freeholding farmers, the frontiersmen, and many of the workers in the industrial regions. His was a successful farmer-labor party. A large majority of the voters became and remained normally Democratic. Only twice during a generation were the Whigs able to obtain a precarious hold on the Presidency, and the second time only by suppressing their program during the campaign, nominating a rough-and-ready "man of the people," and aping Jacksonian methods. Rich and pompous Eastern politicians like Daniel Webster went about during the campaign for William Henry Harrison saying they regretted they had not been born in log cabins and preferred the company of common workers to that of gentlemen. But even after a successful election disclosure of their plans soon brought reverses.

Knowing that no party in a democracy can remain in power without popular following, the slave-holding aristocracy of the South, most of the members of which were Whigs at the beginning, eventually went over to the Democratic party. They abhorred its membership and manners, but they had to desert the sinking Whig ship in order to save their own skins. They thought that no gentleman could be a Democrat; nevertheless, they held their noses and came to the support of the Jacksonians. They could do this because on the issues crucial to them the Democratic party was not hostile. It had of course never declared opposi-

tion to slavery. And they, as exporters of cotton and tobacco, profited from a low tariff. Thus, without dependable popular support, the Whigs lost their most powerful economic constituency. The leading propertied class of the day followed the election returns. It financed and eventually controlled the policies of the Democratic party, making it the bulwark of the slave power.

The Whig party also began to lose what popular constituency it had in the North to radical anti-slavery and free-soil movements. New third parties arose on the left. The pro-slavery position of the Democrats, combined with the conservative land policy of the Whigs, forced large numbers of the Northern rank-and-file into a new faction. The numerically small cohorts of the industrial and financial power became isolated. And so the party disappeared, split by the alignment on the irrepressible issue of the times. Efforts to compromise merely weakened it. Its Southern constituency vanished; its Northern remnants had to consolidate with the left wing under a new name and with a more popular program and leadership.

With due allowance for the defects of all historical analogies, this one seems reasonably close to the present situation. The Republicans, it may presently appear, have lost, at least for a long and critical period, a reliable popular majority in the nation as a whole. The ruling class of to-day, which now plays the role of the slaveholding aristocracy of the South, is big business and finance. The emergent and irrepressible issue concerns whether it will continue to hold its property—in other words, the continuance of capitalism in its modern form. Most leaders of the capitalist class are by habit and tradition opposed to the Democratic party. They abhor much that President Roosevelt says, just as

the old Southern aristocrats abhorred the phrases, manners, and following of Andrew Jackson. But after all they will be forced to come over to his party, because on the crucial issue he is not opposed to them, and they must have a majority in order to keep that control of the Federal government without which they are lost.

Their drift to the Democrats is scarcely prophecy any more; much of it is already history. Organized industrial interests had their way in the drafting of the National Industrial Recovery Act; what concessions were made on paper to labor and consumers were balanced by the suspension of the anti-trust laws and the affirmation of a right to combine in control of prices and production. The President has never forced an issue against organized industry as a whole in the administration of the law whenever the interests of labor or consumers have clashed with those of business. Wall Street won modification of the Securities Act and the chairmanship of the control commission. Agricultural processing industries successfully fended off control by the A.A.A. Food and drug interests prevented the President, in spite of his immense popularity and tight control of Congress, from policing their industries any more effectively than in the past. During the campaign the bitterness of the Republican attack was offset by love feasts between leading Democratic politicians and leading business men and bankers. The organized bankers and the national Chamber of Commerce have since the election declared a truce and are working with the President. Members of the Cabinet miss no opportunity to announce their belief in the "profit system." There is hardly a doubt that the New Deal in the end will simmer down to a dominant capitalism, modified by reform only to the extent that capitalism has

long since been modified in other industrial nations—by a harmless trade-union movement, social insurance, and public relief of the more unfortunate victims of the system.

IV

What place is left for the Republican party as an organ of big business? What chance has it of sharing as little of its purse as in the past with the Democrats? The Democratic deficit will be paid, and in the future the party will have ample funds for elections. The very slight danger that it might if left to its own devices become dangerous to propertied interests will be the one thing needful to insure this result.

On the left too the Republicans will lose, are indeed already losing. Many farmers, workers, and professional people who distrust its business alliances have in the past remained in its ranks because tradition prevented them from being Democrats, and because the Democratic party itself was so far from satisfying their need. For years the Republican party has had its left wing, its incorrigibles in the Senate and in the more progressive States, breaking off periodically, as under the elder La Follette. Many of these groups have now temporarily turned to Franklin D. Roosevelt; but as the conflicts of a declining but still dominant capitalist order become sharper they will not be content to follow his lead on the irrepressible issue. The more closely big business snuggles to the Democrats the more will these factions swing away. But they will not and cannot go back to the party of Hoover, especially at a time when its morale is low and its weakness makes desertion easier.

Third parties now control Wisconsin and Minnesota and are a good second in Oregon; the challenge to the

party management by Senator Borah and its rejection by the stalwarts is symptomatic of a wide split which may, even by 1936, lead to the establishment of a new national party. The Republicans have, to be sure, split twice before in recent years, once under the redoubtable Theodore Roosevelt and once under the elder La Follette, and both times the split was welded. But the circumstances were different. These splits did not occur at a time of sharpening national crisis, and on both occasions the Republicans were still a majority. It was quite obvious when Taft carried only two States that the party would continue to rule if only it could be reunited; the politicians and others who had more than an amateur interest at stake therefore hastened to reunite it. It won anyway when La Follette deserted; he probably took more votes from Davis than he did from Coolidge. But now that the Republicans have lost their majority in a straight two-party contest, and have little prospect of regaining it promptly, there is a much larger chance not only that they will "go the way of the Whigs," as the popular phrase puts it, but will go exactly that way by suffering desertions from both their right and their left.

All this is, of course, in the realm of guessing, and guessing about the future is wrong more often than it is right. It may happen that the Administration's policies will succeed in conciliating for a time not only the business forces but enough of the masses of labor and farmers so that there is no room left for a considerable radical opposition. If the President is to do this he must naturally bring about a substantial recovery. In that case we should live virtually under a one-party system for awhile, the Republicans continuing to survive precariously as an irreconcilable remnant. Or it may be that the Democratic Administra-

tion, in an unsuccessful struggle to restore prosperity, will itself veer so far to the left that there will be a revival of old-fashioned Republicanism, with enough of the masses following conservative leadership to push the old regime back into power. That is clearly what the old guard hopes. It is difficult to discern the sources of a genuine and lasting business revival in the next two years. As long as it does not come, the conflict between conservatives and radicals is bound to be sharpened. And the performance of the Administration thus far surely does not indicate that it will in that case choose the leftward road at the risk of consolidating business opposition.

The basic assumption on which this whole speculation rests is that there is now an issue in our society so fundamental and so difficult of compromise that its disruptive effect is likely to be as drastic as was that which existed before 1860. Such an issue is not invented by persons seeking office; it is not a product of skilful phrase-making or the drafting of programs. It exists in the institutions and structure and development of society itself, in the conflict of classes for possessions and power.

Slavery was much more than a moral issue; if moral convictions alone had been at stake the result might have been quite different. Agitators, like the abolitionists, who emphasized the ethical aspect of the question were feared and suppressed in the North as well as in the South. What was happening, as modern historians have shown, was that the industrial and financial interests of the North were seeking room for expansion; their rising activity was pressing against the dominance hitherto achieved by the landed proprietors of the South. The rise of one class and the decline of another were at the heart of the matter.

All politicians sought to avoid or compromise the slavery issue. Very few citizens would have voted for a party which they thought would precipitate armed conflict to settle the quarrel. But concrete questions of economic policy and political power were not dodged. The Republican party itself never advocated the abolition of slavery where it existed, but it did stand firmly for a protective tariff and for the exclusion of slavery from new States and territories. It posed sharply the question whether in the future the exponents of business enterprise were to control the major share of the country and its government, or whether on the contrary the slave-owners were to continue in power to protect their property and the policies which would enrich them. This was an issue which with the growth of the country could not be evaded.

Similarly, now we are disturbed, however cloudily we may conceive it, with the issue of what classes shall govern our industrial and financial institutions. It is not a theoretical argument concerning the relative desirability of capitalism or socialism, to be decided on the basis of ethics by free and untrammelled minds. Farmers, wage-earners, and a large group of professional and white-collar workers are not satisfied with the way in which these institutions have been managed, with the division of income and with the policies of the economic rulers. Bitter experience stimulates their dissatisfaction. They are even now attempting, and will continue to attempt to exert through government more control over these matters. That attempt is resisted and will continue to be resisted by those who own the bulk of the nation's wealth. Unless the existing regime works much more satisfactorily than it has done recently, this conflict will grow sharper and more bitter. It is an issue which is not trumped

up for the purpose of electing or defeating candidates, but one which, under various guises, devices, and efforts at compromise, will continue to cut through our national life. If we grant this assumption it almost inevitably follows that sooner or later our party system will be reorganized to represent more accurately the contending forces.

It does not of course follow that a new opposition party would explicitly demand the abolition of private capitalism, any more than it was necessary that the new Republican party of 1860 should demand the abolition of slavery. Our new progressives, like that coalition, would probably shrink from anything like a flat declaration of war. They would instead recommend specific measures embodying policies that they approve, which would implicitly

rather than explicitly foreshadow the dominance of the classes they represent over those who have hitherto governed our economic life. One does not need to imagine a strong party in favor of an avowedly socialist program springing to life overnight in order to concede the likelihood of such a division as is here outlined.

Capitalism is not yet defeated; it is likely to struggle for a long time to come. But it has reached the point where it must change its clothes. Republican fashions are out of date. That means that the Republican tailors are not likely to keep many customers for long. It may easily be that history will record as one of the great casualties of the depression, along with the Kreuger bubble, the Insull empire, and the rest, the Grand Old Party.

COOL AS THE WATER

BY HELENE MAGARET

COOL as the water I would be,
 Quiet at heart as snow,
 Unchanging as the cedar tree.
 I would not need to grow
 Since Heaven's grace would come to me
 And from my spirit flow.

Were there a lake that has no breeze,
 A snowfall where no flake
 Quails in descent, or cedar trees
 No hurricane can shake,
 Then I would go in search of these,
 That tree, that snow, that lake.



A FÜHRER COMES TO LIECHTENSTEIN

BY BRINCKERHOFF JACKSON

THE reigning Prince of Liechtenstein spends as little time as possible in his realm. It is too small to offer him prolonged amusement—only twenty miles long with eleven thousand inhabitants in all—a Tom Thumb among nations—and when he has sojourned six weeks a year in these Alpine fastnesses he considers his duties as a sovereign done. Leaving the administration to his friend, the village priest, he departs for the rest of the summer for a French resort. He spends the winters in Vienna, where his family owns three of the finest palaces.

The castle in Vaduz (which is the capital of the Principality and a metropolis of eleven hundred souls) is by no means as fine as these other residences, but it contains many valuable works of art and, in particular, a collection of early German paintings. Knowing these to belong to the Prince, I had looked for them in the Liechtenstein Gallery in Vienna, but without success, and the authorities had advised my going to Vaduz, which lies only a stone's throw from the Rhine and the Swiss frontier. After a fourteen-hour trip I was considerably put out to find on my arrival that the Prince and his wife were in residence. A large blue-and-red pennant hanging from one of the castle towers above the village advertised the fact and tacitly excluded the public. Had the innkeeper not urged me otherwise, I should have left the next day; but the

annual visit of the Prince was soon to be ended (it was August), and it was a matter of only a few days—a week at most—before he and his wife were to leave the Principality for another eleven months. Therefore, I decided to wait and each day watched for the pennant to disappear.

I waited eight days in all, yet long as the interval was it just sufficed to complete the necessary arrangements to have photographed two or three items of the collection, and to extract the reluctant permission of the authorities to do so. The village photographer, when I approached him, was delighted with the prospective work, and it was largely due to his efforts that I obtained permission when I did. He was a pleasant and well-mannered young man in his early twenties, by the name of Schaan (not an uncommon one in the Principality), and I saw a good deal of him during those eight days and again on a subsequent visit the following year. Our companionship was purely a matter of business; I was to Schaan little more than a foreigner and a client, a source of income, and at best a curiosity; and for my part I thought of him, when I thought of him at all, as a village boy who had been kindly disposed to help me in my undertaking. Nevertheless, he was the only person in Liechtenstein, apart from the innkeeper, with whom I had exchanged more than a few words, and I came to see Liechtenstein and all its peculiarities through his eyes, and to

identify him with the country. He served the first year as a sort of symbol for the Principality, and it was only after the second trip when I had seen him so transformed that he became in my imagination something considerably more significant: a benefactor or victim (however you may look at it) of the spreading revolutionary nationalism. Very likely I was mistaken in thinking of his case as anything but an individual one, but at all events he gave me a good insight into the manner by which a man or a place may suffer a change of heart almost overnight.

He was prosperous and contented; the little leisure that his flourishing business left him he spent in the mountains, either taking photographs—of a sentimental and German nature—of apple trees, fields of waving grain, and cloud effects, or else on mountain-climbing excursions with his friends of the village. The lunch interval he spent at the swimming pool playing cards; in the evening he frequented the liveliest taprooms in the village. Occasionally in the past he had made short trips to Zurich or Innsbruck, but except for these he had never left his native land. He had little desire to do so and was convinced that there was no place to compare with it. Liechtenstein is small enough for one person, especially a person like Schaan, whose friendliness and occupation brought him into contact with everyone, to know the whole country and its inhabitants well.

When we went about the second afternoon from clerk to clerk in search of permission to photograph, Schaan opened the negotiations by addressing the official by his first name, asking after his family, and only after a good many polite circumlocutions did he get to the point. As all of these persons worked in their own houses, and had to be summoned from more pressing occupations in order to hear us,

they hastened to refer us to someone else so as to be rid of the interruption. Finally we arrived at the cottage of an official in the Ministry of the Interior (or what may have corresponded to such a department) who, judging by the inscriptions on his front door, was not only a bureaucrat, but agent for a German brewery, and Consul General for Persia as well. When interviewed, this versatile gentleman told us to come back in five days. To me this interval seemed unreasonably long, but Schaan acquiesced at once, and appeared satisfied with the answer, and when we had left he explained that the official needed time to communicate with the Swiss firm of photographers whom he represented, and whose interests he was supposed to protect.

I asked him if all the statesmen of Liechtenstein had as many irons in the fire as this one. He said that they had; and since the man, like all the others, seemed to be his friend, I ventured no comment. Friendliness was all that mattered to these people; let a man steal and smuggle (and the diplomatic immunity offered by the consular title was nothing else than a license to smuggle) and provided he remained friendly nothing was considered seriously wrong. And to observe these rural grafters in their petunia-covered cottages, fresh from tending their chickens, inquiring solicitously after Schaan's relations, their first desire after that of lining their own pockets being to please, it was not hard to believe that they were living in the Golden Age, where human intercourse was not artificial. Liechtenstein had its share of foreigners—individuals come to establish their fly-by-night business enterprises in this country of tolerant laws, or at odds with the laws at home, scoundrels in short, who belonged nowhere but behind the bars. And they were not popular, I learned from Schaan; but that was not because

of their past activity or their peculiar notions of honesty; it was simply because they were not friendly and considered themselves superior to the natives, speaking only to those in authority. The Principality was a sort of Utopia where the word "civility" had retained its original double meaning of courtesy and public virtue, and where the most dangerous threat to the social order was a quarrel between neighbors.

We walked back to Schaan's studio along the main street of Vaduz. It seemed a prosperous and up-to-date little village with a number of new American cars, and exhibited in its two or three store windows expensive radio sets and modern plumbing fixtures. Foreign newspapers were likewise much in evidence, and a number of Germans and Austrians were engaged in storming the post office to buy sheets of the highly colored stamps. But of the gaiety and atmosphere which a comic opera tradition leads one to expect from a little principality, there was none at all to be discovered. Consequently I asked Schaan what there was in Liechtenstein to be seen. He answered by detailing a series of forest walks, mountain views, alpine expeditions, picturesque glimpses, but made no mention of a single monument; and, although I did not suppose Liechtenstein to be very rich in cultural remains, I knew that the place had been civilized for two thousand years and that Schaan must have been omitting a good deal.

"Aren't there any monuments," I asked, "nothing connected with your history?" He answered that there was the castle, of course; but when I asked whether it was interesting he replied by saying, "That is where our good Prince lives."

I saw that there was nothing to be learned from him on that subject, and so gave up the attempt. Before we

parted at the door of his studio he urged me to make the excursions which he had recommended, for the natural beauties of Liechtenstein were too great to be missed by anyone fortunate enough to have the time to investigate them. I accordingly said that I would, and reminded him that we were to meet again four days later when our permission was to be forthcoming.

If my tourist appetite for color had not been consistently thwarted in Liechtenstein I should have spent little time thinking about Schaan. But as it was, I found myself thinking about him a good deal and finding him hard to fathom. I felt that there was something not normal in the relationship between himself and his country, so little did he seem to care for those features of it which to most Europeans are the most important—its history and its government. Or was it perhaps not Schaan so much as the place itself; was there actually no history to it, and was that the reason that it appeared so happy a place? And was the government really nothing but an amiable fraud which the people willingly put up with because the officials were cousins? If so, I reflected, the place was worth a little exploring.

And there was another reason too: I was determined to get away if possible from Vaduz, where I found little or nothing to do except to sit in the dark unpopular taproom of my inn and to read the Zurich papers. When these were exhausted, I turned in my extremity to the local *Volksblatt*. It was not a stimulating newspaper. The two upper floors of the inn were occupied by a dissipated looking Cockney (who ran a lottery of notorious crookedness), his lottery wheel, and his mistress; and the fellow had installed in the parlor a gambling machine, of which he alone had the key. That afforded a certain amount of entertain-

ment on rainy evenings, but it was more profitable for the Englishman, I discovered, than for me, and so I desisted.

The country was very fine, situated as it is among the most spectacular and inaccessible of the Alps, and on the right side of the broad Rhine valley. But much of Liechtenstein is mountain slope and desolate stony ravines, and it took only four days to exhaust the number of possible trips. As it was, I was hard put to it, after the first day, to find the variety and interest that the tourist appetite demands. A pretty monotony is typical of the scenery: tidy farms and orchards, the villages a double row of lifeless flat-faced houses; thick-walled and drab of color. Nowhere, search as I might, could I discover the slightest vestige of beautification, nowhere a hint of the past in a manor house, a decorated church, a fragment of a ruin; nowhere so much as an ornamental pump. Remembering the triviality of the local items in the *Volksblatt*, I fancied that I could visualize a little what life in such a community must be—secure, uneventful, uninterrupted by the outside world; honest and vegetating, in a word, pastoral; but if Chloë and Strophon had retained their innocence they had lost their youthful charm; they had reached middle age without having had a past. An unrelieved tedium hovered over those villages; there seemed to be as much communal life to them as to a bed of cabbages.

I remember visiting on the outskirts of one of these villages a castle—a fine old building in the best of repair, though I imagine it must have been five hundred years old. Built on a rocky eminence in the midst of vineyards overlooking the Rhine, it was owned and lived in by a peasant-farmer who had adapted it to his needs in a very original manner. A horse was occupying the guard-room, and in

the dungeon were hens; the great black-ceilinged rooms upstairs were full of harness and stakes for the young vines, and I noticed the farmer himself sitting at the window of the dining hall, smoking his pipe and conversing with his son, who was at work in a vegetable garden on the ramparts below. The whole scene was picturesque enough, with something of the nostalgic appeal of an 18th century Italian painting of shepherds encamped in a ruined temple; but there was something depressing as well. Is it perhaps that we are so accustomed to ruined castles overrun with ivy, to the sentimental cult of history in all its hackneyed forms, that we are unable to appreciate genuine antiquity when it confronts us? Very likely—but I could not help feeling that here was a symbol of history gone asleep. In our Western world the relics of the past are still full of significance: to destroy the Bastille or to restore it is in both cases to acknowledge its importance; but to let a monument revert to nature, becoming once more a simple shelter, is that not to forget history? It struck me then that Schaan's point of view, his identifying a love of nature with a love of his homeland, was consistent with this idyllic countryside, and a relic—perhaps the only historic relic in the Principality—of a way of thinking now long obsolete.

This was brought home to me more clearly than ever when upon seeing Schaan the next day—the day of the appointment at the Persian Consul's—I asked him who owned the castle and whether its past had been interesting? He replied that except for knowing the name of the present occupant, he had not the least idea of its history. I am not so foolish, I hope, as to expect a village photographer to be a source of very accurate information, but the question was so obvious that I wondered then, and I have wondered often

since, why it had never occurred to Schaan. Yet it hadn't; and it was traits such as this which startled me and aroused a desire for further glimpses of a character so small-town and normal in most respects but at the same time in a peculiar way so foreign. In nine things out of ten, I admit, his tastes and habits seemed identical with those of any American of his own age and position, but the tenth time he would baffle me completely and start me searching once more for some clue to the understanding of him.

II

It was on Saturday that we finally obtained permission—not to enter the gallery at the Castle, to be sure, but to take pictures there once we were in. To enter the gallery, it was necessary to consult the Major-domo and to receive his consent. But that was a comparatively simple matter which Schaan undertook to do the following day. He was going to the movies that evening, otherwise he would have gone to see the Major-domo at once. He always went to the movies, he said, and he added, "I go especially regularly during July and August because then the Prince and Princess are usually there." He tried to persuade me to go too, not in order to keep him company, for he was going with friends, but that I might see the exalted personages. However, I declined, and had I known Schaan better I should have been tempted to scoff. As it was, I found his enthusiasm silly but harmless and, once more, not a little puzzling.

The next morning I had an early visit from him at the inn. He announced in a voice quivering with restrained excitement that he had heard that the Prince and Princess were to attend a concert to be given by the Vaduz Musical Society this very after-

noon. Schaan was to be present to take pictures, and he declared that I should on no account miss the opportunity of seeing the Prince, especially as he (the Prince) was to leave the next day for France.

By noon the whole village was decorated with blue-and-red flags and banners, and at two I took up my stand outside of the Festplatz—an apple orchard too old for profitable cultivation—where the concert was in progress and where a crowd of townspeople and peasants was gathered. Near the entrance where I stood there was a throng to see the Prince and Princess take leave, and to admire in the meantime the princely car in our midst: a black Daimler phaëton of some age, flanked by Boy Scouts, and girls holding bunches of summer flowers. We heard the National Anthem (the melody was "God Save the King") and the couple appeared, smiled, and climbed into their car. The Prince, a handsome old gentleman with a white beard, started to converse with a priest who stood outside the car. This, as Schaan informed me later, was the Prime Minister. "A reactionary man; he allows no public dancing." I thought the Princess looked a good twenty years younger than her husband and, though by no means young herself, an attractive woman, evidently much bored by the colloquy of state in progress next to her. Signalling to the footman, she got out once more and distributed chocolate bars to the children in the crowd from a large box which the footman carried. This done she took her place again, smiling brilliantly and with satisfaction at the awe-struck faces about her. At last the Prince had finished; he gave word for the car to move ahead and waved farewell. The Princess smiled. The girls threw their flowers, some of which shot through the open windows, though most of them fell into the dusty wake

of the car. The crowd cheered, and in a minute the Daimler had vanished. We heard it climbing toward the castle.

It was the old story; the *Landesvater*, the Father of his People, appearing among his devoted children to bestow upon them his blessing, and if it had a certain appeal for an outsider that was because it was a story not often repeated in these times. In Liechtenstein the ruler does not as elsewhere give political speeches; he gives chocolate bars. He does not court popularity; with a friendly smile and gesture he assures the people that he still remembers them, that they still exist. There was no denying that it was unaffected, and as a glimpse of a period long past, very satisfying; but æsthetic satisfaction is quite a different matter from understanding and sympathizing with an enthusiasm such as Schaan displayed, for he was apparently enchanted by the whole scene; he exclaimed over the "goodness" of the Prince, and the gracious condescension of the Princess. It was certainly not my business to criticize the affair on the grounds of its artificiality nor to attempt to disillusion Schaan; nevertheless, I confess his delight lowered him in my estimation, and it was all the harder to understand because of the fact that he had only a moderate regard for the characters of the Prince and Princess in private life. The former cared little for the Principality and took no pains to disguise the fact that its parochial affairs did not interest him; and his wife was a Jewess much addicted to showy philanthropy. But by some intellectual sleight of hand, of a dexterity which I should never have credited Schaan with, he was able to distinguish between the figurehead and the individual man, and to give all his devotion to the former.

I understood his state of mind a little better when on the next day we

finally accomplished my errand—a matter of twenty minutes. When the photographing was finished we wandered about the castle and out onto the ramparts which commanded a splendid prospect of the town directly below and of the valley beyond, with the covered bridge over the Rhine to Switzerland. Upon the ramparts were old cannon, bearing the insignia of Maria Therese of Austria. They had not the look of trophies, and yet I could not believe that they were souvenirs of Austrian sovereignty, so I asked what they were doing there.

Schaan, with his customary vagueness in such matters, replied that they had been there before Liechtenstein had ever been thought of.

That was his expression; but surely a European state, however small, is not "thought of" in the sense of being created arbitrarily, as Jackson Heights or Radburn had been "thought of" by real estate dealers! Yet such had been the case. The House of Liechtenstein had bought this section of the valley (it had no entity before) and had made it into a Principality, with the permission of its former owner, Austria. Thus the very name was imported, and the place had no identity apart from the family. If these people in Liechtenstein ever bothered their heads with doubts as to their place in society (as every group must from time to time) their world must have seemed perplexing indeed. For when a place has no name it has no existence, and consequently no history; and it was only the Prince who gave to this Alpine community any reason for being. This frivolous, bearded old man represented to Schaan and his friends National Glory and Prestige; history, constitution, and destiny all in one. All else which spoke of a remote past was unintelligible, a mere remnant of another people and their history. I realized that I had done

Schaan an injustice and that his love of the natural beauties of his land, his devotion to the Prince were expressions of patriotism—inadequate and, as it were, homemade, but the more touching perhaps on that account. And now the chief object of this love had vanished—gone to spend the rest of the summer at Deauville.

III

When Schaan had delivered the finished photographs to me the next day I left Vaduz and left it, I hoped, for good. But the next year the same business brought me to Vaduz again. I was lucky in finding the castle vacant when I arrived and I counted on a two-day visit. Vaduz, with the exception of a new town hall, seemed little changed; and after the violence of Germany and Austria during the winter of 1933, it was something of a relief—as it had formerly been a let-down—to see a community apparently so impervious to the modern spirit. I looked up Schaan at once. He was very cordial, but to my surprise and distress, declared that he would not be allowed to go into the castle, and advised me to consult a Swiss photographer across the Rhine. This exclusion was a question of politics, he explained. The government disapproved of his (Schaan's) political activity; it was regrettable, but of course he would not consider compromise when it was a question of principle.

The notion of politics—if not the word itself—was a novelty to Schaan. I had never before observed the slightest interest in such matters on his part. But he had always admired anything modern once it had been brought to his attention. Formerly it had been new photographic apparatus; now it seemed it was politics. He paraded the word with some satisfaction.

He was in a talkative mood and

offered to accompany me back to the inn from his studio. I asked him, for lack of anything better to say, what sort of a winter they had had.

Well, it appeared Liechtenstein had had a difficult and eventful winter. Refugees from Germany had begun to invade Vaduz in March, and many of them had acquired citizenship, all the while remaining foreign in thought and keeping close in contact with their friends—and enemies—in the Reich. One of these émigrés, a Berlin theatrical producer with a particularly unsavory reputation, had after a sojourn of a few weeks been brutally murdered by three young natives of the Principality; and the chief murderer was none other than the son of the peasant farmer, the boy whom I had observed a year before placidly hoeing potatoes. It was hard to say what had inspired him to do this thing; he and his friends—young men of simple background—had grown tired of the presence of émigrés. Most probably a personal grievance—wounded vanity—had been at the bottom, Schaan admitted; they professed, however, to be tired of seeing their country used as a hideaway for outlaws; and in view of subsequent developments, their motive seems unimportant. Murders were unknown in the Principality, and at first popular indignation had been great. But in time sentiment changed and came to indorse this crime as a public service. For two months the young man and his accomplices had languished in jail, and were at large again, enjoying their popularity to the utmost.

This episode, according to Schaan, had been the commencement of an agitation to rid Liechtenstein of objectionable foreigners. But at the outset it encountered difficulties from the government, which is to say from the Prime Minister-Priest, who professed to condemn the movement on

the grounds of its intolerance and violent methods. "Of course, we villagers know him all too well to be taken in," Schaan commented; "but to hear him talk one would think him too good for this world." What was actually back of his hostility was his dislike of new ideas, and his dread lest a profitable source of taxation and bribery be excluded. However, continued Schaan, this movement of Liechtenstein for the Liechtensteiners had not hesitated to tackle the Church and the government as well, and had indeed made a virtue of this new opposition. In no time it had become a full-fledged Nationalist movement, with a great popularity among the peasants and workers, and demanding two things: the end of foreign domination (I thought of the little clerk-consul and brewery agent trembling for his income); and second, the resignation of the reactionary clerical government.

Schaan betrayed a certain vexation when I asked how the Prince had responded to this outburst of patriotism, and I gathered that the Prince was both exasperated and amused, but not disposed to take it seriously.

"But that is neither here nor there. We don't care what the Prince feels on such matters; he is not a native to begin with, and cannot understand our feelings. Naturally he stands by the Church; the Priest is the only person whom he ever invites to dine at the castle, and his Jewish wife objects to us a good deal on the score of our anti-foreign sentiments."

One thing which amazed me about this discourse was the frequent and often inappropriate use of Fascist and Nazi clichés. It was a little absurd, for instance, to talk about the scourge of parliamentarianism and the evils of individualistic democracy in connection with this semi-feudal province. I was concerned to see the change

which had come over the boy whom I had thought I knew the year before, and I wondered what had inspired him with these new and indigestible ideas. I said that he seemed to have read a good deal on the subject.

"Yes," he replied, he had. "I read the *Torch of Freedom*. That is our own newspaper. You can find it at your inn."

"Your ideas come from that, do they?"

"From that and from the speeches of our Leader."

I was curious to know more about this Leader, but all that Schaan could tell me was that he was the organizer of the movement, and had taught them drill and "military sports." I gathered that he was much admired for his ability and zeal and that it was he who had whipped the movement into shape and made it a force in the life of the Principality.

"If you really care to see him," said Schaan after some thought, "you can perhaps come to our meeting tonight." He lowered his voice. "We have to be very careful of the police. I'd better not tell you where it is that we meet, but I'll take you there after dark."

"But why? You said the Prince himself knew all about it."

"Yes, I know I did," he retorted, "but if the police even *suspected* what we were planning, we should all be arrested." Apparently a certain element of mystification and hocus-pocus was part of the credo, and Schaan seemed to relish it too highly for me to say anything further. I planned to meet him, therefore, after the best tradition in such matters, at a certain conspicuous tree, and from there he would lead me to the rendez-vous. In the meanwhile, he strongly advised me to read the *Torch of Freedom*.

I found it at the inn. It turned out to be a weekly publication of six pages

with a good deal of advertising from the most reputable firms in Vaduz—a detail not without significance. It was printed on green paper, and written in a vitriolic and excitable style—a strange hodge-podge of local news, reported with much partisan feeling, and full page essays on “Catholicism and the New Deal in America,” and “The Papal Encyclical and Agriculture.” The same talent—a talent pretty devoid of wit, but not without vigor—had composed the entire paper except for a cheerful and naïve column of movie criticism which I was gratified to see bore the signature “H. Schaan.” There was something fantastic about the whole paper with its portentous treatment of infinitesimal issues and its peculiarly German combination of savagery and learning. And yet, in its way, it was almost intoxicating; to its readers it must have been like the first autumnal wind out of the north, full of life—or was it the opposite?—a gale shattering in an instant the calm of Liechtenstein’s summer. This was Schaan’s bible; and even in this one issue I recognized the inspiration of those ideas which he had so recently expounded; and I recognized too that the *Leader* was also the owner and the editor, and was not averse to having it known.

Taking up the *Volksblatt* to see how the old bucolic Liechtenstein was faring, I discovered to my consternation that the *Volksblatt* too had become a party paper: the government organ. It was full of italicized editorials—lurid denunciations of “spell-binders,” along with a somewhat low-spirited protestation of loyalty to the dynasty (at present in Deauville), and an article on the beauties of the Catholic Faith. A weak performance on the whole: it was clear who was on the defensive in Liechtenstein, and who was setting the pace in journalism.

IV

Schaan was waiting for me that evening at the appointed tree. He led me a very roundabout way to an inn above the village; and to establish an alibi should the police decide to persecute him, he called out loudly to acquaintances sitting on their doorsteps after their day’s work that he was taking his friend from America to see the sunset. The inn was a forlorn place and apparently empty of customers. We went, however, into the *Vereinsaal*, the club room, without which no *Gasthaus*, however poor, can exist, and there we found gathered round a long table a group of a dozen fellow-conspirators, who saluted us and shouted “Heil!” as we entered. They seemed to be workmen and small farmers, a decent lot of men, I thought, honest-looking and gentle-mannered, with about as much of the fanatical and brutal to them as to a board of vestrymen. It was hard to remember—as it was necessary to do—that they all read and believed in the *Torch of Freedom*, and that this “rally,” Schaan’s peculiar word for the occasion, was to discuss the realization of its extravagant proposals.

“All of us here,” said Schaan by way of introduction after the preliminary chatter had died down (he seemed to be chairman) “are members of Storm Brigade No. 1. We have pledged ourselves to implicit loyalty and obedience to our Leader and to the prompt execution of his orders, regardless of the danger and effort involved. We do so, not from motives of self-aggrandizement or for material gain, but because of our devotion to our beloved country, fallen on evil days, and because of our faith in our Leader” (perfunctory cries of “Heil!”) “and the glorious cause which he represents. This is not made any easier,” Schaan continued, his punctilious German re-

lapsing into dialect, and a certain peevishness showing itself in his manner, "by the unexplained absence of the Leader himself and of two-thirds of our number." He ran over the attendance list in a blue notebook, and put an "x" opposite the names of those absent.

Someone rose to explain that the Leader had for the last two days been in Germany, and was returning this evening on his motor cycle. Others spoke up to excuse the absence of the missing members when they could. For the most part, these had been too tired to come; they had been working on their farms all day and had little energy left for "rallies." Others again were too poor to pay their dues before harvest time and felt reluctant to come before September. In the fall, however, everyone would be present, and there would be more vitality to the Brigade.

Thus the conversation took on a more personal cast, and Schaan relaxed his official bearing and joined in the discussion of crops, family affairs, and those events no longer chronicled by the *Volksblatt* but still of interest and concern to the community. One man had received a letter from a cousin who was working in a factory in Basel; selections were read and enclosed snapshots passed around. They wondered, with a languid curiosity, what life was like in a factory, but almost at once the conversation reverted to the Fair, soon to be held in a neighboring Austrian village.

It was as if the drowsy talk of well-known things had put them to sleep, their weary eyes confounding the familiar faces before them with the familiar images in their memory. Only in this half-waking state did the old order come again; it was no longer real, however much they might long for it. Without any transition but that of a lengthy pause punctuated by

bovine sighs, the company started to discuss, as if by a common impulse, the man who even then dominated their existence and, as it were, troubled their slumbers: the Leader. I then learned, in greater detail than it had been possible either from Schaan or from the *Torch of Freedom*, what sort of a man he was. He was a German who three years ago had taken out citizenship papers in Vaduz, a young man with money and education and a title, whose past, though unknown in any detail, was reported to be spotty. Schaan guessed him to be intimate with the Nazi Government in Germany, at all events, intimate with the party officials.

"If he were to write a little more about Liechtenstein," someone remarked, "and a little less about Hitler, the *Torch of Freedom* would be easier to read."

There was a general murmur of assent. What did they care about the Vatican's attitude toward agriculture?

But the conversation was suddenly interrupted at this juncture by the door opening; and a young man of about thirty-five entered with a rush. Everyone stood and saluted; it was the Leader, come at last. He clicked his heels, saluted rigidly and yelled "Heil!"

Never had I heard such a loud "Heil!" before. Schaan hastened to introduce me and explain my presence. The Leader inspected me with an expression which he must have fancied was Napoleonic and searching; it was certainly not conciliatory, and there was something hard and humorless about his refined face, which, combined with his abrupt manner, it was difficult to find sympathetic. I saw, however, that he was determined to impress a foreigner with his competence and general lack of nonsense, for he was affability itself when addressing the group before him; he rubbed his

hands and excused his tardiness in a shrill North German voice that he attempted to make cordial. It reminded me, nevertheless, of the forced cordiality of a Scout Master, to whom the amenities are unavoidable nuisances to be disposed of as soon as possible, so that the more serious task of moral regeneration can begin.

It began at once. The remnants of Storm Brigade No. 1, sitting up and ceasing to smoke and whisper, paid attention while the leader in a rapid voice read the orders for the National rally, the first big out-of-door rally, which was to be held the next week. Each man was told whom to inform of the rally, how to reach the scene of the manifestation, where to stand once he was there, and was handed a mimeographed sheet of these and other instructions. They took them, gazed at them dully, and with reverence folded them and put them inside their shirts. A few more commands followed this; questions were asked from the floor, to be immediately and succinctly answered—never, characteristically enough, without a phrase or two of “ideology.” Thus, “Those who go by bicycle had better park their bicycles back of the church near the cemetery chapel. If anyone should say that this is not allowed, remind him that the church belongs to the People and not to the shareholders in Rome.”

Turning to me after these affairs had been dispatched, he questioned me as to what I was doing in Liechtenstein, and I was flattered to see that he was devoured with curiosity. He asked if I understood much of the political difficulties of the place. I understood them better than I did their proposed solution, said I. At that he smiled quite pleasantly; it was such an excellent cue for a speech. He forthwith expounded to me the doctrine of the totalitarian state, quoting freely from

the last issue of the *Torch*, which, indeed, he took out of his pocket and offered to me; but I said I had read it already.

As I could not sincerely praise the Journal and consequently remained silent, he turned from me without ceremony, having no doubt decided that I was of no immediate value to him, and cried, “Fellows! We have not yet sung our songs!”

He had capacious pockets, because for the third time that evening he delved into them, and this time drew out post cards which bore the words of a selection of songs. These he passed round, and we all started singing.

Without exception these songs were of Nazi origin, and in most cases the words were Nazi words too, though one or two had been altered to fit the more modest requirements of Liechtenstein. The men sang badly and without spirit, and that they sang at all was tribute to the moral tyranny of the leader. There was something so inappropriate in these vengeful and bloodthirsty sentiments in the mouths of simple peasants that the scene might have been ludicrous had it not been for the behavior of the Leader. But for the fire in his pale blue eyes, I should have put him down at once for a common spy; a Berlin agent, which he undoubtedly was. Moreover, his newspaper, his frequent trips to Germany, his correspondence with the German police, and his rabid hostility to the Jewish émigrés and their counter-revolutionary activities, all betrayed his double allegiance. Yet he sang the songs with a fervor that revealed him in another, and I think truer light—that of a missionary. It was embarrassing (especially to those of us who were not singing their loudest) to see him standing at the head of the table, staring straight before him, shouting the incendiary words. We were all spell-bound by his intensity, and my aver-

sion to him grew as I watched him trot out, one after the other, the paraphernalia of his faith: its songs, its saints, its creed, to impose them upon these helpless men, inexperienced in politics and ignorant as yet of the dangers of hatred aroused—not only in their opponents but in themselves, and wanting, had they only realized it, so much less than that which was being thrust upon them.

Yet, whatever his intentions may have been, for the present he was a fanatic with no other concern in the world than that of spreading his gospel. It was difficult to say which side of him was the more repulsive: the zealot leading a community astray or the schemer plotting his own advancement in the *Geheimpolizei*, at the expense of eleven thousand victims. In a way it was satisfying to see so thoroughly villainous a man.

Soon the singing was over, and the Leader dismissed us. Salutes were exchanged and each man was spoken to and reminded of the approaching outdoor rally. As the Leader was departing, a fellow with black hands and a dirty shirt without a collar, a day laborer, approached him, and in a low voice said that he was ashamed to attend the rally, for he had no better clothes—with embarrassment he indicated his shabbiness.

"That makes no difference," the leader retorted loudly, "we are all workers together—workers of the Brow or of the Hand. Look at me!" He laughingly put out his hands, soiled from the handles of his motor cycle.

V

It was dark when Schaan led me back to the village. I was dreading the moment when he would ask me what I had thought of the evening, but he was in high spirits and hummed one of the songs as we walked, and only

after some time addressed me. I countered his question by asking him what he thought of his leader?

"Oh, a very energetic man! An extremely energetic man!"

"Have you no songs of your own, here in Liechtenstein, Herr Schaan?"

"Don't you care for those we sang?"

"But they were all Nazi songs—all German."

He said nothing—and the silence was uneasy. I felt I must say something agreeable.

"It was a most interesting evening, and what you are working for is very worthwhile, I am sure. Only I think it a pity that a foreigner, and a somewhat bigoted foreigner at that, should be your leader."

Again there was no answer, and I knew that I had wounded his pride. Changing the subject, I told him that I had been able to secure the services of the Swiss photographer who had promised to despatch the whole affair within twenty-four hours. I was sorry, I added pacifically, that I had not been able to give the work to him (Schaan).

"You needn't concern yourself, thank you," he answered shortly.

After that we walked on in silence, Schaan with a loud and rhythmic tread which I suppose he had learned from the drills of the Brigade. The inn was closed for the night, and I was obliged to ring and wait for the door to be opened. With all possible contrition I thanked him for the evening and said good-by to him, since (I explained) I should not have the time to see him again.

Then he said to me, "You hated the evening really, didn't you? You despised us for being so few, for being so inexperienced and so uneducated. You think our methods are childish and that we know nothing at all. It was not the Leader that you hated; it was the whole thing—isn't that true?"

Before I could protest he was talking again.

"No, I understand, because there are times when I despise the whole Movement myself, and when I wish I had never heard of it, and that the old times were back again—dull as they were—when at least I didn't go about as I do now, eternally drunk on what I read and hear. But in spite of everything I have to believe in it. I can't say why. I suppose because this Movement is all that we have here that is really our own, and that somehow it seems to be part of the revolution that is going on within each of us. It is not the line of least resistance that we are taking; when men say that poverty or discouragement make revolutions they have never seen a revolution or experienced a conversion. We are not revolting against hardship; we are revolting against being children, being an old man's hobby, with a protected

and isolated existence. At bottom I daresay we are revolting against being so small, for the only big thing about us is our ideas. Still, that's something, isn't it? It may be absurd and even brutal to want to live what the Leader calls the Heroic Life; but it can't be as wicked as some people believe. One always has to bear in mind the alternative."

The proprietor of the inn had come down in his nightshirt to let me in, and was standing behind the open door.

"Excuse my talking so much," said Schaan. "That's a habit that we've all formed here. Only when you are tempted to think ill of that German Leader of ours, and to laugh at us for being what we are, remember what I have tried to say."

I said that I should always remember, and then I turned to go in, for the innkeeper was shivering plaintively as he waited.





ANSWER TO MILLAY

BY ROBERT NATHAN

*S*ISTER of beauty, cousin of delight,
Whose voice was music when our day began,
Let not the closing shutters of the night
Hide from your eyes the little lamp of man.
Let not the evening with her drowsier air
Make slow your heart or fasten on your breath;
Leave autumn to the cricket, to the hare
The smell of winter and the dread of death.
Sing still of joy, sweet spirit, sing of grace.
Man is not only treasure to the mole,
Nor is the tomb his only resting place.
Beauty has still an answer to the soul,
Which in the empty heaven of our times,
Regardless sings, and ever singing climbs.

*How oft Columbus, dreaming of Cathay,
In the night's shadow, lost upon the sea,
Doubting the stars, and fearful of the day,
Wept in the cabin of the Saint Marie.
All was uncertain then, and only he
Leaned on his sails and fed them to the spray,
Spreading the waves before him at his knee,
Drawing the winds behind him on his way.
And shall we then who steer a sturdier bark
Across obedient seas from pole to pole,
Or climb the sky on errands like the lark,
Turn in despair from yet a worthier goal,
And crying "All ahead is death and dark,"
Miss the remoter heavens of the soul?*



WOULD ANOTHER WAR END CIVILIZATION?

BY LIDDELL HART

THE question posed in my title is regarded by many as being not even a question. Thus Mr. A. A. Milne in his recent book, *Peace with Honour*, which ably exposes so many irrational assumptions of the past, says: "Is it not *absolutely* certain that another European War would mean the complete collapse of civilization?" Any qualifying effect of the question mark is offset by the emphatic italics. And a little farther on the question mark even is dropped—"If we are on the eve of another Armageddon, then we are on the eve of the destruction of the world. That is certain."

Conscious of temerity in facing such certainty, I still stick to my question mark. While recognizing the possibility that Mr. Milne's prediction may be justified, I can see reasons why it may not. Even if it is fulfilled I am inclined to think that the effect will come in an indirect and unexpected way rather than in the direct fashion that most publicists suggest—through the paralysis, not through the destruction, of civilization.

Here is the typical picture that the publicists permit. There is striking agreement among them—is it perhaps because, lacking time for prolonged research, they copy one another? On the declaration of war, or anticipating it, the enemy's air fleet appears over the capital. The city is deluged with bombs, usually poison gas bombs, and within a few hours it is a city of the

dead. Millions have been suffocated. With certain variations of embroidery, that pattern is continually repeated.

In *Cry Havoc* Mr. Beverley Nichols summons expert witnesses, apparently furnished by his news-clipping agency, to confirm the veracity of such a picture. Lord Halsbury is quoted as saying: "Mustard gas is the most deadly of known gases. In an area, say, Richmond to Barking, and from Finchley to Streatham (*i.e.* covering most of Greater London), an effective lethal dose would be only forty-two tons. In twelve hours every man, woman, and child in that area might fail to live." Mr. Nichols adds in comment: "Since one R.A.F. bomber can now carry two tons of bombs, twenty planes could now do this work very easily." This sounds appalling, until one remembers that mustard gas proved the *least deadly* of gases in the last war, although the most widely disabling. The death-rate among casualties was less than four per cent. Its outstanding effectiveness lay not in killing, but in hindering and upsetting military plans; it was a first-class nuisance.

More weight attaches to the verdict of Thomas Edison, who is quoted as having said: "There is in existence no means of preventing an airplane flotilla flying over London to-morrow and spreading over the millions of Londoners a gas which would asphyxiate these millions in a relatively short time. From twenty to fifty airplanes

would be amply sufficient for the purpose. . . . London's population could be choked to death in three hours."

A French physicist, Professor Langevin, is said to have stated: "A hundred airplanes, each carrying a ton of gas, could cover Paris with a gas cloud twenty meters thick. This could be done in an hour and if there were no wind Paris would be annihilated."

Even retired soldiers have voiced this view. Thus Lieut.-General von Altmann of the German Army has declared, "The population over a large area may expect destruction at any moment. The next war will take the form of mass murder of the civilian population rather than a conflict between armies."

Yet there are some notable witnesses who have ridiculed these alarming forecasts, and it is significant that they tend to be of higher scientific standing than the prophets of woe. Thus Dr. Freeth, who is chief research chemist of Imperial Chemical Industries, remarked at a meeting of the League of Nations Union that: "The amount of nonsense talked about poison gas is beyond belief." He pointed out that the most deadly gases could not be used in war—because of some simple catch. Carbon monoxide was one of the most dangerous. Every day omnibuses and cars were giving off large quantities. Yet even when a mass of vehicles was held up in a narrow street there were no casualties—because of the ventilating powers of the atmosphere. Carbon monoxide had a molecular weight of 30, while nitrogen had a molecular weight of 28 and oxygen of 32. "So if carbon monoxide were let loose, in a very short space of time it would be knocked about and dispersed by the molecules of the air which had, for practical purposes, the same molecular weight. That was why people are not killed in rows in Bond Street."

The first gas used in the War was chlorine; "its effect depended on perfect atmospheric conditions at the right moment," combined with unsuspecting and, therefore, unprepared enemy. Once its surprise effect had passed its value was at an end.

"The really killing gases were light," Dr. Freeth emphasized, "and consequently easily dispersed by the molecular power of the atmosphere. All heavy gases were more or less immobile and could not move quickly. The only really useful military gas was mustard gas—and mustard gas was not a gas at all, but a heavy oil, made of alcohol, sulphur, and chlorine." Owing to its prolonged effect it might dislocate traffic for several days until it had been dispersed. But it did not spread rapidly and if it fell on wet porous soil it decomposed.

"Chemical warfare had got such a hold on the imagination of the civilian population that the main danger was psychological." The actual danger could be largely countered by precautions. "If in a gas raid a man could keep his head sufficiently to close the windows, put out the fire, and wait until the properly constituted authority had dispersed the gas, he would be reasonably safe. If he had no duty to perform and simply got into a bath, smoked a pipe, and laughed, he would be practically completely safe!" Clearly there was a whimsical touch in this last piece of advice, but it served to correct the other extreme of prognostication and to emphasize that understanding is the best safeguard.

A broadly similar view has been expressed by Professor J. B. S. Haldane, although he has emphasized that the disabling potentialities of poisonous 'smokes as well as of mustard gas were not fully developed in the War. The reason is significant not only in its reflection on the military outlook but as a guide in speculation on the future.

For Professor Haldane revealed in *Callinicus* that the use of mustard gas, which the Germans eventually introduced in 1917 (with most upsetting effect on the British Passchendaele offensive), was suggested by a British chemist to the military authority concerned with such questions. The General immediately asked, "Does it kill?" He received the reply, "No, but it will disable enormous numbers of the enemy temporarily"—whereat he said, "That is no good to us; we want something that will kill."

The trend of Professor Haldane's conclusions was that "if our anti-gas measures are sufficiently neglected, the consequences may be very serious." But he was as outspoken as Dr. Freeth in rejecting the alarming picture of "the wiping out of the population of whole cities" by gas bombardment.

Where experts differ it is difficult for the objective-minded inquirer, even though he be a student of war in general, to decide where the truth lies. But I have been impressed by the fact that the claims made for gas are least among the active chemists engaged in gas research whom I have met—their measure of unanimity is such that one might suspect that it was due to "trade-unionism" save for the fact that they agree, not in exaggerating, but in diminishing the importance of their own specialty.

What we can deduce, I think, from this controversy is that the vulnerability of the target counts for at least as much as the power of the weapon—and possibly counts for more. To that deduction, and its meaning, I shall return later.

II

But the feature which most strikes one in reading the forecasts of future horror, of cities blotted out in an hour, is the scant attention they pay to those who will direct the attacks—military

chiefs. By a curious self-contradiction, the very publicists who are most scornful of the military mind will take for granted that these air and gas attacks are directed with diabolical craft. They allow no credit to the profession of arms—not even the credit of having resisted throughout history every new development that has enhanced the terrible power of armed force. Yet they credit it with the overwhelmingly swift and decisive strokes of their imaginative picture.

It remains, however, to the General Staff hierarchy to conduct war; and the picture is very different from that of these publicists. It is the picture of 1918 painted with the renewed confidence of 1914 upon a canvas of 1814. Right in the foreground stand the armies—not the air forces. As in 1914, the million-strong armies march forward to battle—with each other. They march, partly through force of tradition, and partly because they are so large that mechanical transport only suffices to move their baggage and auxiliaries. Their aim is the Napoleonic one of destroying the enemy's army, and their leaders cling to the dream of riding the whirlwind in Napoleonic style. They are still intoxicated by the offensive idea; for the sobering effect of the chilly blasts of 1914–1918 has been overcome by fresh drafts of pure martial spirit. The true soldier's thirst is unquenchable. Whatever disillusionment he meets he is always sure that things will go right next time.

Certainly, in the background of his present picture some unpleasant specters hover. Aircraft and tanks are among them. Gas and smoke, moreover, confuse the outline in a mildly disturbing way. It is admitted that all these newer elements may affect the issue, but they are primarily viewed as aids in destroying the enemy's army, and their possible inconvenience to

one's own is shunned so far as possible, like other displeasing thoughts.

Thus there is ground for the assumption that, however a next war may develop, the war plans at least may be on familiar lines, and the opening moves may be according to pattern—the pattern that past wars have traced. This may be no more than a continuation of what 1918 witnessed or, at most, what 1919 held in store.

Such a view runs counter to a prevalent popular assertion—that every war is utterly different from the last. No fallacy is more confidently stated as fact—like all catch phrases, this is hard to overtake once in its stride. Yet the truth is that history, even modern history, shows a gradual evolution in the character of wars. The paramount conditions of warfare in 1914 had governed the Russo-Japanese War a decade earlier, and had been clearly foreshadowed in the American Civil War half a century before.

This gradualness of evolution has owed much to the stout resistance which the military profession has always offered to novelty. The impetus of science in the nineteenth century did not suffice to storm these ramparts. Let me quote a few samples of the power of the defense that was shown in the last generation. The obstruction that the tank had to overcome on paper before it took the field in 1916 is well known; less familiar is the fact that it might have been available before the War began. There was Mr. de Mole's tank, superior in design to the one that was actually produced. But the design had been submitted to the War Office and was there pigeon-holed until the War was over. There was also the promising idea contained in drawings submitted by a plumber of Nottingham. It also was unearthed after the War; the file bore the brief but decisive verdict, "The man's mad."

This blindness was repeated in the

attitude to the machine-gun; even when it was dominating the battle-fields in France and driving the armies underground. After more than six months had passed, Haig disapproved proposals for an increase, declaring that "it was a much overrated weapon" and that the pre-war scale of two per battalion was "more than sufficient." When the proposal reached Kitchener, then War Minister, he took a slightly more liberal view, ruling that "four were a maximum and any in excess a luxury." It was left to a civilian minister, Mr. Lloyd George, to grasp the implications of the new warfare and multiply the scale sixteen times.

Similar blindness marked the attitude of even the more thoughtful among leading soldiers to the possibilities of the air. When Foch watched the 1910 *Circuit de l'Est*, which proved the reliability of the new invention, he exclaimed: "That is good sport, but for the Army the airplane is no use."

A question that naturally arises to-day is whether the growth of dictatorship may overcome this resistance to novelty. A successful dictator is apt to be more of a realist than is the cloistered member of a General Staff. Even if of military origin, he is less embedded in the professional grooves. By his circumstances he is dealing every day in the fundamentals of strategy, instead of soaking in theory for most of a lifetime before he has a chance to practice against opponents. Also he is usually younger. A significant symptom is the marked increase of attention which has been given to military aviation and army mechanization in Italy since Mussolini, and in Germany since Hitler came to power. Under these dictators Balbo in the one country and Goering in the other have also been giving strategy a fresh direction—skyward. Here, certainly, is a warning of danger for democratic countries where military doctrines are

dictated by the heads of a self-sufficient professional caste, autocratic within their own sphere and cut off from others.

Nevertheless, the case of Napoleon, the supreme example of military dictatorship, brings a measure of comfort. For with more power than any modern soldier has enjoyed, he made less use of it to develop new tactics and weapons. He was content to continue with the means that existed, merely developing their application. And even here it was mainly in imparting energy to a technic he had inherited that he excelled. Most astonishing of all incidents in his unevolving military career was his action in disbanding the French Balloon Corps, which in 1794 had made its first effective appearance in battle at Gosselies near Waterloo. If Napoleon had not stifled this promising infant, on its twenty-first birthday in June, 1815, it might have saved him from disaster at that very spot.

Appreciating the gradualness of military evolution, it behooves us to inquire as to the main lines it has taken in the past century or so.

First, was the growth of size. From France under the Revolution and Napoleon, through America in the Civil War, and Prussia under Moltke, the armies swelled to the millions of 1914. Yet back in the eighteenth century Marshal Saxe had foreseen the hindrances of size when he delivered his dictum: "Multitudes serve only to perplex and embarrass."

Second, came the growth of firepower, beginning with the adoption of rifles and breach-loading weapons. This, imposed on size, conduced to a growing paralysis of warfare on land and sea.

Third was the growth of industrialization. The change from well-distributed agricultural communities to a concentration of population and an interdependence of areas, together

with the more complex needs of such a civilization, gave more influence in war to economic objectives. By acting against those, even in the comparatively primitive South, Sherman decided the issue of the American Civil War. Soldiers in Europe, however, remained unable to see much beyond the opposing army. Yet in the end it was the economic pressure, mainly applied by the Navy, which decided the issue of the World War.

A fourth was the revolutionary growth of mobility, due in turn to the steam engine and the motor. Paradoxically, its chief effect when added to the other tendencies was to reduce the effective mobility of armies. The railway—which had speed but not flexibility, the other constituent of mobility—fostered the accumulation of masses, and these were hampered not only by their own bulk but by the growth of fire. The road-motor, a much later development, was neglected until the War came and was then at first applied merely to the service of mass. Not until it was embodied in the tank did it begin to assist the recovery of mobility—by making it possible for men to advance in face of bullets. The airplane likewise began as a mere auxiliary, and to this minor role it was still mainly confined as its numbers grew. Even in the greatest bombing raid on London only thirty-three machines were employed, although four thousand were in use for the narrower duties of army co-operation. But in the last phase of the War, aircraft showed their powers at the expense of armies by frustrating the escape of the defeated Bulgarian, Turkish, and Austrian armies: they turned the ebbing tide into a stagnant shambles.

III

What were the outstanding lessons of the war along these lines of evolution?

The first, certainly, was that the huge conscript armies tended to make war inevitable, just as, when war was engaged, they tended to make it immobile. "Mobilization means war" the German Ambassador threateningly said to the Russian Foreign Minister with more profound truth than he intended. For once the mass of the people were summoned to arms from their normal occupation an atmosphere was created in which peace-feelers were stifled. Moreover, these armies were so cumbersome, their movement so complex, that even direction could not be modified. Thus when the Kaiser, clutching at a report that France might forsake Russia's side and remain neutral, said to Moltke, the Chief of the German General Staff: "We march then only toward the East?", Moltke replied that this was "impossible. The advance of armies formed of millions of men was the result of years of intricate work. Once planned it could not possibly be changed." Even when a twenty-four hour delay of the invasion of France was ordered, Moltke pathetically recorded: "It was a great shock to me, as though something had struck at my heart." So the millions went forward.

But when they reached the battlefield, they were stopped by the machine-guns, few as these were. Back in 1884 a military prophet had acclaimed the machine-gun as "concentrated essence of infantry." Military authorities had paid little attention to such prophecies—until the War came in 1914. Then it was shown that one man sitting behind a machine-gun was equal to ten, a hundred, even a thousand, who were rushing on him with the bayonet. The generals were puzzled. They had always counted strength by count of heads.

It was the machine-gun that made infantry advance hopeless and cavalry futile. The next four years were

spent in trying to overcome this obstacle.

First, the generals, true to their theory of mass, tried masses of artillery. This method achieved poor results in proportion to the effort. It made a short advance possible but forbade a long one—by plowing up the ground over which the advance had to be made.

A new method dawned in 1918—the use of tanks. Reluctantly accepted by authority, it did not receive a real opportunity in the field until the last year. Then it produced longer and quicker advances than had hitherto been made and proved, by German confession, the decisive weapon. If the War had continued into 1919 the Allies, at a young colonel's instigation, were going to try a more original way of using tanks—to pass straight through the front, neglecting the enemy's fighting men, and strike direct at his headquarters and communication centers, dislocating his fighting power at the source.

The Germans had also tried, in 1915, a new means to overcome the barrier. This was gas. Luckily for the Allies, the German soldiers thwarted the German chemists, and the best chance of a decisive result was forfeited. Still, by ringing the changes on various types, gas continued to play an important part. The most effective, by far, was mustard gas, which disabled by blistering the skin and took effect even after a long interval. The strategic effect, however, was more in hampering an enemy's attack than in assisting one's own. Thus it tended to increase the paralysis in which the War was already gripped.

One possibility of overcoming machine-guns was largely neglected—the advance in obscurity. Night attacks were rare, for fear of confusion; although this was a lesser risk than a daylight advance in face of defending

machine-guns. Smoke screens were never fully developed. When first suggested in 1914, Kitchener had emphatically declared that they "would be of no use for land operations"! Yet in 1918 it was under cover of fog—nature's smoke—that the Germans repeatedly broke through the Allied front. When fog was lacking they failed. It is strange that neither side sought to produce artificial fog on a great scale.

At sea likewise the same lines of evolution led to the same conclusion—a state of general paralysis. The traditional purpose of destroying the enemy's main forces in battle was never fulfilled, and although the fleets were once within range of each other, at Jutland, analysis of that tactically ineffective encounter tends to emphasize the factors that made for paralysis.

Naval development had been marked by swelling as on land, although this elephantiasis at sea affected the size of individual ships rather than the numbers of a fleet. Battleships became so large, and hence so few compared with Nelson's day, that admirals became more reluctant to risk them. And the growth of fire-power tended to keep the fleets apart; fighting at long ranges made a decision more difficult. To this check was added that of a new weapon, the torpedo; if it did not attain the results in sea fighting that had been anticipated by the prophets, this was largely because the fear of it made the admirals shy of pursuing an offensive movement—and thereby exposed the ineffectiveness of a battle fleet. The lighter craft too were in consequence diverted to the unprofitable duty of chaperoning their big sisters. The British official history candidly confesses: "The Grand Fleet could only put to sea with an escort of nearly one hundred destroyers . . . the German U-boats had hampered our squadrons

to an extent which the most expert and farsighted naval officer had never foreseen." A few months after the "victory" of Jutland the danger of a German invasion of Denmark loomed on the horizon of the British Government; after examination by the Admiralty, the conclusion was reached that "for naval reasons it would be almost impossible to support the Danes at all." What a humiliating confession of impotence! The shadow of the German submarine was longer than the shadow of Nelson's column.

Nor was that all. The growth of industrialization had made nations, Britain above all, more dependent on overseas supply. By multiplying commerce it had multiplied the targets for indirect attack. While British destroyers were chaperoning battleships, the German submarines were sinking British mercantile shipping—until Britain herself was in sight of collapse. When part of the destroyers were diverted to protect commerce, the Grand Fleet had to be practically locked up for its own safety! It was history's most ironical case of "protective arrest."

As for the growth of mobility, through the supersession of sails by steam, its influence is to be traced throughout the stalemate that prevailed. Its effect, as on land, was to engender a fundamental immobility. In the case of the outer and greater naval power this prevented it from destroying the enemy's fleet; in the case of the inner and weaker, Germany, it insured her ultimate collapse.

IV

Here we have traced the evolution of the past that has produced the present state of warfare. What of the future? Unless the whole current of history be reversed, it will be a prolongation of the past. It is not prac-

tical to deal here with hypothetical influences that might revolutionize the situation. Electric waves and stratospheric rockets may be left to the imaginative novelist until the scientist has produced results that not only stand inspection but provide ground for scientific military speculation. Meantime we shall be wise to bear in mind that the pigeonholes of War Offices have proved an effective antidote to any new poison—at least until its greatest menace has passed.

So, on the basis of what exists and what reflection shows, let us try to trace the outline of another great war—the outline of the opening act at least. And for reasons better or worse, there may be no second act in the true sense, only an epilogue.

For purposes of analysis we need to take the parts separately, even though some may never be delivered on the stage. Here the last shall be first.

The armies mobilize and move to their concentration areas. Thence, if both sides are still inspired by the traditional offensive spirit, they will advance to seek battle. The advance, however rapid in design, may well prove slower than in 1914, for motor vehicles abound not only in the establishment of armies but in the households of every town and village. Motor vehicles, even the humblest runabouts, can carry machine-guns; and machine-guns are movement-stoppers. They can be switched to any point, to block any threatening line of invasion, and will certainly impede the enemy's advance. By use of the motor, armed civilians may play a more formidable part in the future than ever in the past, while professional motor bandits may turn temporarily to patriotic employment like the freebooters of old.

But if and when the opposing armies come in contact, the machine-gun obstacle, intensified by wire entangle-

ments and land mine fields, will still have to be overcome. Is there any more chance of success than in the last war? The contrary, rather. For the proportion of machine-gun-destroying weapons—artillery and tanks—is at present lower in all armies than it was in 1918. And, on the other hand, the proportion of machine-guns, heavy and light, has greatly increased. Thus it is a matter of simple arithmetic to deduce that the advantage of the defensive is even greater than before. Realizing this, a clear-sighted commander-in-chief may elect to stay on the defensive and await his enemy's attack. His troops will thus suffer less physical damage and less shock to their confidence, but they will not achieve any positive result unless the enemy is rash enough to persist in his vain attempt to advance so long that he exhausts his troops so severely that they cannot withstand an attack in their turn. Another possibility is that both sides will be clear-sighted enough to await attack—in which case they will merely produce stalemate.

If mustard gas be employed early stalemate is still more probable. For an army will tend to spray mustard gas along the parts of its front where it intends to stay on the defensive, and to concentrate its forces on the parts more favorable for its own attack. As the favorable and unfavorable sectors will commonly be the opposite for the enemy army, we are quite likely to see a reduction to absurdity by which each army's would-be offensive sector is blocked by the enemy's mustard gas barrier—so that the two will sit facing each other helplessly, separated by a continuous mutual barrier!

Tanks offer a possible means of advance, both in face of machine-guns and across a gas-belt. But the proportion of them is so small, and the fear of them so great, that each side is likely to give their first attention to

blocking and destroying the other's tank forces. So long as the tank forces are but a small fraction of the total forces, this effort at cancellation has the chances in its favor. Moreover, until it does, the fear of the enemy's armored troops will have a numbing effect on the movement of all unarmored troops—and thus promise to aggravate the paralysis of the past.

The prospect for armies is a dull one. Yet we have not yet considered the gloomiest aspect—due to the cloud overhead. Air attack is not much of a menace to infantry who are deployed or entrenched. But long columns on the march are vulnerable. Their movement can easily be stopped—and if they cannot move they cannot reach the battlefield. Tanks and other cross-country vehicles, by contrast, offer a poor target to air bombers while on the move, especially when they move off the roads on a wide front. When they halt, voluntarily or involuntarily, they become vulnerable. Moreover, they are dependent, like all troops, on being supplied with fuel, food, and ammunition. It is against the long and narrow arteries, as well as the concentrated sources of supply, that air attack has its greatest scope. There is no need to accept all the claims made by air enthusiasts for the present accuracy of bomb-dropping. The system of supply of a great army is so complex that it can easily be thrown out of gear. Dislocation will suffice, with little destruction, to cripple the power of movement. Every increase in the mobility—the speed and range—of aircraft threatens to increase the immobility of armies.

Thus the awe-inspiring advance of the armies may end in a general farce—although locally it may spell tragedy. For little imagination is needed to picture the mobs of unfed soldiery, breaking their ranks as hunger becomes acute and pillaging their own towns

and countryside—to the quicker starvation of all in common, unless an armistice be speedily arranged so that communications may be restored. And the war may peter out in an atmosphere charged with a sense of futility.

A further deduction is unmistakable. The larger the army that a country maintains, and tries to mobilize on the outbreak of war the weaker that country will be. For, by the congestion of all the national arteries that large-scale mobilization entails, it will immensely increase its own difficulties and dangers in face of air attack, thus diminishing its own ability to withstand the sudden stresses of the first days of war.

At sea a similar prospect prevails. To the paralytic power which the submarine exercised in 1914–1918 is now added the power of the faster surface light-craft, the new torpedo-armed 60 m.p.h. speedboat, and of the 200 m.p.h. aircraft—soon, without doubt, to be 300 m.p.h. even for a normal service machine. Here again, the effect can be measured without counting upon the possibility that the battle fleets may be bombed out of existence. For practical effect, paralysis will suffice, without destruction. And when we reckon the new agents now added to the submarine, it needs a greater stretch of the imagination to see the battle fleets being less paralyzed than they were in 1914–1918 than to see them recovering their lost powers under greater impediments. The stagnation of the trade routes, now that they are exposed over so many miles to attack from shore-based aircraft, is equally calculable. If the flow of commerce could barely continue under the pressure of a few score submarines, themselves slow and vulnerable, is it reasonable to assume that it can survive this multiplied menace of to-day and to-morrow?

Nations may still go to war in face of the warning. But can they go on with it? The outcome seems more likely to be merely ridiculous than to be fatally decisive.

This reflection, however, does not banish the risk to the nations who go to war. That danger is twofold: first, that they will not come to their senses in time to retrieve order from the chaos into which their communications will be plunged; second, that irreparable damage may be done by deliberate attack on the centers of population, ignoring the opponents' armed forces.

V

There is an almost universal assumption that any future war will open with a concentrated air attack on the enemy's capital. I see reasons, and have already indicated some, for doubting this popular certainty.

We should be rash to place unreserved trust in "rules of war." Recent history shows all too clearly that rules are broken as soon as they are felt as an endangering hindrance to a nation that thinks it is fighting for its life—a conviction that has taken root with the growth of "democracy." But it would be equally unhistorical to disregard altogether the restraining power of such rules—especially in the early stages of a war, before frustration or disaster had come to aggravate the sense of constraint.

It is more probable that direct injury to the population will come indirectly, through attack on military objectives—such as arsenals, airdromes, and dockyards—which lie in a thickly populated area. The intermixture favors the least scrupulous combatant by offering him a good opportunity and excuse for achieving a coincident effect on the enemy people's will. This possibility emphasizes the importance of separating military from civil objec-

tives as far as possible, by removing munition works and other military establishments away from the cities.

I have already spoken of the antidote which is latent in war offices. So long as the official military minds of the world cling to the dogmas of Clausewitz, that the main aim in war is the destruction of the enemy's armed forces, so long may we count on the restraining power of a military "rule of war" that is far more potent than any of the rules drawn up at Geneva. Professional indoctrination goes deeper than humanitarianism. Moreover, although the war-minded statesman may be free from this professional bias toward battle, he will be influenced by his responsibility to the people in his cities, and perhaps also by his own presence among them. Fear of instant reprisals—all the stronger from being in this new case a fear of the unknown—may well incline him to accept the inherent military preference for an orthodox war plan, aimed mainly at the enemy's forces and their bases.

Another influence, working to the same effect, is the irrepressible optimism of the military mind. To the scientific historian the way that the wish has fathered the thought throughout the course of warfare, and led to endless futilities, is apt to seem the most extraordinary of military phenomena. Yet it must be realized that the power of command is based largely on this confidence, however often misplaced. Inherent in the military nature, it has now recovered from the shocks of hard experience in 1914–1918, which were the less severely felt because of the resiliency of this optimism. Studying the military leaders of the various powers in Europe to-day, one finds that with rare exceptions they are inflated anew with the confidence in victory that their predecessors had in 1914. They are dreaming

again of an irresistible offensive and of a rapid decision. Only this autumn, after their maneuvers, the Italian authorities exuberantly declared that "trench-warfare was obsolete"—that "the first onslaught of tanks and fast-moving detachments would break through trench-lines, force fighting into the open, and make movement so rapid that nothing would be gained by digging new trenches." And the authorities of other armies echoed the opinion.

If this soldierly optimism unhappily makes for war, by its tendency to delude governments as to the chances, it promises a compensation—that it will direct the initial war-effort along the customary military road, which is a *cul-de-sac*. As the martial crowds pour down it, congestion and then stagnation are likely to come as soon as air attack on the communications takes effect. The armies may not even reach the battlefield before paralysis overtakes them from the tail up.

It is then that the danger of direct air attack on the cities may come to a head. The air forces, with the military side of their mission accomplished, may be concentrated on the civil. But modern air forces depend on a large ground organization, and this may hardly escape the prevailing chaos. Thus the air menace may be limited, if not crippled, at source—just when the menace would otherwise reach its peak.

Against a limited menace, adequate preparation for protection is possible—not so much by direct defense as by diminishing vulnerability. For this it is an urgent necessity to remove military targets from the neighborhood of cities, and more feasible than the construction of innumerable shelters. Air raid precautions and emergency preparations of all kinds will count for much. But of all the possible safeguards, education and understanding

are likely to prove the greatest. And on these equally depend the answer to the question whether a state is prepared, mentally as well as practically, to cope with the state of chaos that war promises to produce at an early stage. The fate of the peoples is thus to a large extent in their own hands.

"If you wish for peace, prepare for war" ran the old Roman maxim. It is still true, but in a different sense. The wiser course to-day is not to multiply armaments, especially the type of armaments that conduce to the chaos of communications, but to prepare indirect protection by diminishing the target and inoculating the system against susceptibility to chaos. True preparedness lies in understanding the trend of modern war.

The most reassuring symptom is certainly that the most military-minded peoples at present show a misunderstanding of it. The proof lies in their retention of huge conscript armies that must inevitably hamper their power of adaptability to modern war conditions. Fatness is not strength. It is clear that they have missed the meaning of mobility. This is natural. For thousands of years war has been waged at 3 m.p.h. In a generation we have sprung to the possibility of waging it at 300 m.p.h. Such a change baffles military comprehension. So the military-minded peoples strive to achieve the impossible feat of blending 3 m.p.h. forces with 300 m.p.h. The proverbial folly of putting new wine into old skins is nothing to putting aviation spirit into inflammable skins. Happily the risk is greatest for the men who make the unthinking experiment. Thereby there is reasonable hope that another war may produce the collapse of the attack before the collapse of civilization. And that a sense of the ridiculous may bring the warring peoples to their senses before they can renew the war effort.



SLOW CURTAIN

A STORY

BY PAUL HORGAN

LAST season Margaret Michaelis was acting in one of the minor hits of the town, a comedy in which her ironic charms had a good scope. It was the nearest she had come to being a star in New York. She began to notice that a little fame brought with it the accolade of fashion, and it became fashionable for men to swarm back to her dressing room after the performance and ask her to parties. With the instincts of her background, which included a senatorial grandfather on one side and a provincial college president on the other, she selected her parties with care and always had a good time. She was successful with people, and in making them respond to her beauty and her intelligence she seemed to give them a charming task which they eagerly undertook.

She was tall and beautifully made. Her hair was pale whitish gold, and her eyes sometimes looked lilac-colored and sometimes deep gray. All her motions were definite, crisp, with some noble amplitude in them, yet without undue exaggeration or dramatics. Hitherto she had moved in a small circle of old friends; but that season her horizon suddenly opened out and she had many new kinds of social engagements that seemed to her almost like duties to perform.

There were many expensively approached offers of liaison made to her by the men of her new acquaintance,

but she rarely had the impulse to accept them, and even when she was beaueed around for a while by someone she liked very much, she couldn't see herself undertaking the new routine of being richly supported in return for her favors.

One night some friend brought a man named Michael Breece back to meet her. She made her usual charming interpretation of a young star receiving thoughtlessly earned plaudits, but she saw that Mr. Breece was not even humorously responsive to this little act. He was regarding her with an intense and sober look in his black eyes. He was tall and handsomely heavy, about thirty-four years old, and marked by the details that indicated his position and its ideals. Her first impression of him remained throughout her whole knowledge of him an essentially true one. He was earnest about anything he wanted.

In the next few days he was laying siege to her with great directness. She found herself unable to be "out" when he rang or called, for there was something so boyish about his attack, his dogged and yet doubtful onslaughts, that she actually encouraged him without feeling really concerned about him.

He had gone to Princeton and was now married to a rich girl who had borne him two children. He was a broker in a good firm and made enough

money himself to be able to dominate his wife, as anyone of his strangely nervous temper would have to do. He had played football, was physically big, had all the social assurance of his caste; and yet Maggie was astonished to discover now and then little intimate indications of how sensitive he was, with what emotional response he met even certain business matters, and how under his athletic exterior he housed half-wistful perceptions of the life of the intellect and the arts. He never bored her and he paid her the charming and clumsy tribute of being instantly excited in her presence. This he always attempted to conceal by smoking and drawling, sitting on her mushroom silk divan in her smart apartment, and telling her with humor what a fool he had been that day in the office; how So-and-so had come in with some deal or other and had almost persuaded him to come in on it. It was a kind of modesty he had that made him tell his little successes as if he had failed, or almost so. It had a college air of "sportsmanship" in it, and she felt that no matter what experiences came to him, he probably would never completely grow up, though he would get portly and richer and white-haired, which would make him handsome with his dark eyes and brown skin and big shoulders. He would always jump nervously from code to code, as he was doing now in pursuing her. One code which he observed was that of the almost-rich young broker with the attractive wife and charming babies who lived in the white stone house out in the country which was ideal for golf week-ends and only a jump from town when you had three cars. The other code was that of the boy who has touched ideals of secret beauty and intellectual experience in college and has never had the simple authority among his fellows to pursue them as an artist might; failing which, he must seek it

where he can and, more often than not, it will be found to be the possession of some beautiful and gallant woman, whose sensitivity will equal her passion, and whose sympathy will make even the decent conscience of a wife-betrayer feel that it is all splendidly worth while.

This much and more Maggie knew about him very early. Because he seemed so readable to her she realized with a turn of distress that she could never really fall in love with him, as he besought her to do. And yet, with even greater inward distress, she admitted that he was physically very powerful over her feelings. But this was a confusion which she felt lightly able to control, and with a feeling that could be called passionate tolerance she let him come to her apartment with his little presents and see her backstage and even lunch with her, though she insisted that he bring his wife into town one day and that they all meet for lunch at the Colony; since after all it was only fair and, furthermore, there was no point in starting rumors about a thing which if it ever came to pass would have no . . . no importance, and *must* not have any consequences.

This request hurt him. He folded his big arms and balefully nursed his feelings for a few minutes; then, with a puckering of his brow in an effort to "think through" the situation, he finally agreed that she was right, and a few days afterward he brought Millicent Breece to lunch with Maggie. The women liked each other immediately, with that approval of each other's appearance and accent and views which is given either instantly or never. Millicent was a year or so younger than Maggie, and bright eyed and lipped, with coppery wiry hair and an affectionate nature based on a selfishness that was as simple as Michael's bewilderment over the fact that he was actually wanting to be un-

true to her and seek beauty and passion in someone else.

He seemed as restless and uncomfortable during the lunch party as a highly bred horse in a strange stable. It was the flinching and vital nervousness of muscular grace, and Millicent, who knew him well with a tolerance he never gave her credit for, wondered what was ailing him. She wondered if he was falling for Margaret Michaelis, as she had known him to fall for other girls; but never before had such episodes been signalized by a family lunch party. She dismissed the idea because Maggie treated him with such frank and humorous gaiety. The wife resented this a little, for it seemed to take Michael too much for granted and to let it be an open secret that he was just a puzzled and clumsy boy who was appealing in his plans and his desires, which were working so obviously under his brilliant brushed hair.

Very soon after lunch Michael got up and left them, saying he had to be back at the office. He cautioned them with a superior air to leave him at least one shred of reputation after his back was turned, and made an appointment to meet Millicent at four-thirty to return to the country with her.

"He would know we'd talk about him," said Millicent to Maggie.

"I've never known anyone so sensitive with such a lot of things to be secure about," Maggie said. "There's you and all that health and a good mind, and plenty of money and a job he really loves to whip every day. I've seen him only a few times, here and there. One night Adrian Smith brought him back to me after the show. He looked at me with grave disapproval. Does he dislike all play-actresses? We're a sluttish outfit of course."

Millicent grinned.

"Poor darling Mike sees himself as a moth half the time."

"In pursuit of flames? At last I've been flattered."

"I wish I'd been with him that night. Sometimes I simply can't leave the children. And Mike and I play at being modern to the extent of doing things separately if the moment seems to come along for it, without any fuss and bother. I hate it of course. But he thinks I'm pretty highbrow and seems proud of it. So I go on and have my heartaches in private, like a proper wife—I really think I *am* a proper wife. I remember all the things now without having to stop and think of them consciously. Mike is the sort of man who'd do all the talking about marriage being a fifty-fifty affair, and tolerance, and pulling together in everything, even the little things and so on, and then look furious or hurt if his wife so much as forgot to make one of her usual daily concessions. . . . Of course he adores the children too. I wish you'd run out and see them when you can. I'm coming to see *your* show sometime. You must come and see mine."

"I'll love to."

Maggie listened to all this talk with a simple lift of delight. It was so pleasant to see a woman like Millicent, who had so much money and belonged to such a casual generation, behave and think with ancient propriety. Millicent seemed too pretty to submit to domestication so soon. But if it seemed too bad that she had, this was overshadowed by the picture of this girl playing an intelligent game that was directed by her profoundest affections. What a fool Michael is, thought Maggie. And she thought further that his clearly desirous overtures toward her were made ridiculous now that she had had this open and refreshing glimpse into his life, and that if in even the idlest thought she should ever have confessed to herself that he was extraordinarily attractive though strangely immature, such confession must be

dismissed without the slightest chance at becoming significant.

Maggie felt angry with herself for this conscious adoption of a decent attitude; but she justified it by remembering how, after all, Mike had been openly anxious to make love to her.

She was very glad she had insisted on meeting Millicent. She had asked for it to be done in order to be seen with both Mr. and Mrs. Michael Breece in public. She knew how quickly scandal could be purveyed, for she was after all a public personage that season and would be recognized in almost any fashionable place. Now she felt that Millicent was in herself a good excuse for the meeting, and when they rose to leave the dining room and go their separate ways for the afternoon, each felt very friendly toward the other and knew more or less the other's measure: Millicent a pretty and mild girl with some curious strength below her wistful and quiet air, and Maggie a beautiful young woman with a somewhat grand air of ease under which were feelings that blew hot and cold with doubts and emotions and conjectures. In other words, each recognized in the other the very qualities that made her suited to what she was—actress or matron.

Down in the street Maggie saw Millicent into her car, a small French landaulet which she occupied with the exact suitability of a kitten in a basket, and promised to send her tickets for her play.

That night after the theater was empty and the last of her visitors had left her dressing room, Maggie was surprised to see Michael standing beyond the departing callers in a shadowed area of the stage, watching her and waiting. When her friends had gone he came forward and spoke her name. She nodded quickly at him and he went by her into her dressing room. She slammed the door and faced him with annoyance.

"Michael, what are you doing here! I thought you were going back with Millicent this afternoon."

He folded his hands complacently in front of him and dandled his hat and smiled at her like a sly child who has been bad but whose charm will save all unpleasantness.

"I can't explain a thing," he said, and she caught the first hint of the quivering that sometimes came into his rich voice. "I tell myself I have to go home and be a good husband; and then I show up wherever you are, and that's all there is to it. I sent Millie home alone because I had some wires to get off to our Chicago office. . . . Well, damn it, I did! And I am glad I waited, because some messages came in to us from Rod Hampton out there, and I was there to handle them. . . . Oh lord, Maggie!"

He suddenly looked miserable. She watched the blush creep brownly up his face, and her feelings were divided between exasperation and a kind of affection that exasperated her also.

"Now, Mike darling, this whole business is too difficult for any more words. After meeting Millicent to-day and then seeing you come here like this, I know how silly it all is. Why don't you really look at things?"

He shrugged as if he were perfectly willing but unable to.

"I love you," he said.

The door opened and Maggie's maid came in with some clothes. Without looking at them, the maid knew what was up. Her tactful disinterest moved Maggie to push Michael out of the door and tell him to wait until she was dressed. In her tone was a clear intention of bringing about an understanding with him for once and for all.

When she joined him he was in a new mood of buoyant cheerfulness. He proposed that they go and dance.

"We're not dressed," she objected, "and I'm really tired."

"We could go to a honky-tonk and pretend we were from the Bowery. And don't be tired. I feel alive for the first time to-day. . . . Lunch was awful, wasn't it?"

She stopped and pulled him to face her in the alley that led from the stage door down to the street. She shook his sleeve.

"Mike, we have to settle this. Can't you see? Why should lunch be awful unless you felt guilty? You know there's nothing for us to feel guilty about. And you've got to stop planning things about me in your mind."

He answered her by taking her and kissing her hotly. In the shadowed alleyway there was a precarious privacy. He was flooded by furious happiness and he held her tenderly. He was gentle with her, which surprised her; for from his strength and curious hair-trigger poise she had thought him almost brutish in his needs.

"Mikel"

They parted. She walked out to the sidewalk and he followed. He hailed a taxi. In silence they got in, and drove to Maggie's apartment. She could hear him breathe. His excitement lasted. In the cab, intermittently lighted as they drove, he watched her to see if his kiss had bred any response in her. His pulse was troubling him by its delicate race. He was perfectly thoughtless; a sweet sensual witlessness governed him.

When they went into the apartment he tried to match Maggie's air of casualness. But they were both frank with each other as soon as they were alone.

It was an exhausting scene that lasted over an hour. Some response to his tenderness in that embrace made Maggie want to treat him gently, with the smiling reasonableness she would use with a child. The more he stormed and knit his black brows over his brown eyes and his red-brown cheeks, and touched her with his trembling fingers,

the more she would laugh ruefully at him and protest that she didn't love him, though she liked him so much and found so much in him that was strong and charming and fine.

"Oh, but I could make up for what you might lack in loving," he said. They were on the mushroom-colored silk divan in front of the ivory fireplace, and he half rose over her on his knee, sinking into the cushions.

"You would simply behave like a lecher then," she said lightly, looking at him with her eloquent eyes that begged him not to be so furious and so insistent.

"Damn it, that's not so! You can't imagine the way I feel if you think that. It's a thing much bigger than I am, Maggie. It's a *pure* feeling. By pure I mean something that is so right that it must be good. . . . Oh, Maggie!"

She got him a highball, and he drank it instantly with indifference and returned to his siege. She asked him what he wanted. Did he want her to say she loved him? Or did he simply want . . .

He turned away and ground his palms into his eyes in a baffled and masculine gesture of struggle. He told her that he loved her altogether and that he wanted her with her love; but if she couldn't give him that, then he simply had to admit that he wanted her anyway. He hung his head because this admission shamed him. It was in some obscure fashion a betrayal of one of his various codes. It seemed dimly to imply to him that his standards were let down here if he admitted lust without the beauty of a whole relationship into his plans. It was such an honest and slightly ridiculous impulse which she felt in him that Maggie leaned forward and put her hands on his near shoulder to make him know she didn't mind his words and the physical thrust in him that made him utter them. He turned with his face suffused in hope,

and she saw what a mistake it had been to touch him. Unbelievably enlivened by so slight a contact, he was shaken and unable to speak and he grasped her arms, then let them fall and took her head and held it in an agony of indecision, and then kissed her again with a sudden birth of luxurious ease in his breast, some sop to turmoil.

And here the unschooled core of his nature was direct and eloquent. Taking his kiss and resolving never to let him kiss her again, Maggie felt a sudden understanding of the force that drove him so toward such trials as this. He was sensual beyond anyone she had ever known, and in a way that was astonishing because of the preconceptions that his boyishness, his brokerage, his college, his wistful half-perceptions had engendered. She had a deepening of respect for the generally good way in which he met the tempestuous challenges of his nature; and when she freed herself from his arms her opinions were changed but her intentions were not.

"No, Michael, darling, *no!*"

He smiled at her with accomplishment and now believed that his heart was going to be calmed at last. But she stood away from him, and in a moment they were off on another flood of talk that hurt them both and that made him wrathful and petulant. Again she thought of the spoiled child as the simplest image for him, and she laughed inwardly when it occurred to her that he probably had all the women he ever snapped his fingers at. She had no holier-than-they feeling, for his physical demand brought a willing response from her, which was just what made him so confident; and he looked so amazed when she said he had to go home.

In vain he protested again that he was mad about her, etc.; that no finer feeling in the world could exist between a man and a woman than the

feeling that he had now, etc.; that after all they were two grown people, and could look life in the face and not flinch, etc.; that if she would only—why then . . .

"Why, then you'd succeed in Millie-izing me and go on to someone else. . . . Oh, wait: I know you're perfectly sincere, Mike, and I believe you mean it when you say you love Millie and the children and when you say that it's possible for a man, especially a robust and sensitive man, to have more than one sincere love in his life at the same time. And all that. And you *are* terribly attractive in just that way. You just haven't any sense, and the whole thing would be dangerous, and that's that. No, go home now, my dear boy."

He told her miserably not to take it all so seriously then. This made her laugh slightly hysterically, after his previous arguments that his love for her was grave and deep and absorbing. She saw that he was resorting to any means. And she was touched, but unmoved to decide in his favor. He became petulant again, and his handsome face darkened and his lower lip came forward in a pout, and she thought he needed a lecture about self-pity and its vulgar shelter for bruised feelings. She was glad when he finally got up to go, looking at her soberly again and trying to clear in his puzzled eyes the gaze into the future which would bring him the rewards he sought and felt he deserved.

She thought and said that he had better not see her again; to which he replied with a tightening of his mouth and a look almost of hatred. Without speaking, he conveyed to her some hint of the stubbornness of his character, a trait which all his schools had assured him was essential in order to get ahead in the world, and which so far his experience had confirmed as his most valuable asset, after allowing for his good looks, his position, and his always

spontaneously exciting touch upon women. Maggie sighed and shook his hand, saying then that of course he could come and see her again, if only he would let them have a less difficult time together.

When he was gone she felt a little sorry that she had been so hard with him; for he had had none of the usual masculine craftiness about him in such moments. She couldn't imagine him talking about her to any other man in stag trophy sessions. Nor could she imagine him capable of any of the usual amorous tricks that she was used to noticing in her suitors. He was inept and he was helpless almost in seeking expression for his inner struggles. She was sure his pride had been hurt; but more than that, she was sure that he was simply unable to understand his failure.

But if she expected the solution and relief that she wanted in this tangle, she was denied both, for Michael came back the next day in the afternoon and sat, staring at her sulkily, unable to say anything, but only able to feel and to pour out the bitter rebuke of that feeling on her as if to weigh her down with guilt, and so exhaust her, and bring her hungry to his arms.

She tried the usual ruses to bring him out of his deep melancholy, but they all failed. The best she could rouse him to was a bitter laugh. She would get angry with him, and say to herself, and want to say it aloud, that he was a ridiculous baby, prodded by his vanity into this courting, which had she given in to him would have no significance for either of them. Rejected, he had to pursue it and so keep his self-esteem. At other times, she had another wave of feeling, something of tenderness, and when she would express it to him in ways that apologized for her light indifference, he would say in his rich low voice that was unconsciously grand:

"I don't want your pity if you don't love me."

He made such scenes every time he came to her apartment or to her dressing room or came to take her to lunch at obscure speakeasies where they would unlikely be bothered by acquaintances. She told him directly one day at lunch that he was being a terrible bore, that she had made allowances for his flattering dejection, but she couldn't be bothered going round much longer with such a bitter and moping face as he was wearing.

"If you feel so badly about it why do you insist on seeing me?" she said.

He groaned and promised to cheer up if only she wouldn't stop seeing him.

There followed an even more trying interlude of ghastly gaiety on his part, which was ended in an astonishing way. He came to her apartment one morning about eleven, beaming with hope and greeting her with an almost condescending air, as if he had discovered something which gave him the whip hand. She was lying on the floor in the sun-bay of her drawing-room in a pair of white-linen trunks and a striped jersey. She had sun-glasses on. The maid let him in without comment, having been used to him for weeks. When he saw Maggie nearly nude his self-confidence faltered and he spoke in an unsure voice. But she made the best of it and threw him a cigarette and told him to sit down. He watched her in the bright light for a moment, and then his other intention returned, and he assured her with dignity that if it was Millicent who stood between them, much as he liked her, he would get a divorce and would be then free to ask Maggie to marry him.

This was her first indication of how seriously he thought of her. It terrified her instantly. Some whispered instinct told her later that it was a thing he would never do; that he made this abandoned gesture to prove his love

as an Elizabethan gentleman might swear in a sonnet that roses' thorns my love doth change to lips. But now seeing him there, sitting above her, looking down at her with a rich smile of accomplishment and love, she was able to believe that he meant it; and she was so worn out by the weeks of difficulty she could thank him for that she now pushed her sun-glasses up on her forehead and began to cry, rubbing at her eyes with the backs of her hands.

"Mike, you've got to clear out and stop all this," she said. "I can't stand much more of it."

She had never displayed this kind of feminine expression before to him. He was contrite in a second and knelt down, feeling some thickness like tears in his own throat; and again he was tender with her, self-reproachful; and touching her in consolation, he was also longing to kiss her. She stopped her tears almost at once, lighted a cigarette, and threw over her a flannel dressing gown that was lying on a chair.

"I'm going to call up Millicent and ask her to come and see me the next time she's in town," said Maggie. "I won't give you away, don't worry. But I feel that the best thing for me to do is cultivate her and be such good friends that this whole thing will have to solve itself by petering out. She's a sweet and clever person. I like her tremendously."

"Oh, that's unfair. That's pretty low," said Michael. "Don't you think it's hard enough on me without dragging this into my family?"

So they wrangled without solving anything until she sent him off to let her get ready for a lunch engagement. But she was tired and listless and she realized with alarm that she was being too much distressed by the agonies Mike surrounded her with. Her work in the play was suffering. She became aware of it that night, when her most amusing, brittle moments of comedy

went over the footlights without bringing alive that ripple of suspense and delight she was accustomed to creating. Thoughts about this worried her deeply; the one thing in life she longed to excel at was her job on the stage. Her intelligence and her character were all directed toward her education in dramatic expression. After that performance she faced her mirrors alone, refusing to see anybody, sending out word that she had a headache, and imagining bitterly that her visitors would nod to one another and say, "Oh, then that was it; that's why she wasn't so good to-night."

She rubbed her make-up off slowly and saw her unheightened face come through, and she thought it looked gray and older, with hollows that betrayed strain. Her voice was tired; her throat ached a little; she promised herself angrily to resolve this business of Michael Breece as soon as she saw him again. She couldn't stand this constant uncertainty, the wrangling, the bitterness, and the atmosphere of reproach any longer. If it was coming to the point where her work, the run of her play might suffer, then it was high time to send him off, with his vanity unslaked.

Having taken a stand, she devoted herself with a new sense of happiness and dedication to the little tasks of leaving the theater for the night. She felt younger, like a little girl who glories in her nursery possessions and touches all the objects in her doll's house and with that touch knows the best of all worlds: the one of now; and when she was at last ready to go and had sent her maid off, she was ready to sleep with honest fatigue.

But there he was, waiting for her by the door, talking to the doorman. Ready to be final with him, she more or less welcomed the chance to be so at once. She took his arm, pulling him out of the theater with a nervous energy

that surprised him and gave him hope.

"This uncertainty has got to end," she said when they had once again reached her apartment after one of their taxi rides in which an emotional silence had kept them tense. "I decided that to-night. I'm giving perfectly rotten performances, and the whole thing is wearing me out much more than I was aware of. Michael, darling, I really mean it. I'm so tired, so awfully weak about it all."

She sounded brisk. But her heart was pounding, and she watched him in suspense.

He couldn't act; she knew that from his past attempts at gaiety in the midst of gloom. Now his face actually whitened until he looked faint. His eyes dried and burned with emotion. He had to lick his lips to speak, then could think of nothing to say. It was the most dreadful sight she had ever seen; and when she knew that this was really suffering all her heroic and womanly decisions seemed like nothing. He was mutely trying to organize his thoughts; when he could finally speak he told her with an agonizing humility that he wanted her pity now—only that if it was all she had to give him.

Nothing could be so disturbing as the collapse of a strong man. She retained only one shred of sense in this new facet of complication, and that was to change the status of affairs in some way, since the old one had brought nothing but misery and uncertainty to them both.

She watched Mike stand up and wring back some kind of control over himself. But he couldn't do anything to the tears that formed slowly and gleamingly on his lower lashes except blot them down on his cheeks with his trembling thumbs. This was the final exposition of his character, the last understanding of his gentleness and his desirousness and his sensitiveness, three

qualities which she never could reconcile with his burly and handsome person.

On an instant's decision, born of weariness and some little echo of his ache that came from her long familiarity with him and his constant preoccupation about her, she went to him and put her arms round his neck, and kissed him.

His heart slowed and thumped and came up from its stumble into excitement. With a wild slowness he gathered her in his arms and savored her kiss. So they ended their uncertainty.

But not their suffering, as they both discovered afterward. He made a tender enfoldment of her, and now that she knew him even more intimately, she said to herself that the compassion, the enlivenment of a moment had betrayed her into the guard of a man who was appealing but had nothing that demanded her respect other than his gestures of love. He had really nothing that she demanded of a husband or a lover. She had been loved before; she had never really been able to fall in love; her mind demanded realities constantly; and most men, aside from their hours of erotic play, had none to give her. So it was with Mike. She was his mistress for three months and all that time she knew she must resist building any concern around him or letting him believe he had a hold over her. Often she thought how much cleverer she would have been if she had sent him off as she had planned to that night. Many times she wondered how she would actually end the affair as it had to end.

Mike was restored to a kind of happiness by their relationship though now, instead of his wooing gloom, she had to cope with his jealousy, and even had to know by intuition when he was feeling guilty and remorseful about Milliecent, and at such times, simply to keep

things agreeable, she found herself in the comic role of a mistress who assures her lover that his wife is a very tolerant woman, one who would understand and forgive and bless if the whole truth could be known to her—which for reasons of convenience it were much better not.

How much better not, Maggie was able to imagine one day at lunchtime when she went into the Ritz by herself. Millicent was sitting with another woman a few tables away from Maggie's. Their eyes must meet soon enough. When they did the two women smiled and waved their hands, and presently, when the woman with Millie was summoned by a waiter to take a telephone call, Millicent waved to Maggie to come over and join her for a moment.

Eyes followed Maggie as she crossed the room. She was aware of it and accepted it as her due tribute. Milliecent glanced up with her shining eyes under a little hat that made her look very dashing.

"Where have you been all this time?" she declared, taking Maggie's hand and pulling her down to the chair beside her. Maggie looked frankly at her. Through her mind were racing thoughts and conjectures: how much did Millicent know or suspect? Why had their first meeting led to nothing further in friendship? Mike was such a fool that he could hide nothing, Maggie thought. She was not a woman to lose her self-possession readily; but now her pulse faltered and hurried, and she resorted to one of her stage gestures to gain a moment of control. She leaned her elbows on the table and clutched her fingers wittily under her chin and looked up at Milliecent with a silent smile, as if to extend a charming moment and save it forever. At last she said:

"I'm perfectly furious with you. You never came to my play."

"You never sent tickets. I'm raging at you inwardly."

They both smiled. Clearly they challenged each other with crossed wits and words that veiled what they were really thinking of.

"Oh, but I told the box office to send them. Do you mean to say you never got them? That's too disgusting."

"I really wanted to come," said Millie. "I wanted to know an awful lot more about you. Everyone says you are perfectly swell in the part. Mike simply raves."

"Oh, I try," said Maggie.

It would have been too clever of Mike to rave. He would instead have fumbled and tried everything in his social power to keep Maggie's name out of his house.

"That is," said Millie, "when I see him, which is on rare occasions now."

"Oh?"

"Oh, you know what I *mean*, darling. It's just that lately he's away a lot in the evening. But there's a perfectly stupendous deal on with some Chicago office, and if Mike pulls it off we'll be dreadfully rich, and I won't have to count pennies when I order broccoli and get the babies their little Paris frocks. Some brokerage firm out there—it's more or less a secret negotiation—and both Mike and the chap at the other end, Rodney Hampton, seem to have to do their dealing after business hours, by long-distance and private wire. . . . I do hope Mike will pull it off. He's been wanting to take me abroad for years; and he insists that *he* has to pay for the whole trip. We can go if he manages to put Rod Hampton into the bag. Rod's a Yale boy. Mike would simply adore doing it. You probably don't know my husband well enough to know that he's never really grown up."

"For that matter," said Maggie, "I've never yet met anybody's husband who had grown up really all the way

through. I suppose when I do I'll fall privately in love with him."

"Privately?" said Millicent with a smile. "That would be no fun at all. I always tell Mike when he gets romantic about some tanned golf girl at the Downs Club to go the whole hog. That always spoils his fun and makes me feel rottenly mean. But these twentieth-century grand passions in sporty Packard roadsters . . ."

"I know," said Maggie.

She was wretchedly uncomfortable. This was a passage that sooner or later would have occurred, and she had fortified herself with various expedients to meet it when it came, all of which failed her now. She was perfectly certain that Millicent knew the whole story about Michael and her; she was equally sure that, though it must have hurt her, it distressed her less than it did Maggie herself. Further, Millie was the mistress of the present situation. She clung to the surface with ease and charm, making double meanings and sly, sophisticated jabs without the faintest appearance of quarreling or even rebuking; she was merely, in her well-bred way, lightly scorning Maggie as being the object of her clumsy husband's latest helpless obsession. It was Millicent's serene sureness of Mike's final allegiance that made Maggie feel so cheap. If only she were able, herself, to respond to Mike with a fury equal to his own, then there would be something to fight for in the presence of the wronged wife. But even that shred of dignity was denied her, and Maggie was wildly considering for a moment marching Millicent out to a cab, and driving around while she made the confession she felt she must make, some washing clean of herself in the waves of honesty that welled up in her now.

But the other woman came back. Millicent introduced her and begged Maggie to stay on for the rest of the

lunch; she begged her with such easy grace that Maggie's feelings changed a little and she forgot that Millicent had the right to torture her if she could, and she rose abruptly, with that beautiful pose of command and style she used on the stage, and with a final word or two spoken with a simplicity equal to Millicent's own, so that people nearby were unable to decide which woman was the more graceful and brilliant, she went back to her own table, taking with her at last the vote of the restaurant public as the most beautiful and severely smart woman in the room.

There were comments at various tables. Having been identified, Maggie knew that there would be some talking about her. She didn't know that her few evidently lighthearted words with Mrs. Michael Breece would by three o'clock be an addition to the Broadway legend that sucked and dragged with refuse at public figures as the oily water belched and sighed up against the piles of the docks in the East River. To have seen the actress laugh and talk with the wife she has foxed was a fragment to be relished by the observers and the later hearers.

That night Maggie's performance was extremely difficult for her. She felt listless and a little hot. Her arms weighed heavily in her attitudes. Some accent of pathos came into her comedy which impressed the audience in quite a new way, and she was astonished to feel a response from them that weighed on her even more, seeming to create for her a responsibility that she was reluctant to take; but at the end of the play there was a demonstration, and she came to the curtain time after time, feeling that she might faint at any moment, and she sustained herself against that, deciding that she was simply in an emotional state, and the people clapping for her touched her more than usual. At last when she was free of the stage she felt cold and weak. But the

callers crowded back, more than had come for months. She waved them all away, thinking even in her curious vague distress that this evening, with such a strange acceleration of the play's effectiveness, would probably carry the run even longer, and she was delighted with the sudden deepening of her powers though she could not exactly explain it.

In the morning she woke up and could hardly move. Her throat ached. She couldn't speak. Her head was dizzy. So this, she weakly mused, was the reason for her little triumph last night! She had influenza or something like it; and the first weakening had given her some pathetic, softened expression in the comedy that usually she played with brisk skillfulness.

She rang for her maid. In due time the doctor came. He forbade her to think of rising, much less playing that evening. They telephoned the theater to notify the understudy. The blinds were slatted down against the light. In the afternoon flowers arrived. At dusk Mike was refused admittance by the nurse who had arrived to take command. He scrawled a wild and terrified note on the margin of the evening paper and sent it in, promising to come back in the evening and sit in the drawing-room to be near if she wanted anything. "Rodney Hampton indeed," thought Maggie as she read the note that fairly seethed with his indignation at her having been made to give in to this system which separated them.

She hated it even more bitterly than he, for other reasons. As the days dragged on and she got through the most exhausting phase of the disease, her strength began to come back, and she was allowed to sit up and read a little. Her throat would not improve. The laryngitis was stubborn. She was forbidden to talk. She was denied the smallest excitement; for the doctor told her that throat troubles, especially

of actors and singers, had so much to do with nerves and so forth.

She would watch New York from her high window. She would have to think. She would have to face the lonely decisions that awaited call.

She knew she had to get rid of Michael as soon as she had the strength and force to do so. For this breakdown was associated tightly in her thoughts with the day she had met Millicent at the Ritz, the day of her best performance. She would have to backtrack and proceed with the intentions she had betrayed out of exasperation and irritated sympathy. What an ordeal it would be!

She was not permitted to see anyone for ten days. Every day Mike came, bringing flowers or toys or books. He brought a furry toy cat, whose eyes moved slyly and whose insides played a music box tune when its belly was squeezed in and out. He wrote in his prep-school hand on a card at the cat's neck, "Pussycat, pussycat, where have you been?" which made her feel full of foolish tears suddenly and gave a melancholy bravery to her decision to send him off the minute she could. Another time he sent her a telegram from his office, announcing that "bag adjusted rod hampton ready for leap what price coup de grace," and she was reminded of how Millicent had spoken of Mike putting Rod "in the bag," and it gave her a curious imagined glimpse into their intimacy in which certain phrases were common to husband and wife, each unconsciously echoing the other, sharing as their right whatever of each other's personalities they would. She was glad that Mike was about to be successful in his business deal and fearful of what would happen to him when she told him her mind.

The weather was now changing from the winter waste to the early enthusiasm of spring. She would see the aspect of the change day by day from

her window in the hotel towers that overlooked that part of town. When evening came with violet and pale gold in the sky and the lights she felt some stir in her aspirations, some emotional response to a beautiful picture that happened before her eyes. She was eager to be back in her comedy, doing her job, earning her existence.

At last the doctor told her she could go out for a little airing one afternoon. She could take a taxi and ride through the park, well bundled up. If that didn't tire her and irritate her throat then a few days later she could almost certainly go back to the play. The understudy was adequate, the management said; but the daily calls about her condition and appeals for her return indicated how business at the box office was dropping off; and the play would surely go under if she didn't come back to it soon.

It was suddenly that Mike and her return to health overlapped. She was preparing for her taxi ride, and he 'phoned her apartment, wheedling her to let him see her. She said that was impossible; she was going out this very minute for a ride in the park, to get some of her strength back.

"Then let me come along!"

"But there isn't time. I am going right out. You won't get up from downtown in time. I'm sorry, darling."

"Oh."

He made a rueful sound. She was sorry but impatient, and when he hung up abruptly she felt that a gloom was lifting. But when she reached the lobby, stepping from the elevator, he was there, grinning at her over his folded arms like a child who has played a joke.

"I was down here all the time!" he said. "I *am* coming with you!"

They went to the street. He had a cab waiting. His happiness was almost witless. He took her for granted

with a pleasure in their status, bundling her up and paying her little attentions that she knew would never be paid again. She felt tired and white and nervous; but her mind was really made up.

Mike directed the driver. They turned off Fifth Avenue and headed into the Park, where the little low hills had a green glow over them. He took her hands and sat half facing her.

"I've hated these three weeks!" he said softly, shivering at the thought of their reunion. "You don't look at all sick, do you? Can you talk yet? Is your voice better?"

"My voice is all right. And I am wobbly as an old cat. . . . You were very dear to send all the things. I love my musical kitten."

He sighed and sat back and relaxed his big body as much as the cramped cabin of the taxi would let him. He rolled his head on the cushions and gazed with bland approval out of the window.

"How many lovers have to thank the Park!" he said. "I'm glad to join them. Think of the meetings here, a little tame wilderness in the city!"

"And the partings," said Maggie.

She said it eloquently. As on the night of her last performance her on-coming weakness had given her words an extra and pathetic tone, so now her absolute firmness of mind was expressed through her sad voice and pale face. Michael was apprehensive at once, more at her tone than at what she said.

"Yes, but what of it?" he said.

"I'm calling a halt, Mike. We are not going on. Ever."

The cars rolled by them, and the tires squashed rolling fatly on the purplish gray pavement. She closed her eyes to wait for whatever was coming. Nothing happened. She looked at him then, and saw him grinning at her in complete self-confidence, shaking

his head slightly, and thrusting his jaw forward a little, making a smiling face of tolerance for such nonsense as she had talked. He felt masterful and tender both. She's been upset, he said to himself. I'll have to coddle her a little. His breast swelled with appreciation of this wisdom of his, this aspect of love which made him love his own feeling as much as it did hers. He was stirred and puzzled by the happiness that his reaction gave him. He felt bodily close to her. She knew all that. She put her hand against him and repeated what she had said. She said it this time with an acid directness, looking at him with snapping eyes.

"I mean it. There's too much confusion and effort and inconvenience about all of it. It can't go on. You know and I told you long ago that nothing can interfere with my job. I'm afraid *this* does, Mike, and that's all. If I could belong to you altogether nothing would matter. But I can't; you've known it. I'm going to tell the taxi man to turn and go home, and kiss you good-by and get out. You've got to drive on and forget us."

She leaned forward, but he took her hands and pulled her back. He was white with anger. His dark eyes spilled flashes of light and temper. He was trembling. His sensual content of a moment before had turned to rage. He flung her back into her corner of the cab and shook her a little bit, as if she were a child too small to strike, in spite of the enormous provocation there was to do it.

"Let go, Mike. Be sensible."

"God damn you, Maggie!" he said, with a dry gasp. He let go and looked at her wrists where his fingers had made marks. Then he swung round and lay over in his corner of the taxi and leaned forward, resting his head on his hands and his elbows on his knees. He began to make sounds like weeping, but he struggled to control them, and she

watched him battle with his feelings, having in her mind only an impatient compassion which made her feel guilty. She really had affection for him, and her love-making with him, though it had so little reality for her, had after all claimed something of him for her life, whether for good or for bad. Now she watched him. He was brokenhearted and was trying to hide it. Awkward half-movements came through to his muscles, and he twined his fingers and ground them together and released them again. His jaw was swelling and softening as he clenched his teeth. He was like the college football player upon whom the fate of the game rests; upon his catching of the forward pass, which he misses, and fumbles, and thereby causes the game to be lost. In other words, a genuine cause for feeling was in him; at the moment nothing could seem more important than the game; no feeling could be more sore and abandoned than that of emotional failure. His expression of all this now was not quite adult. It was undergraduate, and none the less sincere, but less affecting than the suffering of one who could be thought of as an adult, a mature character with perceptions that were more than wistful and a capacity for sympathy that contained more than utterly unconscious selfishness.

Presently he began to speak. She hardly recognized his voice. He begged her to be less hard with him. His eyes roamed dimly over her face and her body. He looked older and for a moment self-forgetful. She had a pang at the thought that perhaps she had never given him credit for feeling so deeply as he seemed to now. She told herself to talk as little as possible to him, and so spare him the hurtful things she would say if once they began to discuss her reasons in detail. Let him think their liaison distressed her work by intruding too much upon her

emotional life. Let him have that to reflect on a few weeks hence, and he would see that such an explanation had some flattery in it. Let him not exasperate her to the point of saying that he had her for three months because she was sorry for him and bored by his sulking and only excited now and then by his hot clumsiness that was still so surprisingly gentle. If she had to tell him that she had no respect for him at all, and that he was incapable of any kind of love richer than a schoolboy's, and that his need of her was a trivial one alongside the needs and respects upon which a good marriage is based, and that he was the most petulantly selfish man she ever knew, and that what she had done under his will was cheap and faithless, he would simply not believe her. Therefore, she poured tender and pitying looks at him when he begged her with his eyes to keep him by her, and shook her head.

The air had a sudden chill stricken into it as they turned back to Fifth Avenue. The lights were coming on. She felt another kind of sadness at this revisitation of evening. She was shocked a little at her unconcern for Michael, who sat beside her in silence now, controlled and wearing an inscrutable expression that proclaimed stubbornness. While she thought, "He has reached the stage of wounded vanity," he was thinking that she was mistaken if she expected to toss him overboard so lightly. It was actually intolerable for him to think of never making love to her again. What a perfect arrangement it had been! he thought. He would not lose it lightly.

When they reached her apartment he handed her from the taxi and in silent formality escorted her to the elevator. His dignity reached out to her with a little appeal, and she found after all that saying good-by was not so easy as she had expected.

"Good night, Maggie," he said. "I am coming back."

"No, no, Mike; it would only be all this over again. I am serious."

He drew her aside from the waiting elevator, behind a screen of stiff box-wood trees. He grasped her arm.

"Well, if you are serious, then so am I. God damn it! . . . You have never known what this means to me? I'd kill myself, Maggie."

She felt a thrust of terror in her breast; but it was too fantastic to listen to.

"Oh, Mike, don't be classic!" she said, smiling and patting his hand on her arm. "Good-by, my dear. I can't mean all that. I'm not worth it. I've been awfully dishonest with you, and myself. Now I'm really tired. I feel pretty weak. Let me go, Michael, and go yourself and chalk us up to profit and loss. Don't hate me. I'm not worth that either. . . . Good-by, darling."

He thought hotly that she was being too charming. If she wanted him to go why did she look so beautiful or speak so lowly in such warm tones? He felt a little sick from apprehension and desire. He began to think how his words, his awful threat, had sounded in his own ears. It terrified him and brought him face to face with loneliness. He reached toward her. But she gathered her furs and went quickly by him and into the elevator. The solid doors rolled closed. He stood watching the little ascent of the signal light that showed the rise floor by floor of the car in its shaft. The little golden lights fled upward in the small bronze panel beside the elevator doors, and stopped and showed red. His mind made him a picture of her stepping out into her little hallway on the twentieth floor which was always filled with flowers—his flowers latterly. He thought he had never seen her so vividly as in that moment, watching the elevator

signal of her progress. In a second the little electric flashes showed him the elevator coming down again. He turned and went out of the lobby, feeling desolate and wanting comfort.

He thought in the back of his mind that he wanted to be in Millicent's bedroom, receiving comfort and consolation from her, his wife, for woes that she didn't know about, and that obviously could not be told her. He got into a taxi and drove away aching.

A few days later the management announced in special advertisements that Margaret Michaelis was returning to the cast, and would continue as leading player for the duration of the play's run. The audience for the occasion was a little larger than any that had come to the play during Maggie's absence. As for Maggie herself, she had trouble in readjusting herself to the play's convention. It seemed to her somehow without core, without meaning; and as she thought of it later, she concluded that it was really she herself who was unfocused and so unable to feel heart and soul in her work. The break had been bad for all of them—the producer, the leading actress, the author, the rest of the cast, the press agent, the audiences.

The closing notice was posted backstage. If Maggie had been mainly the reason for the play's success before, then her absence was the reason for its being forgotten by the public, and her return to the cast seemed to have little effect in reviving its popularity.

But what should she do? The news got round soon enough, and managers brought her plays with the usual promises made seriously and meaning nothing, as she well knew. Her doctor advised her to take a long vacation. None of the plays she read had anything for her. She had saved a little money. She was tired and at loose ends and more shaken than she had known by the winter's passage with

Michael. She had not heard from him since their ride through the Park. Once or twice she realized that she was anxiously looking at the newspapers to see if . . . but as soon as the thought became conscious she dismissed it with angry humor.

The last nights of the play's run were depressing; for what had been a better-than-average success was now simply petering out in giving the required number of performances after the posting of the closing notice. Maggie bought a few small presents for some of the members of the cast who had played important supporting roles. The sentiment of the stage was an easy thing to succumb to. The actors and actresses were eager to know what she was going to do; and one night she said on impulse that she was going to California and lie in the sun and not think about anything. To give the closing of the play a last shred of grandeur, the press agent sent round the story that Miss Michaelis was going to Hollywood to discuss her possible acceptance of various impressive offers from the film studios. It was as good an explanation as any other.

The early summer was already suggested in the weather. She left for California one hot night in May. She was honestly surprised to find reporters at the train to interview her on her departure. All of them kept speaking of the movies; she was gay and evasive about answering them, and they concluded from her discretion, which masked the fact that she had had no offers and wouldn't film well anyway, that there was a great big story about to break concerning this latest of New York actresses who was forsaking the stage for the fabulous land of the camera. They played it up the next morning, using her picture, and hinted stridently at the secret war that was going on among the Hollywood produc-

ers, of whom the victor would be the one whose offers finally gathered in this star. The New York offices of Hollywood studios all read the story, and their executives were all disturbed, each discovering that only his company, evidently, had failed to see the marvelous potentialities of Margaret Michaelis. Wires hummed across the country in long-distance calls; a few people were fired from their jobs—a few minor people; and when she got to Chicago the following day Maggie found awaiting her a delegation of reporters and a Mr. Morris Bloch, who ran the Chicago offices of one of the great movie companies. She posed on her Pullman step for a photographer, and Mr. Bloch managed to be standing in the picture, looking up at her with a smile from which only a cigar was missing. Then hunching his tightly tailored shoulders and raising his thick oriental eyebrows above his onion-colored eyelids, he said to her in a whisper that he simply had to talk with her, and she must give him only a chance to explain his proposition on behalf of his "awganization" and sign a contract before going a step farther toward the Coast. He said he had had instructions to get her under contract at any cost. She was amazed and full of protests. But since she had three hours before the California Limited was to leave, she agreed to go with him to the Drake for something cool to drink.

Her mind was already made up though. On Mr. Bloch's soap-colored face was already the self-contented smile of success. He was a small man, and so tailored that all his buttons and flaps and lapels and paddings seemed prominent. His voice had a gentle buzz to it and he made great point of speaking "expressively," by raising and lowering the pitch as he spoke, thus achieving emphasis and ingratiating, as he thought, over a running scale of intervals. He was constantly looking

round to notice if he were being watched, and always concluded with gratification, on the slimmest evidence, that he was indeed. This gave him enormous belief in the importance of his affairs; if after all he attracted spies, that much was clear.

Maggie sat opposite him at the Drake at a window table. Only two or three other parties were in the big dining room, which was softly lighted. There he talked earnestly, never dropping the smile that maneuvered his lips as if they had been made of rubber. She hardly bothered to listen to what he said but only watched him and sipped her cool drink, thinking about the idleness she wanted so much and the warm seaside she was going to, where so many things could be automatically solved by her drenching herself in rest. Mr. Bloch was mentioning extraordinary sums of money, screen tests, and the rest of the usual approach to the movies. At all costs, he repeated, his company had to have her. Would they have sent him to meet her, he asked, if they hadn't wanted her so badly? Did she see any other film company executives standing at the train to meet her? His vehemence mystified her more than ever. The New York newspaper zeal, based on conjecture, had made her a pawn among the gaming producers; but she didn't know it. She repeated that she wasn't interested, a statement that he had not even acknowledged the first time she had said it. It was simply inconceivable to him that he could fail in bestowing what he had good reason to know every American girl would give he-knew-what for. She smiled, and he thought she'd be a knockout in "pitchas." She said:

"You see, Mr. Bloch, I'm an actress, and if I belong anywhere, I belong on the stage. Frankly I don't like your movies. Besides, I'm going away for a long rest. I have a drawer full of plays in my trunk that I'm supposed to read.

I have promised myself not to read any of them until I'm headed back toward New York . . . *when*, will be a movable feast, depending upon what I feel like doing. I haven't had a vacation in ten years. Working in Hollywood is hardly that."

He was leaning far out on the little table. He now closed his eyes; the eyeballs suddenly seemed even more prominent when covered by their onionskin. He bobbed his sleek head up and down several times and smiled like a tolerant man who knows the answers long in advance. He began to shake his fingered cigar at her even before opening his eyes and starting to speak. When he did look at her, she was a step or two away from the table, watching a tall young man approach her from among a party of people who had just entered the dining room. Mr. Bloch half-sprang from his chair, leaning over the table. The approaching man was not very likely to be a picture official; but whoever he was, he was taking Michaelis away from him, and that could not be. Bloch left his chair and walked up to her just as the stranger reached for her hand and spoke to her.

"Mike, darling!" she said in answer to his exclamation. "Whatever caused this to happen?"

She was glad to see him. She wanted to be rescued from Mr. Bloch, who was making the gesture but not the contact of plucking at her sleeve.

"Oh, Maggie," said Michael. She had the impression that he had forgotten her automatically; but that on seeing her again he was instantly pushed back to the feelings with which they had parted.

"This is Mr. Morris Bloch," she declared. "Mr. Breece."

"Haya," said Mr. Bloch, with a personality smile that lasted only a second.

"Mr. Bloch," said Mike, politely.

"Look," said Mr. Bloch, "we only got

a little w'ile longa. So let's sit down again and—"

"What are you doing here, Maggie?" said Mike. She thought he implied the unspoken "with him," meaning Bloch. She explained what she was doing, where she was going; she was going to take the California Limited in an hour and a half. He said that was enough; he took her arm and she felt his hand shivering, and she knew what it meant. A wave of confused desires went over her, and she knew what she should do. But she allowed Mike to gather her coat and gloves and made her bow charmingly to Mr. Bloch, who was unable to believe what he saw through his peeled eyes. She allowed Mike to take her out to the lobby. In her mind the thoughts were charging past in a strange visitation. Just as she had come free, now she was again involved. So much to face again! Michael stopped at the desk and asked for a piece of notepaper. He explained to her, as he wrote an excuse to the people he had come in with, that he was in Chicago winding up the Hampton deal. Two days ago he had finished it except for a few little details.

"It's the smartest thing I ever managed to pull off," he murmured haltingly, for at the same time he was writing out the message for the people he had left in the dining room. He gave the note to the clerk to deliver. He was blooming with satisfaction, that was clear. They turned to go, where she didn't know. At the curb, waiting for a taxi to draw up, Mr. Bloch stood in a hideous qualm of indecision between aloofness and a frenzied impulse at one last trial. The taxi solved it for him. He got in and went off. They took the next cab.

How the patterns of life repeated themselves! thought Maggie.

"Tell me about the Hampton thing," she said. In her voice were affection and interest and that slight color of

warning that attempts to establish for good and all what basis the meeting shall continue upon.

"It's too involved to go into in detail," he said. This businesslike statement was spoken in a voice husky with anticipation. "I made sixty-five thousand dollars for myself as a commission on the deal. And Rod Hampton is perfectly satisfied with *his* end of it. —Come here, darling."

"No."

He shoved over beside her, laughing and eager. They kissed. "No, no, no," she kept thinking. Presently the taxi drew up to a small hotel a few blocks away from the Drake, and he looked at her. The hotel lobby shed a light from its red-velvet and walnut-paneled cavern. They could just see each other in the cab. Their glances crossed. Maggie folded her hands on her lap and shook her head. Michael looked exactly as he had the first time he had come to importune her in her New York flat.

"This is where I'm staying," he said softly.

"No, Mike."

And now his earnest and pleading face recalled to her the valedictory threats of their last parting. The fact was then that he hadn't killed himself; but she mentally laughed that idea away again, saying that wasn't what she meant really; but she had sent him away, to what he had earnestly implied would be despair and collapse. Whereupon he came to Chicago, earned a huge commission, and went dining about at places like the Drake Hotel. The humor of it now touched her as she hadn't been touched for weeks. She began to laugh, with that humming sound her audiences knew and responded to so delightedly. The worst blow of all was that things went on. He survived. Perhaps he suffered, but only when he thought about it or when he saw her.

"Tell him to drive on, Mike. I've got to be near my station in a little while."

He was grinding his great hands together and his dark eyes were like the resentful eyes of a dog who is being punished. At last he leaned forward and tapped the driver's window and ordered him to go ahead.

"Mike, I have made a great discovery."

He sullenly turned away from her, as if to say that he hated conversation. But at once his gentler impulses won in him, and he turned back, smiling and tremblingly letting his fingers lie on her leg. He seemed humbly willing to listen and touch her in memory.

"The thing is that after all *I* was the one who got involved in our winter, Michael. You remember how I swore to you that if you'd be content with half a love you could come to me? That was true, and it is still true, except that there are to be no repeats. But as usual, the woman got more mixed up and rooted down than the man. Even in this case, negatively. When I sent you off I expected a sense of finality. But it simply wasn't there. And here we are, meeting again; how could I have been so naïve?"

He was looking at her with his head down, staring up under his black eyebrows.

"You think I don't feel anything then?" he said.

"At the moment, yes, you do. But when you have something else to do, off you go, and that's all right. I really was afraid you'd miss me."

But that made her blush in the dark. It was cruel to play the coquette now.

"I, after all, am the romantic one," she said, "though I don't suppose *you* could ever give me credit for it, Mike darling. Actresses are supposed to be so sophisticated. So hard. Ah, well!"

Her light tone, her analysis of their time together, struck him as evasions.

"You needn't seek refuge in a lot of

modern frankness and so on, Maggie," he said. He sat back and folded his arms in dignity. "You don't have to protect yourself by making fun of us. If . . . if you're inclined to see it all as a foolish farce, why then I suppose I can have enough self-respect to . . ."

"You *are* cured!" she cried. "Tell me now about the Hampton slaughter. That's really something. I'm so glad, Mike."

He sulked for a little while longer; but the Hampton deal was really something to talk about from his point of view; and before long he was telling her in his controlled enthusiasm how big a fool he had nearly been, how Hampton was much much smarter than he had thought, how time and again he himself fumbled out of difficulty by luck, how—in short, how shrewd and brilliant he had been, no matter how much he might adhere to sportsmanship in ascribing his success to sloppy strokes of luck, hard breaks for his opponent, etc.

He was animated and content. She reflected what truth there was in her words of a little while ago. There was a truth he would never see. Many women would see it, she thought. Some of them would even use it in their calculations and devise ways to make themselves more important to a man than his work—a battle usually won not by a wife but a mistress.

He put her on the California Limited after buying her flowers at an all-night stand near the station. Their farewell had a moment of upsurge in it, which Michael welcomed agonizingly and enlivened with whispers; he begged her to get off the train again and go back with him and let them be together and secret and happy for a few days more. But her memory was longer than that; and kissing him with tenderness, she made him leave her compartment and watched for him on the platform outside, and when he ap-

peared, waving his fingers like a small boy, she thought that he would certainly never grow up; and now that it was all over, that made her rather glad for, she said to herself, as the train began to glide silently, his juvenility was a thing she could always think of as an excuse for her behavior toward him which suddenly seemed capriciously selfish and insensitive. She leaned to watch him, but he was quickly lost in the receding atmosphere of the station.

And now there was the feeling of being alone and by her own choice. After all the events of the winter, there was only the resolution of solitude and a kind of peace to let her be. It was like the slow fall of the curtain after a particularly trying and expressive scene; and she had the same feeling of vagueness now that always came then in the theater.

But the story was finished off-stage, so to speak. Maggie had often thought that in any situation of three people one must always be victor. Her recent victory with all its aches and struggles somehow lost a little grandeur when a few weeks later she received a letter from Millicent. She read it, trying to quiet the resentment she felt. After all, it was a little obvious of Millicent to parade her wifely triumph so consciously. Millicent wrote that the babies were adorable in their summer sun-suits, that Mike had pulled off the most brilliant deal in Chicago, making simply pots and pots of money. They were going to Europe in August, leaving the children at Newport with their grandparents and the nurse. It was going to be a second honeymoon, wrote Millicent; at least, she added, that was what Mike called it. She herself was too old and battered a married woman to take it very seriously. But anyway it would be loads of fun, and Mike needed the trip, he had worked so awfully hard. She sent Maggie lots of love.

Maggie burned the letter.



OUR CAPACITY TO PRODUCE

BY STUART CHASE

THE idea that American agriculture and industry have reached a point where they could provide an ample livelihood for all citizens, has become very general, especially since the depression. "The paradox of plenty" is a well-grooved phrase. Not long ago the whole conception was sharply challenged by the Brookings Institution at Washington. The challenge was so well documented, so imposing, and so apparently impartial that the abundance men were put on the defensive. Had we entered an age of potential plenty or had we not?

The question is more than academic. If the popular conception is now to be reversed, dooming the nation to an indefinite penury, the hope which inspires millions to keep going toward a better day, the programs for reform based on an expansion of popular purchasing power, the basic aim of the New Deal itself, will all be bent backward into apathy and defeatism. It is important to reexamine the conception with rigorous care in the light of the new findings.

Ever since the machine age began to roar in the middle of the last century, students with a prophetic eye have heralded the coming of an age where inanimate energy would perform the horse work. Perhaps the most interesting and exciting of these prophecies was that of Edward Bellamy, whose *Looking Backward* was published in 1887. Not for another twenty-five years, however, was the abolition of

poverty, as a realistic fact, even to be considered. Many inventions and processes had first to be worked out—the internal-combustion engine, the high-power transmission of electricity, turbine prime movers, farm machinery, high speed steel, the destructive distillation of coal, conveyor belt systems, straight-line manufacturing.

After the turn of the century scientific management and the efficiency movement gave a great impetus to the solution of labor-saving, time-saving, and personnel problems. The World War with its urgent demand for goods—both benign and malignant—further speeded the process. In 1919, Veblen, in *The Engineers and the Price System*, had probably firm ground to stand upon when he looked at the industrial fabric, called it "inordinately productive," and held that, socially directed, it could provide a reasonable living for all.

Throughout the 1920's the power age, with its superior and more flexible efficiency, gained on the harsher, heavier, grimmer machine age. Estimates of capacity to produce followed as inevitably as the spread of transmission lines. Energy was doubling, trebling. "To what end?" cried the Technical Alliance, the authors of *Waste in Industry*, the socialists, the Taylor Society, and many engineers and economists. Toward the close of the New Era even the conservatives were sufficiently encouraged to allow the masses more bread, more leisure, a motor car,

and a radio. The end of poverty was hailed from editorial sanctums and by the publicity agents of numerous great industrialists, while Mr. Hoover looked round the corner to a chicken in every pot and two cars in every garage with, as I remember it, the help of God.

The culmination of the whole ascending series was the blazing bomb of Technocracy, and Howard Scott's promise of twenty thousand dollars a year for every family, on a sixteen-hour work week. Mr. Scott's estimate gave some of us minor prophets pause. We felt that the idea was getting somewhat out of hand, like the stock market in the summer before the crash. As often happens with ideas over publicized in the American press, a revulsion set in. Students who had reason to believe that the problem of production had been solved wanted a more realistic estimate, based on the physical plant as it is; while the chicken-in-the-pot conservatives, thoroughly alarmed at a two hundred billion drop in paper valuations, swung round to the position where a chicken in every garage seemed quite enough for the hoi polloi. They reversed their earlier stand and began to foretell years of privation, semi-subsistence, and rigid economy until we "paid our debts"—ignoring the fact that debts can never be paid by decreasing the production on which they are based.

In an effort to reduce the conception to closer contact with tangible performance, I wrote a book last year which concluded that a standard of living equivalent to five thousand dollars a year per family was possible with the present productive plant, rising to perhaps ten thousand dollars after a decade of planned expansion. I was careful to point out limitations in the supply of certain foods, raw materials, transportation facilities, skilled labor in various processes, and the great shortage in mass housing. I concluded

that we had entered an economy of potential abundance so far as a plentiful supply of the essentials of life was concerned, provided of course that mass production was operated at capacity and its output distributed.

Such operation and distribution have never been permitted under the mandates of competitive capitalism. Even in 1929, the all-time high of American productive efficiency, it is doubtful whether the standard of living for millions was any higher than in 1830—especially in certain agricultural, coal-mining, and textile areas where depression has been the rule since the War; and doubtful whether the rest of us, on the average, enjoyed much more than twice the 1830 standard, in terms of good food, durable housing, honest clothing. A new level of energy is here without question, but most of it has not been put to useful work. It has run down the sewers of commercial competition, the manufacture of shoddy and useless materials and services.

II

In the past few months two intensive studies have appeared which, for the first time in our economic history, have attempted to grapple with the question of productive capacity, aided by full research staffs and adequate time and money. As we shall see, neither study has said the last word, but certainly we now know more about the possibility of an abundant life in the power age than we have known before. The first study, *America's Capacity to Produce*, was prepared by the Brookings Institution, and issued in the summer of 1934. Its conclusions showed that American production could not have been expanded by more than 19 per cent in the year 1929. This figure was enthusiastically received by the conservative press as a stern check on

the exuberance of the technocrats, certain policies of the New Deal, and the findings of those who, like myself, had followed many business men in deploring unused capacity, with its heavy fixed charges.

Hardly had the editorial writers left off congratulating themselves and their readers on the discovery that America really was a poverty-stricken land, without much hope of anything better, than the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity, financed by the federal government, released the summary of a report prepared by 60 technicians over a seven months' period. Its conclusions indicated that the total flow of goods and services, valued at over 90 billions in 1929, might have been expanded to 135 billions without technical difficulty had the existing plant been operated at approximate capacity. One hundred and thirty-five billions of consumers' goods and services, evenly distributed, would have been sufficient to give each family the equivalent of about \$4400 a year. This means a possible increase of some 45 per cent, or more than twice the margin of the Brookings report.

Which estimate is more nearly accurate? Much heat will be generated and many arguments will fly back and forth as to whether the Institution's report is to be relied upon or the National Survey. The heat and the arguments will be warming but largely wasted, for the two reports have a very different fundamental approach. They are cast, as the physicists say, in different frames of reference, and their conclusions cannot be compared without considerable violence to both logic and statistics.

The frame adopted by the Brookings Institution was that of the going capitalist economy. A more correct title of the study would have been "Private Capitalism's Ability to Produce in 1929," or "The Minimum Ex-

cess Capacity Customary under the Open Market System." On page 414 it is clearly stated that the report is not concerned with America's productive capacity as it might have been, but as it was, under the "general pattern of commercial organization then prevailing." And on page 424 it is emphasized that the report is asking "simply how much unattained capacity was latent in our actual situation, and not how much we could have produced in some different situation of which we have more or less knowledge, or for which we entertain more or less rosy dreams." Business-as-usual is thus the admitted base.

The National Survey, on the other hand, takes no account of contemporary financial or market conditions. Its frame of reference is serviceability, not vendibility. Here—it says—are so many human beings; here is so much raw material; here are so many farms and factories. Suppose that the farms and factories were all busy supplying human wants: how much could be produced, with due regard for all bottlenecks in the flow from natural deposit to ultimate consumer; what was the value of this physical production at 1929 prices, and what would it amount to per family? The survey is of course hypothetical: If our economic system were able to produce and distribute without traditional market limitations, what volume of useful goods and services could be thrown off with the facilities available in 1929? The indicated answer is a volume 45 per cent greater than actually occurred in that year.

The question of the Brookings report was: What is the maximum that a profit and loss economy could have thrown off in 1929? The indicated answer is 19 per cent more. Either estimate may be good, bad, or indifferent, and should be checked and criticized within its own frame of reference.

You see how vastly dissimilar was the approach. One concentrated on human beings and their basic economic needs; the other on the business system and its output of wealth or illth as subsidiary to the main task of making money.

III

I am prepared to criticize the Brookings estimate within its own frame of reference. Nineteen per cent, in my opinion, is altogether too optimistic. The greatest output ever made by competitive capitalism was in the year 1929. Credit was stretched to the bursting point, as the crash in the fall proved. Markets and purchasing power were at their roaring maximum. The durable goods industries were employing twenty-one million workers. Productive output, *as governed by the market and prevailing financial methods*, could hardly have been increased. The financial mechanism was carrying every possible pound of steam. It would appear accordingly that excess capacity in 1929, as limited by market possibilities, was close to zero. When the National Industrial Conference Board made a study of capacity some years ago it used precisely this definition. "Capacity" was set as the best output of a given industry over a series of years. When any year fell below the best an excess was registered. I think that the Brookings Institution would have been more consistent had it followed this lead. In 1929 most industries were operating at full capacity, so defined.

Then the conclusions would have read: "The best that the business system ever did in the United States was in 1929, and the output was thus and so. As this output could hardly have been bettered under the capitalist form of production, excess capacity was, to all intents and purposes, zero. While certain plants and machines were idle

their idleness was a necessary concomitant of competitive business enterprise, and business at its maximum could not use them. So they may be disregarded in considering the national economy as a whole."

Unfortunately this blunt and logical conclusion was not given. The report leaves its announced base and wanders into the field of what it sternly castigates as rosy dreaming. It rosilily dreams indeed to the tune of 19 per cent. It permits business-as-usual 15 billions of additional output in 1929; but how this tidy sum could have been financed, with credit at the breaking point, is not disclosed. True, reserves might have been found to finance more skyscrapers; but confidence in skyscrapers as profitable investments expired, and that was the crucial factor.

If financial considerations are to be so blithely waived, why stop at 15 billions? The only answer I can devise is that the Brookings Institution left its self-defined field in the attempt to refute Howard Scott, Ralph E. Flinders, H. S. Person, The Economic Reconstruction Report of Columbia University, George Soule, Fred Henderson, Rexford G. Tugwell, Walter N. Polakov, Leo Wolman, Harold Loeb, General W. I. Westervelt, Thorstein Veblen, J. A. Hobson, your humble servant, and everybody else who had made so bold as to estimate that America could now produce enough to go round if the industrial system were geared to human wants. None of us, be it observed, has ever held that enough to go round was likely to be generated by competitive capitalism. We have been careful first to stipulate our frame of reference. Solidly entrenched in another frame, the Brookings Institution makes a dash into our territory, shouts 19 per cent, and beats a hasty retreat behind the "general pattern of commercial organization then prevailing."

This is not quite fair. Undoubtedly some of the abundance estimates needed toning down, but leaping from one base to another and back again is hardly the way to do it. Are we going to talk about production under private business, with all its devious devices for insuring scarcity, or about production as a straight engineering problem? We cannot very well talk about both simultaneously without confusing ourselves and the public. The Brookings Institution has a long record of competent research work. Why did it not come into our territory honestly with a corps of engineers and make one of its admirable studies? It might have found that the National Survey was too optimistic or perhaps not optimistic enough. The check would have been very welcome. But the Institution may not tell us what the mines, farms, and factories of this country can or cannot produce by setting forth what they did produce in 1929, and then adding a hypothetical 19 per cent, which financial conditions in that year would not have tolerated.

To select one example of the Brookings market definition of capacity from among many: The soft coal mines of the country show a total capacity in 1929 of more than 900 million tons. Production in that year was a little more than 500 million tons, a utilization factor of around 57 per cent. The survey first proceeds to throw the idle mines out of its capacity computation. This raises the utilization factor to 71 per cent. Then it takes cognizance of traditional market methods in soft-coal mining which make production highly seasonal. Instead of 308 working days a year, traditional practice enforces a 265-day year. This lowers capacity again, with a final utilization percentage of 83 per cent—or an excess of only about 20 per cent ($17 \div 83 = 20.5$). It is this 20 per cent for coal which helps to make up the average figure for

all industries of 19 per cent. Yet in the serviceability frame, if the nation needed 900 million tons of coal a year (which it probably does not), the facilities were available in 1929 to produce close to that figure. An engineer would set the excess capacity nearer to 75 per cent than to 20 per cent.

Similarly in dealing with textile mills, the report bases capacity on current practice in the locality, whether it be one shift or multiple shifts. An engineering analysis would define capacity as maximum output under full-shift operation, consistent with raw materials, labor supply, transportation, and similar physical limitations. The 20 per cent excess in textiles, arrived at by the authors after pages of weighing, pondering, and deduction, is promptly challenged by Paul B. Halstead, secretary of the Cotton Textile Institute, Inc., who writes: "It appears to me that you have set the capacity of the industry too low." Where the market—not nature—enforces seasonal operation, as in the manufacture of fashion goods, down go the Brookings' estimates of excess capacity. Where plants or mines are completely idle they are arbitrarily thrown out of the capacity totals.

The result is all but meaningless. It amounts to an estimate of excess capacity which no survey based on engineering principles could accept, and yet one far in advance of what actual market conditions could accept.

But the report arrives at one genuine conclusion which cannot be challenged. It has shown for all time that Mr. Hoover and the New Era gentlemen were mistaken when they promised the abolition of poverty under competitive capitalism. The year 1929 was the peak of the system. Now in its decline, I believe it safe to say that the record will not be bettered. The Brookings Institution has proved be-

yond peradventure that that best was not nearly good enough.*

A word more should be said about excess capacity considered not as a means of providing goods for the national economy but as a plague and a terror to individual business men. Here, as in the case of Mr. Halstead cited above, I suspect that the modest estimates of the Brookings report will be taken with several pinches of salt. Ask any business man if he believes it a good thing for his industry that his competitors invest heavily in new equipment. "What!" he will cry, "with excess capacity where it is! Do you want to ruin us all?" Listen to Mr. George A. Sloan in a recent letter to the *New York Times*: "... In this situation many concerns go under, but the factories and machines are not destroyed. They merely afford a temptation to others to buy them in at a low figure and to increase destructive competition by being operated at fixed charges far less than those properly attributable to the capital involved. No industrial concern, no matter how clearly it sees the devastating effects of overcapacity, can make any effect on the situation. The pressure of overcapacity on each unit to get as large a part of the inadequate demand as it can to keep going at all, drives each along a course which is collectively disastrous."

Overcapacity was a problem for individual business men in 1929, whatever the percentage may have been—and the percentage jumps up and down with the definition.† The proof

* In a second volume, *America's Capacity to Consume*, the Brookings Institution drives this point home remorselessly. "At 1929 prices, a family income of \$2000 may be regarded as sufficient to supply only basic necessities. However accurate this generalization may be, it is significant to note that more than 16 million families, or practically 60 per cent of the total number, were below this standard of expenditures."

† Dr. Walter N. Polakov supplies an interesting case study—one of many in his files—on the uncertainties of defining capacity. The Westinghouse Lamp Company of Trenton, New Jersey, had a rated capacity of 40,000 lamps per day in 1929. In 1930 the Company's actual output was 100,000 lamps per day, and in 1932, 210,000. *No new machinery was added.*

is found not so much in statistics of plant operation as in the whole phenomenon of high-pressure selling, which screamed to the world that production was outrunning effective demand. Again, the price level did not rise during the New Era, contrary to the precedent of all earlier booms. Why? Certainly one reason was that potential supply was ominously banked up, even though demand had been stimulated by the grandest inflation of bank credit ever heard of.

Another factor worthy of mention is export trade, which kept many farms and factories busy after the War. Along about 1929 Americans wearied of lending foreigners the money with which to buy American goods, and these farms and factories entered the excess capacity columns. There many of them remain to-day. The A.A.A. program of crop reduction is an attempt to cope with this excess.

IV

Now let us return to Mr. Loeb, Mr. Polakov, Mr. Frazer, and their National Survey. There are engineers among them, be it observed, and they have produced an engineering report. A premature and unauthorized disclosure of part of the findings, in the summer of 1934, may have misled some readers; but this has been discredited as incomplete and inaccurate.

The National Survey set up a budget and then proceeded to find out how nearly physical facilities in 1929 could meet it. The budget was based on six fundamental wants: food, clothing, shelter, education, health service, recreation, in the quantities required by a family at a comfort level. This estimate was then multiplied for all the families in the country. It was found that by and large the budget could be met, and the proof is lodged in a chart ten feet long which carries every im-

portant commodity and service from origin to ultimate consumer, through as many as five transforming processes. Back of the master chart lie many hundreds of detailed charts and tables. The capacity of shoe factories is integrated with tanning establishments, packing houses, cattle culture, exports and imports. Shoe factories may be equipped to turn out x million pairs of shoes, but this figure means nothing to the National Survey until it has inquired into the leather supply and the labor supply.

Facilities were not available to produce the full budgetary supply of certain foodstuffs, like meat, dairy products, fresh fruits and vegetables, as laid down by the dietitians. The total shortages, outside of housing, were priced at 7.6 billion dollars. On the other hand, physical facilities were available to produce an excess above the budget of items like lard and fats, cereals, canned fruit, most kinds of clothing. The excesses were priced at 8.1 billion dollars.

Thus the potential shortages nearly balance the excesses. By a certain amount of trading and adjusting, it is apparent that in due time a budget for every family satisfactory to the dietitians and the statisticians could have been produced by facilities not far different from the farms and factories actually in place in 1929.

Let us look at a specific commodity. The budget called for 209,750,000 pairs of men's and boys' shoes, and 184,500,000 pairs of women's and girls' shoes, a total of 394,250,000 pairs. Actual production was 361,400,000 pairs, and so not far short. The capacity of the shoe industry, with leather, labor, and other limitations given due weight, was 550,000,000 pairs—considerably in advance of the actual need. The American people could not have worn out the boots and shoes which the industry stood ready to produce.

The Survey is careful to point out that it would take a number of years to equip every family with decent shelter. This, of course, is inevitable, with 60 per cent or so of the population now living in houses unfit for civilized human beings. A substantial rise in employment may be expected whenever financial obstacles which now prevent mass housing projects are removed.

If the National Survey can back up its findings it is perfectly obvious that there is no technical reason for extreme poverty or economic insecurity, and there was none in 1929. Luxuries for all seem out of the question in the immediate future, but a standard which will eliminate most of the worry, anguish, maladjustment, and crime which flow from economic causes is physically possible. Here is ample proof of an economy of abundance based on engineering realities if not on market considerations.

Can the findings be substantiated? I have followed the Survey since its inception, and have been impressed with the care taken in working through the whole story from raw materials to ultimate product; with the fact that the national income total as finally built up agrees closely with the independent estimate of the National Bureau of Economic Research for 1929; and particularly with the conservatism shown in allowing for both bottlenecks and estimates of capacity. The Survey has had a consistent policy of leaning over backward to understate rather than to overstate. True, a great deal of estimating had to be done. Many hypotheses, especially in respect to the services of recreation, health, education, had to be created. The study cannot be called mathematically exact in the sense that the Empire State Building was erected to exact specifications. The potential income of 135 billions is not to be taken as better than a reasonable, probably a conserva-

tive, estimate. The use of dollar symbols always entails a margin of vagueness and unsubstantiality which will continue to plague us until we obtain a less temperamental medium of exchange. Be it observed, however, that back of the dollar totals stands wherever possible a computation of physical quantities, as in the case of boots and shoes cited above.

Certainly the Survey has provided the nation with a base line for the possibilities for an age of plenty. No disciple of scarcity can honestly deny this potentiality until he has first analyzed and demolished these findings. His computing machines must be in good order, his intellectual integrity unimpaired, his vision broad. This job was not done in a day and it would take many days of the most painstaking analysis to undo it. I feel reasonably confident that it will not be undone. As a believer in the promise of abundance, however, I may be prejudiced. Let the Jeremiahs form on the right, slide rules in hand. Give them the run of the files, the documentation for every basic figure, the reasons for every assumption made.

Pending the check, suppose we assume that 135 billion dollars' worth of goods and services was possible in 1929, granted the frame of reference of production for use. Is that the limit of our capacity? No, it is only the beginning. To-day, after five years of ravaging depression, it is an open question whether our facilities are as ample as in 1929. Industry, where it is operating, is more efficiently organized; many wastes have been lopped off; output per man-hour has increased in some cases, like automobile tires, very markedly; many new inventions and processes have been introduced. On the other hand, depreciation and obsolescence have taken a heavy toll. A balance has never been struck, but I should guess that, though we are less

well equipped to produce the budget for the whole population to-day than we were five years ago, the margin is not great, and that any dependable heightening of demand would bring available equipment back with a rush. Since the crash of '29, industry has ceased to provide us with more than 150 billions of goods and services on the ratio obtaining in the New Era, and failed to provide almost 300 billions of goods and services on the basis of physical possibilities. This is what we have paid as a nation over a five-year period for the peculiarities of our profit and loss economy. It is a bill, furthermore, not to be measured solely in dollars, but also in health and deprivation and the piteous decline in the morale of the unemployed. The cost promises to mount in goods undelivered, in rusting machines, in social degeneration until certain characteristics of competitive capitalism, especially those centering round the conception of sound money—*i.e.* scarce money—are blasted out of the way.

V

I have said that the National Survey has laid down a base line and that it is only a beginning. An economy devoted to serviceability could rapidly improve upon that base. Consider the quite monstrous wastes which might be eliminated in whole or in part—wastes which the estimate of 135 billions does not reckon with. For example:

Goods could be designed to wear longer. This would entail a small additional manufacturing cost, and a huge saving in subsequent replacement. Our shirts, sheets, shoes, razor blades, electric light bulbs, hardware, socks, furniture, mattresses, motor cars could be made to last until we were sick of the sight of them.

Adulterated, poisonous, harmful, vicious, and demonstrably useless goods

and services could be eliminated in an economy devoted to serviceability. At a guess, I should say that this would release 20 per cent of the gainfully employed to the production of genuinely useful goods. That this is not altogether a wild guess, I have demonstrated with some statistical care in *The Tragedy of Waste*.

The huge toll now taken by the conscious or unconscious sabotage of workers because they are afraid of losing their jobs can be greatly reduced if and when the workers have economic security under their feet.

Many obsolete plants could be scrapped and replaced if necessary by new ones, using the most advanced technical methods. Automatic and semi-automatic plants and processes are often remarkably cheap when capacity output is measured against the cost of investment, but very expensive if operated at only a fraction of capacity.

Certain plants could be relocated in better position relative to raw materials, consumption areas, and transport facilities.

Patents and inventions now held out of use for financial reasons could be released, further to cheapen processes. Of course the deluge must not be too great. As David C. Coyle has pointed out,* the obsolescence curve cannot exceed a certain slope without costing more in social effort than the new inventions are worth.

Crop output could be stepped up by putting to work new discoveries in agrobiological and by concentrating agriculture on the best soils with large-scale mechanical production of certain staples like corn, wheat, cotton, and rice. The geneticists could improve breeds of cattle, hogs, milk cows, and sheep. Already they have made the average cow a thirty per cent better milk factory than she was some years ago.

The elimination of competitive wastes in certain industries where monopoly is the natural economic method would enormously increase output. The telephone company is an example of an efficient monopoly where costs of service are close to bedrock. The facts that the financial structure of the company is choked with capitalized corpses, slain in the great wars of the past, and that rates are accordingly too high do not affect us in the serviceability frame. We are not here concerned with rates.

Adding these potential savings together and applying them to increases in the standard of living—balanced diets, decent housing, hospitals, dental clinics, schools, parks, playgrounds, rural electrification, better clothing, and the rest—it is obvious that industry has within itself enormous possibilities of improving living standards over and above the base line of the National Survey. The Survey took no account of what it called “scarce goods”—works of art, handicrafts, jewelry, super luxuries, all the things not susceptible to quantity production. Presumably these could be continued in the volume obtaining in 1929, and increased as total production increased. On the whole, an estimate of \$10,000 a year per family, after a decade of production geared to use, does not appear excessive.

Finally, we must remember that the question of capacity to produce in the power age is essentially a dynamic one. It cannot be arrived at by static conceptions of facilities on hand in 1929, or in any other year. In all earlier, low-energy civilizations, static inventories might have been conclusive. With 90 per cent and more of the manpower engaged from dawn to dusk in producing subsistence, there was not much margin to improve living standards rapidly, whatever changes might be made in the political system. Pure communism or ruthless autocracy in

* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, December, 1934.

low-energy cultures would give about the same results, so far as food, shelter, and clothing were concerned.

In high-energy civilizations all this is changed. Subsistence can be produced by a small fraction of the population, aided by inanimate energy. Political changes can make for very rapid economic changes because the margin of experimentation is now so large. The determining factor is no longer the static plant (including the land), but the dynamic demand. Given the demand, the plant can swell like a pouter pigeon. During the War psychological forces were released which modified traditional financial barriers to the point where everybody could buy Liberty Bonds on credit. Purchasing power was expanded through this vast inflation, and the physical plant began to swell. Fifty million acres were added to the agricultural establishment in a very short time. Waterways and highways were developed to assist the overburdened railways, and the traffic jam was broken. Factory capacities were greatly extended, particularly in the munitions divisions. New mines were opened. Mushroom towns sprouted round the new factories.

Two million men were transported to France. A quarter of all our manpower was withdrawn from the production of food, clothing, and shelter, to fight and make munitions, *but living standards increased*. The well-to-do complained bitterly of silk shirts on the backs of factory workers.

The War furnished the demand and production rushed to meet it. It is important to note, however, that business-as-usual—or normalcy, as President Harding called it—was largely suspended, and a serviceability control exercised through the War Industries Board, the Food Administration, and other centralized government bodies. If a business man refused to co-operate he presently found himself without coal and freight cars.

The depression is a kind of war. As yet it has generated no such psychological forces as did 1917. But if it continues long enough the forces may come. With them will come the demand to raise living standards, and to establish economic security. When this point arrives we shall find the physical plant and its technicians perfectly amenable to a very great revision upward in mass standards of living.



WITHOUT A TOWER

ANONYMOUS

THIS evening Mark and I went to see "The Fountain." It was very hot in the theater and we were uncomfortable, but this suburban movie-house has become our rendezvous on the nights when we can rake up fifty cents between us. It is the only place besides beer joints where we can be together in the winter. Our gratitude does not allow us to be over critical of the hard seats, the stale air, or the extremes of temperature.

As the picture dragged itself before us we both looked long and earnestly at the harassed Julie. We could see that she had her troubles. We could see that the course of her love was neither smooth nor simple; but we could not sympathize as any people in an equally turbulent emotional state should have sympathized, for we could not get beyond the fact that at least she had a tower. And anyone with a tower cannot be in completely hopeless straits.

For three years now Mark and I have been scheming, twisting figures this way and that, trying by some incredible sleight-of-hand to produce a tower for ourselves. In its practical aspect this has taken three forms: first, when we were really hopeful, a two-room apartment; second, when we were less hopeful, one cramped tiny room; and now, when we are genuinely desperate, a tent or a cave in one of the Mississippi river banks.

I am not inclined to regard love lightly. I should be the last person in

the world to deny the struggles, griefs, exultations, and rhapsodies which accompany it. I have experienced both vicariously and at first hand the strange psychic journeys which follow an encounter with the dark gods. But I feel with passionate conviction that even the bitterest struggles of love pale into nothingness compared to the terrific struggle of creating and sustaining love without a place to *be*.

Every statistical report regarding marriage which is drawn up these days points to the fact that the rate has dropped considerably within the past three years. Different sociologists and investigators give different percentages. Any jeweler will tell you that he isn't selling many wedding rings. Any furniture dealer will tell you that there have been precious few sales of complete outfits for three rooms.

But it is one thing to read reports saying that the marriage rate has made a sharp drop and quite another to be one of those young people who are responsible for that fluctuation. It is amazing what a difference it makes, how the statistics drop to pieces and leave you standing as one vital point representing thousands of others who are also young and in love.

Then it is no longer a cool statement of fact suitable for detached discussion. Then it has become something immediate and powerful, not by one's juxtaposition to the uncompromising fact, but by one's very participation in that fact. I am not a sociologist; but I am

young and I am in love, and I know many others who are also young and also in love, and for all of us there is no solution and no hope.

During the day I work as a typist in an office. From noon until five o'clock it is none too easy for me to keep my mind on the bills of lading, to concentrate upon the details which pass through my hands. I know that at five o'clock I shall be through for that day and the evening is before me. Shall I or shall I not be able to see Mark? Where shall we go? Shall we have enough money to go to the movie or will it be a beer joint? Or shall we go at all?

After dinner he calls for me. And this is the way it goes. We walk down the street, slowly because these are the last of the good autumn nights and the luxury of being alone for an evening stroll is almost over. To-night both of us are tired. When I close my eyes the \$ and ¢ signs jump about in my head. Mark has been in his room painting all day. He is nervous and irritable. On these nights we have to be very careful. It is easy to quarrel.

"The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is playing in the theater which we pass. I'd love to see it, but after six-thirty the admission is fifty-five cents plus tax, and Mark hasn't any money. He doesn't like to have me pay for both of us all of the time, so we walk past it, although at the last minute I almost go up to the ticket office when I see the posters in front with Charles Laughton frozen in a fine frenzy.

There is a stock company playing "Camille." We read it together out at the lake two years ago and I got into such a state that I ate the tinfoil wrapping right along with the cheese. It seems long, long ago. We stop in front and look at each other. He remembers too.

It is ten o'clock now and we have been walking aimlessly for two hours.

Both of us are so depressed we can scarcely talk. It is colder, and already we can see the winter ahead of us, those long nights when there isn't any place to go where we can be alone. Twice a week we can scrape up enough for the picture show and sometimes we can go into some joint and have beer; but we are sick of the mad round, of the dirty bars with lost men and women pressing against us, of the awful din and confusion.

All of this is in our minds. It stands right at our backs. We turn into Dago Joe's. There is only a small booth at the back. We squeeze through the tables, dodge waitresses, and crowd into the narrow seats. I order two beers and try to talk animatedly when the girl returns and I pay her. Mark is still sensitive about those little things—sometimes they stand between us.

"I've been figuring," he says, "and I think I'll go away from here. I can't stand it at home. You know how it is—every time I get into the spirit of what I'm doing mother calls me to answer the telephone or empty the garbage or take her to town or run the vacuum. You know how it goes."

He doesn't mind doing those things. It's the only way he can earn his board and room. But painting is important. You can't stop in the middle of a stroke to empty the garbage pail—you can't stop for anything. It is fatal.

If he goes away . . . my mind won't go beyond that. It might be like the others who have gone away. They don't come back. They drift into first this and then that until finally the terrific economic pressure stultifies even the memory of love and necessity. They survive many things for many months, and then suddenly it is all gone, as definitely ended as though it had never happened.

I scratch on a little slip of paper: rent, \$20.00; gas, light, heat, \$5.00; food, \$12.00; clothes . . . I do it all

the time without even thinking. For months and months my mind has been twisting and slipping round these figures. I have looked at them from above and below, from side to side, from the top and the bottom. I have figured and figured, pared off a little here, pared off a little there; but it is no use. I can never, never make it come out right.

We begin quarreling suddenly over nothing at all. I have to shout to make him hear me above the din. It began over Toulouse-Lautrec. At least we are at variance over impersonal things most of the time. That is something. I like the "Girl in the White Blouse." Mark doesn't. I don't know enough about painting to defend myself successfully but I keep shouting in a sort of blind anxiety, an undefined rancour.

We are still arguing when the waitress comes to our table again and waits expectantly for another order. Mark shakes his head. We have already had three glasses, far more than we can afford.

"Then we'll have to go," I whisper, hot and uncomfortable under the significant glances which pass between the bartender and our waitress. "We'll have to go. We can't sit here any longer unless we buy more beer. And we can't buy any more."

We gather up our things and walk out. Under the street light we stare up and down the length of the street, look behind us and before us.

"Where shall we go?" I say.

"Where is a place to go?" he says.

"I don't know."

We stand silently for a moment and then begin drifting towards the street-car line. It is eleven o'clock and for some lovers the evening may be only beginning, but for us it is almost done. We have spent sixty cents for the dubious privacy of a booth in a noisy billiard hall, and each of us knows that

it is the last we can spend for three or four nights at least.

My car is coming round the curve. I draw back, torn between the necessity of going and the overwhelming desire to stay.

"When shall I see you again?" he shouts, as I break from his embrace and dash to the steps.

In that moment I can think of nothing, of no time nor place where we may meet.

The car has started. I have to scream to make him understand.

"Call me to-morrow," I cry. Perhaps we can think of something then.

II

No love can thrive and become irrevocably integrated within a life while the two people involved are constantly on the run going from here to there, planning the next meeting even while the immediate moment is dwindling to its pale unsatisfactory end. There must be some place to take root. Even a one-room apartment becomes a hopelessly coveted goal to those who must meet at the library steps and continue their relationship from one public building to another, from one smoke-filled beer hall to the next.

I have been reading a good many records of emotional experiences within this last year. I have even gone back to Shakespeare and reviewed his lovers, their frustrations and triumphs, their ecstasies and misery. But everything I read seems foreign and in no way concerned with reality. Even in their worst experiences it seems to me that these lovers of the past were bedded in green pastures and fed upon honey. It leaves me distraught. I feel, possibly foolishly, that given just half of their opportunities, I could cement my love for a modern man into something which would remain essentially unchanged through the vicissitudes

tudes that beset the relationship between men and women.

I am quite aware of the fact that this conviction is not original, indeed, that it is conceded to be one of the illusions of the young. My parents and the parents of my friends have said lightly, smiling with amusement, "Oh, well, she is in love and she is young . . . you know . . ." But I am not impressed by their wise gestures as they dismiss us. They had their opportunity to marry. Until I have been married, until I have had the opportunity to establish a home and bear a child, I am not going to be ironical or disillusioned about anything pertaining to a social pattern in which I have not been allowed to participate.

Eight or ten years ago it was the fashionable thing to have a career. The graduates of those days had their momentous problem to decide—would it be dishes and diapers or independence and indiscretion? If they married, wouldn't they sacrifice their genius for interior decoration, or if they set up as interior decorators, wouldn't they sacrifice their hope of a profitable marriage? I've heard my older friends say that they spent their senior year in the exclusive discussion of this subject, that everything began and ended with the problem of trying to decide whether or not to marry.

Things are different now. Among the women whom I know there is not one who is working because she wants to work, because her job, whatever it may be, is more important to her emotionally than the job of marrying and rearing a family. They work because they must live. In many instances they work to help the men whom they love and are unable to marry. We haven't heard any of this talk about careers. Not a soul from my class so much as uttered the word. We were tired of the intellectual duplicity and isolation which our educations had given us.

We were tired of regarding men as necessary components of a purely biological demand. It wasn't a question of doing the fashionable thing. It was a question of fighting through our adolescence into a maturity of love and fruition.

It has been over three years now since Mark and I knew that we wanted to marry. Those three years have been marked by constant frustrations and feverish efforts to evolve some way of life by which we can find a measure of contentment and satisfaction. In retrospect I can find comparatively few things to recall with happiness.

There was the time we went to look for an apartment. Both of us remember that. I was making \$14.50 a week and Mark had just sold a painting for \$35.00. We figured and figured. It began to look as though we might be able to swing it if we did not eat too much and gave up a few of the things that I had formerly regarded as necessities.

That day we ate lunch together at a cafeteria and then looked over the Want-Ad section. There was a room advertised down on East 14th Street and also an apartment on South 12th.

"Well, shall we look?" he said. "At least it won't do any harm."

So we used a few of our precious street-car tokens and took a jaunt down to the apartment on South 12th. It was not a smart neighborhood—in fact it was scarcely a respectable neighborhood, but I could see that there would be sun in the morning on bright days, and we couldn't afford curtains anyway—probably there would be enough light for Mark to paint.

There were two rooms, really one room, but two people could get into the kitchenette at the same time, so that it too could be called a room. There was also a bathroom and a very tiny hall connecting the living room and kitchen. It was cramped and stuffy;

I couldn't imagine us living there very successfully; but at least there was a roof and four walls.

We looked and looked. We walked back and forth, sat down in the one over-stuffed chair, brought the wall-bed down on our heads. The landlady stood by, not any too pleased. She thought \$20.00 was a reasonable figure, dirt cheap, you might say, but when you added gas and light that made it \$24.00, and \$24.00 loomed up like an insurmountable barrier. We couldn't swing it.

Then we went to see the room. I suppose most people would think it was terrible. They would wonder how anyone could really live there. "Well, you know that awful old place clear down on 14th." I was not blind to its defects—the three flights of rickety stairs, the terrific odors, the dirty lavatory down the hall. But it looked like a third-floor heaven to us because it was within our reach, and my own voice sounded strange to me when I said that we would take it.

We walked back up the street scarcely seeing a thing. I do not remember what we said. I only remember the extravagant bliss which enveloped the rest of that day, the feeling of being rooted to the earth at last.

The next day I had my third cut. We could not marry. We could not take the room.

That was a year ago and marriage has never again seemed so possible. I suppose that most people would have said that it was impossible even then; perhaps I myself should have thought so two years ago. But love and the never-ceasing urge for the stability of marriage had driven me to desperation. I was willing to wear forty-nine cent stockings, buy three-day-old bread, and call a tenement room "home" if I could marry and establish with the man I loved a relationship which can

only grow out of constant communion, the small intimacies of living together.

After this experience we decided to dismiss the future and live only in the moment at hand. It seemed unlikely that we could ever marry. The months ahead were too dark to face.

For a time it seemed to work. We became fatalistic over our meetings. We did not worry about the weather. If it rained we stayed in our dens and licked our wounds. If the sun shone and we felt hopeful enough, we took a long walk. Once a week we had dinner somewhere, went to a show, and then to a cheap hotel. By stupefying ourselves with attempted indifference we seemed to get along.

But there was the inevitable reaction. We rebelled at the crazy pattern of society which had forced us into such a superficial and meaningless surface activity. I began to blame Mark for the aimless relationship into which we had drifted. He blamed me. We tried to analyze the situation and make one last effort to pull out of what had become an unbearable predicament. Both of us were worn down with the fight against murderous indifference. We lost something of our courage in battling our way through.

III

For those of us who are in love among the ruins, as John Hyde Preston has put it, three courses of action have been suggested. The fact that the alternatives are so limited is an indictment in itself; any one of them is a substitution wretched enough for the thing which should be available to all.

There is, first of all, the possibility of denying desire for the time being and following the way of our parents. If this is found impracticable there is the possibility of accepting desire, living together before marriage. And if

both of these fall through, there is the last alternative of marrying on what little money there is and taking a chance on being able to get along even if it means having to move in under the family roof for a while.

It seems to me that the first choice may be dismissed at the outset, not because we are an immoral generation nor weak-willed, but because if there is a question between living and dying there is only one road to take. We live as we must live, not for a momentary thrill or a simple satisfaction. Disaster is in the air. All about one, there is the atmosphere of precariousness, uncertainty. We do not apologize for our definite refutation of the mores and folkways. We simply believe that we must fight our way through anxiety and grief, that we must manage to create a life which there is some excuse for living.

What are the realities of the second course? Well, there is never a place that we can call our own. I must resort to subterfuge and intrigue to be with Mark for more than a casual meeting. This is difficult for both of us. We are proud to be in love. We are tired of lurking in the shadows. There is also the constant fear that on some ill-fated night I may become pregnant. We want a child, but how could we support the responsibility?

The eternal necessity of being together in very cheap hotel rooms or some place in the open on benevolent summer nights; the fear of discovery by my conventional parents who cannot conceive of my partaking of such a relationship; the dull commonplaces of unrelaxed vigilance in our expressed love—these, then, are the realities of the second course. It may be possible to reach a growth that ends in ultimate happiness in spite of such handicaps, but I do not know where to turn nor how to turn to find it.

There remains the third course:

moving in under the parental roof. But my parental roof is a fifty-dollar apartment of five rooms occupied by my father and mother, one younger sister, and two younger brothers. Where is there a place for my husband and for me?

Mark's mother has a seven-room house and we could live there if she were not opposed to our marriage; but she believes with all the tenacity of an elderly woman who has long pursued the paths of economic comfort that a man must not marry until he is able to support a woman as she should be supported. The fact that I am not interested in that support does not make any difference. The economic abyss has not yawned so far as she is concerned. With time and patience "all will turn out for the best."

I do not know how to combat such an attitude. Mark has talked with her for hours on end, driven to a complete abandonment of pride by the knowledge that she holds the only possible solution to our predicament. His talks, his logic, his reasoning have availed nothing. She admires young people with character and fortitude. They get along, she declares.

On the 18th of this month we celebrate the anniversary of our first meeting. It was four years ago. Rachel and Robert celebrate with us. We were all together that first night. It seems long ago. Rachel is an X-ray technician. The bottom fell out of her world when she was a senior medical student. She has never been able to finish. The clinic where she works pays her just enough so that she may continue to eat and sleep with a roof over her head. Robert is an advertising copy-writer. He has been out of steady employment for two years now. They are twenty-seven and thirty-three and they have no hope of being able to marry.

We shall probably celebrate by fix-

ing four trays in a cafeteria and lingering as long as possible over our food. Then we shall go to a theater and see whatever is showing. Lately we've taken a liking for "Westerns." They are generally far enough removed from reality to be a comfort. After the movie we'll go somewhere for a glass of beer. Robert and Mark will talk again about going away. It isn't that they think things are any better in some other city. They aren't expecting a miracle. It is simply that they have lost their resiliency in fighting the same fight in the same surroundings day after day, month after month. Rachel and I shall listen to them numb with foreboding and helplessness. After our beer we'll wander toward the carline. Our celebration will be almost over. We will wonder and worry about our next meeting. Rachel and Robert will part there too. They will haggle and fret over the next possibility of being together. For all of us there will be the ancient, ancient story

of where to meet—where, when, and how.

I have gone about looking at young people in love. Sometimes I feel that I have known them all, that I have seen their unborn children, that I have participated in all of their hunger and longing. I have tried to find the courage to live. I have fought against armoring myself with hardness and cynicism. And underneath all of this is the knowledge that for my battle there are a million other battles and for my love there are a million other loves. We believe in love, not in the right to love or the necessity of love, but in love itself. There is still, in spite of everything, the inextinguishable hope that some day we may marry and become a part of that social pattern which we have craved so much. It may not be within six months nor even within a year or two years or three years, but for each of us there is still this belief, this faint hope to save us, to sustain us.





CALIFORNIA, THERE SHE STANDS!

BY LILLIAN SYMES

CALIFORNIA, as all the world knows by this time, is an astounding place and at no time in its history has it been quite so astounding as during the past year. It is a State of violent contrasts, from which the rest of the nation has come to expect the unexpected.

In 1912 California stood at the very vanguard of national Progressivism. As a heritage from those days it has on its statutes some of the most advanced social legislation in the country. And yet to no other State has the word "reactionary" been applied so frequently. It has had of recent years a genial playboy governor who was opposed to capital punishment but who publicly condoned a lynching. He was succeeded by a Sunday School teacher and a teetotaler from Iowa. It is not primarily an industrial State, but its labor movement, at least in the north, is comparatively strong. That movement is as conservative as any in the country, and yet last summer it staged a general strike which was officially labelled a "revolution." There followed an even more violent "counter-revolution" that evoked the word "fascism" from liberals and radicals throughout the nation. And only a month after this terror (still smoldering in certain places) Upton Sinclair captured the Democratic nomination for Governor. His strength came largely from the south, long the most reactionary end of the State.

How account for California's contra-

dictions? If the terror of July and August indicated that the State was going fascist, did the sweep of the Sinclair Epic-Utopian movement indicate that it was going socialist? The two tendencies are not mutually exclusive, of course. The threat of either is sufficient to provoke the rise of the other; and it would be easy to conclude that the revolutionary implications of a general strike produced the counter-revolution of official and unofficial terrorism; that this in turn produced a popular reaction that took itself out in Sinclairism. The factors referred to undoubtedly explain part of the situation. Realities never click quite as neatly as do theories however. And at this point a few generalizations may be in order.

Few words have been used as loosely as fascism during the past few years—particularly by the Left. If the average citizen foolishly limits the possible range of fascist expression in the United States to the antics of Huey Long and our various *opéra bouffe* shirt organizations, the official communist tends to lump together under the fascist label the activities of the Liberty League, the New Dealers, the Farmer-Labor Party, and of all fellow-revolutionaries whose adherence to the Third International is somewhat less than one hundred per cent. Unquestionably much of the Recovery machinery set up in the past two years could, under proper auspices, be used as a fascist vehicle, and unquestionably our eco-

nomic contradictions are pushing our industrial and financial leaders toward that particular solution. But on the tongues of too many of the Left the word is now used in the same wholesale and meaningless fashion in which the word "communist" is uttered by the Right. It has become an epithet.

The substitution of epithets for analysis by the Right does not matter so much. No one expects a Bourbon to be intelligent. On the part of the Left or the Liberals it is both unfortunate and dangerous. Nothing is quite so important to all of those who wish to avoid the Totalitarian State as that they should know the precise nature of their enemy, that they should judge accurately the sources of his strength and power, and that they should not, by misunderstanding and indiscriminate abuse, weaken or alienate their own potential allies.

Nor does it clarify their situation to hail every manifestation of repression as the evidence of a fascist plot. Violence against labor is no more essentially fascist than violence on the part of labor is essentially revolutionary. The use of troops against rebellious workers and farmers is an old American custom. So is the terrorism of the Ku Klux Klan, vigilantes, law and order committees. So is strike violence—sabotage, rioting, the beating up of "scabs." These things have been happening for more than a hundred years. We are a violent people.

We are not yet a thoroughly desperate people and because we are not, fascism, as such, has not yet crystallized in the United States. There has been as yet no need for it chiefly because there exists, as yet, no serious and widespread threat of social upheaval. It is true, however, that when such a threat *seems* to exist, when men in power believe or are able to persuade the general public that it exists, there we may look for the crystallization of those

forces which have made so large a part of Europe what it is to-day. And there we may find the beginnings of psychological reactions not essentially different from those we have witnessed abroad.

In discussing my native State in this connection I am not doing so for the purpose of labeling it anything. The Mooney-Billings case, the antics of the Los Angeles red-baiters in the past ten years have given the State a distinctive reputation for reaction that is not altogether deserved. Other States have their red-baiters and night-riders, official and unofficial. It is doubtful if Mooney and Billings would have fared differently in New York or Maryland, certainly not in Massachusetts or Alabama. Southern California has its Better American Federation but it also has its Utopians. The State's electorate is as enlightened as any, and San Francisco is certainly one of the most civilized cities in the country. California is not to be explained on the basis of Huey Long's Louisiana. Most of the things which happen here could happen anywhere, given similar circumstances. That is why it constitutes a social microcosm worthy of national consideration.

II

In a year which has witnessed more widespread and dramatic industrial conflict than any since 1919, the general strike of last summer in the San Francisco Bay region stands out as a high-light, not because of its size or violence (the textile strike was much bigger, the Minneapolis strike as bloody) but because of the nature of its challenge and the reaction which it evoked in a society which has ceased to believe in its own stability. One cannot have lived in California through the summer of 1934 and the gubernatorial campaign which followed it without being forced to the conclusion that if

the working class of this country were only half as convinced of the possibility and imminence of social revolution as is the employing class the battle would be half won.

Waterfront strikes, prolonged and bloody, are no new phenomenon in any large port—certainly not on the Pacific Coast. Longshoremen, sailors, teamsters, whether Republicans or Communists, are given to direct action. (The International Teamsters' Union, by the way, is one of the most conservative in the whole A. F. of L., but its strikes are usually the most violent.) The work of such groups is hard, uncertain, dangerous, requiring strength and judgment but no special training. When they go on strike it is an easy matter to replace them. When this happens—as it always does—there are only a few things they can do about it: fight it out or accept an offer of arbitration, providing such an offer is made and the employers are also willing to accept it. Both sides know, however, that there is actually no such thing as complete impartiality in any serious social conflict, and such an offer is rarely accepted by either side so long as it believes it can win a clear-cut victory. And no strike would ever be won—except in very highly skilled trades and in times of great labor scarcity—if strike-breaking were not known to be unhealthful.

Under the circumstances practically all large strikes are accompanied by moral intimidation—mass picketing, the shouting of insults, etc.—or by physical attacks upon strike-breakers. This results in police protection for the strikebreakers and the employers' property. This in turn, if the strikers are sufficiently determined and aggressive, results in battles between strikers and police. Here the strike usually spreads to allied trades which come out in sympathy, and the strike becomes more violent. If the police are unable to handle

the situation and too much blood is shed, the issue of public safety is invoked and troops are called in.

These are the rudiments of any serious industrial conflict, familiar by now to most sections of the country, and this is what happened on the Pacific Coast up to mid-July when the waterfront strike had dragged on for more than two months. In ordinary times and under ordinary circumstances this would have marked the close of the story. With the coming of troops effective picketing is over. Unarmed men stand no chance against machine guns. But this was the year 1934 and a new spirit was abroad in the labor movement. It was not a revolutionary spirit, but it was a resentful and aggressive one. The coming of the troops, and particularly the dramatic mass funeral of two strikers shot down by police, crystallized it—as they crystallized public sympathy behind the strikers. The fact that about half the membership of the unions was unemployed anyway and had nothing to lose by striking undoubtedly helped. One by one, in the San Francisco region the unions voted to come out. On July 15th a general strike was declared. And with its declaration, strike leadership passed out of the hands of the more radical waterfront leaders and into the hands of the older trade union conservatives.

It is probably inevitable that a general strike of any kind—even one that interferes with no essential services and in which no one actually suffers from privation—should carry with it the implications of insurrection. It is not the possible danger or hardships involved but the spectacle of labor's assumption of authority, its demonstration of potential power which arouses panic and a sense of outrage in so many breasts. It is not so much that a general strike may result in hunger and bloodshed as that labor should prevent hunger by

"permitting" certain restaurants to remain open, certain food trucks to run (how those "permits" rankled in the hearts of the rugged individualists!), that it should prevent trouble by usurping the functions of regularly constituted authority. That the army should do this in a time of crisis is accepted. That labor should do it at any time is another matter.

The violence of the reaction evoked throughout California and reflected in the press of the nation during those July days in which General Johnson waved the bloody shirt of "insurrection" and New York newspapers rushed correspondents by airplane to the "front" is not explicable, however, merely in terms of the general strike itself—terrifying as that gesture of solidarity was to many conservatives and apocalyptic as it undoubtedly seemed to some newly converted radicals. The reaction mounted even as the strike relaxed. It was at its worst when the strike was over. The strike merely served to release a conflict which had been brewing in California for more than a year, and which has been brewing in less concentrated forms in other parts of the country. The emotions it aroused had to run their course even after the immediate stimulus had passed away. They had grown out of a complex of factors chief of which—aside from the growing labor unrest common to the whole country—were California's peculiar agricultural situation, the growing response to the Epic and Utopian appeals, the intensification of Communist propaganda, the campaigns of the American Legion and of the Hearst newspapers.

III

Agriculture in California is an industry—a large-scale industry that specializes in the growing, harvesting, packing or processing of fruits and

vegetables. It supplies the nation with between fifty and seventy-five per cent of its lemons, olives, figs, grapes, prunes, oranges, asparagus, cantaloupes, walnuts, lettuce, artichokes. It leads the nation in the number of large-scale farms, both as to acreage and value of crops. In certain sections of the State, like the Imperial Valley which specializes in melons and lettuce, there are almost no "small growers." In other sections the small individual farmer has tended to become little more than a tenant, overwhelmed with debt, hanging onto the ragged edge. He has, of necessity, paid his workers starvation wages. So, as a rule, but without such necessity, have the big agricultural-industrialists.

Nearly two-thirds of the 334,000 persons gainfully employed in agriculture in California are wage-earners and a large proportion of these—no exact figures are available—are migrants. (Their ranks have swollen during the past few years as unemployed city workers swarm into the surrounding country in summer in search of jobs on farms or in packing plants.) Some of the seasonal workers travel within a comparatively small radius. Thousands more start in winter in the southernmost Imperial Valley—not so long ago a vast desert and still one of the hottest places in the world—and then follow the crops northward as they mature, through the great interior valleys of the State. They make up a huge army—Mexicans, Filipinos, "whites" (in the West and Southwest this word excludes the Mexican laborer), with a smaller sprinkling of other races and nationalities. They travel on box cars, in rickety automobiles, or they tramp the highways. Whole families follow the crops, carrying their household trappings with them. It has been estimated that there are more than 60,000 *landless* families in California customarily dependent upon

agriculture for a major part of their livelihood. This means that they are seasonal workers, many of them migrants.

This was the raw material with which the I.W.W. worked in the years prior to 1917 and among whom some of its most dramatic strikes were staged. And though no permanent organization of migratory labor has ever been achieved, the California farmer has not forgotten this fact. The shadow of the "Wobblies" still hangs over him and he has an "agitator" phobia.

The earnings and living standards of the migratory workers are incredibly low, hourly rates beginning at fifteen, sometimes at ten cents, and rarely topping twenty-five. Much of the work is carried on in a temperature that may run to 110 or 120 degrees in the shade. Unable to save for the off-season, the migrant and his family tend to become the charge of the relief agencies in winter.

In 1933, with a slight rise in prices, the desperate small farmer saw his first chance in years to make a small profit. The big companies saw a chance for increased dividends. But to the agricultural and cannery workers in the blistering valleys the rise meant the need for more money, the chance to improve their conditions.

It is the argument of the growers, big and little, that this thought would never have occurred to the workers were it not for the Communist agitators. The Communists are probably more active in California than in any other State outside New York, and their agitation undoubtedly provoked many of the strikes which followed. But considering the wretchedness of seasonal labor conditions, little provocation should have been necessary. It was not to be expected in the second and third year of the New Deal that agricultural labor alone should make no attempt to organize. Furthermore,

an American Federation of Labor agricultural union met with as violent opposition from the growers and their small-town officials as did the Communists. In one year there occurred a total of 37 strikes involving 47,000 workers. Their inevitable accompaniment—whether they were communist-led or otherwise—was vigilante and official terrorism, involving bloodshed and murder, the jailing of organizers. State and Federal investigators, including General Pelham Glassford, representing the Department of Labor, were themselves threatened with violence. In the matter of civil rights, the Imperial Valley, like Logan County, West Virginia, can scarcely be considered a part of the United States. The result of all this has been the growth of a bitter and belligerent State-wide farmers' organization, dominated by the big growers and closely allied with the American Legion.

This agricultural situation, in a State in which agriculture is a dominant industry, has probably done more to intensify and solidify "anti-red" sentiment (which includes in its scope everything from the Third International to the remnants of the Brain Trust) than any other single factor. With the Sinclair Epic movement getting under way—though no one foresaw as yet the victory of the primaries—and the neo-technocratic Utopians making such amazing conquests in the south, it seemed obvious that the lower middle-classes which dominate Southern California were also slipping into subversive habits of thought. The red-baiting organizations, particularly that hardy perennial, the Better America Federation, took on new life. The American Legion, in co-operation with the Hearst newspapers, began an intensive "educational campaign"—that is, more intensive than usual—against "communism and other forms of radicalism." Unless one has lived in Cali-

fornia it is difficult to understand what this means. There are five Hearst newspapers in the State, of wide circulation. While the average Californian has as few illusions as the average New Yorker about Mr. Hearst, few people are immune to constant daily suggestion.

The more intelligent and sophisticated conservative is not, as a rule, taken in by this sort of thing, even though he may profit by it. San Francisco in particular has a large proportion of these—intelligent, cultured, well-informed persons who attend lectures on "the Russian experiment," contribute to open forums and schools of social research, who buy the books of Mr. Strachey and even, occasionally, read the *New Republic*. There are members of the Industrial Association, the large-employer organization *par excellence*, who consider themselves Progressives—in the Theodore, rather than the Franklin Delano tradition. But while they undoubtedly discounted privately the more rabid diatribes of the Legion and the Hearst editorials, they too when the general strike broke heard, or pretended to hear, the clattering of the tumbrels. Much water has flowed under our political bridges since 1912, and a class that has its back to the wall cannot afford to be too broad-minded.

It would be foolish to assume that a strike in 1934, when so many people have so little to lose, carried no more radical implications than a strike of ten years ago. Nevertheless, it should have been obvious to anyone, except perhaps a few palpitating upper-class ladies who had begun to flutter about the fringes of the Class Struggle, that there was no revolution. Some of the ablest of the waterfront leaders were communistic in sympathy—though not in membership. But the rank and file of these unions were fighting for definite, immediate ends, and their leaders

were realistic enough to know it. The answer to their militancy of spirit made obvious what a really revolutionary labor movement in the United States will have to face.

The strike focussed all those fears and antagonisms which had been gathering momentum for more than a year and which bloom so prolifically in any period of disintegration. Here, it was felt, was a strike that was "more than a strike," whose leaders rejected the compromise proposals of the older officialdom and who were, therefore, "reds." The general strike, though received by the metropolitan public with complete lack of panic, was an indication that something startling had happened to American labor. (Most people have forgotten or have never heard of the events of 1877.) It served to release one of the most incredible campaigns of news distortion and incitement to patriotic violence in the history of modern journalism. This is a subject which has been covered before, notably in *Editor and Publisher*, and there is no need to review it here.

Case-stories of the "counter-revolution" which now followed have been chronicled long since in the liberal and radical press with varying degrees of accuracy. There was no need for exaggeration. The truth was quite bad enough. It included the raiding and smashing up of all radical headquarters, the beating up of radical "suspects," the arrest of hundreds of Communists or supposed Communists on charges of vagrancy or criminal syndicalism—not only in the strike area, but all through the State; night-riding, warnings to "leave town" tossed with bricks into the windows of respectable citizens, the rousing of men and women from their beds to herd them across a county line, the reduction of the splendid headquarters of a Finnish Co-operative to a shambles. It was an ironic fact that some of the worst out-

rages of the month should have occurred in the beautiful university town, the State's most intellectual community. Strike sympathizers of every shade felt the pressure of sullen hostility. It was like this, I imagine, in Rome in 1922, in Berlin in 1932.

Whatever the composition of the vigilantes (it varied with the character of the community) and the assistance they received from police or sheriffs, the mob spirit was fostered in the most respectable quarters. The newspaper campaign had behind it a gentleman's agreement which involved groups whose members would never themselves have soiled their hands with violence, though some of the younger and more stupid hot-heads met behind locked doors and talked of *coups* and of arming for defense. The role of the Legion was too obvious to need elaboration, and as the excitement continued sheafs of high-sounding resolutions, pledges to the flag, proffers of aid against the red menace emanated from the whole galaxy of American fraternalism. The Communists polled about 9000 votes in California. It would have been funny if one could not have seen in it the probable shadow of future alignments. Within two or three weeks the worst of the terror had died down and at least some of the participants began to be a little ashamed of their hysteria—especially after prominent liberals had protested vigorously. Many of the so-called vagrants were released. The principal agricultural strike leaders were held for "criminal syndicalism." At this point there occurred the gubernatorial primaries and the astonishing capture of the Democratic nomination by Upton Sinclair.

IV

When Upton Sinclair had announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomi-

nation and outlined his Epic Plan to end poverty in California just a year before, the radicals had expressed disgust or despair at this renewed evidence of his eternal naïveté and no one else paid very much attention. Six months later a thousand Epic Clubs had been organized and the movement had become a crusade in Southern California.

For sixty years American Socialists had been using the phrase "production for use instead of for profit," but their vote in California had never risen over 50,000. Now "production for use" became the slogan of more than half a million persons to many of whom the word socialism or communism had always been anathema. Though capitalism was the villain of the Epic as of the Socialist drama, the former involved no talk of "revolution" or "the class struggle." It envisaged a "new and self-sustaining world set up for those our present system cannot employ" and which would eventually crowd private capital off the stage. The details of the Epic Plan and the methods by which its candidate expected to finance it need not detain us. Any college sophomore could have shot it full of holes. But it was not on the basis of Epic's economic soundness that Sinclair was to poll 900,000 votes.

The membership of the Epic movement overlapped very considerably that of another Southern California phenomenon, the newly organized Utopian Society. The latter was a semi-secret fraternal rather than political movement, inspired largely by Technocracy, which had raged fiercely in Los Angeles, and by Bellamy's *Looking Backward*. It was a revival of the Nationalism of the '90s. It too talked of "production for use" and by the summer of 1934 it had half a million members in Los Angeles County alone. Such growth as this could occur only in the benignant sunshine of South-

ern California. The Townsend Plan, which came along a little later, made the same amazing strides; but as this was merely an old-age pension plan of fantastic proportions it is hardly a part of the picture.

Religious cults have always flourished prodigiously in Los Angeles and now, after five years of deepening depression, social and economic cults were taking their place. Its transplanted populations were always people without an inherent sense of security, self-made people for the most part, equally resentful against Wall Street or "the unions" and who felt themselves menaced by both. The spectacular development of Southern California was largely a spurious thing. Its economic life had become top-heavy with the "service-professions," particularly salesmanship. Most of its population rented, loaned money, or sold things to other people. As a consequence, few sections of the country have been so hard hit by the depression. And to complicate matters, the region has become since the depression the Mecca of the broken, the dispossessed, the frustrated of the nation. They arrive on foot, in freight trains, in rickety Fords. At least—so they think—one cannot freeze in California. Last year's drought started a pilgrimage of penniless Mid-South farmers into the State. Seventy per cent of California's relief load lies in the southern end of the State. In Los Angeles, one person out of every four is on relief. Pie in the sky no longer interests them. They want bread and butter now. The Epic Plan was couched in language they could understand. It hit none of their inherent prejudices. It proposed to use the Democratic Party as its vehicle and capitalized on the promises of the New Deal.

It was fortunate for California, and perhaps for the United States, that it was an Upton Sinclair and not a

Huey Long who arose at this moment. Much of the popular support behind Sinclair in Southern California and in the country districts was similar in character to that which has formed the mass base for fascist movements abroad, the desperate lower middle-class, the farmers, the unorganized white-collar workers. It was not until after the primaries that organized labor—outside of Los Angeles where it is weak—showed much enthusiasm. Faced with a choice between Acting Governor Merriam and Sinclair, labor, the liberals, and most of the radicals lined up behind the latter. The Epic Plan was no longer the issue so far as they were concerned. Faced with the same choice, the "progressive" Democrats and Republicans lined up with the conservatives to "save the State from Sinclair."

Probably never in the history of American politics has there been a campaign more shameless and more enlightening. The fear and fury aroused by the general strike were revived and directed at the Democratic candidate. That business should feel itself vitally threatened by the Epic Plan was natural. That Sinclair, without a friendly legislature—and even with it—could never have put the Epic Plan into operation was obvious even to many of his enthusiastic supporters. The most he might have accomplished was the extension of the FERA production program, the increase of old-age pensions, the enactment of additional social legislation. The actual danger did not lie in this direction, from the industrialist point of view. It lay in having a pro-labor governor in a period of economic conflict such as the State had just passed through. It was to prevent this that Sinclair was pictured as an Anarchist, a free-lover, an agent of Moscow, a Communist, an anti-Christ; and it was to prevent this that it was seriously proposed to disenfranchise a

large section of the unemployed in Los Angeles County. (All of this while the Communists were bitterly denouncing him as a Social Fascist!) Naturally, every line he had ever written about the Church, private property, the press, and the family was torn from its context and blazoned on billboards. The movie industry did more than its bit in the great crusade by threatening to move out of the State if Sinclair were elected and by collecting campaign funds from its employees.

Unquestionably the attack from the religious angle lost Sinclair thousands of votes in Southern California, though probably two-thirds of the ministers in the State voted for him. On the other hand, the nature of the campaign prompted thousands—including newspaper men, college professors, teachers, doctors, lawyers, even a number of Democratic Legionnaires, to vote for him. As one brilliant economist put it, "At this election, I must either hold my nose or cross my fingers." Most of the intellectuals preferred to cross their fingers.

For a candidate without a campaign fund, without paid workers, without the support of a single newspaper, and with every influential element in the State aligned against him to have

polled 900,000 votes, is probably something of a miracle. The vote was not a tribute to the Epic Plan. It was rather a tribute to the stupidity of California Bourbonism. It was a protest against everything for which the Acting Governor had come to stand in the minds of the unemployed, the harried "little men" not yet on the relief rolls, organized labor, the intellectuals, even the small farmers. Probably a more clear-cut radical with a more consistent and effective program could never have polled it, because he would have been able to promise less for the immediate future. But the more clear-cut radicals could learn something from the Sinclair showing. That is, that the lower middle-class is not the inevitable ally of reaction and that the American worker will really listen if they will only talk his language.

To-day the California progressives who united with the conservatives to "save the State" are engaged upon the task of trying to impress upon the latter the "lesson" of the Sinclair vote. A Republican New Deal in California is being called for. It is a situation which should be watched with interest throughout the country, because the effort will undoubtedly carry its own lesson.



AN EXCUSE FOR UNIVERSITIES

BY GERALD W. JOHNSON

IT SEEMS to be unanimously agreed that an American doctorate of philosophy isn't worth what it costs—that is to say, it isn't worth so much to the recipient. At least half the cost of manufacturing a Ph.D. is borne by society, either through direct taxation or through endowments. Is this a sufficiently large proportion or should a still greater share be borne by society? Upon the answer to this question perhaps hangs the fate of the privately endowed institutions of learning in this country.

That they are in a bad way is perfectly evident. When such institutions as the University of Pennsylvania, Penn State, and Temple University all apply for State aid practically simultaneously; when Princeton cuts salaries; when Johns Hopkins throws overboard its Institute of Law; when even plethoric Harvard begins to wonder audibly if income from endowment is going to be sufficient to cover expenses, it is obvious that evil days have overtaken the institutions. The explanation is that it's smart to be thrifty now, and the smart boys who go shopping for Ph.D.'s seek them in the cheapest market, which is not the privately endowed universities. In a number of these the student is charged something like half as much as it costs to educate him, whereas in most publicly supported schools the proportion paid by the student is nowhere near half.

If this seems to indicate that the modern graduate student is an appall-

ingly cheap skate, let it be taken into consideration that when he gets his degree he hasn't anything of much monetary value. There are exceptions of course; but it is true as a general rule that a doctorate of philosophy is of value only to a man who proposes to become a teacher or a research worker. There has never been much money in teaching, and there has rarely been any at all in research work; but until recent years there has been a modest living in both. To-day that is no longer true. It is hard for the Ph.D. to find any sort of job as teacher or scientific investigator—so hard, that in 1934 at least one university president advised a class of newly created doctors of philosophy to seek jobs with the Civilian Conservation Corps. From the strictly business point of view, therefore, it is sensible for the student to get his degree with the smallest possible expenditure, which means that he should get it from a publicly supported institution, where the public will pay the larger part of the bill.

And why not? If the economic value of a scientist accrues rather to society than to the individual scientist, is it any more than fair that society should pay the larger part of the cost of making a scientist? At any rate this is just what is happening. The graduate schools of all universities have been somewhat thinned since the beginning of the depression, but those of the privately endowed institutions

have been decimated to such an extent that in many cases the income of the university is seriously impaired. Public institutions have been hit too, but their damage is usually less serious because they never leaned so heavily upon student fees for their support.

Furthermore, as regards the future, public institutions may always hope for relief through the taxing power. No such prospect opens before the privately endowed schools. If higher education is to become to an even larger extent a charge upon the public, the one way in which the private institutions may hope to remain in the competition at all is by increasing their endowments. One university president stated recently that in order to maintain his institution at its present level without student fees, he would have to increase his endowment by twenty million dollars. Five years ago this would have been a large, but by no means a hopeless undertaking; because five years ago few rich men really believed that the end of their particular world was at hand. To-day few of them believe anything else. Five years ago, parting with a million or two was not unthinkable to a man who had five or ten, because he then held to the comforting doctrine that there was plenty more where his came from. To-day there is much evidence that the era of great accumulations is definitely closed so far as this country is concerned. The obvious deduction is that the wise man will hang on to what he has since his chances of replacing it are dwindling; so the very wealthy are clutching their purse-strings frantically, not because they have suddenly turned stingy, but because they are terrified. He is an optimist indeed who thinks that the privately endowed universities have much to hope from the immensely wealthy in the immediate future.

There is one other source from

which endowments, theoretically, might come. This is the man of moderate means, the man who hasn't a million to give, but who might put up from ten to a hundred thousand. These people, as a general rule, are not nearly so panicky as the very rich. Not having so far to fall, they are not so much affected by giddiness—perhaps too they can see more clearly what is actually happening on the ground and, therefore, are less impressed by the undermining operations.

However, if they are to put up enough money to maintain the privately endowed universities as we have known them, enormous numbers of them must take part. If the university president mentioned above is to get his endowment from the ten-thousand-dollar boys, he must discover no less than two thousand of them. That is to say, any adequate effort in the universities' behalf must take on the semblance of a popular movement of considerable proportions, a movement that demands sacrifices of large numbers of people.

II

And this inevitably raises the question, are the universities worth any such effort? Of course they have been worth it in the past, but that isn't the question. Are they worth strong popular support now, and are they likely to continue to be worth it in the predictable future?

There is not a doubt that Mark Hopkins was a valuable man, but he's dead. So are Witherspoon, Gilman, Woodrow Wilson, Eliot. Granting that John Harvard, Elihu Yale, Thomas Jefferson, Ezra Cornell, Johns Hopkins served their generations magnificently, it does not necessarily follow that a similar service now would be a similar boon to this generation. For to-day the State is interested in higher education. When Harvard

and Yale made their gifts it was private education or none in this country. Even as late as 1876, when the Johns Hopkins University was founded, although there were many excellent American colleges, there was no American university in the sense in which that term is understood in Europe—that is, there was no institution devoted primarily to original investigation and the training of investigators.

To-day the situation is altogether different. There are many graduate schools doing this sort of work with a high degree of competence. Some excellent ones are connected with State universities. In addition, there are several institutes devoted exclusively to the extension of knowledge and not concerning themselves with teaching, in the formal sense, at all. If, then, the State is in position to carry on the pedagogical part of the work at small expense to the student, and the institutes are capable of carrying forward research work, where is there room for the privately endowed university? Especially, what is the excuse for increasing its endowment to the point at which it can offer training to the student at approximately the rates made by the State institutions? Would it not be the part of wisdom to have the existing institutions taken over by the State?

They are, in point of fact, already public property. The endowments which constitute their wealth cannot legally be converted to the use of any individual. The money derived from their stocks and bonds, their lands and houses, is in the form of rent and interest, which is to say, a claim on the income derived from the use of property and the employment of labor. Well, taxes likewise are a claim on the income derived from the use of property and the employment of labor. Whether an institution is supported by the income from an endowment or

by an appropriation from the State treasury it is supported by society. Organized society, under the name of the State, is already managing some; why not let it take over the rest and cease from worrying philanthropists for further endowments?

This is a question that those who believe in the privately endowed university cannot ignore forever. A blatant assertion that the endowed university is better than the State-supported one is simply idiotic. In what way is it better? To what extent is it better? Who says it is better? In one way at least it is clearly inferior to the State school. This is in the extent of its direct influence on the population. Graduate schools supported in whole or in part by taxation accommodate far more students to-day than do the privately endowed ones. The larger part of the job is now being done by the State schools, and the assertion that it is also the worse part would take a great deal of proving.

There is no financial argument whatever in favor of the private institution. It is true that political control has resulted in scandalous mismanagement of the funds of some State universities; but for every such instance it would be easy to cite a case in which the funds of endowed schools have been equally mismanaged.

As for the ability of the State in the field of pedagogy, that was established long years ago in the elementary schools. The American public school is, Heaven knows, a long way from the ideal; but it does, in tolerable fashion, a job which private schools never attempted and which no rational man believes they could possibly perform. Even the Catholic parochial school system, the only considerable rival of the public schools, is frankly designed to serve the needs of one communion including about fifteen per cent of the population.

As to the capacity of the State to further research work, one need not mention State universities at all. The case could be abundantly proved in them, but it is proved beforehand by a moment's consideration of the investigations made in Washington by such organizations as the Bureau of Standards, the Coast and Geodetic Survey, the National Museum, the Smithsonian Institution, and the Library of Congress. There isn't a university in the world, endowed or tax-supported, in which the work of United States government scientists is not accepted and used.

As for the contention that political control is, and of necessity must be, ruinous to the best work of a university, that must be accepted. Any doubts on the subject may be resolved by consideration of the state of Princeton when the quarrels of Wilson and Dean West were rending it asunder, of the narrowness of Harvard's escape when she at first rejected the appointment to the faculty of a young professor named Charles W. Eliot, of Vanderbilt's condition during the long battle between the trustees and the bishops. But it happens that none of these is a tax-supported university. Politics is, indeed, poisonous to an institution of higher learning, but politics is not confined to the Democratic and Republican parties—not by a great deal. And politics in an endowed university is frequently of a sort that would scandalize Tammany. On the other hand, more than one State university has pursued its way for years without the slightest interference from professional politicians.

There is, however, one argument in favor of the endowed university which supporters of the State system have never yet answered; but, unfortunately, it is an argument which embarrasses some of the private institutions more than it does their opponents.

This is the argument that the privately endowed university is the natural haven of refuge for the born hell-raiser.

To put it in more decorous terms, the State school, like the church school, suffers one irremediable handicap which may be negligible on the lower levels of education, but becomes serious in the extreme in the higher branches. This is irrevocable commitment to a particular point of view.

The State university may be free in every other direction, but by the very conditions of its existence it is pledged to support the State. In practice this means not support of a theoretical State, but support of the political institutions then and there existing, and of the communal *mores* that have produced the institutions. The rule may be proved by the exception. In 1925 Dr. Harry Woodburn Chase, then President of the University of North Carolina, shot suddenly into national fame because, although president of a tax-supported institution, he had the nerve to go before the Legislature and denounce a bill favored by a large number of members. In fact, he not only denounced but defeated it. The bill in question was one of the imbecile "monkey laws" which raged like a pestilence through the country at that time, forbidding the teaching of the hypothesis of organic evolution in tax-supported schools. It was such a statute that brought about, a few months later, the incredible farce of the Scopes trial in Tennessee. President Chase managed to save his institution from the affliction; but the feat, and especially the fact that he was daring enough to attempt it, aroused country-wide astonishment at the time.

But were the State university never subjected to the impact of mass hysteria, it would still be committed to support of the State. Even as bold an official as President Chase might

well hesitate to tolerate forthright, frontal assaults on the organization that pays the university's bills and that holds power of life and death over it. Any President who did so would be risking the very existence of the institution in his charge; and a man may be indifferent to his own fate and yet loath to subject his university to bombardment by maintaining in office a professor whose views outrage the voters.

One has only to glance about the world though to realize that men of the very first rank intellectually are frequently, indeed commonly, unconventional in their views about some phase of life in this republic. The communism of Albert Einstein, for example, has nothing to do with his ability as a mathematician, but it would certainly make him *persona non grata* in the average State University simply because as soon as he appeared as a member of the faculty, the air, in the elegant and expressive phrase of General Johnson, would be filled with dead cats. The feline missiles might or might not hit the professor; but they would certainly hit the university. The taxpayers of New Jersey, however, do not support the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton; hence they have no very obvious ground for complaining of the political views of any member of its faculty.

To be sure, boards of trustees of privately endowed universities have been known to rise in a fury matching the worst hysteria of the populace. The history of higher education in America records the names of many professors sacrificed to the prejudices of a board of stuffed shirts. But it is self-evident that the chances of placating half a dozen infuriated board members and inducing them to see reason are better than the chances of doing as much with half a million infuriated voters.

III

I do not confess to any sympathy with the communistic views of Professor Einstein. I do not share the radical views of Prof. Scott Nearing or the moralistic views of Prof. Bertrand Russell or the sociological implications drawn from his psychological observations by Prof. John B. Watson. I cherish some doubt even as to the juridical philosophy of Prof. Felix Frankfurter. But whether these men are right or wrong is beside the point. Each of them is possessed of a powerful, restless, and inquisitive mind. Each of them works habitually on the outer confines of knowledge, seeking constantly to discover a path through the all-surrounding darkness. Each of them, in one way or another, has, at one time or another, pushed back the shadows a little. Hence it is to the interest of civilization that each of them continue to work.

What passes the comprehension of the ordinary layman is the fact that the greatest investigators in the world are now, and always have been, generally wrong, even in their own fields. Such a man as Pavlov, for example, is right only occasionally and at long intervals. The percentage of his experiments that have worked out as he expected is extremely small; the vast bulk of all his life's labor has gone for nothing except to prove that he started in the wrong direction. But what of it? In exploring it is of the utmost importance to learn what path not to take. When a series of Pavlov's experiments has proved definitely and conclusively that one of his theories is wrong, that may be just as important as another series proving that another theory is right.

More than that, common experience supports the belief that one of the rarest things in the world is a first-rate intelligence that is equally great in all fields.

The usual impression, based on observation, is that prodigious effort in one direction—the sort of effort requisite to great achievement—frequently seems to sap the intellectual energies until in other directions intelligence hardly operates at all. The absent-minded professor of the comic papers is not altogether a fantasy. But if a man is a really great bio-chemist, what does it matter if he is a rotten economist? If a man is a swell archaeologist, who except his wife need care if he cherishes dizzy ideas about sexual morality? If a man has learned and recorded more than any other human being ever learned about Mayan civilization, surely we can forgive him for being unaware that the Democratic party

is the true embodiment
Of everything that's excellent,

and even tolerate his expression of a contrary opinion—unless indeed the Democratic party has been the champion of his university, in which case a caucus is indicated.

But, it may be asked, granting that these odd fish serve a certain purpose in extending the bounds of knowledge, why is it necessary or desirable to incorporate them in university faculties? Why not segregate them in institutes devoted to research exclusively?

A great many are so incarcerated in America. But this scheme leaves out of account the hereditary nature of the Republic of Letters. It is only a conventionality that dubs it a republic, for it is in reality dynastic in its nature. There are some scholars who have never had a great teacher; but they are rare indeed. Ordinarily, every new Giotto is the pupil of a Cimabue, every new Paul has sat at the feet of a Gamaliel, every new Plato derives directly from a Socrates. It may be argued plausibly that what we

need to instruct an undergraduate is a safe and sound man; but what it takes to inspire a graduate student to do original work is a highly original teacher, which usually means a very unsafe and unsound man.

The function of a university—the function in which it differs from an institute—is not merely to make original investigations, but to train new investigators to take over the work and carry it on, perhaps in a research institute. The most strikingly original scientist on earth is really original only in a tiny fraction of his mental activities. The graphic arts, music, literature, even architecture in the degree to which it is an art rather than a science, were never, any of them, half so dependent on the work done in the past as, say, mathematical physics, which seems at this moment to be the most daringly original of all the sciences. W. F. G. Swann's *The Architecture of the Universe* for example seems to be a long way from Euclid, but it is easier to trace the later from the earlier scholar than it is to trace Hindemith from Bach or Brancusi from Praxiteles. Thus if it were thinkable that the line of scholarship could be broken, even for a generation, the result to science would be disastrous. The distinctive feature of the university, as compared to the research institute or the research laboratories maintained by many great commercial houses is that it preserves this line.

The question is whether men whose long training in scientific skepticism leads them into skepticism about our political institutions and our social code are to be debarred from participation in the work of stimulating the rising generation of scientists. Their presence in a State university is of doubtful propriety, even in theory, and in practice leads continually to uproars that embarrass all concerned.

But the endowed school, being less directly exposed to popular resentment, can use them with relative safety.

Incidentally, while the question now turns on professorial radicalism, the argument holds good in either direction. The time may be not far distant when the privately endowed university may become the one sanctuary in which we shall be able to preserve some of our grandest old reactionaries. Anyone who is familiar with the *genus* in its native habitat must smile at the prevailing notion that the typical professor is a radical. The only thing reasonably sure about a man with an alert and powerful intelligence trained in the scientific method is that he will not be a conformist; but the direction that his nonconformity will take is far from sure. For every Socialist in the academic shades it would probably be easy to find two men who denounce universal suffrage, even manhood suffrage, with great heartiness; and for every Communist professor it would probably be possible to produce at least one who is a monarchist at heart. If the present socialistic trend in popular feeling continues, who dare say positively that the State universities may not ere long be ejecting men caught teaching the doctrines of the Republican party? And then where shall they go if there are no endowed schools left? Yet no man who has been honored by the acquaintance of a really fine specimen can doubt that the influence of these barnacled old crustaceans may be very good for ebullient youth.

In brief, the endowed university, by the very fact of its being privately endowed, is in position to enrich our intellectual life by harboring men whose ideas are valuable but a little too hot for the publicly supported institution to handle safely and comfortably. This enrichment is unquestionably of great value to society,

perhaps valuable enough to justify doubling the present endowment of such institutions to enable them to continue their work, even if students continue to be few.

But if the privately endowed schools fail to offer this enrichment, is there any particular reason why they should be maintained? If such a university cannot offer as an excuse for existence a strong belief in and a rigid adherence to academic freedom, what other excuse is there for it to offer? If its faculty does not include some men of originality—which necessarily means some very odd fish—it is nothing but an expensive, and to that extent inefficient, competitor of the state schools. Academic freedom is not merely a theory to which the privately endowed universities should give assent; since the creation of the great State universities it has become the principal, if not the only, excuse for their continued existence.

Some of them have been canny enough to see the point. Although Frankfurter was roundly denounced for defending Sacco and Vanzetti he was not kicked out of Harvard for it. Mitchell has not been fired from Johns Hopkins for running for Governor of Maryland on the Socialist ticket. Columbia declined to bounce Nicholas Murray Butler for raving against prohibition even while it was the law of the land. I have heard of universities that turned a deaf ear to tales of how, after a particularly cheery party, some learned doctor had been put to bed much the worse for wear; and there is credible authority for the story that one institution refused to dismiss an able man although, maddened by a long series of petty irritations, he gave his wife a shellacking that woke the whole neighborhood. In fact I have been told that he was later promoted from assistant to associate professor.

However, it is not the moral, but the intellectual eccentricities of professors that start the trouble. It is hard to recall a single instance of legislative assault on a State university because one of its professors was discovered to be drunken; but anyone can recall many instances of such assaults because one of the professors was discovered to be socialistic. One incautious remark by a professor in a State school may result in a drastic reduction of the maintenance appropriation; but such a lapse cannot reduce the income from endowment of the private school.

Yet who has not heard alumni, and even trustees, of endowed universities lamenting the presence in the faculty of men who profess unpopular opinions? The fact that the maintenance of such men is the principal excuse for preserving the privately endowed schools is completely incomprehensible as far as the true conformist is concerned.

But it is an excuse and until the day when we accept the Hitlerian ideal of the completely regimented nation it will continue to be an adequate excuse.

WHISTLE

BY FRANCES FROST

O MIND, come back! Cease running the rusty fields
Hunting the rabbits of thought like a lonely hound—
They have blown like puff-balls into the scarlet sumac,
They have vanished like smoke, they are panting in secret ground.

*Come back, come back! You must not chase them now;
Turn in the wind and come limping home to my whistle!
Gnaw on your peaceful bone, forget the hillsides
Tossed into wildness, the quarry lost in thistle,*

*And drowse by the fire, nor twitch your paws in dream;
Come back and be content with my mirthless laughter. . . .
It bayed through the golden grass and would not listen,
It would not return but called the taut heart after!*

The Lion's Mouth



VERY SAD SONNET

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

When as I count the many years I've risen
 And bathed and brushed my teeth and
 shaved and dressed,
 How many years within this earthly prison
 I've slaved and toiled, how many years,
 oppressed
 By social obligations, borne the numbing
 Persistency of transcendental bores,
 How many years I've bothered with the
 plumbing,
 The window-screens and countless
 household chores,
 How many years, with problems to un-
 ravel,
 I've faced all kinds of sorrow, pain, and
 care—
 The income tax return, the ills of travel,
 The awful doubt of what one ought to
 wear—
 Oh, then I think, befogged with dark mis-
 giving,
 How much I would have saved by never
 living!



RUGGED COLLECTIVISM

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

IT HAPPENS that I am shamefully fond
 of controversy; so fond of it that I
 do not care greatly which side I am on
 so long as it is the opposite side. One
 would suppose then that in these days

of social, political, and economic upset
 I could live very happily. But the
 truth of it is that the other fellow's
 axioms are destroying all my pleasure.
 I want to treat them as hypotheses,
 and he will not let me. Often he
 opens debate with an untruth, "You
 know as well as I do . . ." Since I do
 not know it as well as he does I can-
 not argue; I can only contradict, and
 that is a bad beginning.

Furthermore, my next step must be
 to question his axiom, which means
 that our argument has turned sour al-
 most from the moment of its serving.
 For a man's loyalty to his axioms is so
 great that emotion replaces logic when
 they are attacked. If he is a scientist
 he views me with pity, since evidently
 I am not familiar with the elementary
 truths conceded by Science. If he is
 a moralist he views me with horror,
 since I am questioning Revelation.
 If the question is social or economic he
 views me with contempt, since I am
 plainly unaware of those simple truths
 which have long been acknowledged
 by the Best Minds.

That last is the worst of all, if the
 axiom happens to be a maxim or "old
 saw." I might question an elementary
 scientific assertion, and if my opponent
 be patient he will take time to prove
 the equation. The moralist may be
 imbued with missionary zeal plus op-
 timism. He has my soul to save. But
 if my opponent has opened debate by
 saying, "You know, just as well as I
 do, that honesty is the best policy" or
 that "competition is the life of trade"
 then we might as well stop. I may
 question Science or doubt the authen-

ticity of a gospel, but I must not contradict folklore. It is too portentous. I want to ask "Who said that first—a prophet or a poet?" But of course nobody knows, and I am obviously out of step with the human race.

Yet I must insist that a man gains self-respect every time he doubts old saws, even though he loses the respect of everyone else. Someone has called them the "crystallized common sense" of the race; but they are quite as likely to be its jelled ignorance. The great advantage of them in argument is that they may mean almost anything one wants them to mean, or else be too obscure to have any meaning, which makes them especially valuable. "It's a long lane that has no turning" may mean that even the longest lane must turn sooner or later, or it may mean that the lane which never turns seems very long indeed. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is disproved by every successful prospector. "Pride goeth before a fall" is misleading. It is pride that precedes and induces getting up. Perhaps one fault with such axioms is that there has been too much effort at condensation. One word in nine may have saved time, but truth has been overlooked in the process.

An axiom is an established fact, so obviously true that it needs no proof. Two of our most respectable and respected dictionaries say that it is "a self-evident fact"; but since I do not know what that means, I count it a poor definition. An axiom is always true; John Stuart Mill calls it a "generalization from observation." An hypothesis, on the other hand, may be true sometimes; wherefore the scientist begins to inquire about it, to see whether or not he can turn it into an axiom.

"Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other" is an axiom; but that "all men are created equal" is an hypothesis. That a straight

line is the shortest distance between two points is an axiom; but that a soft answer turneth away wrath is hypothetical.

The axioms of exact science save time and a lot of unnecessary reasoning. "In science," says Albert Edward Wiggam, "you can depend on what the other fellow tells you. You can add it to your own stock-in-trade; what is more, you can make it your starting point for new conquests of the unknown."

But the social sciences are not yet exact enough, or scientific enough, to have any axioms of their own. In morals or economics or politics or social problems every sincere reasoner has to begin at the beginning. This is a pity, because most of us consider ourselves keen thinkers in at least one of those fields; and yet we are so lazy mentally that we want to be spared as much preliminary thinking as possible. We like to start somewhere near the end and jump from there to a conclusion, pretending that we began with a "self-evident fact." We collect easily memorized axioms for this purpose, which makes us eager victims of any propagandist who skilfully coins them and utters them in a tone of finality.

The moralist is an adept at this business of floating spurious coin. He even makes religion his unconscious accomplice by turning all the old texts into axioms. "It is not good for man to live alone," used as the axiomatic foundation for an argument, has led many a good man astray. "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it" has been the axiomatic starting point for a line of reasoning that has blighted many lives. Just as the pure scientist does not question his axioms because he is assured that scientific authority supports them at all times and under all circumstances, so the

moralist begins with a text, his tone implying that to question it would be impious. As a seeker after truth he is seldom humble, so often is he sure that Omniscience is whispering in his ear or dictating to his pen.

The exact scientist is much more inclined toward hypotheses; so that when an Einstein attacks the root of his physics, or a Chamberlain upsets his nebular theory, he cheerfully begins to rebuild the whole structure of his reasoning from its very beginning. But when the axioms of the theologian are attacked, eight times out of ten he prefers not to listen. If a scholar suggests that "train up a child *according to his bent*" is a better translation from the original tongue, he is attacking a corner stone of the whole educational structure which was built by moralists. Better cling to the old axioms, and let well enough alone. Besides, the English of King James is more euphonious.

I myself do not object to the moralist. His conclusions are so utterly unprovable anyway that I am quite content to let him speak with a voice of authority. His sonorous guessing is as good as mine. Whether or not I shall believe him will be determined by emotion rather than reason, or else by the constituency of my blood corpuscles. Such convictions as I possess in the realm of morals are mine because I cannot help myself; in fact I should be much happier without some of them which my reason assures me are absurd.

But the greatest and most disturbing counterfeiters of them all are the social, political, and economic propagandists. Professors and lay-reasoners are equally bad, but each has his own way of sinning. For the professors would have us believe that psychology and sociology and economics are in truth sciences, each with its incontrovertible axioms support-

ing a body of exact knowledge. "Bad money drives out good" they asseverate. "Every effect must have a cause." "No child should ever be spanked," while we nod our heads and meekly jump after them. The lay-teachers, on the other hand, are playing with vocabularies that they have never mastered and inventing axioms to suit their own convenience, which by constant repetition they persuade us lazy-minded listeners to accept.

So it comes about that in this day when everyone should be joyously debating I find myself in a state of sullen rebellion. Word-combinations which other men put together are forever forcing me into positions against which my mind protests—when it is awake. For I know that when I accept axioms my mind is slumbering.

At this present moment of writing, my self-respect is making its last stand against the political slogan, that bogus equation which is dinned at me until sooner or later I shall accept it—if not as gospel, at least as an old saw. For a slogan is a spurious axiom, with half of the equation inferred. Its business is to make me avoid thought. "It floats" and "they are toasted" imply axioms that soap which floats is purer than soaps which do not, and that it is good for tobacco to be toasted. When the "full dinner pail" was tied up to the name of a political party thousands of men voted that ticket without stopping to question the implied axiom that a high-protective-tariff = food-for-all. Perhaps such statements are indeed axiomatic rather than hypothetical; certainly most of us would rather accept them and go on from there than to be forever bothered by the necessity of reasoning that far back. Besides they are said so often and remembered so easily that they must be true.

It is hard for me to forgive a certain great leader for happily tossing the

phrase "boloney dollar" into the midst of popular controversy. The equation was obvious and its meaning clear; doubtless thousands of lazy-minded folk seized upon it as an excuse for avoiding all effort to think behind it. They began there and went where it pointed. "Rugged individualism" is another. The complete equation may be stated positively or negatively. "Individuality equals ruggedness." "When one disappears so does the other." But how does anybody know? The Pilgrim fathers were collectivists; members of the Oneida Community were communists; the settlers of Utah and adjacent states were fascists; and all were painfully rugged.

If there are to be any axioms at the start of our argument I want to coin my own. I rather like the idea of "rugged collectivism" for instance. It suggests Athos and Porthos and Aramis—all for one and one for all. It is opposed to effete and effeminate individualism—men shyly scattered into their several corners with their thumbs in their mouths. The pioneers were always collectivists; they helped one another clear the forests and build houses.

I am prepared also to assert as axiomatic that "competition is the

death of trade." For I have seen three job-printers in a little town that might support one in comfort, all evidently believing in the gospel of competition and all virtually bankrupt, while other trade in the town suffered because they could not pay their bills. I have seen four churches in a village that could hardly support one, all pathetically competing for customers and all dead without knowing it. In every corner of the land I have seen colleges competing for students, to the spiritual as well as financial injury of them all.

I like also the axiom that "all men were created unequal." It suggests a lively, stimulating world, with men fighting to overcome their inequalities. If we all start on an equality, what's the use of going anywhere? There is no one to try to catch up to. It also seems to me axiomatic that "practice makes us more and more imperfect," because it pushes our standard of perfection farther and farther away from us.

So I intend to start debate with any axiom I please, and the fresher the better. If it is challenged I can have the fun of fighting for it. I am even prepared to begin with the axiom that one and one make three; because you know just as well as I do that there is sure to be a baby.



Editor's Easy Chair

MINDS IN TRAVAIL

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

AT THE convention of the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools on the last day of November, Dr. Conant, the distinguished chemist who is now President of Harvard University, opposed in an address the theory that "It is good for a student to work his way through college." He would not make the student's four-year course too easy but he wanted scholarships enough to allow a promising student to complete his higher education, without luxury to be sure, but without privation. He would not have the time and strength of such students diverted to work done for their living outside of that study. He would have promising material assisted in training for medicine, for law, for business, for government bureaus. He would have fewer students and abler in colleges. The present selection of one out of four high-school graduates to enter college did not seem to him to be working well; less than one in four might be better he thought if wisely chosen. President Lowell seemed to have these same ideas in his mind when in the closing months of his administration he made provision for Junior Fellows of selected students who should go on with selected studies after graduation.

Dr. Conant seemed to be looking ahead and thinking about the government of the United States as it is in

prospect. If it is to prosper it must be in competent hands, and Dr. Conant would have the institution he represents do its part in producing such persons. Good lawyers, good doctors, good business-men, and especially the permanent officers of government, all help to govern the country. They have the power that goes with knowledge, the power that belongs to practiced skill. Every competent man, every competent woman has such power. In some cases there is added to it the power of money, and that too may be of vast importance.

Dr. Conant's suggestions were good. One can find no fault with them as far as they go; but in so far as he fails to get what he calls for there are some thoughts that may make for consolation. For not all knowledge, not all wisdom, is college taught. There are so many colleges so-called in this country now that a likely youth may have hard work to escape them altogether; but in the past some of the most valuable minds have done so and in the future that may continue to be the case. Henry Ford never went to college. Of course he missed something, yes, a good deal, but he escaped the limitations of organized knowledge. He did not know and does not now know what is impossible, and in that ignorance he is likely to go ahead and do it.

Another such uneducated person was Edison. He worked out what was in him. One reads that he took counsel with book-taught and laboratory-trained electricians when he wanted something done that they could do; but he was himself a great seeker after light and he got it.

The Wright Brothers, who were the foremost contributors to flight, did not get beyond high school, and it has been said of them that they succeeded because they did not know that what they tried to do was impossible. All these men though brought their ideas to a world that was ready for them. They could not have made them effective except for accumulated knowledge. They had access to what was known that could help them. Of course they were specialists.

Probably no great discovery can flourish until its world is ready. Friar Bacon knew more than his world allowed to be known. So did many many others, pioneers of history, curbed and often killed in the supposed interest of the politics or the religion of their day. But great talent will burst through all obstacles. Newton, whose mother tried to make a farmer out of him, was found by his uncle reading mathematics under a hedge and sent to Cambridge to study, apparently because he seemed not fitted for anything else. Milton was university-taught, but Shakespeare, who was a disorderly character, never went to college. One may say truly enough the list can be continued indefinitely. Daniel Webster and Edward Everett do not belong in it but Lincoln does. College teaching was not so common even fifty years ago as it is now; but even now a college degree is not so indispensable a stamp on mental competence as it is apt to be considered. Lawyers and doctors as a rule must have it nowadays as a preliminary to the best instruction.

TAKE the case of Mr. Brisbane, who is a daily paragrapher in the Hearst newspapers and a copious contributor of discourse to their Sunday editions. He is a diligent instructor about all the things past or present or to come. Mr. Brisbane tells what has happened over night with remarks that one may accept or reject; but lately he has taken to putting out recapitulations of the contents of books from the library shelves which are often interesting both to young readers, who have never heard of them, and to older ones who have forgotten what they said. Mr. Brisbane himself, for fifty years a journalist, has not only been a lifelong reader but seems to have remembered what he read.

In his brief record in *Who's Who in America* he says his education was in the public schools and five or six years in Europe. However he got it, it was education of a sort, with vast mental energy and unceasing diligence behind it. Nobody is better than he in putting out morsels of knowledge which are adapted to the public taste. That is the office of a paragrapher, humble maybe, but useful if well done. Mr. Brisbane does part of it very well. He puts out recurring wails because we got into the Great War, wasted money in it (and for a fact we did waste a lot of money), and because we are slow to provide enough flying machines for our defense. He expounds to us again and again what a mistake our government makes in borrowing money by issuing interest-bearing bonds instead of just putting out greenbacks that bear no interest, and so on, and so on. And when other matters do not fill his column Mr. Brisbane has fallen into the habit of biting his thumb at England and complaining because Great Britain has not settled with us for moneys advanced in the Great War.

Well, free exposure of the mind by editorial writers in newspapers is de-

sirable whatever they say, and the exposure Mr. Brisbane makes is interesting in its way mainly because his mind is worth exploring. It will be recalled that the Mayor of Chicago, Big Bill Thompson, got credit among the mass of his admirers by threatening to pull the nose of King George. Mr. Brisbane has not done that, not quite, but he constantly emits little squeals at England. He feels, as said, that the United States made a great mistake in getting into the War. His feeling seems to be that when Germany forbade traverse on the Seven Seas to the United States the proper place for that country was under the bed. There are others who hold that opinion, and hold it now about current affairs. But, after all, the United States is a large country and the space under the bed would be a bit snug for it.

And about moneys that Great Britain owes us Mr. Brisbane's wails are frequent and shrill; yet no good business man would employ him as a collector. If you want to get money out of somebody who has had a good deal of it and may have some again and is used to courteous manners, you don't send a collector to say "Hi there you rascal! You ain't paid me!" That's about the tone of Brisbane's solicitations to the British treasury.

Well, Bill Thompson got a response for a while out of Chicago, and Brisbane may be getting some response from some quarters, but his attitude does not seem to engage as much sympathy as he might wish. The British organization does not advertise in the Hearst papers. Its paid advertisements seem to go to Mr. Rockefeller, Jr.; that is, it rents buildings from him and puts pictures on them.

Mr. Brisbane says that Japan understands England and what the English expect, and has sent it an order for forty million dollars' worth of something—steel probably. What he thinks

of Ambassador Bingham's remarks about co-operation with Great Britain, and of our government's cautious toleration of such sentiments does not appear at this writing; but one would say that American sentiment glides more in the direction of Ambassador Bingham than of Big Bill Thompson.

Mr. Brisbane's admirers can insist plausibly enough that he is an intelligent man, but he does not seem to know Destiny when he sees it. He is good, however, in a matter that one would not expect him to be good about, that is, he believes in a future life so-called and survival of personality. He is also quite willing to talk about it. And that, by the way, is something one does not learn in college, not yet. Communication with the unseen may presently become a course in physics. It is beginning to be dealt with in the theological seminaries, and it seems that it has been under investigation in Duke University; but in most colleges when it is done at all it is done on the side and does not count for a degree.

Better so probably.

WHO does the most harm in this world—the good people or the bad ones?

One of the strong points of the Bible is its candor in biography. It does not conceal the frailties of the characters it deals with. Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and their descendants abounded in faults. Abraham took readily to lies when they seemed expedient. Isaac's life was more tranquil; but Jacob, who was Israel, and the ancestor of the children of that name, was full of resources and unscrupulous in deceits. Still he was a thoroughly active character, unbeatable, and the ancestor of King David, descent from whom is very highly valued—another strong-going man, a great captain but guilty of

monstrous sins, as the Prophet Nathan pointed out to him.

In general society in these times and for some time past morals of sex are rated very high, possibly too high, though they are important. The Great Catherine of Russia, who had none, was a great liberal ruler who did good in her time. Religious fanatics, most of whom were rigid enough in concerns of gender, did enormous harm in imposing their beliefs on other people. Most of the people who put over Prohibition were exemplary in what we call "morals." A large proportion of the so-called Fathers of the country, including Hamilton and Franklin, were once described by Mrs. Atherton as having the morals of tom cats. Evidently, the trouble is not that morals make no difference, because true happiness in life and the raising of good families depend very largely on them, but that the unco guid have standards of right or wrong which won't altogether wash. The great element in human life is love, but it is by no means the most important element in Calvinism.

IN THE weekly publication of the British-Israel people so-called, who look to the reunion of all the Tribes of Israel including the Ten that got lost, there appear now and then messages from the United States setting forth the lively interest in this country in the Royal Family of England, giving alleged evidence about it, and suggesting that the American mind is ripening fast for co-operative life under a combination of the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack. The information so transmitted has been amusing for its optimism and has seemed far to exceed any actual basis of fact. Very few people in the

United States are imaginative enough to think of their country and the British Empire under the same government. But for the English Royal Family there is in these States really a surprising interest, and it is a fact that it is the only royal family in the world which continues to move the imagination of American observers.

The picture papers, which nowadays include almost all newspapers, need a royal family and an aristocracy in their business. They get along the best they can with the family in the White House and the Long Island Plutocrats and the show girls from Hollywood; but none of these exhibits is entirely satisfactory. Some of them pay a great deal of attention to the movie actresses' domestic infidelities. One may modestly inquire if there would be anything contrary to morals in the suggestion that divorce should go by baseball rules and three times should be out; no more divorce; go as you please after that?

The idea of so much formality in the dissolution of the marriage tie seems to need some modification. The Woman at the Well had had seven husbands, as our Lord told in his conversation with her, but that was regular enough in the course of Jewish law. In our codes there is no provision of that nature.

These very shifting girls who go from man to man may perhaps, without loss to moral standards, be excused from keeping a score card after their third "out." The associations, after the habit of change has become fixed, are not in any true sense marital.

The writer of two unsigned letters from Boston would oblige the Easy Chair by sending some address at which a letter would reach him.



Harpers *Magazine*

THE PRESIDENT'S TRIGGER MAN

BY DREW PEARSON AND ROBERT S. ALLEN

MANY times in the course of his variegated career has Big Jim Farley arched his ample bosom and proclaimed: "Boys, you got me wrong." Many times also have friends or enemies retreated from an encounter with Jim's rough-and-tumble politics, rubbing their bruises and admitting the same thing.

Al Smith was among the first to get Jim wrong. When he appointed him to a place on the New York Athletic Commission in 1924 he did so with the secret belief that Jim was just a small-town youngster from up-state—honest, well-intentioned but stupid. Al didn't know his Farley.

Farley was the third member on the Commission, the other two being William Muldoon, the late athletic promoter, and George F. Brower, who was chairman. Within a few brief months, however, Jim not only was doing all the talking for the Commission but had annexed the chairmanship.

This he executed in the best tradition of Tammany Hall. One Friday there was a meeting of the Commission at which were present only Messrs. Farley and Muldoon. When it adjourned the Commission had a new Chairman—Mr. Farley.

"We decided," Jim explained to the sports writers afterward, "that it would be wise to rotate the chairmanship."

Ex-chairman Brower expostulated vehemently. "It appears," he said, "that they took advantage of my absence. The regular meeting day of the Commission is Tuesday. Friday sessions are only informal unless I call a special meeting, and I called no such meeting."

But it was no use. In reply Big Jim assured newspapermen: "I have only the highest regard for Mr. Brower and the manner in which he discharged the duties of his office."

That was the last time the chairman-

ship rotated. Thereafter, as the question was raised each year, Jim explained to the press: "Boys, we've got a new rule now. We are not rotating the chairmanship any more."

And it was not until four days before he took the oath of office as Postmaster General of the United States that James Aloysius Farley relaxed his stranglehold on the Boxing Commission.

Another crowd which got Jim wrong was the little band of Democratic master-minds who raised the do-or-die banner over the brown derby of Al Smith. That was seven years after Al had given Jim his first important boost up the political ladder, and he should have known better. Jim, now risen to the eminence of New York State Democratic Chairman, had embarked on a dash across the country, ostensibly for the purpose of attending a national convention of his beloved Elks in Seattle, actually to launch the "Roosevelt for President" boom. In twenty days Farley covered nineteen States. He met, slapped on the back, exchanged stories with hundreds of State and local leaders, from governors and national committeemen to State chairmen and district captains. At the Elks' round-up, the famous B.P.O.E. greeting, "Hello, Bill," became "Hello, Jim." He was indefatigable and unquenchable. Everywhere and to everyone he spread the Messianic word, "There is magic in the name of Roosevelt."

Back in New York he opened a suitcase full of names, carefully noted from telephone books and district leaders, and for a month thereafter most of his time was spent in dictating personal letters to each and every one of them. Over seven thousand letters, each signed in green ink, went out to re-emphasize the fame of Franklin Roosevelt.

To diminutive John J. Raskob,

naïve "angel" of the rejuvenated Democratic National Committee, and to Jouett Shouse, pompous directing genius, Jim's traveling-salesman methods were highly amusing. They watched his tactics with disdainful smiles. "Just a walking delegate, an Elk at heart," was the word that they passed out from Committee Headquarters.

A year later, when their desperate "Stop Roosevelt" movement collapsed at the Chicago convention like a burst balloon, the anguished Smith-Raskob-Shouse coterie realized too late that it is the early "bird" with a heart of an Elk and a glad-hand mounted on ball-bearings who garners the delegates. Once again they had got Jim wrong.

In the two years since then that he has occupied the triple role of Postmaster General, Democratic National Chairman, and New York State Chairman on behalf of one of the deftest and most resourceful politicians ever to sit in the White House, many others have got Jim wrong.

Hardly a day passes that Jim is not denounced as a hard-boiled machine politician, a bungler and incompetent, a rapacious spoilsman and ruthless Civil Service wrecker, a cold-hearted miser of just rewards for deserving Democrats, a deep-dyed Tory, a devilous schemer, and an inordinate neglecter of his official duties as Postmaster General. Despite an occasional liberal speech—written by some ghost writer, and as strange to Jim's lips as liquor, which he never touches—Farley is no more a New Dealer than that honey-voiced adulator of big business, Daniel Calhoun Roper. That he is a devotee of that guiding Tammany tenet "To the victor belong the spoils" and that he has made "bulls" Jim would be the last to deny.

But, granting the truth of all these charges, critics still miss the real point regarding Jim and his function in the

Roosevelt machine. It is his job to do the political strong-arming, the political bumping off and the hi-jacking with which no President of the United States can afford to sully his hands.

Does Ed Flynn, shrewd Tammany czar of the Bronx, convince Roosevelt of the desirability of preventing the election of Fiorello LaGuardia as Mayor of New York, then it falls to the Presidential trigger man to bump off LaGuardia, launch the candidacy of a "Holy Joe" McKee, and take uncomplainingly on his bald pate the barrage of derision and cat-calls when the sordid scheme falls through.

Does Franklin Roosevelt, angered at Bronson Cutting's blunt-worded criticism of his veterans' policy, brush aside old personal ties and give the sign for the New Mexico Senator's decapitation, then it is up to Jim to operate the guillotine.

This does not mean that Jim found these and sundry other strong-arm jobs distasteful. Quite the opposite. He was of one mind with his close pal, Ed Flynn, in trying to torpedo LaGuardia.

And, while frankly admitting the great services rendered his chief by Senator Cutting in the 1932 campaign, Jim will always go to bat for any office-holder bearing the Democratic label no matter how mediocre or downright pusillanimous the latter may be, or how enlightened a statesman he may supplant. Therefore, he joyfully waged war on the Fusion mayoralty candidate in New York and the Progressive Republican senatorial nominee in New Mexico and put his whole heart and soul into it.

That he did so, however, is totally immaterial.

James Aloysius Farley never has professed to be other than what he is—a machine politician. What he has done, and will continue to do as long

as he is a member of the Roosevelt regime, has been done with the full cognizance and approval of the President. Jim is too wise a politician ever to stray very far from the home base. And every morning that he drives to work in the famous "top hat" limousine of his predecessor he stops at the White House for a breakfast conference with the chief.

A lot of people may still have Jim wrong. But it has become axiomatic with close observers of the New Deal that behind the hulking six-feet-two of James Aloysius stands the ever-present figure of Franklin Roosevelt.

The voice is the voice of Farley. The blame is heaped on the head of Farley. But the hand is the hand of the President.

II

Jim Farley is richly endowed by nature for the exalted, if sometimes bloody, role which he now occupies. He has an iron constitution, imperturbable good nature, a genius for making friends, and a highly mobile sense of consistency.

Seldom are two close friends more directly opposite in past background and present outlook than the President and his Trigger Man. While the youthful Franklin Delano Roosevelt, only son of a doting and aristocratic family, was being piloted through Groton, taken to Europe by a tutor in the summer, and subjected to the rigors of a Harvard education, young Jim was thrown on his own. At the age of eleven, his father, a saloon-keeper, was killed by a horse, and Jim started helping his mother support a large family. In the years that followed, Jim managed to get a little high-schooling and several night terms at a business college; but it was all sandwiched in between working in a brickyard, a shipyard, and his mother's corner grocery.

Even if Jim's educational opportunities had been greater, however, he never would have made the President's Brain Trust. He is not built that way. Erudition is not his line. Book learning, the intricacies of economics, finance, statecraft he leaves to others. When he has a speech to make there is always a ghost writer to do it. Jim's reading is confined to newspapers, although last year when he went abroad on vacation he did take with him several books, including an excellent economic history of the United States. Whether he found time to read them, however, neither Jim nor his conversation since has disclosed.

Only in one respect have the President and his Trigger Man anything in common. In persuasive geniality and ingratiating friendliness Jim rivals, perhaps surpasses, the President.

Probably Jim is the greatest layer-on-of-hands in American politics. No local political leader is too insignificant for him to neglect. A year after meeting him Jim will be able to slap him on the back, call him by his first name, and inquire after the wife and children. During the interval Jim will have written him half a dozen letters all in green ink and signed "Sincerely, Jim."

No one in the Administration, including Roosevelt, has as many personal friends among Washington newspapermen. His press conferences, always largely attended, are the most informal, frank, and good-natured in the Capital. Jim affects no pose and talks the newspaper language. He reads everything written about him and does not hesitate to take issue with anyone on any subject; but he does it with rare good humor.

"That," said Jim one day to a correspondent who had noted the effect of the ghost writer's absence on the Postmaster General's speeches, "is hitting below the belt."

"Jim," replied the correspondent, "your belt is so wide we can't tell where it begins or ends."

The name Farley is derived from the old English "ferly," meaning a "strange sight," a description which Jim does not entirely deserve except when he sits in his ornate new office of carved walnut panels, chewing gum with a rhythm matched only by the fountain which splashes in the courtyard outside. On the desk in front of him is a picture of the Postmaster General taken when he was only twenty-three years old, bearing the inscription: "Presented to Jim, himself, in memory of his hair, Franklin D. Roosevelt."

Jim has the stamina and physique of a stevedore and adorns them with no jewelry of any kind—not even an Elk's tooth. In the past four years he has subjected them to the strain of constant barnstorming, by train, automobile, and airplane—which he does not like—with no effects upon either his health or good nature. Jim neither drinks nor smokes, but hands out packages of chewing gum as the ordinary politician hands out cigars. In reply to a schoolboy, who wanted to know "What part chewing gum played in your success," Jim wrote:

"Dear John: I don't know whether gum played any part in my success, but I know it was not a retarding factor."

To this the boy wrote back:

"My assistant principal said chewing gum was a bad habit, that no gum-chewer could succeed. I read your letter in class."

The companionship of his own kind is a joyful and engrossing business. As a joiner Jim is surpassed only by the former Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis. He is of course a Knight of Columbus, also a Redman, and an Eagle. His real love, however, is the B.P.O.E.

Essentially Jim is a small-town boy running with a big-town gang. It is his proud boast that during the week he saves the newspapers from Rockland County and takes them home to read on Sunday. It was Rockland County and the Grassy Point ball team which first gave Jim his start in politics. "Stretch" Farley, twenty-one-year-old first baseman, became one of the baseball heroes of the town and cashed in on that popularity by being elected town clerk. For a Democrat and an untried youngster in a rock-ribbed Republican stronghold this was no small victory. Jim won it by methods tried and trusted in many political arenas. No voter in his district ever met him on the street without being hailed by his first name. No one, regardless of party, called upon Jim for a favor in vain. No christening, wedding, funeral, or public function was without Jim's towering hulk. As Postmaster General of the United States, Jim has not altered his technic. Statecraft remains consistently in the background. Jim once served a term in the legislature at Albany, and had the courage to vote for a State wet law, which cost him his seat at the next election. Since then he has carefully eschewed any political issue.

Jim rose to political eminence on a flood of free passes. His chairmanship of the boxing commission carried no salary, but when it came to rewarding his friends, Jim made the life of the fight-promoter one of constant anguish. For one big bout he passed out thirty thousand dollars' worth of free tickets, causing the late Tex Rickard to complain: "Jim, you give me back the 'Annie Oakleys' and I'll give you the fight."

Free passes for the boys has become a major passion with Jim. Arriving at the Chicago convention, after a barnstorming trip which netted him six hundred and sixty-six sure votes for

Roosevelt and a reasonably certain nomination, Jim was disconsolate. A friend found him pacing up and down a corridor in the rear of the convention hall and tried to console him.

"Things look kind of tough?" he asked.

"I'm in a bad spot," confessed Jim. "The boys from out in the States have flocked to town to see the show. They want tickets and there just aren't any. But I can't tell them that. I can't disappoint the boys. I don't know what to do."

III

Jim takes his spectacular rise in politics as a matter of course. But what he is really proud of is his business career. Drop one word to Jim about his record of economizing in the Post Office Department or about his organization of the New York building materials industry, and he will purr like a kitten. For deep in his heart Jim considers himself a business executive of rare gift and sagacity.

Gypsum, an essential ingredient in mixing plaster, was to Jim's business career what free passes were to his politics. Through it he rose to be king of New York's builders' suppliers. He began as a lowly salesman for the United States Gypsum Company, became manager of the Universal Gypsum Company, and finally blossomed forth with James A. Farley and Company, dealers in all forms of building materials. The hand that was so facile in winning votes was equally adept at selling gypsum. The building business seems to have an irresistible and profitable attraction for politicians, and many important builders found themselves buying Farley cement, Farley plaster, and Farley sand. Business prospered as politics prospered. The two seemed to go hand in hand. Finally, at about the time Jim captured the chairmanship

of the New York State Democratic National Committee he also found his company absorbing seven other building supply companies in New York City. The new concern bore the imposing name of General Builders Supply Corporation, James A. Farley president and chief owner.

To what extent the unvarying good fortune of General Builders Supply was dependent upon the increasing political prestige of its president is not a matter which is entered on its books. But it is not without significance that the company continued to do a comfortable business throughout the depression, despite the fact that the construction industry was one of the most stricken in the country. It may hurt Jim's feelings to note this, but even today, with the reins of General Builders Supply turned over to his brother-in-law, Harry Finnegan, the concern continues to prosper.

As administrator of the nation's postal system, Jim takes pride in the belief that he is setting a high-watermark for efficient service and actual profit. The oath of office was still warm on his lips when he announced his intention of taking his Department out of the red. In Cabinet meetings since then he points with pride to the profits made on special stamps sales.

"Why could not the Interior Department," he once suggested, "collect some loose change by charging for hunting licenses on the national domain?"

Farley's special stamp sales have made money. And he has turned out new issues commemorating Mothers' Day, the NRA, the National Parks, the Maryland and Wisconsin Tercentennials, and the Byrd Antarctic Expedition in such dazzling and multi-colored array that he had to enlarge his bureau for first issues. It is true that the stamp commemorating the Polish hero, General Kosciusko, aroused some re-

sentment from good German-American voters, who had to be appeased by promise of a special Graf Zeppelin issue; but by and large Jim's salesmanship was so good that he now sells imperfect stamps to collectors at a considerable premium.

Another lecture Jim once read to his Cabinet colleagues was on general postal efficiency. He pointed out that large numbers of erroneously addressed letters were being received by the Post Office from other government departments and asked for greater care in addressing envelopes. The President suggested that Jim prepare some figures on this, and a week later he appeared with his report. Jim read his figures obviously for the first time. As he neared the bottom he hesitated, blushed, finally blurted out the fact that his own Department had mis-addressed more mail than any other.

In order to balance his budget, Farley introduced a policy of ruthless and frenzied economy. Personnel was cut to the bone and worked to the limit. Deliveries were reduced. Public service, consideration for the welfare of tens of thousands of postal workers were subordinated to paring expenditures for the sole sake of realizing Jim's ambition. That his Department is a highly complex institution, including parasitical services such as franked official mail, less-than-cost services to newspapers and publications, together with ocean and air-mail subsidies, seemed entirely lost upon Jim. His eyes were glued to the balance sheets and the fact that during a century and a half a postal profit had been rarely shown. Finally, and with considerable bombast, Jim announced the glad tidings that his books had closed for the first year, showing a "surplus" of \$12,161,415.03.

But Jim's joy was short-lived. Not only did the news fail to reverberate across the first pages, but a partisan

backfire started. Republican snipers, poring over his figures, discovered a grave discrepancy. Instead of a surplus of \$12,000,000, they pointed gleefully to an actual deficit of \$52,000,000. Jim had excluded from his balance sheet the millions that are spent for franked mail and ocean- and air-mail subsidies. It was a piece of accounting legerdemain previously practiced under Hoover, but all the same it was embarrassing for Jim to explain it away.

Much more embarrassing, though less publicized, has been Farley's treatment of postal labor. While the President was urging private industry to increase wages, and while the National Labor Board led a militant campaign for labor's protection, Farley was engaged in getting himself branded as anything but a New Dealer. For the black figures on his ledger, paraded so proudly before the public, were squeezed out of the salaries of a vast army of underpaid clerks, carriers, and substitutes. And when Congress passed an act giving them a fixed minimum of fifteen dollars weekly, Farley induced the President to veto the bill.

What Jim did not realize was that even in the vast and almost automatic machinery of the postal service, the human element is important. And as a result of his treatment of postal labor the quality of its service retrograded as at no time in recent years.

IV

When James Aloysius Farley first came to Washington shortly before March 4, 1933, to act as Trigger Man for the new President, he brought with him a little card index of those who had contributed to the campaign, either in work or money. This file turned out to be the appointment bible of the new Administration, and became one of the most worn and

thumb-marked indexes in the country. It did not become thumb-marked, however, for some time—in fact, much too long a time for the job-seeking army of Senators and Representatives who sat gnashing their teeth in the Capitol even before Farley's arrival. Outside their doors every day were long lines of constituents, each claiming that he was almost solely responsible for the election of Franklin Roosevelt, and each claiming due reward. Congressmen were frantic. They could not even sneak out the rear door of their offices. Life was scarcely worth living. And they, in turn, made life equally harassing for James Aloysius Farley. In his big anteroom every morning half a hundred of them waited. When were the jobs to be passed out? Why all the delay? Why leave the country in the hands of Republicans?

Big Jim turned on his most ingratiating smile and said nothing. The fact was he was "taking the rap" for Roosevelt. Long before, it had been decided in high party councils that until the essential part of the Roosevelt legislative program was forced through Congress there should be no removal of the one and only threat a Congressman understands—a patronage boycott. So Jim Farley was told off to crack the whip. He did it in his blandest and most personable manner. But just to guide him in the future distribution of jobs, he started another little card index showing how each Congressman voted. If and when Roosevelt got his legislation, Jim made it absolutely clear, Congress would get its jobs.

In the end, of course, Jim took it on the chin both going and coming. Vituperation was heaped upon his head for withholding jobs and later vituperation was heaped upon his head for the type of men he placed in those jobs. The only difference was that the vituperation came from different direc-

tions. Jim took it philosophically in both cases, partly because his thick skin has become almost impervious to insult, partly because Jim has got into the habit of warding off brick-bats aimed at the President.

That the brick-bats were not more numerous has been a marvel to most Washington observers. For in those early days of the Democratic job rush, almost anyone who was free, white, twenty-one, and could show tangible evidence of having supported Roosevelt before Chicago was as likely to find himself catapulted into an assistant attorney generalship as he was into the job of United States Marshal. In fact, George C. Sweeney, political friend of Jimmy Roosevelt, came down from Gardner, Massachusetts, expecting that he might be made a special attorney, of which the Department of Justice has hundreds. Instead he found himself in the key post of an assistant attorney general, one of the highest posts in the Department of Justice. He served for nearly a month before he realized that he was supposed to take the oath of office.

During the first days of the job rush Jim established a yardstick for job-hunters and has used it meticulously ever since. "Loyalty," he said, "is an important aspect of merit. One of my chief duties is to pass on the loyalty of applicants. Politics, the editorial writers hint, enters into my consideration. Of course it does."

Jim claims that he is "following two fundamental rules: (1) Is the applicant qualified? (2) Is he loyal to the party and sympathetic toward the program of Franklin D. Roosevelt?" Regarding the first, however, Jim has a distinct blind spot. With him loyalty transcends all else. So high does loyalty rate in Jim's diagnosis of character that he gave the famous "Wild Bill" Lyons a job in the Post Office Department because he had served as

doorkeeper at Democratic Headquarters in New York. It is true that Bill served most faithfully, so faithfully, in fact, that he once declined to let William H. Woodin, the late Secretary of the Treasury, enter the office of Frank Walker, Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee.

"But I have a check for ten thousand dollars for the campaign," expostulated Mr. Woodin.

"It don't make no difference," replied Mr. Lyons. "Mr. Walker said no one was to come in and that means no one."

So Mr. Woodin went back to his office and mailed the check to Mr. Walker.

Wild Bill now bears the imposing title of Administrative Assistant to the Postmaster General. One of his jobs is to clip press notices of Elk picnics, homecomings attended by Jim at Nyack, plus other tributes to his activity, all of which are pasted in a large and bulging scrapbook. Bill is called the "Pastemaster General."

Loyalty played a dominant part in Jim's appointment of Pat Malloy, Tulsa, Oklahoma, oil king. Jim first sent him over to Harold Ickes to become Assistant Secretary of the Interior. Ickes complained that his department had smelled too much of oil under Republicans and would have nothing to do with him. So Farley offered Pat the post of Assistant Secretary of War. But the Oklahoman had drowned his sorrow so deeply in Maryland rye that day that he rejected it; though a day or two later he realized what he had done and came back. Jim was compassionate. Pat Malloy had been the acme of loyalty. He had organized the State of Oklahoma for Roosevelt. So Jim went to Homer Cummings. Homer also is afflicted with an acute sense of loyalty and, much to the amazement of all Washington, he rewarded Pat with the im-

portant post of Assistant Attorney General. Perhaps Homer was omniscient. Poor Pat Malloy died a short time later, a victim of acute and continued alcoholism.

The New Deal's graveyard is littered with the political tombstones of Jim Farley's boys who never should have been allowed to see the light of public office. There was Robert H. Gore, ex-Governor of Puerto Rico, who, while being entertained by the Mayor of Havana just after the Roosevelt landslide, spoke as follows:

"I have just come from Warm Springs where I had a long conversation with the President-elect of the United States. And I can tell you, gentlemen, that unless you put your house in order, the United States Government will send an army over to do the job for you."

That speech killed Gore's scheduled appointment to be Commissioner of Internal Revenue. But Farley insisted. Bob Gore, he said, had gone down the line. So in the end Gore was sent as Governor to Puerto Rico—just a stone's throw from the country he had insulted.

Then there is L. C. Robert, Jr., a delightful Southern gentleman whom Jim made Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, and whose former engineering firm in Atlanta was found to be receiving an over-riding commission of one per cent on a Public Works project for the University of Georgia—an incident which caused Robert's retirement from the Public Works Board.

Then there are Nellie Tayloe Ross, former Governor of Wyoming, assigned to a downy Treasury berth as Director of the Mint; and Mrs. Marion Blair Banister, half-sister of the Treasury's most virile critic, Senator Carter Glass, whom Jim hoped to silence by making her Assistant Treasurer of the United States. . . . Both were loyal, both received reward.

Then there is J. F. T. O'Connor, whom Jim made Comptroller of the Currency and whom Secretary Morgenthau tried to ease out of Washington by offering a \$25,000 Federal Reserve agency in San Francisco; and J. Crawford Biggs, salubrious-mannered Solicitor General, to whom the Supreme Court has listened with a mixture of amusement and displeasure; and Harry Woodring, the Assistant Secretary of War, who figured prominently in the grand jury investigation of army purchases. . . . All were loyal; all received reward.

V

There is no mystery about Farley's voracious patronage foraging. That is his job. That is why he sits on the right hand, politically, of the President. It is Jim's job to see that the President's political fences are maintained in the proper state of repair. It is up to him to produce the payroll pork necessary to satisfy the hordes of deserving Democrats.

Jim's hands are gory with plunder and his judgment at times is as atrocious as his greed. And on some occasions the President has stepped in and stopped the carrying off of some especially blatant piece of swag.

But frequently the situation is reversed and Jim takes the rap for his chief. It is strategy which operates in every Administration and the more smoothly it operates, the stronger is the hand of the man in the White House. Hoover was not particularly adept at it. Roosevelt is a past master.

It was developed with greatest finesse when Professor Tugwell stood out on the firing line and let all the advertisers of the country pound him black and blue for his authorship of the Pure Food and Drug Act. Tugwell, of course, had drafted the Act under orders. His generalissimo, gaug-

ing the severity of the attack from behind the lines, finally ordered a retreat. The generalissimo emerged unscathed. His lieutenant faced a Senate attack against his confirmation.

It came into operation again with cancellation of the air-mail contracts. "The contracts were cancelled by the Postmaster General," announced Presidential Secretary Early, after Lindbergh's protest had led a tide of resentment against the Administration. Jim Farley took it on the chin and grinned. He grinned again when he went up to New York during the mayoralty campaign of 1933 to help Holy Joe McKee against the carnivorous onslaught of Fiorello LaGuardia. It was the President's baby more than his. His grin grew even broader when the victorious Mayor LaGuardia was ordered by Public Works Administrator Ickes to drop Robert Moses as Commissioner of Parks or else forego Public Works funds for the Triborough Bridge. For this time Jim could hide in the shadows of the White House and watch his cabinet colleague take the rap. Jim knew, as almost everyone knew, that "Honest Harold" Ickes, a fighter for the people, had nothing against Bob Moses, also known as a fighter for the people. But Jim knew what a lot of other people did not know, that the President, despite his smile, despite his contagious buoyancy, can nurse a grudge as relentlessly as anyone in his Administration. And against Bob Moses he held a grudge which was of long standing. It dated back to the Roosevelt feud with Al Smith. At one time the grudge was forgotten long enough for Roosevelt to appoint Moses on the commission to investigate the failure of the City Trust Company, a job which he did with such thoroughness that he secured the conviction of

Frank Warder, head of the New York Bank Department. Bob also warned that the Bank of United States was in danger of collapse and recommended that a new legislative commission be appointed to clean up the entire banking situation.

Moses was to have been on that Commission. But the feud with Al Smith came to a head again. Moses was one of Al's closest advisers. So the appointment never came. Henry Pollak was appointed instead—and later indicted. The Moses program was not carried out; and, as he predicted, the Bank of United States crashed.

So Big Jim Farley sat in the shadows of the White House and grinned. He also had his vendetta with Moses. But it was comforting, for a change, to see Harold Ickes out in front taking it on the chin.

Jim Farley is symbolic of a system. It is a system which has been handed down from Administration to Administration. Every President has had his political trigger man; some have had a whole gang of them. The Ohio gang in the days of Warren Gamaliel Harding ravaged government departments with a ruthlessness that came near wrecking the entire machine. Coolidge had his William S. Butler. Hoover had Walter Brown, as cool and calculating a machine boss as ever operated in the Capital. Both issued executive orders which "covered" into the Civil Service thousands of their political henchmen.

The basic weakness of the anti-Farley crusaders is that they heap their abuse upon the man and not upon the system. The exit of Big Jim would solve nothing. It would merely eliminate one of the most engaging, efficient, and unabashed foragers in the history of the American spoils system.



COMPANIONED

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

WOMEN are bound by deep unbroken ties
In all their length of ages on the earth.
A cord not cut and knotted at a birth,
A quickening pulse which death and doom defies.
Love's sweet and secret, fervent mystery
Is never shared by woman with her lover;
Some ancient plaint, out of a book's dim cover,
Speaks more to her of her heart's history.
In the high moments of her life she goes
Companioned by the beautiful, the brave,
Wearing the fate of Helen for a rose,
Yearning with Iseult over the dark wave,
Watching the slow bright-petalled moments fall,
Within Francesca's close Italian wall.

II

Before Penelope's unfinished loom
She sits to wait, so does not wait forsaken.
Or in the path an earthquake war has taken,
Mourns with a Trojan queen her ravished tomb.
And when the hour strikes that sees her lie
Borne down to earth by her triumphant pain
She hears the shepherds whispering again
And sees a new star in the darkened sky.
No woman walks her way of life alone.
A foot has marked the path that she must tread,
Picking her way from sharpened stone to stone,
Or on soft grass the spring has carpeted.
Her laughter on the echoing air is blown,
And when she weeps she shall be comforted.



ON THE ROCK

A STORY

BY SUSAN ERTZ

"SHE goes to the hairdresser three times a week," Gilson said to his friend Deneker. Deneker had just come off the *Aruma* and had three hours and a half to spend in Gibraltar. "She has almost no money at all," Gilson went on, with a note of irritation in his voice, "and she lives with and on her Spanish relations. She's only my wife's second cousin, but they're very clannish here, the Spaniards."

"Surely that girl's half English, isn't she?"

"Yes. Spanish father, English mother. They're both dead now. Oh, I'm sorry enough for the child, but she's mad, absolutely mad. She wants spanking. I can tell you, Geoff, my hand itches sometimes, it positively itches. I often say to my wife, 'A good spanking now might save her and all of us a lot of trouble later on.'"

"I hope she comes in to lunch all the same," said Deneker. He had seen the girl beside Gilson on the wharf as he came in on the tender. She was dressed in a short, white, backless dress, her brown feet were thrust into straw sandals and, though the sun was at its highest and hottest, her head was bare. She had a small, fierce face and quick, scornful eyes that seemed to see, though contemptuously, a great deal. It was her complete independence that had caused Deneker to guess at her English blood. She had not waited to be introduced to him but had darted off as

he and Gilson greeted each other and he had next seen her walking along the mole and toward the town. Gilson had slowed down and offered her a lift, which offer had been promptly refused.

"She'll come in to lunch," said Gilson, "about half an hour later than anyone else, and heaven knows we don't worry our heads about time here."

Deneker thought not. He had arrived at a little before one. Gilson had first driven him to the Rock Hotel where they had each drunk two glasses of Tio Pepe. After that they had driven around the Rock itself as far as they could go and had then paused at the Piccadilly Bar for some more Tio Pepe and a dish of fresh prawns. While they were there the girl had passed the door, glancing in and waving her hand to them. She was smoking a cigarette and had picked a hibiscus flower and stuck it in her hair.

"Little fool," Gilson had said indignantly. "She only puts people's backs up. Attracting attention to herself. It makes me wild. Have another Tio Pepe."

They sat in the Bar, talking, till nearly two, when Gilson said it was about time they went home to lunch. Deneker, who had breakfasted at eight, readily agreed, and they drove to Gilson's house.

It was built a little above the

crowded town and looked across to Algeciras and the brown hills of Spain. There was a terrace covered thickly with bougainvillea, but so great was the heat the Rock gathered to itself this August day and flung back again that they retreated to the house, where closed shutters and tiled floors produced something of the chilly freshness of a cave. A maid brought in a decanter of Tio Pepe and some glasses.

"It's quite different from the sherry you get in England," said Gilson as he poured out two more glasses. "You could drink a bottle of this." The maid then brought in nuts, fried potatoes, and olives stuffed with anchovies.

"We'll have lunch soon," said Gilson. "My wife ought to be in any minute now."

Deneker had just refused a second glass when Mrs. Gilson came in. She was tall for a Spaniard and had a genial, handsome face. She struck Deneker as being a woman of vast tolerance and good nature. She wore a dark-colored foulard dress and a shady hat. She had been shopping, she said, with a friend and was very glad to be home again. She sat fanning herself and talking to Deneker, whom she had never met before. Presently her two younger sisters came in, pale, plump young women with good manners but no beauty. They too, Deneker gathered, lived in the house. All three refused sherry but sat eating nuts.

It appeared the lunch was not yet ready, and Deneker ate freely of nuts and fried potatoes and made conversation.

"Where is Conchita?" Mrs. Gilson asked at last. "That naughty girl, she goes out without a hat. I scold her every day."

"She will have a sunstroke," said one of her sisters.

"It is too bad really," said the other. "It is surely not pleasant being stared at as Conchita makes herself stared at."

Gilson said abruptly, as though avoiding an unpleasant subject, "By the way, the band of the Grenadier Guards from the Aruma will march through the town this afternoon playing. Would any of you care to hear them?"

The three women were delighted with the idea and asked where they could sit in order to be out of the crowd and yet hear well. Plans were being discussed when the door opened and Conchita came in. She was smoking a cigarette and still wore the hibiscus flower in her hair.

"Who wants to hear an old band playing out-of-date tunes?" she asked scornfully when Mrs. Gilson had introduced her to Deneker. "At least I do not. And I have already seen them. They are quite ridiculous in those great fur hats. Why does England send men to hot countries wearing fur hats? I think it must be a crazy country to do that."

None of them answered her questions.

"I saw you smoking in the street, Conchita," said Gilson, his voice sharp with disapproval. "I've asked you before not to do it."

"I wish you wouldn't, child," said Mrs. Gilson, gently. "Everyone here talks so. It is not good to give them things to talk about."

"Why not? What do I care? I buy my own cigarettes, don't I? No one else pays for them. At least I can buy my own cigarettes and why shouldn't I smoke them where and when I please? If people here are so stupid that they can find nothing to talk about, they should be grateful to me for giving them something."

Her voice was low and slightly hoarse and it plucked an emotional string in Deneker, though he was ready to agree with Gilson that she wanted spanking. He would like to take that fierce, proud little face of hers between his

hands and draw it to him, bitter and defensive though it was. She seemed to vibrate with resentments, with rebelliousness. She seemed to him the only living creature in the room.

"Do you ever come to England, señorita?" he asked.

"England? No." She gave a contemptuous little laugh. "Why should I go to England?"

"I understand you're half English."

"Well, what of that? What if I am? When I was fourteen I was at school there. I can only remember mud and hockey and rice pudding and chilblains. England? No, thank you."

It was after half-past two, and the olives and potatoes were all eaten. A maid came in and announced lunch, but Deneker was no longer very hungry. They sat in a cool, tiled dining room and ate *hors d'œuvres* and a rice dish full of red peppers and small shell fish and chicken, which Deneker liked so much that his appetite returned. Conchita sat next to him and ate almost nothing. When they asked Deneker what he would like to do after lunch he told them he had some shopping to do before going on board the ship again.

"Well, while he's shopping we'll go and hear the Grenadier Guards' band," said Gilson. "You'd better come with us, Conchita."

"Thank you, no. I would rather not," she said. "I think I'll go with a friend of mine to Algeciras in her car. It will be more amusing than listening to that silly band."

Deneker tried to persuade her too, but she shook her head. After lunch he bade her good-by.

"When are you going?" she asked. "To England, I mean. When are you going back?"

"That I can't tell you. I'll be out in Uganda for two or three years."

"Uganda! I think that sounds terrible, but not worse than England. Well, good-by, then. *Bon Voyage!*" She turned and went out into the sun again, and that hoarse little voice continued to echo in Deneker's ears.

"She is quite mad, Conchita," said one of Mrs. Gilson's plump, pale sisters.

"What wouldn't you give," he thought, "for a little of her madness?"

They left Deneker in the main street to do his shopping, saying that they would pick him up later at the Piccadilly Bar and take him down to the tender. They then went off to see and hear what they could from the windows of Gilson's office.

Presently Deneker, hearing music and cheering, went out and stood at the door of a shop. Then the band came, a great crowd going before and pressing behind. The music stirred him, as marching music always did, and for a moment his eyes blurred. It would be a long time, he reflected, before he would see such a sight again. The band was abreast of him now, a superb little group, all tall fellows made taller by their bear-skins. A crowd of men and boys and a few women marched close behind, and on either side the narrow pavements were blocked with cheering people. Suddenly, in the very thick of the marching crowd, he saw Conchita.

She still wore the dying hibiscus flower in her hair, but she had forgotten it. Her vivid, contemptuous little face was now wet and streaked with tears. Her dark eyes were streaming. She passed close by, saw him, and broke step. He ran after her, calling, "Conchita! Conchita!" but she darted away from him down a side street and out of sight. The band marched on; the crowds cheered; there was a lump in Deneker's throat and an ache in his breast not caused by the music.



GRAND CANYON

NOTES ON AN AMERICAN JOURNEY

PART II

BY J. B. PRIESTLEY

WE WERE fortunate at the Grand Canyon. There was hardly any kind of weather that did not visit us during our short stay there, so that we saw the country in many different lights. We saw snow falling into the vast gulf, saw clouds stream below us, saw Nineveh and Thebes, rusty in the sunlight, emerge from the mists, saw rainbows arching over the Painted Desert. There is of course no sense at all in trying to describe the Grand Canyon. Those who have not seen it will not believe any possible description. Those who have seen it know that it cannot be described. It passes for a show place and, unlike nearly all other show places in this world, it is far more imposing in reality than in imagination and anticipation. I hear rumors of visitors who were disappointed. The same people will be disappointed at the Day of Judgment. In fact, the Grand Canyon is a sort of landscape Day of Judgment. It is not a show place, a beauty spot, but a revelation. The Colorado River made it; but you feel when you are there that God gave the Colorado River its instructions. The thing is Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in stone and magic light. Even to remember that it is there lifts up the heart. Every member of the Federal Government ought to remind himself, with trium-

phant pride, that he is on the staff of the Grand Canyon. What a possession for a country! And let me add, how well the country looks after it. The American does not boast enough about his National Parks. Their very existence is something to boast about. The finest pieces of landscape in North America, perhaps in the world, belong to the People and are theirs to enjoy. I take this to be something new in history. It marks a notable advance in civilization. Moreover, the People, through their Federal officers, run these Parks perfectly, and are ideal hosts. All this must not be taken for granted. It is too important. Here is communal ownership working beautifully. Why not turn Chicago into a National Park?

As I stared, hour after hour, at this incredible pageantry of sunlight and chasm, I thought a good deal about America. What do we in Europe see in our minds when we say "America"? We entertain, I think, a confused and not pleasing vision of skyscrapers, gangsters, tough blondes throwing their legs about, football crowds shouting in chorus, mass-production factories, police automobiles screaming down dark streets, Broadway, Hollywood. What we do not see are the National Parks or the wide ranges of country that flank those Parks; enor-

mous plains with mountains blue in the distance; a people still busy settling great territories; dams across colossal rivers; roads that pierce deserts and mountains; a land of simple-minded but still heroic engineers, whose fathers saw the Indians retreat. We remember the America of the few, the very few, big cities, of bad strong liquor, night clubs, cuties, wisecracks, of cleverish disillusioned young men, not infrequently of Hebraic origin. It is a kind of late-night café country, perhaps because the Jew has had so large a part in presenting America to us; and the Jew is apt to be a late-night café man, essentially a product of the big cities. I could not help feeling that the Smart Alecky quality, so prevalent in much-admired contemporary American writing, badly represented this other and bigger America. You can make any number of wisecracks about the Grand Canyon for example, but you are obviously not expressing the quality of the Grand Canyon; you leave it as you found it. There must be in the soul of this great country a certain large noble simplicity that is hardly finding any verbal expression at all. The people who feel it cannot find the right words. The smart loquacious people cannot feel it. I thought of the fascination that Paris seems to have for so many clever young Americans. Hanging there, wondering, on the brink of the Canyon, this fascination seemed the most preposterous thing and Paris itself a mere distant doll town.

Whenever I do any sightseeing in any part of the world there is nearly always a silent little Japanese somewhere near. There was one here. We had noticed him all the way from Chicago. He saw everything he was supposed to see, listened carefully to everything that was told him, and at times studied a guide book. Not a flicker, not a gleam, moved and lighted up that

compact face of his, which never changed from its look of quiet alertness. What did he think of the Canyon, of the cowboy guides, of the rest of us? There is no telling. He shared the same vehicles, ate the same sort of food, saw the same sights we did, but we cannot guess what thoughts were stirring inside that round skull. If he had put his cards on the table they might be of a design and coloring that would have terrified us. On the other hand, he might have proved a little brown version of ourselves. We simply do not know, and I cannot help feeling that there may be the devil to pay in the world before we find out, if we ever do find out. I do not think I saw him at the entertainment provided for us the first evening at the hotel by the cowboys, who proved to be a most piquant blend of impudence and bashfulness. I liked the songs best. They must be the last genuine examples of folk-song in world history, these cowboy songs. Their odd whining refrains have the gift of instantly creating an atmosphere; they make you see a tiny camp fire in a vast dark blue space; their melancholy is like that of the sea chanties, belonging to brave shreds of humanity in a huge hostile element.

On the second night the hotel was invaded by a noisy troop of folk who had been attending some convention. The men, nearly all middle-aged, wore comic hats, and were great slappers of backs and shouters of slogans. I was thinking how fantastically easy it was to make stout middle-aged American citizens put on fancy dress in broad daylight and deliberately make fools of themselves and how difficult it would be to make Englishmen of the same size and age go through such performances, when I remembered that England is after all a country of elaborate dressing up, and that solemn middle-aged Englishmen were always

donning—and with pride—the most extraordinary fancy clothes, in the shape of official uniforms. The only difference was that our dressing up had tradition and some dignity, whereas this had none, at least in my eyes. This seemed merely middle-aged clowning that was more pathetic than funny. I remembered too that, whereas there is less and less official dressing up in England, the ordinary middle-class Englishman shows little desire to create his own ritual and pageantry by becoming the equivalent of an Elk or a Kiwani or whatever they are. In short, it seemed to me that, even when you have made all due allowance for the lack of official ritual and pageantry in American life, the American male, with his secret societies, comic hats, processions, and brass bands, still has a strange passion for these idiocies. Is it that there is something in the size and the menace of this vast land that compels him to be cheerfully idiotic with a crowd of other roaring males, that the country is still too new and raw for an austere individualism? Yet the old authentic American, Babbitt's grandfather, the lean pioneer, was surely an austere individualist. When did he turn into a wearer of comic hats, a processioner, a brass band follower, a thrower of torn paper, a roaring back-slapper on principle? I ask because I do not know.

On the evening train, going down through Arizona, a brown old fellow, like a dry apple, joined me in a smoke in the men's room. He had the high cracked voice, the jerky loquacity, the mysterious allusiveness, of the "old-timer." So I had been up in the Grand Canyon country, eh? Yes, that was all right, but his favorite country was way up beyond Boulder Dam, hard to get at, a darned long way from anywhere. He had gone hunting up there, had discovered strange lone tribes of Indians, mysterious ruins, footprints

of monsters—I know not what. Ay, a queer country that, he concluded, begging yet another match for his evil stump of cigar. He was probably an old liar. But I wish we had old liars of his sort in England. How his mysterious allusions lighted up your imagination! While his Ancient Mariner's eye was upon you he made you feel that we did not know the half of it yet, that anything was possible up there, a few hundred miles away, that among Mr. Roosevelt's subject citizens might be unknown races of giants and dwarfs, that at any moment mastodons and saber-toothed tigers might be caught and dispatched to Central Park. Why do American writers go and live in Paris and Grasse, Vienna and the South Seas when they have such a country of their own to roam about in? Does not a man carry his own Art with him, like so much tinder waiting for a spark? And is there not here, among these mountains and deserts and ilimitable plains, not a spark but a blaze?

II

If I wanted to put money into any place in these States I should put it into the little town of Wickenburg, Arizona. This town claims with some success to have the best winter climate in Arizona. It has, therefore, one of the best winter climates in the world, which is notoriously short of good winter climates. I prophesy that this Wickenburg district which lies in the middle of the State, at about two thousand feet above sea level, will become increasingly important in the near future. The days are warm and dry there, and the nights and early mornings are cool and crisp. I ask for no better weather. The little holiday we had on the ranch there will shine in our remembrance. We learned to sit at ease on horses that climbed the rocky, cactus-strewn hills like goats, to

gallop along the sandy floors of canyons, and to search the glittering dust for the steady sheen of gold. The air is unlike any I have ever known before, being crystal clear and faintly but persistently aromatic. The mountains are an exquisite blue in the daytime and then turn amethyst at sunset. The night sky is very bright with stars. There is to my mind a suggestion of the *Arabian Nights* about this State of Arizona: its vegetation, with the immense pillars of cactus predominating, is fantastic; its rocks hide treasures of gold, opals, and rubies, and are covered with ancient writing, perhaps Indian symbols for *Open Sesame*; and its moon, stars, and mountain peaks are burnished by genii. Sindbad, I think, once passed this way, and there may come a morning when a riding party will find a new valley and there disturb the roc himself. The railway folders call this a Wonderland. For once in their mendacious lives they are speaking the truth.

Probably none of this is new to you, but it was all new to us. So were the manners of the folk. They have charming natural manners, these Westerners. Theirs is the democracy of good manners not bad ones. Here we have a pleasant glimpse of that classless society which is among the better aims of our time. There were two young cowboys on our ranch, about twenty years old and six feet tall—not youngsters in fancy dress but lads who had been brought up on ranches and knew nothing else but ranch life; and I never want to meet young men with more charming, easy, natural manners. If this is what cow-punching can do to young men, then let all our sons be compelled to punch cows for a few seasons. I do not know any college that could guarantee such results. True, they had been carefully picked, and were probably above the average; but I met the average, and it was pretty

good. There were several little boys staying on that ranch and they were in Paradise. They wore complete cowboy rig, including the famous two guns; they rode cow ponies; they went panning for gold; they messed about in the corral, saw the wild horses arrive, saw them being mastered; they hobnobbed with real cowboys and called them familiarly Charlie and Tex and Hank. What a life! What luck! They must have felt as I know I should have felt at their age if I had been suddenly packed off to join Robin Hood and Little John in Sherwood Forest.

Somebody ought to write a book (perhaps somebody has) on this brief but potent legend of the heroic West and the Cowboy. That West had a very short history; it did not begin until after the Civil War, I imagine, and it was all over before the Nineteenth Century had passed; and yet what a legend it has created! Melodrama, whether in stories, plays, or films, soon claimed that legend; yet there always remains a faint gleam of homeric poetry, not in the monotonous fables of very good men and very bad men and doll-like heroines, but in the settings themselves, in the figure of the man riding in the wilderness of desert and mountain. The cowboy himself was created by a passing set of economic circumstances, by cheap grazing land in the West and prices on the hoof in Kansas City; but for a moment he seems to escape the economic slavery of the modern world, does not compete except with charging animals and hostile elements, and is seen as the free heroic male, careless and smiling and bronzed, that male for which all women have a tenderness. He is a man of our time who has contrived to live his life in an epic simplicity impossible to the rest of us, caught in a bewildering tangle. All this is more than enough to explain and to justify the flood of popular stories, plays, films

about the Cowboy. The pity of it is that there has never been much of a genuine artistic impulse behind these things. The material has always been better than the workmen. Is it too late to hope for one really good novel, one authentic drama, one genuinely epic film about that early heroic West?

Just as I was settling down to my dude ranching, there came, like a meteor, a telegram from Los Angeles telling me that an old friend, working temporarily in Hollywood, had been suddenly taken ill and asking me to take his place at a public dinner. My host at the ranch offered to drive me to Los Angeles, so we set off that night immediately after dinner. It was a clear moonlit night, and we cheerfully decided to reel off the whole four hundred miles before morning. (This would be quite impossible to any sane motorist in England, where four hundred miles represent a solid two days' motoring.) Actually we were compelled to stop some fifty miles from Los Angeles because we broke a spring; but up to then we made a fine run of it, across deserts and mountains softened and transformed into a mysterious but gracious landscape by the blue haze of moonlight. I thought that we in England nowadays had brought back to the roads that brisk life they lost when the railways first came; but here in America you have gone farther in this direction even than we have.

This was my first acquaintance with the whole new world of the American main road, with its elaborate signs, its filling stations, roadside eating houses and hotels, its wayside little towns passionately claiming your custom, not seldom in a sudden glare of electric bulbs, strange fruit of these deserts. It may have been mere competition for the few dollars hurrying along the road that night, but there can be no doubt that the service offered us was most eager. A man selling gasoline in Eng-

land at that hour—supposing you could get it at all—would probably be a very sleepy perfunctory fellow; but these men who filled our tanks set to work as if they had dedicated their lives to a great mission. They were, proudly, passionately, filling-station experts. They hastened to clean the wind shield, to offer water, either for ourselves or the radiator; they made zestful remarks about the weather; they asked us to call again. All this was as strange to me as the lunar landscape around us. It is not, I think, to be found anywhere in Europe. It is very American. So was the whole road. Everything along it, from the smallest curve signs to the air beacons on the peaks, flashing red and white for the night pilots, had no existence, would have meant nothing if it had been dreamed of the day before yesterday; it was all to-day's doing, all bright-new, and seemed, in its pretty frivolity of colored lights and facetious appeals, to have no more to do with the savage countryside itself than a jigging line of chorus girls would have. Yet these toylike arrangements were conducting us, and hundreds like us, up in the air as well as along the ground, straight across the waterless wilderness in the dark of night.

And I knew that this, new as it was, could not be regarded as a solitary experiment, a local eccentricity. I should find something like it all over these United States. Very soon, there would be something like it all over the world, penetrating Africa, glittering across Asia. There was rapidly coming into existence a new way of living—perhaps a new civilization, perhaps another barbaric age—and here were the signs of it, trivial enough in themselves, but pointing to we knew not what profound changes. There had been no planning; perhaps there would not be any planning for a long time (though God help us if there isn't); this new

life was breaking through like a crocus through the wintry mold. And it was here, in America, above all, perhaps, in this America of the Pacific Coast, that the signs of it were most multiplied and clear. It was America that was definitely in the van. She does not know she is leading the rest of us, but she is. She has no idea where she is going, but if she walks into the abyss, she will not go alone. This I take to be a very solemn responsibility. If any American reader denies it, adding that this is a queer lot of far-fetched stuff to come from the sight of a few new gasoline stations and air beacons, I have no reply. I shall persist, however, in my belief that it is here in these States that the Time Spirit is working hardest, and that American political and social ideas, though they are changing already, will have to bound forward to keep up. In short, you will have to discover where it is you are taking us.

III

We crossed Southern California on a bright morning. It looked like the colored posters: oranges in the sunlight and a few dazzling cones of snow above in the blue. I wish I could say it enchanted me, even satisfied me. I had been to this part of the world before, although of course my acquaintance with it was very superficial. It did not seem quite a real place to me then, and it did not seem quite real now. Northern California I had liked, and that was real enough. What was wrong with this southern end of it? Perhaps one's mind was unconsciously dominated by the thought of Hollywood, but it did seem as if nothing down here was quite authentic. The orchards had been cunningly devised by an art director from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The villages had come from Universal City. Mountains by Paramount. Even the sunlight had

probably been turned on by Warner Bros. The picturesque Spanish bits had an operatic look about them, and somewhere round the corner was an operatic chorus of peasants, complete with cardboard flagons. The fruit so lusciously crowding the roadside baskets looked glorious, but it was film fruit, meant to be photographed, not tasted. There was a fancy fair and bazaar air about the little towns. Not a thing looked solidly real and satisfying.

This is probably all very silly, but I am trying to put down exactly what I have felt each time I have visited this queer region, and what I believe I shall always feel when I go there. No doubt the fault is in me. Los Angeles, which seems to sprawl over whole counties of this State, I do not know even sufficiently well to dislike properly; but it has always seemed to me symbolical of an America I do not like, just as its rival, San Francisco, has always seemed to me symbolical of an America I love, the large, hearty, devil-may-care, romantic America. I always think of Los Angeles as a puffed-out, vulgar city, crowded with land sharks, boomers, and boosters, Middle-Western farmers who have left their native shrewdness behind, bogus mystics and fortune tellers, foolish women with not enough work to do, roaring publicity men, born comic convention attenders, and the like—all representative of an America I neither understand nor enjoy. Of course I do not need to be told (though I shall be told) that for one of this sort of citizen, there are twenty ordinary nice sensible persons, of the kind I found at the dinner I had gone to attend. But I cannot escape the feeling that the atmosphere of Los Angeles has been largely created by the types listed above, that the great sprawling city does somehow suggest this new age of ours at its silliest.

Hollywood, where I had to go to see

my invalid friend, has not been without its influence, of course; and though Hollywood has probably achieved its fine technic of film-making largely because it is miles from anywhere and anything but film-making and, therefore, has had to think in terms of celluloid reels, it might have done much better work if it had been a little closer to the real working and struggling world and not set apart in its sham ivory towers. Films are good fun, and at their best more than good fun. What is wrong with Hollywood is that it cannot help thinking that it is the center of the world and that we are all living simply for the sake of its little shadow shows. It exhibits the egoism of the artist without his broad and rapacious humanity. If it were what it sometimes pretends to be, namely, an international center of film creation, all would be well; but though it beckons clever folk from the ends of the earth and sends its products everywhere, it is still at heart an American small town, cut off from the soil and with a great deal too much money to spend. That is why it has the sad trick of tempting men of original genius there, only to take the original genius out of them, turning artists into workmen and rotarians. If for a season it were to stop spending fortunes advertising its products, and the popular press were to stop flattering it night and day (if not by direct comment, then indirectly by the amount of interest and space it is given), then it might be stung into developing real personalities and relying less on sham personalities and the standardized appeal. There is any amount of intelligence, of genuine artistic enthusiasm, in the place, but it is rarely in a position to give orders: the small town, swinging madly in mid-air, still has command. Or so it seems—on a superficial acquaintance, if you like—to at least one observer.

I put in one long evening at Los Angeles and a great many odd hours in various other places, between the Arizona ranch and the dinner tables of New York, asking questions and listening to lengthy answers on the subject of contemporary American affairs. What I was told was quite different from what I heard when I was here last, nearly four years ago. America has changed. The ordinary citizen still has a profound distrust of an undefined entity known as "the government" but now combines with that a very definite loyalty to and affection for the person of the President himself. He will cheerfully subscribe to what seem to me surprisingly bold socialistic measures, but still has a horror of being thought at all socialistic or radical himself. It is, in fact, names not measures that frighten him now. There lingers in his mind, carried over from pre-slump days, that old terror of the "Red." He is confirmed in this, I imagine, by the popular press, which is doing as much damage here as it is, in other ways, in my own country. To take one example: the popular press still writes when discussing some international situation in which the United States is not directly involved as if the world were not now interdependent. Its readers, in my own experience, talk in exactly the same way. Time after time they have asked me about Europe in a detached, lookers-on manner, as if I myself, merely through living in England, were personally mixed up with Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, as if we were all having some angry little game over there, with which they had nothing to do. I could not make them realize that they had just as much—and little—to do with it as I and my fellow-citizens have, that we are all in this mess together, even though they happen to be snugly tucked away in a remote corner of Kansas, and that we shall all have to get out of it together.

It seems to me that this ridiculous air of detachment, like the equally ridiculous horror of being thought what in actual practice you are, namely, a collectivist of some kind, is most assiduously fostered by some sections of the press here; and I know from experience that the ordinary decent American, when the other side of the case is presented to him, has a mind that is still open to conviction. Indeed I think his mind is very much open to conviction at the present time, more so than it ever was before. He has difficulties that we have not to contend with: the immense area of his country, with its diversified and opposing

interests; racial differences, which immensely complicate labor problems; a haunting fear of complete collapse and chaos not possible in a country that has been settled a long time. And he seems to be willing to follow, enthusiastically, any leader who will point a way. I hope it will be the right way, for I suspect that a great many of us, once America has moved, will have to go in the same direction. The world is watching these betowered shores, just as we watched the mists swirling in the Grand Canyon. They slid away at last, you remember, and we saw, catching our breath, the greatest wall in the world shining full in the sunlight.

HALF-MOON NIGHT

BY FRANCES FROST

THE split moon dropped beyond the heavy maple;
 Behind the barn
 A thrush's throat was sleepy silver music,
 Half-chill, half-warm.

*You leaned against my knees, your huddled shoulders
 Damp with dew;
 In the grass, the young dog froze to sudden stillness
 And looked at you,*

*Standing with lithe and sculptured love, in the pouring
 Of falling light.
 Your face was carved and legendary, gazing
 Into the night.*

*And I could believe the hour was dream, suspended
 Beyond all death,
 Were it not for the muzzle that moved to your hand's slow stroking,
 And your quiet breath.*



SHALL WE NATIONALIZE MUNITIONS?

BY ERNEST ANGELL

IN THE short space of seven months between May and December of last year a succession of unpredicted events lifted the arms traffic from drab obscurity into the headlines of a sudden world-wide interest. Congress declared an embargo on arms shipments to Bolivia and Paraguay; the Senate set up the Nye-Vandenberg Committee to investigate our munition makers and exporters; the President roundly denounced the "uncontrolled activities of the manufacturers and merchants of engines of destruction"; and the Senate ratified (with reservations, as usual) the long-pending Geneva Convention of 1925 for control of international traffic in arms. Shortly after the Nye Committee opened its hearings in September, the nature of the disclosures offered became the subject of interpellations in the British Parliament and of angry comment in several Latin-American countries. Our own munitions traders were accused of aiding in the rearming of Germany, of having fomented the Chaco war, of selling airplanes to China wherewith to harass the Japanese at Shanghai and in Manchukuo, and of engineering war profits in one instance as high as 39,231 per cent on the original investment.

For the fifteen years since the Versailles Treaty the United States had been almost totally apathetic to the endeavors of the League of Nations and disarmament groups at Geneva to devise some means of effective and ac-

ceptable international control over the steady flow of privately manufactured munitions from the industrial nations to the lesser, arms-importing countries. Presidents Coolidge and Hoover had urged the Senate to ratify the Geneva Convention of 1925, but the document had gathered dust in a committee pigeonhole, and no one cared. For ten years the State Department had held the view that Congress was without power to legislate in support of any treaty to limit private export from our shores. Then a neglected and half-forgotten subject became drama almost overnight.

In November the Administration surprised us by proposing a treaty, text and all, for international control of both manufacture and traffic in arms, based upon a system of licenses and to be administered by a permanent disarmament commission. Senator Nye demanded war-time taxes of 98 per cent on all incomes over \$10,000; Mr. Lammot du Pont, smarting under charges of the excessive war profits of his company and of the payment of dividends of 458 per cent of the par value of its original common stock, proposed that in any other major war "the entire capital and productive resources of our country should be subjected to the national need without the prospect of extraordinary compensation"—whatever that might mean. Mr. Nye also proposed a government monopoly of arms manufacture; meanwhile public opinion was making it-

self heard. The Protestant Episcopal Bishops burned with indignation over the disclosures made in the Nye Committee hearings and admonished their church-goers thus:

"The passions that are stimulated by greed and unholy ambitions have found fresh expression and are fostered and promoted by the infamous practices of the manufacturers of munitions and armaments, whose soulless enterprise knows neither friend nor foe in the prosecution of its nefarious ways. For greed of gain and wickedness of design the industry has no parallel in modern times. It fomented strife, fans the flame of hatred, embroils nations in bitter rivalries, and uses the ill-gotten wealth at its command to inspire fear or to provoke war. It is a major factor in creating unrest and generating suspicion among peoples!"

On Armistice Day Commander James E. Van Zandt of the Veterans of Foreign Wars pledged his organization to the principle of Federal arms control in a statement which observed that "as long as men can become millionaires through the sale of munitions, the impending threat of war will always exist" and that "conditions throughout the world, on the sixteenth anniversary of the armistice, emphasize the fact that it is up to the overseas veterans of the World War to lead the fight for immediate Federal control of munitions plants as the only practical plan that holds out the promise of future world peace." And the FIDAC, a representative international group of ex-service men, demands the "suppression of private manufacture of and private traffic in arms, together with effective international control." (It was then recalled that the musty Covenant of the League of Nations asserts "the members of the League agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war

is open to grave objections. The Council shall advise how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented. . . .")

As if the several proposals for confiscatory war income taxes, for strict international control of arms manufacture and trade, and for a government monopoly of the business were not enough to take our attention from unbalanced budgets and public works, President Roosevelt in December dropped his own bombshell into the situation by the appointment of the Baruch-Johnson committee to frame legislation to "take the profits out of war," an end which had long, if vaguely, been advocated by the American Legion. Senator Nye arose to declare that the proposal was made only to draw a red herring across the trail of his Committee's work; but the President assured the Senator that he intended nothing of the sort, and the apparent breach was healed. Before these sentences are printed the Nye Committee will doubtless have secured from the Senate an extension of life with an additional appropriation, and will have made its plans for an inquiry into the complex question of the practical possibilities, cost, and effect of the suggested government monopoly of munitions manufacture in the United States.

In this article I shall attempt to examine this proposal for government monopoly, now brought so sharply into the limelight: to clarify the problem, to deal with some of the objections which are offered to government monopoly, and to indicate the serious difficulties which surround it. Before doing this, however, I warn the reader who looks for immediate panaceas for all our ills that I disbelieve completely in the notion that any single plan or measure, whether of international or purely domestic character, can achieve disarmament or limitation of arms or

eliminate the danger that war will recur. A government monopoly should lessen these dangers and be of some aid in reducing the present swollen armaments; more than that can hardly be expected.

II

It is unnecessary to recapitulate the evils and dangers which are implicit in unrestricted private exploitation of the arms industry. The sale of guns and submarines and explosives holds the same rewards and uses precisely the same methods as does the sale of typewriters and bonds. The arms salesman tries to develop a market, undersell his competitor, engage influence to drive the bargain. Trade in munitions is part of general trade and commerce. The habit of gain for one's self irrespective of the cost to others is so deeply ingrained that suppression of this single phase of commerce as a whole will be as difficult as to operate upon a body cancer. The present moment does, however, offer a chance to capitalize the temporary gain of recent indignation.

Four methods of attack are suggested: licensing of private manufacture and export, based upon full publicity of statistics; high taxation; embargoes; and finally, government monopoly. The first three obviously only temporize with the problem, but they may have value as intermediate stays and supplementary measures.

To license means to permit, to allow continued existence for the thing licensed. If the munitions trade is nefarious little will be accomplished by merely requiring the manufacturer, exporter, and salesman to obtain official sanction to carry on his business. One would know who manufactures machine guns, who exports them to China or South America or Turkey, and in what quantities. And, conceivably, effective enforcement of an inter-

national agreement could limit the quantities exported and at moments stop the flow to points of immediate danger. But any licensing system presupposes that men will continue, by government sanction, to start war scares in order to promote sales of arms for their personal profit.

Taxing the munitions makers at higher than ordinary rates is only shadow-boxing. If our tax rates are so high as to put the price of our arms exports far above the cost level of competitors' wares, we may succeed for the moment in stifling our manufacture for export; but in another year or two the rates may be lowered and a fresh crop of dragon's teeth will promptly be sown by Connecticut in Manchuria. The only plausible defense of the arms business is that it provides our own government with a reserve—for emergency use—of operating plants, skilled workers, and familiarity with processes which can be at once harnessed for national defense. If this argument be sound—of which more later—it is equally sound that the industry should be fostered by permitting, even encouraging, it to sell abroad as a means of building it up. To tax the industry heavily then is grossly inconsistent; for if private manufacture and trade is a necessary means of maintaining adequate national defense it should not be discouraged by specially burdensome taxation. Or, if the private industry is an evil and a menace, why compromise with the conscience by applying the salve of high tax rates?

Embargoes are hopefully advocated and occasionally invoked. In the United States the Congress has been loath to grant any President power to impose a blanket, if temporary, ban on export. The result is that if Congress is not in session the President is without power to act. Even if Congress did confer broader powers upon the executive, the occasion for an embargo

arises only after trouble actually breaks forth. The salesmen have already made their shipments, the natives are armed, and the shooting has begun.

If all the arms-exporting nations apply a simultaneous embargo and if the warring sides are unable to provide their own supplies, the general ban on shipments may be effective in stopping the conflict. But to assume this is to assume that all of the arms-manufacturing states can be induced to act in concert, an event which rarely if ever happens. Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald recently commented that "when we urged an embargo on arms going to Japan and China during the Manchukuo trouble, other countries did not agree." The achievement is partial at best because the method is dilatory and palliative; it is based upon the assumption that existing trade shall be permitted to continue until war has actually started.

Nationalization of the industry by making manufacture of war weapons exclusively the concern of government is the sole means of striking effectively.

III

Apologists for private manufacture and trade in arms—they are curiously silent at the moment—uphold the business on the grounds, first, that export trade is a good thing in itself; second, that countries possessed of existing plants should not deprive non-producing countries of the opportunity to maintain adequate national defense; and third, that the private industry is a necessary back-log for future home defense. The first two arguments are clearly specious, and the third is of more than doubtful validity.

I believe it was Beverley Nichols, the English writer, who recalled that when the slave trade in British colonies was under increasing fire in England in the early nineteenth century it was de-

fended with the same argument now put forward in defense of the munitions trade—"You mustn't hurt commerce." Human slaves, "white slaves," narcotic drugs, machine-guns for Manchukuo or machine-guns for Chicago: they are equally objectionable items of trade.

It is more than ridiculous to spill crocodile tears (in the effort to preserve dividends) over the inability of Timbuctoo or the Chinese factions to arm themselves properly if we and other industrial countries shut off the present free flow. General Smuts made the comment as early as 1918 that "to keep up the high temperature of the war atmosphere over the world for the sake of indulging the small Balkans and other states in their special form of sport will not appeal to the great democracies of the world." An "adequate national defense" sooner or later becomes the means of waging an offensive war, on the enemy's territory if you can get into it.

The final argument—that the successful defense of our country in time of war depends upon our having an arms industry flourishing in time of peace—carries the appeal of an apparently self-evident truth. Stated in its simplest form, the argument runs something like this: Jones and Smith, Inc., are now producing and shipping daily to Tibet 1,000 high-explosive shells; hence Jones and Smith, Inc., can to-morrow, if required by Uncle Sam, produce daily at least 1,000 of the same shells, and can more rapidly expand production to 5,000 than if, instead of producing shells, they have been making carpet-sweepers and, therefore, must change over the plant and train operatives in an entirely new field. Munitions which are satisfactory to the Tibetan army will be satisfactory to the American army when we need them in quantity.

The argument rests upon the as-

sumptions that equipment is standard the world over and that the models of to-day will be in use to-morrow. Both assumptions are grossly incorrect. When America entered the World War in 1917 hundreds of plants here were working at top speed to make munitions and other war-supplies for the Allies. If this theory were sound, it should have been extremely simple to provide the new American army with the essential *matériel de guerre* merely by diverting and expanding the existing production flow. Nothing of the kind happened.

The history of the munitions effort for our army during the World War provides incontrovertible demonstration that hardly any war-machine of to-day's manufacture will be the model of to-morrow's use. Here are typical examples. Up to 1917 our army had used the Springfield rifle .30 caliber, model 1903, which was manufactured solely in government arsenals and was recognized as the most efficient service rifle in the world. Five American private concerns were at that time producing large quantities of Lee-Enfield rifles for the British and Russian armies, using .303 caliber cartridges with rimmed head; this gun was definitely inferior to the Springfield. The significant fact is that our ordnance experts accepted neither weapon for the new American armies but determined to produce a new rifle. The Enfield piece was overhauled, many changes made in its 150 component parts, and the final dimensions of the modified gun were approved only on August 24, 1917, nearly five months after we entered hostilities. Of 2½ million rifles produced for our army, only 312,000 were of the hitherto standard Springfield model, the remainder being of the revised Enfield type created after our entrance into the War.

Machine-guns offer another example

of the rapid change which took place during the War in the type of equipment required and in the quantity allotted to each combat unit. In April, 1917, our army regulations prescribed 50 machine-guns for an infantry division; when the armistice was signed, the number furnished had risen to 1,028. More significant was the great change in type. In April, 1917, our total army supply consisted of 1,453 pieces of four different makes. Two of these four models were abandoned entirely and the other two were radically changed. Two private plants here were producing for the British, Canadian, and Russian armies, and a third was preparing itself to produce for the Allies. Yet the most efficient machine-gun and automatic rifle in use in the fall campaign of 1918 was the Browning, which was developed only in 1917-18; and more Brownings were manufactured for ground warfare than of all other types together.

In field artillery we first re-designed our standard 3-inch gun and then adopted in its place the French "75s"; we manufactured in all eight new artillery weapons, taking the designs of three of them from the British and five from the French. Numerous American concerns were producing rifle cartridges in large quantities for the Allies, chiefly of .303 caliber for the English rifle. This machinery had to be all made over to produce our standard .30 caliber cartridge, for which the Enfield piece was itself re-designed.

The War produced two entirely new offensive weapons of great tactical value, the tank and poison gas; it adopted and revolutionized another machine which had never before been used in warfare, the airplane. The use of these new arms in turn called into being other supplementary equipment—the heavy machine-gun as defense against the tank, the gas-mask, aerial bombs, special machine-guns for

use in planes, anti-aircraft weapons, etc. Sixteen years after the close of the War the American army is still experimenting with new types of tanks, and a recent news item reports that the speed of tanks has been successively raised from a maximum of seven miles an hour for the first models of 1917, to twenty-two an hour for a light type of 1928 and to sixty an hour for the eight-ton monsters of 1934. So long as we have an army, experiments will continue to dictate constant modifications in every form of weapon.

War necessarily makes intensive use of inventive genius, of every improvement and refinement of commercial processes of production. War is, in this sense, scientific: it utilizes all of man's scientific knowledge and progress. The equipment for war is never fixed in character or model. The next war between industrialized nations will be characterized by an infinitely greater use than was made in 1914-18 of the automobile, of non-ferrous metals such as copper and nickel, of chemical compounds, and possibly of the new discoveries in the fields of radio and light-rays.

I have mentioned specific instances, drawn from our own experience in the last war, of the almost overnight scrapping of some accepted type and model of arms and the substitution of a new form; I have alluded to the important role played in that conflict by wholly new engines of destruction or defense developed during the struggle. Careful study of these technical aspects demonstrates beyond doubt that unrestricted private manufacture of munitions for the foreign trade does not of itself serve to provide for our forces any large flow of such supplies adequately adapted for our own use. The utmost which can be said for the private industry as an adjunct of national preparedness is that it may at the outbreak of hostilities furnish, here and

there, groups of engineers and mechanics who have in private employment acquired skill in design and fabrication of military machines and equipment, and that these skills can be readily harnessed to the production of *similar*, but not identical, machines and equipment for our own use.

Yet the training in peace-time of such a force of privately employed skilled artificers is wholly accidental and fortuitous; it depends on the accidents of world conditions and the competitive prices of the moment. If Chile orders a warship from a private plant in the United States, 2000 workmen may be at work on the job in an Atlantic coast shipyard for two years; but if naval rivalry in South America remains quiescent, these 2000 men go off to other jobs or in search of them. If China wants airplanes to fight Japan or Turkey buys shells, American factories may get the orders. If they do, American employees will be trained in cutting broadcloth for shell fuses; otherwise these employees will become shoe-operatives or elevator men.

No one to-day knows just what munitions are being made in the United States for export, either in type or quantity; and so we cannot know how many designers and workmen are acquiring proficiency in the arts of providing the Chinese, let us say, with bombs to drop on another Japanese army. I would venture to guess, however, that the total number so engaged to-day is not over 25,000, and probably is less than that. We can better afford to support the entire 25,000 in C.C.C. camps than to permit them to continue as the tools of the arms salesmen who sell their product abroad and rejoice in every outbreak of war; the better the war, the greater danger that the United States will be drawn into it. The smaller the arms industry at home the less fuel does it contribute to the world's tinder-boxes.

IV

Before considering what the cost would be to the government to take over enough of the privately owned and operated plants to supply our army and navy in time of peace and to lay up an initial store of munitions sufficient for the first months of another war of our own, we should determine as definitely as possible in advance of war a clear policy as to national preparedness; that is, we should determine for what kind of war-use we wish the army and navy to be prepared, and where.

In 1917-18 we raised and supplied an army of over four million men; two million we sent to France, and of these somewhat over a million took part in battle or were actually at the front. Those who were there retain some remembrance of the immensely complex task of designing, producing, shipping, and distributing the material required for these millions at home and abroad. If to-morrow or next year we are fools enough to allow ourselves to duplicate that adventure in, shall we say, Timbuctoo, we should to-day take stock of our plans in men and equipment in order that the unhappy business may be concluded most quickly and cheaply. If, however, we have only to raise an army of one million, literally for home-and-fireside defense, the nature and complexity of the problem of adequate preparation is very different. True, it will still take 10 months to produce a single 10-inch gun, whether that gun is to be used on the New Jersey seacoast or to batter the citadel of Timbuctoo. The "time-lag" between final approval of drawings, specifications, and models, and the date of delivering the first finished unit of production remains the same, whether the product is to be used at home or abroad. But if, happily, we are resolved to send no more large field

armies abroad to enforce our particular notions upon a recalcitrant foe and are content to fight a genuinely defensive war, we may view the time-lag without dismay. Between the date of hostilities—"M-day" as our Staff calls it—and the day when we are defending the Alleghenies or the Sierra Nevadas there will be a sufficient period in which to train as technicians in machine-gun manufacture men who are now making sewing-machines or carburetors.

At present we have no consistent, carefully planned defense policy in respect to the size and use of future armies. In the light of the War experience an attempt was made to prescribe such a chart. The National Defense Act of 1920 made paper provision for an army of four million men to be raised in the first twelve months of war; this was predicated upon a peace-time regular army of 280,000 and yearly training of adequate reserves. In actual fact the regular army to-day numbers only about 140,000 and the National Guard, the citizens' militia force, is in training and numbers utterly incapable of furnishing the two field armies contemplated in the basic National Defense Act. The inconsistencies and confusion of this situation have a definite bearing on the problem of peace-time munitions production. If we really do expect to have to put six field armies into Timbuctoo then we should not rely on the utterly casual upbuilding of the private munitions business as an effective aid to national offense; we should openly encourage the industry in time of peace. Far from banning exports to the Chaco, we should be glad if our own munitions makers can add to their plant capacity and their staffs of trained operatives by increased sales to Bolivia and Paraguay. But on the other hand, if we are to stay strictly at home to wage a war of defense only,

we shall have far less immediate need of a trained corps of munitions-technicians, and we can afford to let the dollar-chasers in this particular field of commercial rivalry go out of business. We should be rather less keen to go afield than we were in 1917, rather more willing to keep our armies at home, and to confine our preparations to continental defense.

The muddle in man-power preparation and defense policy to which I have alluded does not, fortunately, carry over into the field of equipment. Here the plans go forward consistently and intelligently. In the last decade a definite army procurement plan has been mapped out and followed by the General Staff. During the War the army had a shopping list of 700,000 items, including many component parts of non-essential articles. This list has been reduced to 4,000 articles completed for use. Many of these are ordinary commercial products in constant use by the civilian population in daily life—motor trucks, medicines, articles of food and clothing—others are highly specialized war weapons. To cite at random a single example: a certain type of smoke-candle gas-shell, known as "H. C., M II," has 22 component parts in addition to the chemical mixture. Woolworth's does not carry gas-shells in stock and the army cannot afford to start its Christmas shopping on December 24th, particularly if it does not know up to that date where such dainty presents can be readily found, and in quantity.

Owing to constant obsolescence of design and deterioration of parts, it is wholly impractical for any army to lay up supplies sufficient for a protracted period of hostilities. Adequate defense in this respect consists of (1) initial supplies of current types; (2) complete specifications, drawings, plans, models, molds, etc., of every new design as fast as it is developed; (3) con-

tinuous inventory-taking of the industrial resources of the country. In these three endeavors lies reasonable preparedness in equipment and with these the Staff is at work. As each new type of explosive, gun, or gas-mask is worked out in improvement upon existing models and types, the fullest details concerning it are put down on paper, the materials for its component parts are charted, and contact is made with those commercial plants best fitted to undertake manufacture in quantity if and when needed. By 1931 no less than 4,068 complete War Department specifications had been prepared, and the number is constantly being augmented. Major General George Van Horn Moseley, Deputy Chief of Staff, thus described to the War Policies Commission in 1931 how the maintenance of contact with industrial plants of peace-time products but war-time availability would work in practice:

"I was out in Pittsburgh the other day and visited several concerns in which we are deeply interested. There was one that served us in the late war. It is one of the concerns that will manufacture certain articles of equipment for us in the event of an emergency. That firm keeps on hand our latest models. If we change a model in any detail, we advise them. I could go to that telephone there and call the manager now, and he could go promptly into production of the article allocated to him. That is what we are doing in reference to our *critical items*. As for the other articles, we will go on the streets of the Nation and buy them at a fair price."

No such preparation existed in 1917; months were lost in almost countless instances for want of exact knowledge of what equipment would be used and where it could best be made.

One must concede that in a few "lines" some time would be gained at

the outbreak of war by having munitions makers ready at hand to take on the job, aided by experience in actual past manufacturing for private export. But the aggregate time-saving was apparently very small in the last war, after three years of intensive production by our manufacturers for the Allies; and at present, with no first-class war going on, the volume of private manufacture is but a small fraction of our total export trade and an even tinier part of the total domestic requirements when we may ourselves be again at war. The number of operatives who are to-day gaining skill in the manufacture of munitions is but a corporal's guard against the number who will be required for any other major conflict.

In the popular appeal of this argument for the patriotic necessity of the private trade, we forget that some munitions can be produced almost instantly from slight changes in the everyday production of commercial articles. Stamping and turning machines make typewriters as well as rifles, cellulose is used in artificial silk and in smokeless powder, benzine gives colors for dyes and paints and is a component of mustard gas.

V

Government production of arms is, fortunately, no new and untried practice in this country. For years the government arsenals have made most, if not in fact all, of our artillery, many of our warships, and much of our ammunition. The army developed and the government manufactured the most accurate and quick-firing rifle ever known, and to-day the service branches operate six arsenals, five navy yards, one powder factory, a naval gun factory, a naval aircraft plant, etc. The British government similarly operates an arsenal, factories for the manufacture of gunpowder, small

arms, cordite ammunition and naval torpedoes, and naval dockyards. A government monopoly of arms manufacture actually exists in six of the smaller countries; in Sweden a government commission has been appointed to study its possibilities and Great Britain is about to do likewise. France, Spain, Denmark, and Poland jointly proposed in February 1933 that arms manufacture be reserved to the state and private production be prohibited at the stage where the "product undergoes the first transformation which renders it unfit for pacific purposes and destines it exclusively for military use." The job can be taken over and carried on by an extension of existing practice already proven in certain fields.

Yet even if we are satisfied that the industrial-preparedness argument for continuance of the privately owned and managed-for-profit industry falls before the compelling necessity that the munition drummer's profession be permanently banned, we have still a great deal to learn before the government of any of the highly industrialized nations maintaining a substantial military force can actually take over the home industry from private hands. While I am fairly persuaded that the transition must be made as one step in the long, discouragingly slow struggle to prevent the war-habit and war-mania from submerging us completely, I must recognize the complexity of the undertaking in this one little corner of the field of battle.

An attitude of healthy skepticism is prerequisite; we must refuse to be satisfied with mere condemnation of present evils, with mongering of flabby sentiment and pious resolutions. Moral indignation is for priming us to action; it is never a substitute for accurate knowledge of the facts and incisive thinking about how to use the facts. The danger just now is that the

Nye Committee will not or cannot for lack of funds go sufficiently deeply into the intricacies and difficulties and responsibilities of nationalization, that we shall get the facts about present-day munitions trade but shall not get enough material with which intelligently to plan and create a substitute.

One must first decide what are "munitions," those types which it is no longer safe to permit the drummer to peddle. Warships as such; artillery, machine-guns, and bombs; small arms other than sporting guns; shells and ammunition adaptable only for war-pieces; tanks; military airplanes; war-use chemicals such as poison gas. It is simple to prepare lists of obvious mechanisms of destruction, but it will be excessively difficult to determine other categories wherein peace-use slides imperceptibly into war-use, as in certain kinds of ammunition and chemical compounds or in fast airplanes, for example. It will be equally difficult to determine at what point in the stream of production a proposed government monopoly shall take over; for obviously its purpose will be frustrated if component parts of machine-guns, parts capable of use only in an assembled Browning weapon, may still be manufactured, some by the Smith Company at point X, others by the Jones Company at point Y, these parts to be separately shipped to our Timbuctoo purchaser and there assembled into nice little weapons for the next local war. Considerations of practical expediency will provide a rough line in the production process behind which the monopoly cannot extend, unless the government takes over the entire process from mine and forest to finished goods. Behind this line there will still be ample opportunity for the private salesman to tout his wares: cotton for use in making gun-cotton, steel forgings essential to shells, scrap iron which can be melted down and

made over into steel plates for destroyers. Nationalizing the munitions industry can hardly touch this field, and experience will call for the supplementary arm of restrictions upon exports of raw materials, processed and finished articles which, while not of themselves weapons of destruction, are destined to equip armies and navies.

We must then ascertain what it will cost to take over from private ownership its existing plants and equipment, or to build and buy new units which will be adequate to supply equipment for our own peace-time forces and for constant experimentation. No government in any capitalistic society could possibly afford the cost of acquiring a plant which in the aggregate could supply a large army in war, for that would mean taking over practically the entire industrial plant of the nation.

I have attempted to suggest the more obvious implications of nationalization. Many of these are highly technical in nature and few have been thoroughly examined as yet. The Nye Committee is directed to study and report upon nationalization; the opportunity should not be allowed to slip. Such a study would require at least a year, probably more, and an appropriation of a generous sum. There can be no more valuable study than this, of the technic of a workable substitute for the gentry who justify their war-scare practices abroad by professions of patriotic service at home.

We should be fools to expect that nationalizing the munitions industry will alone prevent war or will help materially in reducing the swollen armaments of the eight or ten powers who to-day have military establishments of the first and second rank. It is entirely possible that the mad competition will continue until another Sarajevo lights

the fuse and a second world war engulfs a political order incapable of controlling the specialized forces of destruction which it has created within itself. Those who believe that the present order is worth preserving must realize that war is the greatest danger to the continued existence of society in any form known to us, and that any step is worth taking which lessens to any degree the chances of recurrence of a general war. Any price we pay for war-prevention measures is bound to be less than the price we have paid

or would pay again for the luxury of a first-class war. As between the principal powers the limitation or reduction of armaments can be achieved only by international agreements. Our own more immediate contribution to the common problem can and should be to determine that after the necessary period of transition no made-in-America munitions of war shall be exported except government products, openly shipped to known destinations and sanctioned by specific intergovernment approval.

THE PILGRIM BARK

BY KENNETH PATCHEN

THE Pilgrim bark decays in Time;
Nor all the voices of heart can near
The strange moss leaning over it.
Put your ear against these words:
Missionary Ridge, Chickamauga, Stone River—you may hear
The rot at work on them; may even hear
Great deeds and names scream under the teeth of rot and dust.

Yes, let us be reminded of the brain's
Neat calendar, be content with this,
Nor ever hold coarse lanterns up
For sight of brute Time's fingers
Twisting with the act of coming
In on us; nor ever claim a name
Or place, that coming on, has not
The gait and features of an ageless horror.



FOR MEN ONLY

ANONYMOUS

AS THE obscure husband of a very famous wife I have a case to present. There are doubtless other husbands of career women who languish unhonored and unsung save for the infrequent gesture of their wives when, bursting into print, they toss a conventional bouquet in our direction, with one eye firmly fixed upon their public. Up to this moment nothing has been heard from the man's side, and he has one.

Take a look at this latest. It's typical. You all recognize it. I could write it in my sleep, but my wife pays a press agent a king's ransom to purvey it at intervals.

FAMOUS ACTRESS GIVES RECIPE FOR SUCCESS IN CAREER AND MATRIMONY

Girls, did you know that Irene McCrae has been married fifteen years to-day? Well, she has, and she's still as happy as a June bride and as radiantly young. "Perhaps the real reason for your success is that your husband picked you out of the cradle when you were still young enough to spank," we teased her. She denied it with mock indignation, although there is no doubt that the lovely star of "Breakfast For Two" must have been a child bride at least. She doesn't look a day over twenty-four, although she scouts such a suggestion. She gave us her secret recipe for staying young and bridelike. Here it is:

"Fall in love as young as you can—once and for all—and don't fall out. Never change men crossing life's rapids. It takes a clear eye and a steady hand to avoid the whirlpools."

What do you think of *that* old fashioned common sense in this day of "modern" marriages?

Well, we put another question straight up to her. We asked her for another of her famous recipes for the women of America. "Tell us," we said, "how have you done what so many other women have failed to do? How did you manage a brilliantly successful career and a happy marriage at the same time?"

"I have the most wonderful husband in the world," she said. But we had heard that one before—

"There's more to it than that!" we bantered. "We want the real secret, word of honor!"

She looked at us gravely. There were dreams in her eyes and in her smile. "I've always been two different people. Oh, sometimes it's been hard to keep them apart, but I've done it! Here . . ."

Her hand indicated the theater and all it stood for, "I'm Irene McCrae. But the minute I step inside my own front door I'm just plain little Mrs. Wally Oakes. I forget I've ever been an actress or had a public—outside of that very special one—my husband."

She fumbled in her bag and found a latch key which she held out to us.

"It's just an ordinary latch key—you think. Well, it's not. It's the key to paradise. A paradise where I am my real self. This me you see is real too, but only to the people out there. Irene McCrae," she mused. "She's not unimportant to me. She's a sacred trust. But she doesn't count here," she put her hand on her heart, "as much as Wally Oakes' wife counts!" She looked at the key. "It looks like brass to you, but it's not. . . . It's pure gold." She held it impulsively to her cheek. . . .

More of the same. The wonder is that it gets printed. You've all seen it in the magazines and newspapers. The pattern only varies according to the profession of the woman inter-

viewed. The little women have a positive genius for complacently patting themselves on the back in print.

Maybe I have a hangover from anniversary champagne, or maybe a selfish and belated passion for justice forces me to-day to say right out in the open something which all my colleagues of any standing whatsoever have known for years but have been too sporting to tell out loud.

It's up to the woman to make a success of her career, *but* it's up to the husband to make a success of her marriage.

It is probably ungenerous and unworthy to demand a hearing for my platform at this late date, but the girls have put out so much sugar-coated drivel for so long that in fairness to the public it is high time someone told them the truth. Because I adore my wife, and because she would be terribly, terribly hurt, I choose to reveal all under the friendly cloak of anonymity.

I don't know how it works when the female breadwinner follows another profession, but I am sure there must be a formula to fit every case. When she is an actress the rules are simple as A.B.C. once you get the hang of them, and they work like a charm once you have accepted the main premise. I may as well admit that I didn't make this amazing discovery unaided. We might have gone on the rocks right at the start if the producer of my wife's plays had not indicated the ropes and shown me how to use them.

II

I will begin at the beginning. The day Irene promised to marry me she gave me my cue, and I, poor fool, never noticed it until it was almost too late. I don't think people in love are quite bright. She began by looking troubled and when I asked her what the matter was she hesitated a moment. Her

lovely eyes were clouded with a wistful concern.

"But, Wally, what will your mother say? You know she won't like your marrying an actress."

"Don't be ridiculous!" I said. My mother is not at all that sort of person. "You don't know my mother. She'll be overjoyed."

"I'm not so sure," Irene persisted, looking more somber than ever.

"Well, I am."

"Oh!" she said, and the wistful expression changed to one of unmistakable disappointment. I admit I was baffled for the moment, but I might never have thought of it again had not Irene's producer called me the following morning.

"You and I better get together," he said. "In a way we're going to be partners in Irene's success. She's a valuable piece of property to us both and we'd better know each other."

This practical, unromantic statement of fact interested me, and I promised to dine with him that night.

Ike Sartorius is a man without formal education, but he knows more about important things than anyone I have ever met. He is a great psychologist. A beady-eyed, dark little man with a perfect tonsure, he is the smartest showman who ever grossed a million in one Broadway season. I had met him twice before and had exchanged few words with him, but now over an excellent dinner in his lush overstuffed penthouse on Central Park West he went straight to the point.

"You're not going to ask Irene to give up the stage?"

"Of course not," I said. "I can't imagine her existence away from the theater. It's all she's ever known."

"Good," he said with obvious relief. "I'm always afraid of your kind."

"What's my kind?"

"I'm not so sure." His round dark eyes surveyed me, unblinking. "I

checked you up and you don't quite make sense. You come from an old family that stands for a lot in New York. That should make you a millionaire play-boy. But you're not even a broker. I find you own a piece of a small, class publishing house. I don't know what to expect of you."

"I don't act like a millionaire play-boy, do I?" I had certainly never felt like one.

"No, thank God! You don't hang round stage doors. . . . If you had Irene wouldn't have fallen in love with you. Don't ever do it either."

I felt as though I were having an interview with a prospective father-in-law. I told Ike so.

"You are," he said simply. "I love Irene as if she were my own daughter and she gives me as many gray hairs. And I like you and everything I hear about you. I admit I couldn't have picked a better husband for her myself. You'll do."

"Thanks," I said. I thought I'd do.

"I'm going to give you a lot of advice and you mustn't mind what I say. I'm an old man. First, if you really love people you've got to understand them. You've got to be able to laugh at them when they're funny, or at other times you might choke them instead. If you can't love Irene and at the same time see when she's laughable you oughtn't to marry her."

The idea of laughing at her had never occurred to me. I told Ike so.

"You'd better learn, not out loud, but to yourself in a nice affectionate way, as you'd laugh at a little child," he insisted. "Or you might cry."

He disregarded my obvious resentment and continued:

"Do you like to act? Were you ever in amateur plays?"

"Plenty."

"That's good. You'd better brush up. Irene acts, I guess, even in her shower bath."

This was too much. "Why, she's the most sincere person in the world," I announced.

He grew indignant. "Who said she wasn't? That's why I have her under a five-year contract and pay her the salary I pay her. That's why she's going to be a big star. She believes every part she plays. She's a natural actress. It's like breathing. Everything is a play to her."

At last I began to understand.

"Never forget for a minute that she's an actress. If you go to the theater a lot you can recognize right off what role she has in mind. Then it's easy. But there's one thing you'll have to remember . . . just as I do. Every actress has limitations. Some plays she'd flop in. It's going to be up to you, just as it's up to me, never to let her be mis-cast. It's the one thing actors never learn. The comic always thinks he'd make a fine Hamlet. His manager has to talk him out of it. When he gets crying for Hamlet a good showman has to slap a better script in front of him. Always keep one up your sleeve."

Before I had left Ike's that night he had convinced me that a man with no histrionic leanings would not be a complete success married to an actress of Irene's type; that any star needs a leading man who is adequate if not competent. I wish everything else he told me had taken root as deeply as this one piece of advice.

As I walked across the Park I recalled Irene's disappointed, "Oh!" when I had assured her that Mother would love her. I laughed aloud. I think that laugh marked the moment when I really began to love Irene wisely. Ike had been right. A man can laugh tenderly at the attitudes of the woman he loves and love her much more for that privilege. But it is a secret which he must never share with another living soul, a charming jest which is his to enjoy alone.

That look of disappointment—what a fool I had been not to get it! Plain as day: Cinderella. Lucky I had realized it in time. It would have been a bitter disappointment to Irene if she had barged straight into the picture of welcoming arms. In a little while, but not yet. She wanted to play the scene out even if everyone knew how it ended.

The poor child had never known anything but theater. She had made her first appearance at seven, pursued relentlessly by the Gerry Society. When she was fifteen she began in New York and at seventeen she was a musical-comedy ingenue. At twenty she had switched to the legitimate theater and now, at twenty-two, her name was up in lights. Her early struggles had made certain marks on her. The Gerry Society's invincible pursuit had convinced her that organized society was against the poor little actress. Theater wings are always littered with tabloids specializing in feature stories of the persecution of innocent actresses by cruel Park Avenue matrons, agonizing over play-boy sons.

I think Irene would have been overjoyed if my father had been alive. I can visualize that stern, hoary old gentleman playing Armand's father to her Camille. He might have offered to buy her off. Nothing could have been more satisfactory. Tears. . . . "But you don't understand. I love him." No, the best we could offer was Cinderella.

I counted on the histrionic underlayer that you find if you scratch any woman and decided to share my guilty secret with my mother. I woke her out of a sound sleep and begged her to be displeased.

"But I'm not," she objected. "I've met Irene McRae. She sang for my orphans at the Christmas entertainment. I've never forgotten how she cried. I think she is one of the most

splendid young women I've ever met."

I got the picture. Irene had been doing the under-privileged child who has fought through to success. She had read in the papers about Irving Berlin and Eddie Cantor and the rest of the Grand Street Boys, and their fine work among the children who were up against the same odds over which they had triumphed.

"Forget all that and play theater," I told Mother. "I don't want you to accept her with completely open arms until we've been married for a couple of months. Then you can do a big reconciliation scene and both cry a little. You see, you represent to her all the upholstered old dowagers with dog collars who wanted their sons to marry an unattractive Miss Agatha Vanderveer in the musical comedies she played in. Cinderella is a great role for Irene, and I won't have her done out of it. I want this marriage to be a success. So it's going to be written by the most popular dramatists."

My mother has always believed I was a bit queer, so that made it easier. She was not the type at all. Her hair is not white, and she is not imposing; but she did her best. She couldn't quite pull off the dowager because her face is so kind and trustworthy; but she is a good amateur actress and she put her heart into it. She called on Irene, and from her accounts of the interview I gather that they did a certain universal scene all the elements of which were later embodied in "The Silver Cord." I should like to have been there to see the polite battle between those two women, each trying to assert her domination over poor feeble me.

The reconciliation took place according to schedule two months after we were married. Irene felt that she had won an uphill struggle—the forces of right and true love triumphant.

Their relation has ever since been the comfortable one of mother and daughter. They go to dressmakers and matinees together. Mother sends her car for Irene on wet days and gets her to serve on hospital boards, which bore her to death but give her a pleasantly stuffy and dutiful feeling when she wants to play young Park Avenue matron. Mother is wise enough never to forget that Irene is a star even if she is a member of the family. She treats her like a precious and beloved piece of bric-à-brac. No opening night goes by without a gift and an appropriate note, containing the correct proportions of motherly love and awe-struck admiration. My mother has not only the tact to take people as they wish to be taken, but she genuinely adores Irene. That has worked out to the best possible end.

III

The first year, I found out a lot of things about Irene. Most of them Ike had told me. Some of them I couldn't believe until I had proved them. At first I used to wake her up in the middle of the night to see if I could catch her forgetting her pose. Even in that moment between sleeping and waking she never did. Ike had been right. She couldn't help acting. The women I had known in business had had a certain masculine bias which made them scorn the fine female subterfuge, but Irene was pure feminine except when it came to contracts or money matters. She was even so feminine that she would never let me suspect this crass mercenary side of her nature. Good old Sartorius pointed it out to me. In innumerable insidious ways Irene tried to make me her slave. It was quite a tussle because she was adept at setting nets for the unwary. She almost achieved her object when she went into rehearsal for a new

play shortly after we were married.

I had never before beheld the spectacle of an actress in rehearsal, and it is not a pretty sight even, I imagine, if the actress is a stalwart, upstanding girl who can fight her legitimate battles in a fairly direct and above-board fashion. Before rehearsals started Irene was perfectly satisfied. The play was the best that had ever come her way. (I have since discovered that each new play is the best so far.) She had managed to twine an important dramatist round her finger and get it written to order—a typical star vehicle. She adored Ike. Well she might. She had an enviable contract at a stupendous figure. She had a hand in the casting, and her leading man was perfect. The inevitable song that was a feature of every play she appeared in (to remind her public of past musical comedy glamour) had enlisted the services of the best composer and lyricist in New York. Her clothes (which would create fashions) were to be specially designed by a dressmaker who wouldn't stick a pin into a piece of material for less than a hundred-dollar bill. Even the sets (the drawing-room and boudoir of a woman of fashion) were to be furnished with authentic antiques from Lavezzo. Sartorius was shooting the works and he tore his hair at intervals, proclaiming that he would be in the red if the play ran two years. In short everything was rosy . . . until the second week of rehearsal.

Then the complaints began. In tears, Irene begged me to go to rehearsal with her the first Sunday, just to see what they were doing to her. She needed me. Thus flattered into the role of protector, I went. But to my layman's eye everything seemed to proceed smoothly. It was a brilliant light comedy, and Irene has that deftness of touch which is often the gift of those with no personal sense of humor. The

cast couldn't have been better. Her leading man was splendid. I was delighted with the look of things, and I said so. She looked at me with infinite reproach.

"Oh, Wally!" she said accusingly. "But can't you see that the play is not mine at all? It's *his*! Every bit of it is his. I'm just standing up there feeding him lines, and the good lines are all his."

I didn't have the sense to agree with her. By no possible stretch of the imagination could the play ever belong to anyone but Irene. Everything else was subsidiary. By no trick of performance or direction could that play be thrown to her leading man—only by rewriting. I said so. That was my big mistake, for he had become the fly in the ointment.

Ike had explained him to me. He was being paid a big salary to offset the fact that his was a minor part. Ike had stopped at nothing to get him because of his reputation for sex-lure which would balance the unfavorable impression of Irene's marriage.

"Unfavorable?" I had demanded indignantly.

Ike had patiently analyzed. "The general public likes to think the love scenes are real. They'll forget all about you when she's teamed with him. Of course you've made her solider than ever with her carriage trade; but I have to think about the subway patrons. They're what make or break a play."

Irene knew all this but she was mortally afraid of her leading man. She had never wanted him, although at first she had been pleased because it was quite a triumph to get him into this uninteresting part. But there was no argument or explanation that would satisfy her.

The rehearsal period was a nightmare and a bore. I felt as though I were holding the hand of a hypochondriac through a long imaginary illness.

Irene insisted that I go every night with her to the theater. At home I listened to the most elaborate tales of woe. On account of this one irritation everything took its turn in being wrong, the play, the cast, her clothes, the sets, the lights, even poor Sartorius. She said he was trying to ruin her. But he remained unmoved through it all. I marvelled at him. I always felt ill at ease at rehearsals. I really knew nothing about the theater and I felt that I had no right to be there; but Irene wanted me so, fool that I was, I went.

I went until one night Ike asked me to step up to the office for a drink. "I thought I told you to keep away from stage doors," he said accusingly.

"I have," I assured him.

"Well, since you don't understand, I meant keep out of the theater except when you buy a ticket."

"I don't want to come to rehearsals any more than I want Irene to come down to my publishing house when we're getting out the fall catalogue. I don't know any more about her business than she does about mine. But she says she needs me."

"She needs someone, but not you. You may be a good husband but you make a lousy rehearsal boy friend. You don't sympathize with her."

"Of course I don't. She's being absurd."

"Wally, you're quite right not to play a part that you couldn't believe in. The thing to do is hand it over to someone who can carry it off." He let this sink in. "Are you jealous?"

I thought for a minute. "I don't think I am. After all, the girl married me. Why?"

"Every show Irene has rehearsed for me we go through the same thing. It's the key to what I like best about her. She has only about seventy-five per cent self-confidence. She's never satisfied. When a show has been running six

months she's still working on her performance, trying to make it better. But when she's rehearsing she's terrible. She finds fault with herself, so she takes it out in finding fault with every little thing. She needs someone to be constantly telling her she's right, that she's grand, that she's beautiful and perfect. Someone who's crazy about her. You know she's romantic."

"I get you," I said. "Where are they all?"

"I don't know what becomes of them afterward. They hold her hand when she needs it and then they disappear. Once a show opens she's all right and I guess she gets bored with them. That's worth knowing."

I agreed that it was. Because otherwise it would be a little hard to ask your wife deliberately to let someone else tell her how wonderful she is for a period of four weeks. Ike's description of the young man to fill the bill made me think of a new profession—theatrical gigolo. I was furious at Irene for trying to put me into that category. After all one should have a decent respect for one's husband. Ike calmed me.

"After all," he said, "don't forget you've taken her out of circulation. They probably think of you as a jealous husband with a shotgun, all those moonstruck kids. She probably thinks you wouldn't understand. She has to have somebody, and she doesn't know yet that she can't use her husband."

I cooled off and decided that I had done Irene an injustice. Ike and I shook hands. Again he was my benefactor.

So it came to pass that I furnished Irene with her most congenial role, and one which I have permitted her to play at intervals ever since—that of misunderstood wife. It is a walk-away for any woman.

The next night I put my foot down. I refused ever to go to any more re-

hearsals. I said I hadn't the time, and that I knew nothing about the theater. I threw her her cue when I said I must refuse her my unbounded sympathy over fancied wrongs which seemed frivolous to me.

If I'd struck her I couldn't have done better as the cruel husband. And I had set my stage. My brother Bill was home from Yale for Christmas vacation. Bill was one of Irene's vast public. He had always liked me, but his respect was unbounded when I had married the undergraduates' dream girl. You can imagine his reflected glory. My marriage made him one of the most respected men in his class. You might have thought I had pulled it off for dear old Eli. Bill always found a thousand and one pretexts to drop in when he was just "passing by" our apartment.

Just as I had expected, he rose like a lamb to the slaughter. With a stuffy undergraduate bow he coldly proclaimed himself the little woman's protector. Irene figuratively fell on his neck. It was long before the day of "Another Language," but the situation was intrinsically the same: the sensitive young man who is in love with the misunderstood wife of his crass and unsympathetic older brother. I had no compunctions whatsoever. I have always thought it was a splendid thing for a very young man to fall in love with a glamorous older woman, particularly if she be as virtuous a paragon as my own dear wife.

So Bill became the first of a long series of pinch-hitting hand-holders. Poor Bill! Poor boys, all of them. They adored her and they served her, but she kept them in their place. I discovered one thing about Irene. She would never stoop to try to make me jealous. She was without that kind of coquetry. Romantic, yes, but there was never any nonsense about her. And she was fundamentally kind. She

felt sorry for her victims. But Sartorius was right. She was sick to death of them as soon as they had fulfilled her purpose. One wearies of a shoulder on which one has wept too often.

Irene was delighted with me as a cruel husband. It gave her something to talk about when she was hard up. For many years when I sensed in advance that rehearsals were going to be particularly gruelling I used to move to my club and call Irene up to make engagements with her. In one of her completely honest moments she said to me:

"You know, Wally, I couldn't bear to have one of those tagging husbands. Look at Anne H.'s husband—always under foot, as though he didn't have a thing to do. I couldn't respect you if you allowed yourself to be nothing but Mr. Irene McRae. I'm really glad you won't lower yourself to be a stage door John."

As soon as she had said it she conveniently forgot it, and all our married life she has consistently tried to inveigle me into rehearsals, dressing rooms, and even up theater alleys; but I find it very endearing. She reopens the subject like a child asking for candy, as though she had never mentioned it before, and never been refused. Even when we have late engagements I give her plenty of time to get rid of visitors and dress before I go back to get her. The rule is broken only on opening nights. It seems a little thing to make an issue of, but on such small things marriages have often foundered.

When Miss Peggy Wood married John V. A. Weaver, the poet, I remember reading that Mr. Weaver intended to absent himself from the conjugal roof while Miss Wood was in rehearsal. I passed the paper over to Irene and as she read the item her face was a study. I could see that she was annoyed never to have realized herself

how well it would look in print. After a few minutes she threw the paper aside.

"Think of bothering to print that!" she said. "Everybody knows it's the only way to have a successful marriage. I thought of it years ago, didn't I, Wally?"

IV

The non-professional who marries an actress is the target for lugubrious head shakings on the part of old family friends. They are all summed up in one remark, "Well! I wonder how long *that* will last." Of course the rocking-chair squad would be the last to admit it, but they fervently hope the marriage will be of short duration because they find such unions unorthodox. After fifteen years they grudgingly admit that it may *look* permanent, but they really believe that we are only keeping up appearances, and expect any day to read of our divorce. Irene's theatrical friends are far more broadminded. They expect and hope for the best.

The Waterloo which the old women anticipate must, I suppose, be fought because Irene goes to work as I come home; then, of course, our friends . . . How can they be congenial?

In answer to the first: The fact that I have always been a night owl infinitely simplifies our conjugal existence. It is impossible for actors to go to bed immediately after a performance. They are too wound up. They have to wear off their vitality. Although I am apt to be awake at midnight, I am fortunate in that Irene has never liked to go out too often to large after-theater gatherings. She was brought up in the old school of actresses who took good care of themselves and were seldom seen in public. Ike got Irene young and patiently dinned such things into her head until she believes to-day that the ideas are her own.

Concerning the congeniality of our friends, it does seem that, by and large, theatrical people are a race apart. They get restive if conversation veers away from the theater. Their profession demands great concentration; they must keep up with what their colleagues are doing; their working hours are a handicap. They really have little opportunity to keep abreast of the rest of the world. While by no means true of all actors, this is a definite tendency.

At first our social life was a problem, complicated by our personal friends. Irene's associates wanted to meet me out of curiosity, and mine wanted to meet her out of admiration. But Irene had the best of it. When I was alone with theatrical people the talk was all of theater. When Irene was alone in the midst of my friends the talk was all of theater also, because of the evergreen interest of the layman in life behind the footlights. I soon realized that I must increase my sophistication about the theater and I enjoyed the process. But I could never get Irene to increase her sophistication about anything, so I decided that it must not matter. Her charm compensated for her narrow horizon, and my friends have always been eager to talk to her.

Naturally we both found a number of our particular friends who seemed incredibly dull to the other; also, few of them mixed well. We finally reached a solution which has worked admirably. We designate those who bore the other as "old school friends." We lunch with them, but we avoid inviting them for cocktails or dinner. Perfectly ordinary married people meet the problem in some such way, but we have the advantage over them. Irene's profession offers a splendid excuse for refusing any boring invitations. After the theater the house is hers, to fill with any theatrical people

she wants. Then if I am not diverted, I have the excuse of another working day. Everyone accepts our excuses and no feelings are hurt. Thus we please ourselves.

After my early mistake about going to rehearsals, I made only one more frightful mistake. I read a play at Irene's request, and thought it was terrible. She turned it down and another actress snatched it up. It ran for a year, and I never heard the end of it. She still begs for my opinion on scripts; but I resist the occasional temptation and have continued to take Ike's advice to the letter. I have nothing to do with the theater beyond buying a seat and sitting in it. I am proud of my wife's success, but I neither criticize nor suggest. In fact I am a high grade yes-man. I say only pleasant things, and I can always find them to say. The downright flattery is handled by Irene's tame cats. Sometimes when the critics have gently chided her (or even not so gently) and I have been in perfect accord with them, I have found the going rough; but silence is the best policy if home is to be happy. My reward came from Ike last Christmas in the form of a gift with an attached card, which read, "To the only theatrical husband who ever minded his own business instead of his wife's."

If a man finds pitfalls in marriage with an actress who is in the full flush of her success, one can imagine the ditches he encounters when she is on the down grade. Irene's career proceeded swimmingly until the last year of her contract with Ike Sartorius. Her stumbling block was a play called "The Iron Maiden." She proclaimed it the greatest script she had ever read, but I still consider it the worst piece of clap-trap I have ever witnessed. It contained a great role, verging on the melodramatic, for an emotional actress. Irene is not and never will be an emotional actress. She is a bril-

liant light comedienne. But when she had read "The Iron Maiden" she decided that what she had been doing up to now was not worth while and took the script to Ike, demanding that he produce it next. Ike refused even to take an option. He produced a better script from up his sleeve, but he underestimated Irene's tenacity. Long after he had thought the matter amicably settled he discovered that she had bought an option herself on "The Iron Maiden" and sat quietly holding it. It made us both nervous because we had noticed of late that a subtle change had been stealing over her.

She had always carried an aura of the footlights with her, even in public. She dressed with exquisite taste, but there was a certain difference. . . . I cannot analyze the effect, but it was summed up in a studied perfection which one associates with the theater. In "Show Boat" Edna Ferber describes the actresses of the 'Twenties, and her heroine's wonderment at them because they didn't look like actresses any more. It was quite true. The pace for this change was set by a girl who possessed vast personality but no personal glamour and no vestige of chic. It took lights and music and the magic of a costume designer to give her those things on the stage. In private her large comfortable feet were shod in walking oxfords. She affected serviceable, badly cut tweeds and dowdy, unbecoming hats. In the Algonquin one saw replicas of her. The "sensible" fad had taken hold. They read and carried books. They took their dogs walking around the reservoir. They scorned makeup. They looked like a lot of college girls out for a tramp. Not that I object to the looks of tramping college girls. They are very appropriate—at college. These young women were excellent actresses. They were intelligent, hard working, and well read. They knew something be-

sides theater. They were so successful too that Irene began to suspect that there might be something in the trend. It was an unfortunate decision. Irene was not a tweedy person. These were intellectual actresses. She was not intellectual. They acted in important plays, and she belonged definitely to the lighter side of the theater. But now she repudiated it in order to do "better things." The better things began with "The Iron Maiden."

I have said that Irene was a shrewd business woman. When she had first signed with Ike she had refused to grant him the customary options. She signed a straight five-year contract which left them both in the air at its termination. Now she held this over his head. She had had offers from other managers, and she made it a condition of any new contract that she should have absolute choice of plays, "The Iron Maiden" to be her first selection. Ike flatly refused. With tears in his eyes he pleaded with me to see what I could do; but I knew it was useless, and, moreover, it was against my principles to interfere. So Irene and Ike finally reached a stormy parting of their ways. I was very sorry, because Ike understood Irene, and by that I mean that he understood her limitations. Her new producer only understood that she was a box-office draw and that he had won a prize. So he presented her in "The Iron Maiden." It was terrible; Irene was terrible; the critical and public reception was terrible.

Ike and I left the first night in the middle of the second act, a cowardly retreat, but we couldn't stand the slaughter. Some of the audience walked out. This had never happened before, but you couldn't blame them. After all, the public has little imagination. They expect the usual, and it is unfair to them suddenly to change face.

Irene took it very calmly when the play ran a bare six weeks.

"I'm an emotional actress now. They'll have to get used to it," she said confidently. So she hired another press agent and did two more dreary plays under her new contract. By the time she was well into the third, her large public, so carefully nursed by Ike, had folded its tent, and no other had taken its place. The managers who had considered her such a good bet had as silently stolen away. When we met them their politeness had a furtive quality, as though they were looking for a convenient exit. Only Ike stood by. He asked her to come back, and it must have been fatherly love indeed which made him do so, because she was no longer an asset to any manager. It meant beginning at the beginning; for in the theater as well as in some games, three errors make you a "ghost."

But Irene resolutely refused to talk business with Ike. "He doesn't know a thing about me," she said. "He doesn't even believe in me." I knew she was dying to go back, but she had struck an attitude, and long after it had ceased to be comfortable she must hold it from sheer perversity.

One day she came to me and quietly announced that she would do another comedy; but only as a concession. A very young producer was to stand sponsor, and she was going to put up the money herself. Then I discovered that she couldn't even pick a comedy script for herself. Her concession was a little domestic farce, a homespun affair, not at all the thing for a comedienne who was associated with sophisticated drawing-room fare. After the first two weeks it cost her money to keep the play alive, but she paid it out to salve her pride. As she lost more and more money she became harder and harder to live with.

V

One day Ike called me up. "She's got to close that damned play, but she needs a reason. Can't you get sick or something, to save her face?" I had never been more healthy. "If she were only going to have a baby!" Ike exclaimed. "If she's ever going to have one this would be the time. She ought to announce a retirement for a year or so until people can forget. Then I'd still be willing to take another chance on her."

I often think that words spoken aloud start vibrations which eventually reach their goal. Only a few days later Irene looked soulfully at me. "I haven't been a good wife to you, Wally."

I protested loudly, but I held my breath. I felt terribly sorry for her, trying to find a last refuge in her home.

"Oh, no, I haven't," she insisted. "I never darn your socks." That was irrelevant. She has a competent maid who does such things. "I'm not a good wife at all. I never give dinner parties for your business friends." That was pretty feeble too. "I haven't done my duty by you and I'm ashamed. Do you know I'm seriously thinking of giving up the stage for a year to devote myself to you? I've always wanted children and I've always put it off. But now that I'm really established" (the pathos of that struck me) "I think the time has come. Do you believe you could manage to get away next week and take me to Bermuda? We've never had a real vacation together." She was complacently forgetting two trips to Europe and a West Indies Cruise between shows; but she always forgot what was convenient.

I hastily acquiesced.

"You mustn't tell a soul. I don't want any publicity about this. We'll just slip off."

It is customary to give a company a

week's notice, and in lieu of that they must be paid a week's salary. Irene gave no notice. She paid them instead and closed the show abruptly the day before we sailed. When we returned three weeks later people inquired solicitously about my health. Irene's redoubtable press agent had proclaimed that because of my sudden illness my loyal wife had suddenly terminated a successful run to take me south.

Irene's retirement lasted three years instead of one. We have two strapping sons to show for it. That they are strapping is due to me and Ike Sartorius rather than to Irene's success as a mother. If she had stayed home any longer they and I should have been nervous wrecks. She threw herself with abandon into the role of wife and mother, and she loved herself in it. I tripped over photographers every time I came into the house, because from habit she still employed a press agent. * He now publicized Irene McRae Oakes, Homemaker. As mother she used to snatch young John and Wally out of their cribs in the middle of the night to rock and sing to them in the presence of her friends. They roared unmercifully. The babies hadn't had my experience of their mother and they didn't know how to handle her. They stared at her with unblinking distrust and clamored for the undemonstrative starched bosom of their efficient nurse. She was endlessly disapproving, and several times I figuratively got down on my knees to implore her not to abandon us.

As a wife Irene was overwhelming. She insisted on being in close touch with my business. It became her duty to take an interest in publishing. She read galleys patiently and insisted on advising me about everything. The more she yearned for the footlights the more she took it out on the home. She had been a good housekeeper when she had had a minimum of time and

interest, but now she was into everything, and we couldn't keep any servants.

Finally when I could bear no more and felt that our marriage was tottering, I sent an S.O.S. to Ike. "She is hopelessly miscast!" I shouted over the 'phone.

"Ask me to dinner," he suggested. He had kept strictly away from us latterly.

It was amazing how three years had dissolved Irene's rancor. She was overjoyed to see Ike and gave a great performance for him. She got the babies out of their cribs, and while Wally yelled in his face, young John took one of Ike's stubby forefingers and clung to it trustfully as though he sensed a good port in a storm. That made Ike solid with Irene.

"You didn't know I was such a good housekeeper," she said when he complimented her on an unpalatable dinner.

"Thank God, there's one actress who had the sense to leave the theater when she was at the top and never wants to go back! You have the only things in life that matter," he announced sentimentously.

I was shocked. That wasn't what I had asked him here for. But I didn't suspect the depths of his guile.

He began to talk theater. He discussed his plans for the season which was just beginning. He asked Irene's advice. He was thinking of hiring a certain young comedienne . . . he didn't know. I saw the green light flicker in Irene's eyes. He had a play . . . he wasn't sure about it. Of course it would have been perfect for Irene, and with her it could not miss. But Irene had a far more important career now, and of course she wouldn't dream of abandoning it. He sighed, while Irene echoed his fine sentiments. Ike wondered if it would be an imposition to ask her to read this play for

him . . . no one had ever had such an eye for a light comedy (What duplicity!) . . . and tell him frankly if she thought the young comedienne was up to it. It was far too important a piece of property to jeopardize. He would rather wait ten years for the right actress.

Why continue with his strategy? In three weeks Irene was rehearsing and the nursery had become the abode of blessed peace. I was no longer startled by the strange faces of new servants. There was no time for discontent and firing and hiring. The house settled down to its accustomed routine and has remained calm ever since.

The children have turned out to be not only a source of pleasure to my wife but, like everything else about her marriage, she has turned them into a tremendous business asset. When the inevitable Hollywood offers began to come in, it was as a mother that she was able to dictate the most favorable contracts. Her reluctance to leave the children at all pleased a potential picture public and sent the bids sky high. Because it was unthinkable to abandon them for a lengthy period at any figure (so she said), she is available to Holly-

wood only for six-month periods. She out-Cornelias Cornelia. Quite literally they are her jewels.

I think there is smooth sailing ahead until that inevitable moment when Irene must make the transition from youthful roles to more mature character parts. I predict that she will again solve the problem with a carefully thought-out reversion to domesticity. At that moment I shall summon my sons to the paternal knee and tell them what every young man should know about his mother. With a child's tolerance for his elders, they are growing up with a docile responsiveness toward what is expected of them. I trust they will maintain this tolerance and acquire the fortitude they will need to play up and allow her, overwhelmingly and misguidedly maternal, to show them the sights of Europe, make hideous their college rooms, select their girls and, in sum, be a boy's best friend for a little space. For we shall all have to work together and play out the scenes she selects, in order to keep her from dismal failure as a miscast home-maker, and bring about her successful return to the career for which her nature and her gifts have best fitted her.



REVOLUTIONARY AMERICA

AN INTERPRETATION OF OUR HISTORY

BY LOUIS M. HACKER

THE history of the United States is the history of revolution, and to the scanner of the records of the past it is equally apparent that America's progress has been achieved in the same way. Whether this will be the tale of the future is still unrevealed, but, unmistakably, the initial signs of a revolutionary situation are beginning to appear in the United States to-day. When, and if, an organized, politically conscious revolutionary force should emerge, as it has on a number of occasions before in American events, then the pattern will be completed. Who knows? It still may be the destiny of the present living American generation to watch and participate in the unfolding of great events.

Most of the objective factors of economic and social decline that precede revolutionary activity are currently in evidence in the United States. Already opportunities for legitimate capitalist expansion in the domestic and foreign fields simply no longer exist; the by now helpless liquidity of banks, the paucity of prime commercial paper, and the piling up of cash surpluses are storm signals that all can read. There is no strike of capital; rather, capital is being rendered immobile by its own accumulations. The government, under continuous pressure, is compelled to cut away what were deemed not so long ago vital parts of its program of reform: on the one

hand, it accedes to the revival of deadly competition among great industrial groups at home (witness the promise of the abandonment of the price-fixing and production-control features of the NRA codes); on the other, it gives tacit support to imperialist adventure abroad—with the inevitable drift into war (witness the official concern over the Japanese monopoly of oil in Manchukuo and the inability to come to an understanding on the question of Japanese naval strength). The acceptance of the existence of a permanent group of unemployable persons—which in time must grow larger as the acceleration of machine production continues to eliminate jobs—is at the basis of public policy. The New Deal, it is plain, is becoming only a relief program for the precarious maintenance of distressed workers and farmers—nothing more.

Only the blind will refuse to see that the gap between classes is constantly widening and that the growing consciousness of their helplessness is spreading among the masses. For those who are not employed there is little hope; for those who are, the value of their wages is steadily shrinking in terms of purchasing power. Increasing labor militancy and the spreading distrust by the rank and file of their conservative trade union leadership are signs of the mounting revolutionary flood. A frail barrier still stands:

a refusal on the part of most Americans to believe that the governmental apparatus, that is to say the state, can be anything but neutral. When this is swept away—through the continued use of troops in labor disputes and the open sabotaging of Section 7(a) of the NIRA by the Department of Justice or its emasculation by the federal courts—the waters will be pouring through every aperture. If a revolutionary host will then be able to step forward to take advantage of the concurrence of events what has happened before in human affairs will happen again: a turning of our backs on the past and a renewal of mankind's upward climb after the hampering restraints of an outworn system of production have been shaken off.

That the United States has progressed in the past by such methods is the thesis of this paper. But certain preliminary considerations must first be disposed of before the true nature of revolution as an explanation of the historical process can properly be understood. Revolution has its remote, or long-forming, and its immediate, or culminating, aspects. As regards the former, briefly, it may be said that the stage for revolution has been set when the economic organism of a society (and this includes all the appropriate relations of production—political, intellectual, cultural, and social) has been drained of every last drop of vitality and can live only by feeding on its own members. This exploitation is accompanied by a growing consciousness of oppression on the part of the exploited. The immediate period of revolutionary crisis and revolutionary action now occurs. It may be identified by the following characteristics: the setting in of disintegration during which the ruling class displays its inability to control the economic, political, and social operations of society; the refusal of the ruled to live as of

old; and the organization of this oppressed class for the purpose of the seizure of power.

The movement of revolution is quite often confused and complicated by the existence of minor themes: sometimes these enter in the very first phase and their influence is to be noticed throughout the whole work; sometimes they are very faintly in evidence in the beginning and then quickly disappear; sometimes they emerge later, only to die out, like the others, before the triumphant close. In the middle-class English and French Revolutions and in the colonial American War of Independence for example there took part more radical groups which were not in significant particulars in sympathy with the aspirations of the capitalist class leading the struggle. In the English Revolution the solid middle-class center had operating on its left the lower middle-class Levellers and the communist Diggers; in the French Revolution the left was made up of the lower middle-class Jacobins and (before the period of revolutionary consolidation had completely been terminated) the communist Babouvists; in the American War of Independence a radical left had appeared as early as 1765 in the Sons of Liberty, had reëmerged in the Committees of Correspondence and Safety of 1772-75, and had continued to operate more or less fitfully until the suppression of Shays' Rebellion in 1787. In the American Civil War, which also conformed to the pattern of the middle-class revolution in its major outlines, interestingly enough, there existed no radical or left wing at all: there were no Sam Adamses, Tom Paines, Patrick Henrys, and Isaac Searses here to lead the advance guard as there had been in 1776, with the result that the workers and small free farmers of 1861 were at once absorbed by the revolutionary array made up of the bankers, railroad barons, and as-

piring industrial magnates, and never at any time emerged as an independent entity.

A final preliminary observation: A people will not be familiar with its revolutionary past unless its history of revolution is constantly preserved as a living force. However, it is not the newly triumphant class which continues to tend the flame; rather, the tradition of revolution becomes the heritage of those left elements in the original uprising which never were able to come to power. The English Revolution and the French Revolution became dead things in the hands of the victorious middle class; their glories were kept fresh by the class descendants of the Levellers and the Diggers in England and the Jacobins and Babouvists in France; and the struggles of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in these countries have drawn their inspiration from, in one sense, the triumphs and, in another, the frustrated hopes of the earlier periods.

We are now confronted by an important problem: What has happened to that revolutionary tradition of America that should have been the legacy to the underprivileged of the War of Independence and the Civil War? At this point it is enough to say that the revolutionary energies of the radical wing in the War of Independence were channelled off into other directions. The lower middle classes, the small farmers, and the town mechanics who participated in the Sons of Liberty and the Committees of Correspondence and Safety for more than one hundred years were able to lose their class identities in the enveloping frontier dream of economic equality. How could there be a touching of hands of the American dispossessed when the opportunity to grow with the country was a reality for more than a century, when the worker occasionally could become a small shopkeeper or factory

proprietor, when members of the lower middle class could be metamorphosed into industrial and finance capitalists, and when the constant pressure of a great immigrant host helped the native unskilled laborer to become a privileged, skilled worker and converted the American small farmer, ultimately, into a town dweller living from rent? Signs to-day, however, are not wanting that the sleeping giant is stirring: note, for example, the unfurling of the "Don't Tread On Me" snake flag of early American Revolutionary bands by unemployed leagues in the Middle West. To an examination of this American past we are now prepared to turn.

II

The founding and settlement of America sprang from the appearance of a European revolutionary contest: the need for and the struggle to be free from the hampering ties of feudalism. Capitalism—the economic organization of society which has as its bases accumulation, a legally "free" wage-earner class, and the possession and operation of the means of production by the owners of capital or their agents—had begun to appear in the midst of the feudal system itself as early as the tenth century. The Italian cities in particular had succeeded in establishing outposts in the East before the Crusades were inaugurated; with the launching of the Crusades commercial intercourse between Occident and Orient reached significant proportions. Trade primarily—and not industrial enterprise—was the instrument that began slowly to chip away the hard crust of the closed, local, self-sustaining little world that represented feudalism; for the Italian and South German merchants, penetrating with their eastern wares into the north and west of Europe, inevitably fostered the production of surplus commodities, largely

raw materials, which could serve as the basis of exchange for the goods of the East. And on this east and west traffic the Italian merchants and their allies waxed rich, increased their fleets, bought mines in Hungary and the Tyrol, lent money to lay and ecclesiastical princes, and became patrons of the arts.

But the peoples on the Atlantic coast of Europe, while this slow evolution was taking place, were really tied to the leading strings of the Italian commercial system; the leading strings turned into fetters when their own accumulations and the industries these were developing had no oversea outlets of their own. The movement to find new routes to the East, particularly routes by sea, started before the capture of Constantinople by the Turks; and the impetus for the discoveries largely came from the desire to break the Italian monopoly over the Eastern trade. The fabulous riches of the precious mines of the New World, the rise in prices during the period of their exploitation, the possibilities of tapping fresh resources of raw materials and developing new markets for finished goods—these were the forces that quickened the energies of the emergent merchant and banking class in western Europe and strengthened it for the struggle that had to come sooner or later with those who still held the prerogative power. The opening of America took place in the swirl of these revolutionary currents.

The settlers of the English colonies in America, in one sense, were of course seeking those religious liberties they could not have in the mother country; but this was merely one, and perhaps an unimportant one, of the many pressures that were being felt; for the denial of economic equality—the feudal class had now come to a realization of the threat to its privileges that was implicit in commercial capitalism and was making its last stand

under the Stuarts—was the real goad that in one case forced men into flight and in the other (among those who stayed at home) into revolt. Every conceivable device, through the utilization of the corporate unity of Crown and Church, was employed to weigh down the middle classes of England under economic, social, and legal disabilities. The middle classes rose up; and the Cromwellian Revolution swept away all feudal privilege and left the victors at last economically and politically free.

Now too the Puritan doctrine of a "calling" had a free air in which to thrive both in England and America: that body of belief which exalted the complete immersion in commerce and industry as the chief moral aim of life, which saw a binding thread running through concentration on economic affairs, individual capacity, worldly success, and personal salvation, and the life of the world and that of the spirit were at last linked. Is it any wonder that the English middle classes, thus sustained by the political, economic, and religious faiths of their Puritan fathers, were able to rule the world for more than two and one-half centuries? The settlement and growth of colonial America was in that spirit; the Independency of Roger Williams was part of it; so was the conduct of the African slave trade and the impoverishment and spiritual corruption of the American Indian; so was the rise and flourishing of Benjamin Franklin, that complete prototype of the eighteenth-century middle-class man; so, in another and perhaps ironical way was the Declaration of Independence (for this appeal to revolution merely recites back to the English that great justification of their own uprising which John Locke had indited).

Thus the origins of America and the development of its early institutions are to be found in the age of the revo-

lutionary upthrust of the middle class; and the uniqueness of some of our national experiences can in a measure be explained in terms of the absence of the vestigial traces of a feudal society.

III

Once installed in the seats of the mighty, the new merchant rulers of England began to prepare that train of events that inevitably culminated in the American War of Independence. The mercantilist system, launched definitely under Cromwell, was the economic and political agency by which this was effected. This had as its chief function the protection of the economic opportunities of the home middle class; the colonies were important only as they served as tributary streams to feed the main flood. Mercantilism consisted of more than a monopoly of the carrying trade; its other two faces were self-sufficiency as regards food supply and the fostering of native industry. Not only was every method employed to build up home enterprise, but the colonies themselves were kept in economic subjection by restrictions on their industrial expansion. As early as 1699 an act of trade provided that no colonial wool, woolen yarn, or woolen manufactures could be exported from the colonies overseas or from one colony to another. In 1732 the prohibition was extended to include the manufacture of hats. In 1750 it was made to apply to the erection of iron slitting and rolling mills, forges, and steel furnaces. Another twist was taken in the economic screw when in 1751 Parliament denied the colonial governments of New England the right to issue bills of credit as legal tender for the relief of all those debtors who were being kept in a continual state of helplessness as a result of the mercantilist policy of a favorable trade balance for the mother country.

It has been held only too often that if England had not inaugurated the repressive program of 1763-74 the War of Independence would not have taken place. Nothing could be more ingenious; for by 1774 the English colonists in America had learned to see that the mercantilist system had built round them high prison walls within which freedom of movement was no longer possible. The renewal of the enforcement of the acts of trade and navigation following the Seven Years' War—now that England, after a century of conflict, had finally disposed of its European rivals and was ready to consolidate its gains—was only natural; and it was equally inevitable that English ambitions and colonial frustrated hopes should collide. The period of revolutionary crisis emerged when the colonial merchants, land speculators, and small manufacturers, grown wealthy and powerful during the era of England's foreign distractions, realized that those opportunities for capitalist expansion which hitherto had appeared to be limitless were now once and for all to be ended.

The repressive acts of 1763-74 struck at all these groups; but they also drove into the ranks of the discontented the lower middle classes and the town mechanics and artisans, who found small trade openings no longer existing and unemployment spreading as a result of the restrictions upon commerce and industry, and the small farmers, who could neither meet their fixed charges because of the prohibition against the emissions of colonial paper money, ship their surplus foodstuffs to the West Indies, nor escape into the frontier zone because of the shutting off of the western lands.

Out of these elements the revolutionary multitude was created. It moved spasmodically in the beginning, the left of the little traders and shipowners, small farmers, and town mechanics

seeking to drive the center of the merchants and great landlords into more advanced positions than these were prepared to hold—and as often being prevented. Thus the Sons of Liberty, organized after the passage of the Stamp Act, was a secret conspiratorial order which quickly spread into all the colonies and was of such great power that in many places it was able to overawe the regular constituted authorities; but as a result of the discouragement—and no doubt fear—of the merchants it was permitted to languish and disappear. The Committees of Correspondence, the particular work of Sam Adams, were a similar left revolutionary force; conspiratorial clubs existed in all the colonies, kept in constant touch with one another, intimidated royal officials and colonial place-men, and, with all the devices of terror and violence on the one hand and popular appeal on the other, crushed opposition and added to and solidified their ranks. These were the groups that moved against the Tea Act, were instrumental in the summoning of the first Continental Congress, saw that the agreed-on boycott of English goods was enforced, and—after the Revolution had been started and they were operating under the name of Committees of Safety—carried on a systematic, vindictive, and successful civil warfare against the loyalists.

But even these left movements would have been held in check had not the merchants and landlords of the center been driven into active revolt by the closing of the port of Boston and the passage of the Quebec Act in 1774. The first measure threatened the bankruptcy of the New England merchants and shipowners and the second turned the western lands from the crest of the Alleghenies to the Mississippi into a private preserve to be exploited only by English concessionaires and monopolists. The revolutionary ferment

now began its work: in almost all the colonies illegal conventions and conferences were called; the second Continental Congress met; military stores were collected; Tom Paine's *Common Sense*, to whip into revolutionary enthusiasm all those who still faltered, appeared; and the Declaration of Independence was written and proclaimed. Force was resorted to.

I have pointed out how the left, for a short period at any rate, continued to direct the energies of this first American revolution. The Declaration of Independence was a left manifesto; the extirpation of loyalism—often with fire and the sword—was its work; so was also the writing of levelling constitutions in many of the States and the sweeping away of a whole series of monarchical institutions and feudal remnants. In a considerable number of the early constitutions egalitarianism was enthroned through the inclusion of bills of rights, easy suffrage provisions, the placing of great powers in the hands of the popularly chosen lower houses, the election of principal State officers and even judges by the legislatures, the guarantee of religious liberty, and the like. And in the same spirit, levelling legislatures abolished quit rents and the rights of primogeniture and entail, disestablished the Anglican Church, confiscated loyalist estates and those of the great proprietors and seized crown lands, checked the slave traffic, and moved toward abolition.

Before the revolution itself was over, however, this drive had largely come to a halt. It is possible to mention only in passing some of the reasons for the dissipation of leftist strength that had succeeded in winning such great victories. The absorption of many of the rank and file into the Continental armies, of course, was a contributory cause; so was the rise to eminence and place—and, therefore, respectability—of

once radical leaders like Sam Adams, John Adams, and Alexander McDougall; so was the increasing prosperity as a result of the war, and hence better job opportunities for the town mechanics and higher prices for the wares of the small farmers; so was the forcing open of the western lands to settlement, and the relaxation thereby of the pressure of debts and taxes in the rural areas lying inside the frontier fringe. There was one upflare in 1785-7 to show that all the life of the radicalism of the left had not yet been completely spent: this was in that series of agrarian outbreaks in New England of which Shays' Rebellion was the most startling example. Shays' revolt was suppressed; but the alarm it had engendered and the dread that it represented a reappearance of egalitarianism were responsible for the assembly of the Federal Convention and the writing of a conservative and, in some particulars, counter-revolutionary Constitution for the United States.

The Constitutional Convention, meeting in secret session and dominated completely by men like Alexander Hamilton, Rufus King, and Gouverneur Morris, representatives of the former revolutionary center (the radicals who had managed the affairs of the first and second Continental Congresses were nowhere in evidence) had no difficulty in preparing a document calculated to protect the propertied interests of the class it served. The so-called compromises were concerned only with matters of detail; on the establishment of a powerful central government, the curbing through the separation of powers of the lower house of the legislative branch—which was most likely to fall under the control of the populace—and the weakening of the States there was no dissent. Congress—and not the States—was given the right to lay and collect taxes, impose duties on foreign imports, regulate

interstate and foreign commerce, coin and borrow money, provide for patents and copyrights, raise and support armies, guarantee to every State a republican form of government and protect it—on its application—against domestic violence (the echoes of Shays' Rebellion were still being heard), and pay all debts contracted by the United States before the adoption of the Constitution. This was the frame of government that was drawn up by fifty-five delegates from eleven States and signed by but thirty-nine individuals in all; the difficulties and irregularities attending its adoption are well known. And with the Constitution finished and the young republic established, it was apparent that the left wing of the American revolutionary forces had been stopped: the United States had been made safe for large property interests against any assaults by misguided sans-culotte legislators in the States.

IV

The class oppressions, which seemed inevitable as a result of the victory of the great propertied groups in 1789, somehow miraculously were relaxed; the open door of the western lands and the pressure of great hordes of immigrants furnished bewildering opportunities for enterprise and advancement up the economic ladder to American small farmers, small traders, and workers; in addition to these, the beginnings of the operation of the factory system extended the horizons of capitalism and created further outlets for the daring and ingenious. Class lines thus could not harden as long as movement within the strata of society was possible.

There is a remarkable passage in Hegel's *The Philosophy of History* (delivered in lecture form during the 1820's!) which shows that the true significance of the frontier was not missed,

even at the very moment when the processes of its conquest were being inaugurated:

As to the political condition of North America, the general object of the existence of this state is not yet fixed and determined, and the necessity for a firm combination does not yet exist; for a real State and a real Government arise only after a distinction of classes has arisen, when wealth and poverty become extreme, and when such a condition of things presents itself that a large portion of the people can no longer satisfy its necessities in the way in which it has been accustomed so to do. But America is hitherto exempt from this pressure, for it has the outlet of colonization constantly and widely open, and multitudes are continually streaming into the plains of the Mississippi. By this means the chief source of discontent is removed, and the continuation of the existing civil condition is guaranteed. (The Colonial Press edition [1900], pp. 85-6.)

Before the Civil War, at any rate during the Jeffersonian and Jacksonian periods, the prevailing tone of American society was set by the lower middle classes and the small farmers: leveling doctrines once more held sway in the States; the central government regarded with a benevolent eye these assaults on privilege and, where it could, aided them—as in the war on the Second Bank of the United States; and every effort was made to encourage westward expansion. Indeed it is important to note that the abolitionist movement arose and received its most devoted allegiance not in the New England urban areas, as is commonly supposed, but among this small trader, manufacturer, and farmer class of the less densely settled regions of the North and Middle West. Closely linked with the evangelical churches, and drawing its strength from sections of the country shot through with egalitarianism, the anti-slavery crusade was a moral and humanitarian impulse that was regarded with hostility not only by the Southern slave lords of course, but by Northern commercial and industrial

capitalists as well. It was not until the middle 1850's that the latter class seized upon the anti-slave agitation as a standard about which to rally all the hosts against the planter aristocracy; and even here its vacillation was so marked that it refused to declare it was entering the Civil War to free the black man.

The role of the American worker during this period was less clearly indicated. Occasionally and only in large urban centers he showed an appreciation of his inferior class position and expressed his hostility toward the rising industrial capitalists by the formation of short-lived workingmen's parties; but as a rule he accepted supinely the ministrations of employer welfare devices, and when he followed leaders he listened most attentively to those whose programs were philanthropic, libertarian, and utopian. Owen, Evans, Brisbane, Greeley, the whole New England transcendental brotherhood were lower middle-class reformers interested, when they were practical, in popular education, land reform, mechanics' lien laws, the popularization of the ballot, and the abolition of imprisonment for debt; and, when they were romantic, in the establishment of producers' co-operatives or flight to idyllic rustic retreats where every Adam was to delve, every Eve to spin, and the Satan of that dismal science political economy would never enter.

In fact so out of tune was American labor with the harmony of the times that when the Civil War—the second great American revolution—threatened, it was incapable of appreciating the important historical role it was in its power to assume. Marx, viewing the impending conflict from the distance of London, could see that the American worker never would be free until slavery had been torn up root and branch; not so even such a courageous and understanding labor leader as William H. Sylvis who feared the

outbreak of hostilities and was willing to accept an absurd compromise on slavery that was only an underwriting of the *status quo*. Unable to sense what similar left factions had known in the English, American, and French Revolutions: that the underprivileged groups could gain great class victories and perhaps even succeed in diverting the revolution into truly radical channels if they entered the conflict, theoretically speaking, as a body captained by their own leaders and under their own revolutionary banners, American labor was plainly bewildered, took no part in the preliminaries of the revolutionary crisis, and when the storm broke joined the armies of the North as individual soldiers. Sylvis himself helped to recruit a company of workers, rose to the rank of orderly sergeant, and was swallowed up in the general mass of fighting men for a considerable period of the war.

Such were the more obvious and superficial aspects of American life during the decades of the 1840's and 1850's; running underneath, however, were swift currents which were sweeping the country unerringly into another great revolutionary struggle. The brilliant analysis of Charles A. Beard by this time is familiar to most Americans: that the Civil War was nothing less than a conflict between two different systems of economic production; and with the victory at the Presidential polls in 1860 of the higher order, the young industrial capitalism of the North and Middle West, a counter-revolutionary movement was launched by the defenders of the lower order, the slave lords of the South.

The politics of compromise of the two decades preceding the opening of hostilities have completely obscured the economics and class bases of the maneuvers: that the slave masters, in the interests of the maintenance of their peculiar institution, were using

every agency at their command—legislative, executive, and judicial—to prevent the growth to power and maturity of rising industrial capitalism. The contest was being waged on a number of fronts; the South, of course, was hostile to the extension of free farming into the territories because free farming could be more profitably operated, economically speaking, than slave—hence its bitter opposition to a homestead law; it sold its cotton in a world market and wanted to buy its necessities cheap—hence its refusal to permit the inauguration of a protective tariff system; it was a debtor class and constantly in need of cheap money—hence its willingness to continue State banks having the right of note issue; it developed its own labor supply—hence its opposition to a liberalization of the country's immigration policy which would permit the urban and rural areas of the North and West to be flooded with a European host that would swell the ranks of those antagonistic to slavery; it was local and sectional in its interests—hence it could see no need for the underwriting of a great governmental program of support for internal improvements and railroad building, a program whose financial burden would have to be borne by the whole country and which would succeed only in binding West to North by firmer economic ties. With its control over the instrumentalities of government in the decades before the war the South was able to frustrate every hope of the industrial capitalists of the North and block up their every possible avenue of expansion.

The Republican platform of 1860 and the activities of the rump Civil War Congresses plainly reveal the true character of the cleavage between the sections that every passing year had only tended to widen. The Republican platform spoke in timid and falter-

ing accents about slavery—the party “denied the authority of Congress, of a territorial legislature, or of any individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States”—but on economic questions its voice rang out loud and clear: it was for a protective tariff, a homestead act, a liberal immigration policy, government subsidies for internal improvements, and a transcontinental railway. And once installed in office, while it presumably was bending every effort to win the war, the victorious party did not permit itself to lose sight of its class program. In 1861 a protective tariff was enacted; in 1862 a homestead law was passed; in the same year, supported from federal loans and land grants, the first Pacific railway was chartered; in 1863 and 1864 a national banking code was written; and in 1864 the bars were let down to the entry of immigrant contract labor.

But the revolution was not over with the defeat of the South in 1865; the era of revolutionary consolidation in the interests of monopolists, industrialists, and financiers was yet to begin. In these terms we are to read the significance of the Reconstruction Period. Lincoln and his successor, Johnson, both members of the lower middle class essentially, even though the former had served in the ranks of the aristocratic Whig party and had tried to raise himself to a higher class position, were too confused as to the purposes of the struggle to be entrusted with the task of making the victory of capitalism final. To keep open the western lands so that they could produce those surpluses of foodstuffs with which American industrialists would be able to pay fixed charges on foreign borrowings, to continue the maintenance of high tariff walls behind which our infant industries could grow to maturity and power, to permit the free exploitation of the country's great

natural resources, to protect the rights of big property against assaults by agrarian State legislatures, to tap the resources of the federal government through land grants and money loans for the building of vast systems of transcontinental railroads, to encourage the steady inward flow of a cheap labor supply, to stabilize the credit and currency structure of the nation—these were the gains which in some instances had to be held and in others still had to be secured. For such a program a bold and unprincipled leadership was essential; and it was questionable whether Lincoln was the Moses to lead the Northern capitalist host into the pleasant lands of Canaan.

Lincoln in his address to the Republican Workingmen's Association of New York in 1863 had clearly revealed that his outlook was still deeply colored by levelling notions. Then he had said:

. . . there is not, of necessity, any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed to that condition for life. . . . The prudent, penniless beginner in the world labors for wages a while; saves a surplus with which to buy tools or land for himself, then labors on his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him.

Surely the Civil War had not been fought for this! It was no wonder that the more clear-sighted class representatives of Northern capitalism viewed with alarm Lincoln's early intention to restore the vanquished slave masters to their full political power. Through an alliance between agrarian South and agrarian West (both anti-protectionist, anti-monopoly, anti-“sound” money), which also the lower middle classes of the Northern cities occasionally could be expected to join, the fruits of successful struggle on the battlefield might yet be lost in Congress!

Johnson was perhaps even more dangerous as the repository of the

executive power during the period of consolidation; for his loyalties as regards the small owners of property were unmistakable. As early as his first Congressional message he had written:

Monopolies, perpetuities, and class legislation are contrary to the genius of free government. . . . Wherever monopoly attains a foothold, it is sure to be a source of danger, discord, and trouble. . . . The government is subordinate to the people; but, as the agent and representative of the people, it must be held superior to monopolies; which in themselves ought never to be granted and which, where they exist, must be subordinate and yield to the government.

Johnson's hands were quickly tied by the Radical Republicans (revolutionists in every real sense of the term and representatives of a minority interest) and the work of consolidation, not merely in the South but, perhaps even more important still, in the halls of Congress as well, was performed by Stevens, Sumner, Wade, and their younger followers, Conkling, Blaine, Garfield, and the rest. Grant gave the program his blessings and neither offered advice nor interfered. The Fourteenth Amendment—not to protect the civil rights of Negroes but to defend property—was written; the war bonds, bought in depreciated paper currency, were ordered redeemed in coin; the resumption of specie payments was declared, and the danger of inflation thereby checked; the war-time income tax was repealed; the tariff wall was raised and strengthened; rich mineral and timber lands were given away to vested interests with a lavish hand; four great western railroads were chartered by Congress and a generous government showered on them vast stretches of free lands from the public domain and money loans whose total came to a king's ransom.

During the decade that the South

was held in political bondage capitalism thus was securely installed in the governmental apparatus and the economic life of the nation; and when the Southern Congressmen and Senators were finally permitted to return to Washington the hope of an effective agrarian bloc had been shattered forever. Portions of the Middle West had become industrial and were already convinced that in the protective tariff was to be found the secret of their growing strength; while the West, living in a period of high farm prices and an apparently inexhaustible market in Europe for its surplus crops, turned a deaf ear to the exhortations of Southern statesmen and voted Republican steadily.

V

The Civil War had freed capitalism from the political and economic restraints upon free economic activity that the slave power had imposed; within the next half century it developed mightily. Every field of enterprise presented limitless horizons; the results were that from 1860 to 1900 the country's railroad mileage grew from 30,000 to 193,000; the size of the American farm domain more than doubled, and the capital value of farm plant increased from eight billions to twenty billions of dollars; the number of wage earners in manufacturing establishments expanded from 1,300,000 to 5,300,000, and the capital worth of the factories of the land increased from one billion to almost ten billions of dollars. The savings of English, German, French, Dutch, Belgian, and Swiss investors poured into the country in an unending stream to build the railroads, finance the cattle industry, furnish the funds for the expansion and consolidation of steel, flour milling, public utilities, a hundred and one industrial projects. This was the epoch of the flourishing of the giants:

of Vanderbilt, Hill, and Harriman in railroads; of Carnegie, Frick, Reid, and Leeds in steel; of Rockefeller and Flagler in oil; of Havemeyer in sugar, McCormick in agricultural implements, Ryan in copper, Whitney in traction: resourceful, unscrupulous, progressive enterprisers who controlled legislators, despoiled natural resources, and mercilessly cut away the hampering entanglements of competitive capitalism. They reared integrated monopolies and in the process emerged the undisputed monarchs of the particular kingdoms they surveyed.

When Morgan in 1901 announced the successful formation of the United States Steel Corporation, with its unified structure of iron mines, coal fields, limestone deposits, coke ovens, ore ships, railroads, furnaces, steel mills, and factories, American capitalism had come of age. The House of Morgan and the House of Rockefeller, assisted by other great banking groups, pushed the processes of monopolization into every phase of economic life: into shipping, electrical goods, telephone and telegraph, public utilities, the food industries; and with this perfection of the functioning of monopoly the second American revolution had at last reached its triumphant culmination.

Monopoly capitalism blooms, one might almost say, for a single instant and in that very moment begins to decay. For monopoly capitalism—which, on the functional side, is the scientific integration of methods of production—in an economy based on private exploitation is really imperialism; the controls are in the hands of the banking groups which have welded together the great aggregations of capital necessary for its creation. And in the interests of the maintenance of the profit system finance capitalism is compelled, on the one hand, to limit production, hold up prices, and retard efficiency (accompanied by the con-

stant gulling of investors and the wrecking of properties) and, on the other, ceaselessly to quest abroad in search of still economically undeveloped areas for new outlets for its capital accumulations. The dry rot at the heart of capitalism is not apparent as long as imperialism furnishes opportunities for expansion in other, primarily economically backward, regions of the world.

It was no accident, therefore, that the age of American imperialism was born when monopoly was attained. The opening up of the Caribbean for capitalist exploitation before the World War was merely a prelude to those greater triumphs of American enterprise in the period 1915–29; for within a short decade and a half the United States was converted from a debtor to a creditor nation, and by 1929 Americans had almost twenty billions of dollars invested in every civilized and uncivilized portion of the globe. When American dollars fertilized the rubber fields of British Malaya, forced open the virgin copper deposits of Peru and the nickel mines of Canada, assembled automobile parts in Germany and Ireland, erected hotels in Cuba and China, American imperialism was at work, and universities, hospitals, trust funds, corporate and private investors every year had an additional billion dollars in income to spend on their philanthropies and their extensions of capital plant.

In such a climate small wonder that the Jeffersonian-Jacksonian (and Lincolnian too) dream of economic equality continued to thrive! What dissent on the part of the underprivileged appeared in the first years of American imperialism was sporadic, without roots in the revolutionary tradition of the past, and largely lower middle class in its character; the leadership of the Knights of Labor was as visionary as had been that of the utopian and hu-

manitarian reformers of the pre-Civil War period; the crusading Populists, securely anchored in the steadily rising land values of their farms, were no revolutionists but bewildered landlords seeking to shake off the incubus of interest oppression; the American Federation of Labor, coming to age in the period of imperialism, shut its eyes to the miseries of the unskilled and bargained (successfully, because of the dearth of skilled workers in this epoch of expanding capitalism) with employers merely for better wages and job opportunities for its select group of members. Although the physical frontier was disappearing, psychologically and spiritually it still lived in the minds and hearts of most Americans.

The railroad strikes of 1877, the eight-hour strikes of 1886, the Homestead strike of 1892, the Debs strike of 1894, the coal strike of 1902, the strikes of 1910-14 could have no cumulative effects, for they were not motivated by the idea of an ultimate seizure of power in the interests of the workers. Not the Anarchists of the Haymarket or the De Leonites or the I.W.W. or the pre-war Socialist party really had the ear of the workers and the farmers. America, when it grew restive under the restraints of privilege, listened to Henry George, William Jennings Bryan, the Muckrakers, the elder La Follette, Louis D. Brandeis, Woodrow Wilson, and believed that the national life still could be reordered to permit every little enterpriser to become a big one, every farmer ultimately to retire to town, every worker to have security in his job, possess his own home, and lift his children to higher social and economic levels than he himself (through want of education) had been able to attain. The realities of the crisis of 1930 and after have rudely shattered the thin crystal into which Americans had been gazing since the

days of Jefferson; to-day it is apparent to increasingly greater numbers that the hope of economic equality—the frontier dream—is only a nostalgic yearning for a past that never can be recaptured.

For imperialism is really the last stage of capitalism. When it was young capitalism found in the colonies and the other areas under the economic domination of the home country unparalleled opportunities for expansion; these presented outlets for surplus manufactured goods (and capital to a lesser extent), and their still undeveloped natural resources were capable of absorbing the energies and ingenuities of younger sons and ambitious members of the lower classes. But in its old age capitalism finds itself constantly being confronted by contracting physical boundaries. The colonies and protectorates, thanks to the investment of accumulations in capital plants, no longer are economic appanages of the home country: they have their own facilities for the production of capital and consumers' goods (steel mills and textile factories are to be found in India!); and their own continued life depends upon their release from the colonial bond. Colonialism, to all intents and purposes, is an anachronism in our modern world, for the colonies in almost all cases have grown to economic maturity, and without colonialism the expansive capacities of capitalism are choked off. Capitalism everywhere—in mother countries and in dependencies—is confronted by accumulation: the long-term factors of expansion in old and new areas have been exhausted, and like some strange physiological monstrosity, it is gradually being fossilized by the liquid gold coursing through its own veins. We are living in this last stage of capitalism now.

It is difficult to predict exactly how the actual phase of capitalist collapse

—that interval that precedes the period of revolutionary crisis and action—will be ushered in. For the time being at any rate the New Deal continues to function because its gigantic program for the relief of permanently dispossessed farmers and workers is being financed out of national savings. However, when investors refuse to buy government bonds—as the earning power of these obligations shrinks while the cost of living continues to mount—and the well-springs of government credit thus suddenly dry up, resort will have to be had to the printing presses. As a result of the terrible disorganization produced by an unchecked inflation it is not at all unlikely that the moment will appear when the ruling class will no longer be capable of ruling and when the ruled will refuse to live as of old.

Revolutionary crisis may be brought on in another way: through our participation in a long and exhausting international war; and that the preliminaries of such a conflict already have appeared there can be no question. Indeed it is not difficult to see that within a constantly contracting orbit, hemmed in on one side by inflation and on the other by war, our national life is already swinging; with either of these bodies collision soon is likely to occur. Whether we shall sink into a period of long civil strife, as a result of one or the other of these experiences, with chaos ultimately our lot (as it was that of the peoples of

western Europe following the collapse of the Roman Empire), or emerge strengthened and revitalized for the inauguration of a new human adventure depends upon the growth and disciplining of a class- and politically-conscious revolutionary force. Such a force appeared in 1776 and again in 1861 and successfully guided the first and second American revolutions to their predestined goals; we are yet to see if a third American revolution can be achieved in the same fashion.

Counter-revolution, either immediately before or after the actual seizure of power may appear—as in our own Civil War and in present-day Italy and Germany. In all three cases force was first employed not by an ascendant, progressive class but by one that was decaying internally in every sphere. Because of their own disorganization, the working classes of Italy and Germany were incapable of meeting successfully the threat of reaction and, for the time being at any rate, they succumbed. The middle-class revolutionists of the North in the American Civil War, led by the Republican party, knew better: a society half slave and half free could not endure. The North met the assault of the counter-revolution openly and immediately, and after four years of combat triumphed. The lesson of the years 1861–65 must amply prove that reaction will not necessarily prevail if its desperate claim to the possession of privilege is challenged.



THE CROW

BY WINIFRED WELLES

WHO but a boy through autumn dusk would come,
Bringing a dazed black bird, with clipped wings, home,
And set him down within a lighted room
To tread the carpet, startled but still stately,
Stepping upon his wrinkled feet sedately?

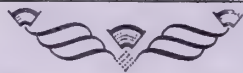
We were at lamplit supper when you came,
Smelling of frost and bonfires, and aflame
With pride of cruel skill, and with no shame
For the mute wild thing standing, eyes aglitter,
Amid the human room's domestic clutter.

Did something in the house cry out to him,
Some beam sealed over, or the rafters dim
Under the roof's black peak, far from the rim
Of circling light, saying, "Oh bird, oh dearest,
Look up and see where ends the whittled forest?"

He made no answering, hoarse sound but brave
And elfishly observant, staid and grave,
He tripped from chair to chair, something a knave,
But also much a king, eying us shrewdly,
And with no rancor and a little rudely.

Not like small swallow, lark, or tiny wren,
Who, drawn through windows, beat on walls of men,
Witless and scared; serenely as a hen
On a known lawn, he stooped to peer or listen,
His glance alert, his swarthy plumes aglisten.

This was a crow, and of a bird-race old
And omened, and of whom queer lore is told,
The Hebrew among birds. Canny but bold,
He picked his way along the plush unfearing,
And tentative, and sly, and faintly sneering.



THE MISUNDERSTOOD SAVAGE

BY JOHN W. VANDERCOOK

THE stream of history seems to move with increasing turbulence, but in the midst of that stream is a great, quiet island and on it live nearly a fifth of all contemporary men. Events that make the whole world rumble reach them either not at all or only as vague echoes. They, in their tens of millions, scarcely heard a rumor of the War—and nothing whatever of Depression. They are primitive, so they represent the past. But the edges of their island crumble quickly, their minds are curious, and it is possible that they may represent the future too.

It is a pity we know so little of them. We are unaware of ignorance, of course. Most people have a very clear picture of what a primitive man is. He wears no clothes. His small, enfeebled mind is filled with terror and superstition. He is sullen, bloodthirsty, and dangerous. He lives in a steaming jungle filled with beautiful flowers, writhing with snakes, and a-hum with noxious insects. All he needs do for a living is extend a languid hand and pluck his sustenance from the trees. He is of course stupid, he is incurably "inferior"—and his women do all the work.

Unfortunately, that picture, word for word, is wrong in every detail. Clothes in the low latitudes are in reality so unhealthy that one tropical colony has actually prohibited by law any native wearing an upper garment. The average primitive, hour for hour, is certainly less badgered by the

hounds of any sort of heaven than is the average Caucasian peasant. Jungles are practically flowerless and there is less likelihood of meeting a snake in one than in the Hudson River Valley, and mosquitoes in the tropics are infinitely less numerous than within the Arctic Circle. Getting a living from tropical nature takes more annual hours of labor than in most parts of Europe or the United States, and in very few primitive societies do the females of the species work harder than do women of the poorer classes among the whitest of the white.

So much is categorical, though until anthropologists learn that humanity and not "Tribes" are their concern, and until the impossible day dawns when missionaries need no longer beg for pennies by trading in expected and untrue tales, dull facts like those can hope for scant publicity. But true they are, true as any measured calibration of the skull of a scared Zulu.

Contents of dark crania and the qualities that make even Australian copra planters grudgingly refer to primitives as "man" are, however, boggier ground. Precision is impossible. One can only say, "I think."

Primitive mankind is a large subject but, decidedly, a certain amount of generalization is possible. It is perhaps just because we have so long refused to generalize that our attitude toward far-off races is harsh and smugly senseless. . . . Like Shylock, even black and brown and tan men bleed.

By filling even a dozen test-tubes out of the wastes of the world's wide seas one can learn a little, gain with analysis some hint of ingredients and percentages.

With growing puzzlement I have taken samples: twice remote from railroad in West Africa, once in the forests of Guiana, in Fiji, the Solomon Islands, and in the swamplands of New Guinea. Tribes, races, countries, and customs have varied enormously, but one infant fact has persistently emerged—that primitives are people. And—one other thing, more curious—that the habits of a society seem to provide little or no clue to the qualities of mind of the people who make up that society.

Probably, if the truth were known, the St. Bernard that goes down a long street and turns into a new, strange yard is deathly afraid of the terrier he finds there—though his manner may seem immensely brave. Certainly that is the case with the species called human. The great majority of white men who venture among primitive tribes, especially in the tropics, are definitely afraid of the people they find there. The new yard is unfamiliar, the trees are different, the air has a new taste, the very stars above are strange. And the "natives" not only dress and live and look like nothing known at home, but they have another kind of smell. What could be more natural, then, than to growl and scowl and walk with stiffened legs?

On a less instinctive level, strangers to the equator perceive that forest men are merely different, as poets are different, and duckbilled platypi. And plain men fear variants, though, oddly, they prefer to call it hate.

Unhappily, it is an approach that makes for little understanding. Being mammals, bush people, like ourselves, sense fear and dislike immediately and their response is automatic. Their

bare feet shuffle, their jaws set dully, and their hands fall limp—they reproduce in fact the untrue, historic portrait of themselves.

"As we neared the village," writes the Deep-Chested Explorer, "the savages advanced to meet us. The men were armed and their aspect was unfriendly. Loosening my revolver, I stepped forward and we held parley. I ordered them to provide us with food and firewood and we camped that night at a safe distance from their huts. I stationed sentries but no attempt was made to molest us."

This jolly and intimate relationship established, the great man proceeds to pontifical descriptions of the minds, characters, and potentialities of "natives."

Whole libraries are filled with such stuff. We are merely reassured that our own breed is better and most marvellously brave.

II

A small experience of not many months ago is, I insist, more typical. My wife and I were making a long canoe journey in the swamp country of southern New Guinea. The district where we were is an intricate tidal marsh many thousands of square miles in area. It is unmapped, it has a population of less than a dozen whites and of some twenty or thirty thousand extremely primitive natives. Until recent years their tools were made entirely of smooth-fashioned stone, and their mode of life is as strictly prehistoric as that of any people surviving in the modern world. It is a country where it is easy to lose one's way.

Our canoe was a decorated one-piece dugout more than fifty feet long. Eight fuzzy-headed paddlers were its power source and a gentle old native policeman was presumed to know the way.

One morning soon after daybreak

we started down a wide river that ran through uninhabited land. Our expectation was to reach a village before sundown. But at sundown we were exactly nowhere. The jungle along both river banks was a soggy tangle without a yard of dry, clear ground.

By seven the night was opaquely black and we were in the midst of a driving, violent thunderstorm. Lightning flashes and plain intuition kept us from snagging and overturning. A crocodile obligingly provided the correct romantic note by swimming alongside for a bit, its shape outlined sharply in the blackness by wreathing phosphorus. It was all thoroughly nasty.

It was necessary to bail rain water from the canoe simply to keep afloat. Every turn and branch of the stream that we hazarded seemed to lead merely farther into rain-drenched, wind-swept nothingness.

It was one o'clock, after six awful hours of it, before, far off through the rain and dark, we saw a tiny point of light, and our howls were faintly answered. Arrival, to put it mildly, was spectacular. The dying embers we had seen were just inside the entrance of a giant New Guinea men's house. The inhabitants poured out to greet us with lighted palm-frond torches. The gray lines of rain streaked across the moving patches of flame above us on the river bank, the torchlight glistened weirdly on wet black bodies, on long, white, shining bones stuck through the men's nostrils, and on their great headdresses of waving cassowary plumes. Now and again a torch flame would snuff out and the red point of it that was left would mark swift and spinning hieroglyphs there in the dark until it flared again.

With infinite cordiality the villagers (their tradition is to gather heads and they sometimes still eat human meat, but both according to strict and formal

rules) swarmed down into the thigh-deep mud to our assistance. As we floundered they seized the saturated ruins of our baggage and staggered with it to the long-house. My wife, first of her color and sex that many maybe had ever seen, oddly enough, was helped with special courtliness.

So, fouled with muck and rain, we went in where it was dry. There was a brief, whispered consultation. The long-house, like most in that area, was semi-sacred, a repository of human skulls and the temple of monster wicker-work dragon-gods—tabu absolutely to all women. And here, begging lodging, was a woman. With immediate sensibleness they decided the circumstances were exceptional—so never mind. Gratefully we sprawled with the rest on the grimy floor. The whitened skulls in the racks above grinned queerly in the flicker of the dying fire.

I neglected to say that the savages were armed. But most bush people carry bows or spears for the same purpose and with precisely as much menace as some men carry walking sticks. And, I too, was armed. An unloaded revolver was somewhere at the bottom of one of the sacks—the only possible safe place for one.

It is, I know, a profoundly flat and disappointing anecdote. But I record it for its very pointlessness. In a completely wild and savage village, at midnight in a storm, an untouched, primitive people proved merely human. Their reactions were simply those of men, and of rather well-bred men—friendly, hospitable, faintly giggly, and shy.

In the interior of Africa, in the Solomons, in any part of the wide, warm world of primitive men (and in the Arctic too, they say) any casual traveler with decent manners will have, it can almost be guaranteed, a similar reception. That portion of

mankind who never have known wheels will return in cordiality and decency just what they receive, with a favorable balance over.

Individuals among them naturally differ. At the top is the aristocrat. It is amazing how he is everywhere recognizable. The chief or the village headman in Melanesia or the Cameroons may be old, dirty, and nearly naked. He may have no regalia, no special place of dwelling, but in thatched forest towns round the world there is rarely any difficulty in at once distinguishing him. The three factors of security, responsibility, and leisure everywhere seem to produce a like effect. There is a clarity in the headman's eyes, and dignity. His very bow, the gestures of his hands, the way he ushers one first through doorways—in a thousand minute things the bush aristocrat is uncannily, startlingly true to the best traditions.

In the interior of Liberia, in towns in the deep rain jungle, wayfarers must lodge in a building called a palaver kitchen, a kind of communal gathering place with a dirt floor, a roof of grass, and no walls. Visibility is perfect, and such operations as slinging a hammock, eating, and brushing one's teeth cause an enormous stir, especially where white visitors are little known. Popeyed observers gather in their tens and hundreds, to giggle disconcertingly and to stare. But quite commonly the headman, though bursting with curiosity like the rest, will firmly drive the gapers off and then depart himself. The whole world over, certain things aren't done—by gentlemen. It is very surprising.

From the chiefly class, among primitives, one descends to merely ordinary folk—and stops there. Criminals, degenerates, the genuinely low types that Western civilization produces so generously are entirely missing in wheel-less societies. Among our kind the

lowest class represents failure, those who through some inadequacy have dropped below some standard, yet in a society so complicated that it nevertheless goes on sustaining them. But in the bush you do not succeed or fail. You either exist or you do not. The markedly unfit cannot survive. The slender scaffold of a simple social structure is not devised to carry strains and stresses too far removed from normal.

This is possibly unfortunate. It has been suggested, as an answer to a lasting mystery, that backward societies may have remained static precisely because they have produced no criminals. For the criminal is the changer. It is he who by tangling the social web, calls for its reweaving and for the devising of fresh patterns. But this absence of sub-average individuals, whatever its long-term disadvantages may be, has one decided virtue. Aboriginal tribesmen are the least dangerous and the least to be feared of any people in the world.

This is a view that has been borne out by the experience of intelligent explorers from Livingstone in Africa to Karius and Champion in New Guinea. But exploring, unhappily, is a trade that often has attracted fools. And they speak with a commoner and therefore a clearer voice.

III

Danger lies primarily in what is unexpected. And that, above all else, is what is missing in the primitive way of life. By way of illustration: in that same district of New Guinea which I have just mentioned a raid went on almost under our noses. Two tribes were heaving at each other with some gusto. A family of tribe *A* had crossed an invisible frontier into the territory of tribe *B* and there they had illegally and improperly cut down a

certain kind of tree which is valued for canoe making. They were caught at it and briskly eaten. Whereupon their own clansmen strung their bows, made arrows, and prepared for wholesale revenge (an operation, incidentally, which was short-circuited at the critical moment by *one* young government officer). But we, who were in the center of the disturbed area, were as safe as if we had been at home, because we had nothing to do with it. It was a definitely formal feud of known causes and predictable effects. To us, who obviously were not concerned in it, they mumbled hasty regrets at being busy and went on shaping bows.

This general tepidness of bushmen is not, of course, very commonly recognized. So many quite respectable travelers, lecturers, and explorers have reported disasters and near-disasters in so many lands. But two points should be borne in mind. One is that one remembers trouble and forgets the rest.

An explorer returns from a year on the upper Amazon—from three hundred and sixty-four relatively agreeable days and one thoroughly bad one. Something went wrong, his party was greeted with a shower of arrows, it became necessary to fire on the attacking natives, and there was loss of life. Those particular bad hours were not only regrettable; they were distinctly exceptional. But when he has returned and is asked what sort of time he had, the explorer humanly begins his tale with that one exhilarating event. Not only does he remember it best but his auditors demand it. Editors will advise him to confine his report, or at least the part of it intended for public consumption, to that one "adventure." That's the stuff, that's what the public wants. Lecture audiences, even if he courageously bores them for two hours with an honest his-

tory of casual, normal day-to-day encounters, and merely tags the "savage" anecdote on at the end, will go home remembering and repeating that and firmly forgetting all else.

We like thrills, we are normally not much interested in the habits and natures of remote peoples we have never heard of and most certainly shall ourselves never see, so we accent and underline the passages we like and smudge out all the rest. That these out-of-drawing pictures of excitement we retain reverberate across the world to cause an odd injustice is no one man's concern.

First, that natural emphasis on troubled hours rather than on easy, casual, human ones. And, second, when one hears an account of the savagery of savages it is rare indeed that one gets the tale complete.

As illustration: a number of years ago a large exploring party penetrated into the unmapped mountain provinces of one of the wildest of the big islands of the western Pacific. The leader of the expedition was an Englishman, a military man, and, incidentally, rich. He took with him fifty or sixty native porters and, to provide something of an air, he equipped them all with white uniform jackets, blue sashes, and red *lava-lavas*. All went terribly.

As soon as the party began to get into new country their days on the narrow trails were made miserable by showers of arrows shot from concealment. Rarely did they glimpse their attackers, but a number of the porters were killed. What made it worse, of course, was that the attacks were totally unwarranted—mere expressions of native murderousness, sheer savagery. But then, some lesser light of the party made a suggestion—which was followed. The striking uniforms were removed and quietly thrown away. And all trouble ceased. The

natives from then on were friendly. The sheer spectacle of the bright-hued, marching strangers had been too much for them, had terrified them into quick resistance. Mere sweltering mortals lugging loads over the hills with little clothes on found the subsequent barbarians not barbarian at all.

It is reasonable enough. Six Fijians walking down the main street of a Massachusetts village in decent business suits would attract merely curiosity. The same sextet, appearing ill-advisedly on the same street in the regalia of a war dance, might well startle the Puritans into stout, and possibly bloody, resistance.

Those details of cause and background though are inadequately publicized. The same instinct of apology and pride conceals them as that which shortens all our memories of what historically we whites have done to brown and black and red. Wild Indians we write almost as a single word, forgetting in self-defense that it was we who often made them so. The same forgetfulness is current among the Cannibal Isles of the Pacific.

The earliest navigators had few difficulties. Therefore their journals repose dusty and unread. They were succeeded by more than half a century of a dirty trade they used to call blackbirding; and blackbirding by perilous adventure.

Labor was wanted on the plantations of tropical Australia. Independent schooner masters met the rich demand. They used to cruise among the islands and sometimes they would send a boat ashore, but oftener they would simply lie at anchor until, drawn by curiosity or by the music of a sailor's concertina, the island blacks would paddle out to them in canoes, gather courage, and come at last aboard. The blackbirders could be patient. By gifts and friendliness they would swell the shell-dressed,

gabbling crowd on the foredeck until it numbered twenty, thirty, or half a hundred able men. Then on some pretext the whites would get the blacks below, down the hatches, up-anchor, and away. Those who resisted would be killed; those of no commercial value—women and children—in many cases merely were flung overboard. . . .

Just eight years ago a white government officer and his party were brutally, inexcusably, savagely murdered on Malaita in the Solomons. Inexcusably—except that in times past Malaita was a center of the blackbirding trade, and that in the hills they have long memories.

Primitives, I once more mutter, are seldom dangerous *spontaneously*. When you examine the background the picture changes.

It is also of course possible to break native law unconsciously and be killed for it. In the old days in Fiji a quarantine regulation had come into being. They had learned that strangers who came to their shores usually brought new appalling epidemics with them, so it had become their law that "those with salt in their eyes" were to be murdered the moment they stepped out upon the sand.

But laws as inhospitable as that are not and never have been common. The majority of murders of whites by natives can usually be traced to some exact, reasonable, and usually avoidable, cause. There is the traveler who shoots a domestic animal in a village without inquiring as to its value or its sacredness. Explorers have been known to help themselves to the whole contents of a village garden, thereby condemning a whole township to starvation. Sometimes they have suffered for it. Fanatics have forced their way into sacred chambers and smashed all that they found there. Far too rarely have such men been boiled. Then, too, white officers ex-

tending government into areas where the new laws are completely at variance with the old have often died. But usually they have known quite well what they were doing and neither side can be precisely blamed.

One risk remains that falls into no special category. Bad luck can come from following the wrong man. Last year on the island of New Britain I attended a murder trial. An Australian gold prospector had in a fit of mere bad temper kicked a native man to death. This act occurred in a remote valley in the mountains where white men are practically unknown. . . . I should not care to cross that valley for a year or two. They may think up there that we are all like that—all barbarous savages.

But, by and large, primitives are friendly, more inclined to gentleness and courtesy than force. Explorers, scientists, missionaries, or mere wanderers who deny it either confess themselves clumsy in their dealings with their fellow-men or they deliberately lie—often in a three-dollar volume with photographic illustrations.

IV

Uncivilized man tends to be friendly because, quite often, he has rather a good mind. That individuals in a crude and never-changing forest commonwealth can be intelligent seems impossible. It is hard, when squatting on a dirt or bamboo floor with all joints cracking, to comprehend that one's hosts, who have never even invented chairs, may have alert and adult minds, deep curiosity and the ability to learn. But I believe that it is true.

The assumption that all "natives," whatever their color or their country, are more or less half-witted is based on an odd method of comparison. We compare our best to their worst and

we judge bushmen by their behavior, not in their own world, but in ours. Your middle-class tropical planter will point contemptuously to a black man asleep under a palm tree in the back yard. "Can you imagine that brute," he demands, "or his descendants ever producing a Shakespeare?" Being polite, you do not answer, "No, nor yours either!" He will then illustrate black asininity with a frightful history of how the cook-boy, freshly recruited from the mountain provinces, served the salad before he served the soup!

The case is not impressive. We comfortably forget that though our race as a whole may be indubitably better, that does not prove that I myself am better, or that Smith is, or Jones. It is so much easier just to *feel* superior than it is to work at it or prove it. Many tropical traders and planters, by any abstract standard, seem made of poorer human materials than the two-dollar-a-month laborers they yearn to kick. For to be fair, comparisons of adaptability should work both ways.

Travel where the map is blank is, in that respect, revealing. Cook-boys whom no one has troubled to instruct indeed may addle soup with salad. But in the forest villages in the mountains of Fiji, though everyone was helpful, I never learned the etiquette of *kava*. *Kava* is a bitter drink extracted from a kind of root and its serving is the very foundation of formality throughout the Eastern Pacific. The ceremonial is elaborate, ancient, and precise. Every word, chant, and gesture is traditional. Errors seem as conspicuous and vulgar as flipping prune pits at a duchess. But I simply could not learn. I constantly said and did things that were altogether wrong. In short, according to the argument we use I conclusively proved myself inferior. Almost every native brought up in a forest has at his fingertips the names and uses of literally thousands

of plants. Their skill in tracking is often marvellous and they somehow seem to smell a right direction through blind land.

Those are skills of great importance to people living in the country. But it is the greatest rarity to find a white settler who even after decades of residence has learned anything whatever of native arts. Possessing the right complexion is immensely restful.

They, on the other hand, learn some of our ways very quickly. In the Western Pacific one sees black men, who were born in stone-age villages and until their teens had literally never seen any metallic substances, now handling big Diesel engines and capably effecting minor repairs on them. At all the frontiers of the primitive world native carpenters, masons, chauffeurs, sailors, and winchmen are so commonplace they are never thought of. They learn because they are hugely interested.

They are not all alike of course. Some Africans do seem incurious, and the Indians of South America, once they have acquired a gun, some cloth, and an iron pot, seem content to let the rest go by. Evidences though of the will to learn are everywhere common. In the interior of Liberia a native chieftain offered to build us a house and to support us always if we would stay and teach the village children. Travelers in bush country are constantly being asked to take aspiring youths home with them.

In some places where the education natives ask for has been provided the results are extremely good. Most of the grandfathers of the Fijians of today were lusty and aggressive cannibals. But Fiji has prospered and the government has provided schools. Barefoot, frizzle-haired Fijian boys now attend primary schools and high schools and a number go on to degrees at New Zealand universities. A na-

tive medical school in Fiji trains natives from all parts of the Pacific. At it one can hear young men only a generation removed from the life of the forests lecture with abstruse Latin terminology on the practices of modern medicine.

As the phrase goes—"they can take it." But it is all too rarely offered. In most colonies where the majority of the population is native education has made little headway. In a few the job has been handed over wholly to the missionaries.

In such places the classic battle for secular teaching will ultimately, and after irreparable harm, have to be fought all over again. Under the circumstances governments, of course, can play no favorites. Subsidies have to go equally to every sect and creed that cares to set up shop. Teachers may, therefore, have no qualifications whatever, or great ones. But by the nature of their trade their chief accent must necessarily always be on piety—each brand in vigorous conflict with the rest. In one particular every mission school I have ever seen has been uniformly successful. Their pupils quickly learn that they are black. While repenting, they discover, they can start with that.

Irrespective of the kind of teaching offered, natives, however, will usually nowadays pour into any kind of school. Characteristically, a schoolhouse at the edge of the bush will consist of some slightly oversized copy of the local houses with thatched roof and mud or bamboo walls. Inside, rows of backless wooden benches face a table and a chair. The assembled pupils often will range from four or five to well past fifty, all of them taking the same course.

They learn to get to their feet when a visitor comes in and to say "Good afternoon" in unison. Despite the difficulties of eradicating from their

memories all traces of their own music, they finally master a few simple hymns. Someone has usually set down their own language in a written form and they learn to write and read in that—discovering, rather sadly, at the end of the course that since their own tongue has always been unwritten, there is nothing whatever for them to read except a little book of children's prayers and some translated excerpts from the Testaments. Having achieved these heights, they graduate. Some non-government schools also add manual training courses which teach such arts as cane-chair making, saw-milling, and boat building, forms of knowledge which, though no doubt admirable in themselves, help a native very little to improve his life at home. But a minority, large enough to be amazing, struggle on alone after the schools have done with them.

In the Solomon Islands, in the South Pacific, the aborigines are a small people and their skin is very dark. They did not know iron until the white men came, and many of their islands still are little known. But they have clear and level eyes and their foreheads are straight and high. Last year I spent several weeks in the group on a fifty-foot schooner owned by a young English labor recruiter. The ship's crew consisted of five native men, the youngest in his twenties, the oldest nearing fifty. All at one time or another had attended mission schools. They knew a little doctrine and they knew their letters, but their English was extremely meager, and of the new, foreign world that has lately so abruptly changed their lives they knew almost nothing at all.

The work of the ship was often hard. Their day began before the dawn, and we whites were always asleep on the deck aft by nine o'clock each night. Nine though was the start of the boat's crew's study period. There was a

hatch forward. They put a dim barn lantern in its center and lay round it like the spokes of a wheel. They possessed a few stubby pencils and a few bits of clean white paper, but the materials of their study were purloined fragments of things that we, aft, had finished reading, the pages of some salt-soaked London magazine or odd sheets of an old torn newspaper from Sydney. They knew the letters but it was the words they wanted, words which they did not know, but in which they sensed the key to wisdom. Patiently, softly whispering help to one another, they would work on and on, painfully copying, letter by letter, word by word.

No one urged them and no one helped. But eleven, then midnight, would come and softly go. A fish would plop in the still lagoon and one of us would stir and wake—and there, for half the night, they always were, their intent dark faces dimly showing in the yellow, smoky lantern light, their tired bodies stretched out on the hard boards of the hatch cover, their soft lips stiffly moving.

V

It is not strange that they wonder and that they want to know. We who have come from the north seem so immensely rich and wise and they know that we are powerful. Yet though nowadays they are nearly everywhere aware of us, though they work for us and serve us, we seem queerly unaware of them.

I know of a middle-aged black man down there in the islands who after a short conversation with an ordinary, friendly white man dissolved into quiet tears. The explanation nearly undid the white man, too.

"Marster," the man said, "you first white man ever talk soft along boy." . . . In twenty years of knowing us no one had ever talked to him before in a voice below the level of a shout.

There seem strong intellectual foundations that might be built on. One night, in those same Solomons, my wife and I slept at a tiny village on the summit of a mountain. We had crossed one of the big islands by a new route, we had found a new river, and the town we stopped at had not before been visited.

Several of the men of the place, however, had been "recruited"—they had worked, that is, on Europeans' plantations on other islands—and they, therefore, spoke the broken pidgin-English which is the lingua franca of the Western Pacific.

So talk was possible. There was a moon that night that shimmered on the sea three thousand feet below us and many miles away. We lay on the cool, clean grass before the little houses and they sat all round us, naked except for loin cloths and with red flowers in their black, upstanding hair. They were immensely curious.

After we had asked questions, they began. Where did we come from? America? And what manner of island might America be? And how far off was it across the sea? After great arithmetical struggles we gave them a rough reckoning of how long it would take to paddle from the Solomons to San Francisco in one of their slim canoes, and of how many moons would then be consumed in walking overland to our own village of New York. The distance made them gasp and talk among themselves.

Then came the invariable request. Could we not "sign on" some of them and take them home with us? They would like to see and learn. They would work for us "hard too much, marster."

Struggling for a polite excuse, I said they wouldn't like it. That though during half the year in my country the

sun is warm, the rest of the time it is bitter cold, colder far than when the winds in the rainy time whip down from the high hills.

But why? Why was it cold? . . . It's a sticker of a question. Very doubtfully, I picked up a fallen coconut. Did they know the world was round?

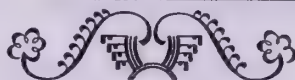
Oh, yes! . . . Really? . . . Yes, indeed! When one canoed to far islands their mountains came slowly from the sea. Round? Why of course the world was round! They pointed to dim stars behind the moon and gestured descriptively across the sky. All nodded. No, none of them had ever been to mission schools. "Altogether boy belong bush" knew that.

Heartened, I made more motions at the coconut. I pointed to its middle. "Island belong altogether boy 'e stop along belly belong world . . . you savvy?" . . . But my country, America, was way up there.

I got no farther. One man made a movement of his arm. His face was earnest in the moonlight and his wide mouth moved. We were silent for a moment, then he spoke.

To translate from pidgin, this is what he said. "I understand. In our country the sun rises in the east and goes straight up the sky, then down. But if your country is way up there, then the sun must go like this . . ." And he gestured. He gestured from a point on the horizon a trifle south of east low down across the sky to south of west. He made, with miraculous precision, the line through the heavens that the sun in the winter seems to make in the countries of the north.

The rest could not follow the idea. But that one mountain savage produced it on the spur of the instant, in its complete and finished form. Once, at least, I have met genius.



THE COSMIC WHIRLPOOL

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

PERHAPS the most straightforward evidence for the unity of the stellar universe is the discovery of galactic rotation. The idea itself is not new. Many world-builders have assumed that whirl is king among the galaxies as among the atoms; but it was not until 1926 that the speculation as applied to our home system found scientific formulation, and not until 1933 was the complete evidence massed for proof of the amazing effect in which our Sun—and the Earth too!—participate.

In the former year B. Lindblad, of the Stockholm Observatory, presented through the Swedish Academy of Sciences a theory which sought to account for certain peculiarities of stellar motion as consequences of the rotation of the whole system. A few months later J. H. Oort, a twenty-seven-year-old astronomer at Leyden Observatory, pointed out the observational means for testing Lindblad's theory, and demonstrated their use. In 1927 John S. Plaskett, at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory in Victoria, British Columbia, applied the Oort analysis to distant stars which he had previously catalogued at Victoria, and during 1933 he further fortified the discovery by extending the analysis to hundreds of additional stars. To these three men of different nations then—Lindblad of Sweden, Oort of Holland, and Plaskett of Canada—we owe our latest picture of the star swirl we inhabit.

Objections immediately arise. If the whole system turns like a gigantic pinwheel, how can there be two opposing streams of stars, as Kapteyn discovered in 1904? The problem was further complicated by another systematic peculiarity pointed out by G. Stromberg in 1924. Stromberg, at Mount Wilson, had been classifying stars according to their velocities, and noticed that the high-speed stars (those moving faster than fifty miles a second) were all coursing toward one hemisphere of the sky. This "asymmetry of stellar motions" was almost at right angles to the center of the Galaxy in Sagittarius—which seemed inexplicable. By what strange operation of cosmic law were the speedy stars all crowding into one half of the sky?

Lindblad undertook to answer that and the earlier riddle posed by star streaming.

Suppose, to begin with, we assume that the Milky Way does rotate, how would its stars behave? It depends on their distribution. If the stars are evenly spaced throughout then the gravitational influence is directly proportional to the distance from the center of the system; and under those conditions all will revolve round the center in the same time, the system as a whole turning like a solid wheel.

But if the stars are unevenly spaced, and are more concentrated toward the center of the swarm, then the gravitational influence cannot act according

to the simple distance relation, but is proportional to the *square* of the distance from the center. This means that the stars nearest the center will move fastest, and those farthest at the slowest rate. The Solar System provides an obvious analogy. Most of its mass is concentrated at the center in the body of the Sun, and we find that each planet moves with an individual velocity: Mercury, nearest the Sun, at 29 miles a second; Venus, next, at 21 miles a second; the Earth, third, at 18 miles a second; and so on, each outer planet having a slower motion, until we reach the outermost known, Pluto, whose velocity is 2 miles a second. The principle is also demonstrated by the rings of Saturn, those rotating belts of millions of particles which the spectroscope shows revolve round the planet in a series of zones of velocity, the inner zone moving fastest.

Now, the Milky Way is made up of millions of stars, more numerous, it may be, than the particles which make up Saturn's rings. In such a dispersed system, with stars highly concentrated toward the center of the swarm, as they seem to be in the Sagittarius region, would not the moving stars be compelled to revolve round that distant center in zones of varying velocity? The idea may be suggested in a simple diagram, though in adapting a graph

of such widely separated bodies to the width of magazine columns serious distortions of scale are unavoidable, and must be allowed for. With this understanding, we picture the stellar zones of varying velocity as arranged somewhat in the order of Diagram 1.

If we could look at the Milky Way from the outside, we believe, on Lindblad's theory, that it would show a rotational effect something like that suggested above. The stars to the left of the Sun move more rapidly, and their velocity increases progressively as we approach the center of the Galaxy; while those to the right of the Sun, therefore more distant from the center, move more slowly. The length of the arrows suggests the relative speeds, though here again nothing is claimed as to exactness of scale.

But we are not able to view the Milky Way from the outside. Our observation post, the Earth, is hitched to the Sun, therefore we see the other stars as they appear from that moving platform. This means that all the stars in all the zones on the left move more rapidly than the Sun, and continually gain on us and pass us; whereas the stars in all the zones on the right are continually being outstripped by the Sun, therefore they fall behind, and seem to move in the opposite direction from their real motion. It is the opti-

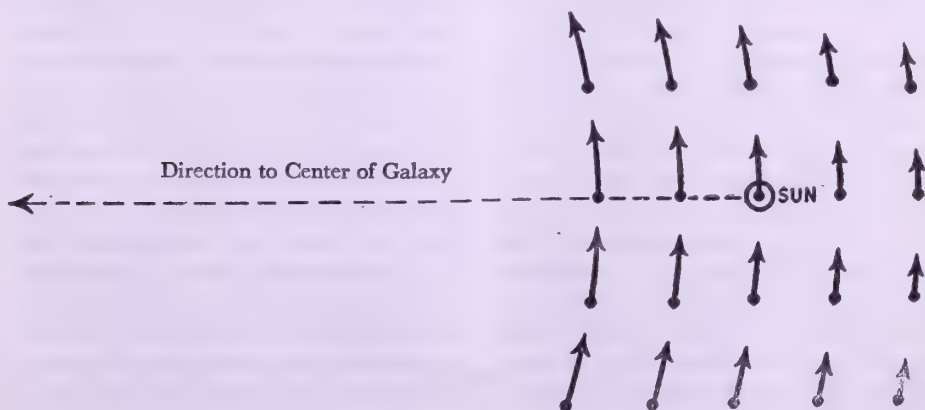


Diagram 1

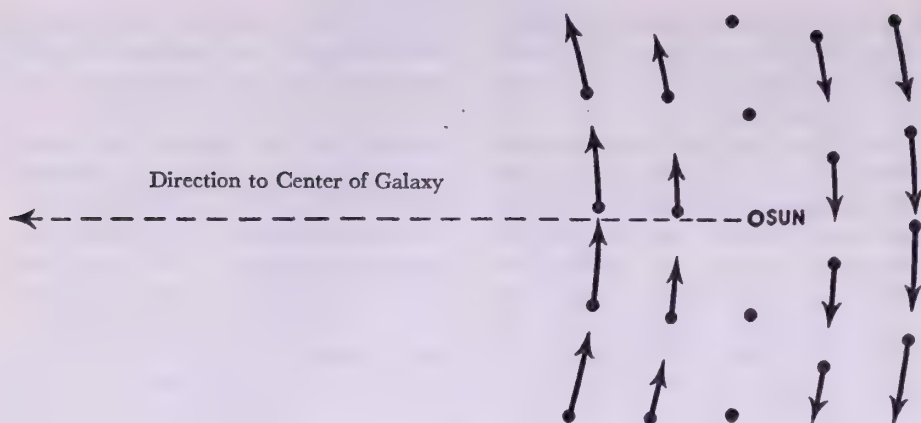


Diagram 2

cal effect that one gets from looking out the window of a fast-moving train at a slow train on a parallel track. Though the slow train is going in the same direction, it seems to the observer on the fast train to be backing. Thus it is that from our moving observatory in the Solar System the stars appear as if they were traveling in directions shown in Diagram 2.

The actual detection of galactic rotation is not so simple, however. The real motion of a celestial object rarely is across the sky. More usually the star paths are along diagonals or in curves, so that their real motion is compounded of two effects: (1) a motion across the sky, called the proper motion, and (2) a motion of approach or recession, called the radial velocity. Since the stars which betray the galactic rotation are all very distant objects, their changes of position across the sky are not perceptible within the few score years for which we have precise observations. Consequently, we must pitch our hopes on the radial velocities, *i.e.* the apparent motions of the stars toward or away from the Earth. Fortunately this is an effect that can always be measured, irrespective of the distance, provided we can get a clear photograph of the star's spectrum. If the star is approaching, its spectral

lines show a shift toward the violet end of the rainbow; if it is receding, the shift is oppositely, toward the red. And the effect is so directly related to the distant stellar motion that, by measuring the amplitude of the shift, the astronomer clocks the actual velocity in miles per second.

If we accept this situation and understand that all we are going to be able to see of the rotation are those apparent motions of approach or recession, our Diagram 3 assumes still a different form.

The effect is as though the Sun were the focal point toward (or from) which all the moving stars are either converging or dispersing. But some of the stars appear to stand still. Those parallel to the Sun along the imaginary line drawn to the center of the Galaxy have no motion either toward or away from the Sun; similarly, those stars at right angles to this line, therefore immediately in front of or behind the Sun, are all moving with us at the same speed round the distant center, and so they too appear to be standing still. But between these lines of zero effect—and, most rapidly, along those directions midway between them—the stars do move in our spectrographs.

Those of the outer zones appear to be sweeping in toward the Sun from

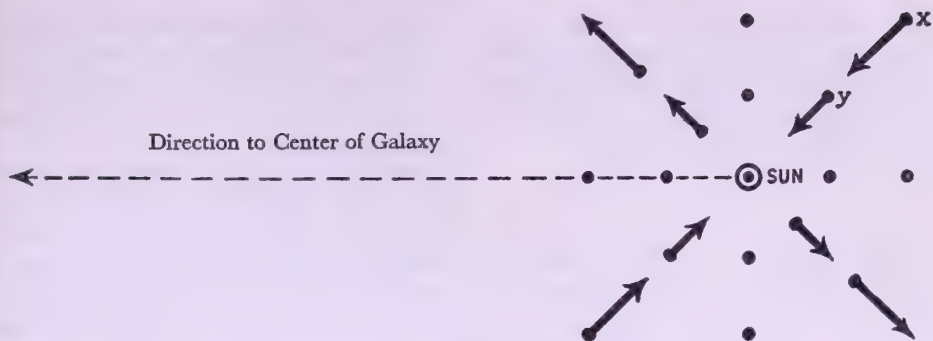


Diagram 3

the upper right of the diagram and receding toward the lower right; while those of the inner zones seem to approach from the lower left and recede into the upper left. The velocity depends on the angle which the star makes with that imaginary line of direction to the galactic center. And it depends on another item as well: on the *distance*. You will notice in the diagram that Star x appears to be approaching with a higher velocity than Star y. Distance has the effect of heightening the apparent speed—and therein is the key to the observation of galactic rotation and the actual measurement of its rate.

After Lindblad had outlined the theory Oort worked out the mathematics of these appearances, reduced the correlation of distance with velocity to an exact formula, and proceeded to test theory with fact. According to the theory, a star must be 200 light-years distant for the rotational effect to show a change of one kilometer (about two-thirds of a mile) per second in the radial velocity. But our instruments cannot detect so slight a change. Because of the disturbing effect of random motions and because of probable errors which inevitably enter into all such measurements, it has been found that five kilometers a second is about the smallest difference that can be discerned. In other words, Oort had to depend on the radial ve-

locities of stars at distances of 1000 light-years and more. He found about 300 remote stars conforming to these requirements; and when their data were analyzed according to his formula, they showed the predicted rotational effect.

This was an interesting correspondence of observation with theory, but more complete data were desirable before the confirmation was accepted. It happened that these data were available at the Canadian observatory. Here, during the preceding six years, Plaskett had been concentrating his studies on stars of the O and B types, investigating them for other reasons, and had recorded hundreds of radial velocities which had not yet been published. These O and B stars are the hottest, most massive, most luminous giants of the Milky Way; hence they give sharp spectra at great distances, and are ideal beacons for testing the rotational effect. Indeed, it was mainly stars of these two classes that Oort had used, but Plaskett and his associate J. A. Pearce had an additional 553 stars reliably clocked, and by 1933 they had extended this list to embrace 849 stars, many of them more than 6500 light-years distant.

It is these stars that have provided the principal observational proof, for analysis of the Canadian records completely confirmed Oort's conclusions. The stars appeared to be rushing headlong toward the Sun, or to be speeding

away from it, and at about the velocities that Oort's equations predicted. The rotation of the Milky Way thus becomes one of the best authenticated of recent astronomical finds.

II

The discovery of the rotation is highly significant to science, not only as a revelation of the dynamics of our stellar system, but also as an opening to new methods of determining its dimensions. The motion of a single star tells us very little, but the motions of a group or system of stars in rotation round a center speak loudly. They give us a means of determining the center, of measuring the distance from the center outward to stars of a given velocity, and of weighing the mass of the whole system.

Early in his investigations Oort calculated the center of rotation, finding it to lie in Sagittarius, not far from the center of the Galaxy as fixed by Shapley on other indicators.

Several derivations of galactic dimensions have been made from the rotational data. The latest computation is that of Plaskett and Pearce, announced in 1934 from analyses of the rotational motions of all the O and B stars whose speeds are reliably known. From their picture of the Milky Way, as thus derived, I abstract these features:

- Distance from Sun to center, 32,500 light-years
- Diameter of Milky Way, 97,500 light-years
- Rotational velocity at Sun, 175 miles a second
- Period of rotation at Sun, 224,000,000 years
- Total mass of the Galaxy, 165,000,000,000 Suns

On the evidence of these figures the stars of the Sun's zone in the celestial whirl require 224,000,000 years to make one revolution round the distant

center. Thus we may say that during the thousand million years we believe life to have been on the Earth our Solar System has made the circuit more than four times.

The fastest rate at which man has propelled himself through space is about four hundred miles an hour—attained in some of the airplane races and tests. At this speed one might dart from New York to Paris in less than half a day; but the Milky Way swings the Sun and planets through the same distance in less than half a minute! Our vaunted age of speed—with its streamlined vehicles on the roads and the rails and in the air and the ocean—is that of a tortoise compared with the velocities that the planet Earth has known for millions of years.

And it isn't only the Sun and planets and innumerable stars that are swept along in this wide curving whirlpool. There is something material between the stars, finer even than the cosmic dust of meteors—an elemental mist of diffuse gas. This almost impalpable stuff was stumbled on many years ago, but was misunderstood, the first guess being that the gas was some sort of halo or cloud surrounding certain stars. But recently, and largely through the researches of Professor Plaskett, it has been established that the gas pervades interstellar space throughout the Milky Way.

The presence of the interstellar gas is betrayed by absorption lines of calcium and sodium in the spectra of stars, showing that atoms of these elements are loose in space and are absorbing certain rays of passing starlight. Sir Arthur Eddington, to whom we are indebted for the theoretical interpretation of the cosmic cloud, doubts if the cloud is confined to these two elements. We see calcium and sodium signals because these two elements happen to have the sort of ab-

sorption preferences that are visible. Eddington infers that many other elements may be similarly dispersed through interstellar space, but their absorptions occur far out in the ultraviolet beyond the range that can be photographed through our atmosphere.

Not only do we find that this cosmic cloud permeates the Milky Way, but the spectroscope also shows that the cloud is in rotation, and at velocities identical with those of the stars.

If there is any community of motion between the stars and the cloud, remarks Eddington, "it must be because the same causes have operated in both, and not because one has constrained the other. At first sight a similarity seems plausible. We often treat the stellar system as a glorified gas, with stars for molecules. Is it then a case of two 'gases' finding their own conditions for equilibrium independently? Why should we be surprised that they both hit on the same solution? Nevertheless, I admit that I am surprised; the reason is that the two gases differ enormously in *viscosity*."

Viscosity Eddington defines as "the rubbing of one zone of gas on another zone rotating at slightly different speed," and the possibilities here would seem to be almost infinite. But let us attend his explanation. I quote from Eddington's Halley Lecture at Oxford.

"An atom in the cosmic cloud may in the course of its wanderings expect a collision with another atom about once a year; in that time it traverses a path about equal to the distance from the Earth to the Sun. This is a long free path according to ordinary standards, but it is insignificant in the scale of the stellar universe. On the other hand, the free path of a star is practically infinite; it can go hundreds of times round its orbit without appreciable risk of deflection. The length of

the free path determines the viscosity of a gas. The viscosity of the cosmic cloud is negligible for astronomical purposes; the viscosity of the star gas is enormous. In fact, the stellar universe, regarded as a gas, is the stickiest thing you could possibly imagine."

And what will be the outcome of this stickiness? There appear to be two alternatives. "We have a tug-of-war between the viscosity conditions and the simple pressure conditions which must inevitably end in the collapse or disruption of the system." Thus the Milky Way cannot be regarded as a permanent structure. By the law of rotation its parts are forever tending to fly off into space—indeed it is this centrifugal force that keeps the cosmic cloud distended, and the very presence of the cloud throughout the system is evidence of the rotation. Similarly, the viscosity conditions tend to slow down the motion and cause the parts to fall toward the center. It seems inescapable that one or the other of these contestants must finally triumph—with the odds perhaps better for dispersion than for collapse.

Meanwhile we are permitted to inhabit the system in what appears to be its youthful age, to look out upon the whirlpool from our planetary mote within its swirl, and to catch broken glimpses of these complicated goings-on. Perhaps they are not complicated, and the fault lies in our defective vision. Again we must remind ourselves that we see the system only in fragments, never as a whole. Also, we see only that part of the Universe which is luminous, though it may well be that the dark matter exceeds the incandescent matter.

III

We know that dark matter exists, for here and there in the heavens we see blank areas in the midst of brilliant luminosities. In the southern Milky

Way, not far from the famed Southern Cross, is a patch which early navigators named "The Coalsack" because of its shape and plutonian blackness. With the aid of the telescope smaller areas can be seen, and E. E. Barnard in his various studies at Yerkes, Lick, and Mount Wilson made a special search for these obscurations and listed hundreds of them. They were explained as nebulae too cool to radiate and too remote from stars to be excited to luminescence.

But in 1930, at Lick Observatory, R. J. Trumpler found evidence that these patches may be only more condensed agglomerations of a fog that is diffused through the Milky Way. He was studying open clusters of stars and noticed that when a distant cluster was in or near the belt of the Milky Way its light showed a distinct reddening which was absent from similar objects outside the galactic plane. Other studies confirm this. Individual stars, which tell by their spectra that they are blue giants, are reddish if their position is in the Milky Way girdle; whereas similar stars outside show no such color change.

Trumpler accounted for this on the idea that the fog is concentrated along and through the Milky Way's flattened swarm, but is absent or very diffuse in the space outside where the stars are more thinly spread. In viewing stars in the direction of the Milky Way we are looking through the thickest section of the fog. The reddening effect may be likened to that of the Earth's atmosphere, which shows the Sun as yellow at noon, and as red at sunset when the rays must pass through a long horizontal section of dust-laden air.

This galactic obscuration is not to be confused with the earlier discovered cosmic cloud. The cosmic cloud, which we know only by its absorption of calcium and sodium lines in the

spectrum, is a finer, more elemental stuff, and causes no serious weakening of light. It seems likely that the galactic fog is made up of small solid particles rather than atoms—as though some of the star stuff had cooled to solidity, been ground to dust, and scattered. Joel Stebbins has calculated that if a single body like the Sun were pulverized and distributed through space in the form of dust, the obscuring power of this fine matter would be greater than that of all the stars in sight.

Trumpler's discovery caused a stir among the stellar explorers. For it told them, in effect, that their measuring rods were defective and would have to be recalibrated. To learn that light from the Milky Way stars is dimmed, not only by the distance through which its rays travel, but also by the presence of fog, is to learn that we have overestimated many of our distances. This absorption coefficient is one of the uncertain factors which make it difficult for astronomers to agree on the precise dimensions of the Galaxy; but that the fog exists, and that its absorption of stellar light in certain directions is appreciable, no stellar investigator now denies.

Indeed one may see facsimiles of the arrangement in the skies. Some of the spiral nebulae are so positioned that they appear in our photographs as on edge, and several of these show a dark belt encircling their inner luminosity. This dark belt looks *as if* it were an outlying zone of obscuring matter. Many authorities believe that our Galaxy would show a similar non-luminous edge if seen from the outside.

Knowledge of galactic obscuration has brought understanding of other effects. For example the absence of globular clusters from the Milky Way circle no longer requires us to assume an actual avoidance. It is more reasonable to believe that globular clusters exist in the direction of the

galactic plane, as in all other directions, but that their light is dimmed into invisibility by the obscuration which is most pronounced along the plane.

Also, we can understand better now why Kapteyn's survey presented a stellar system so much smaller and more uniform than the real world. "Kapteyn," recalls Bart J. Bok, "neglected interstellar absorption in most of his investigations on galactic structure. He pointed out that a small absorption might have had a serious effect on his deductions, but at that time (1922) even a small absorption seemed improbable." The wide discrepancy in dimensions between Kapteyn's World and Shapley's World is chargeable—in part, at least—to ignorance of the existence of the galactic fog. Shapley's early approximations had to be scaled down because of neglect of this same factor. When we know more precisely how dense the fog is we shall be able to make our estimates of distance with more definiteness and with a greater unanimity.

Recently, at Mount Wilson Observatory, Stebbins undertook to determine the effect of this dark matter on the light of distant globular clusters of stars. He used a sensitive photoelectric eye at the focus of the 100-inch telescope, and by measuring the progressive reddening of the clusters at increasing distances arrived at an estimate of the rate of the absorption. From these studies he made a calculation of the distance from the Sun to the center of the Milky Way and found it to be about 32,500 light-years. This is the figure that was arrived at by Plaskett and Pearce from their study of the galactic rotation—and the fact that these two independent methods of gauging dimensions are in close agreement gives added validity to each.

One consequence of these recent advances is enlarged confidence. Another is deeper humility. The discoveries of galactic rotation and galactic obscuration, both made within a five-year period, have strengthened the confidence of astronomers in their observational and mathematical tools of exploration. At the same time they have upset ideas which ten years ago seemed impregnable. The net gain is the intensification of the urge to research.

We encounter strange uniformities, or exceptions: zones of avoidance, zones of reddening of light—and now in one discovery we find the key, not only to these peculiarities, but also to a surer and more exact grasp of great distances.

Amid a welter of random motions, we see the high-speed stars heading for the northern hemisphere of the sky. No one would suspect on the eye evidence that these apparently swiftest stars are really the laggards—members of the slowly rotating outer zones which we pass so rapidly that they all seem to run away in the opposite direction. Thus simply and reasonably the galactic rotation explains Stromberg's "asymmetry of stellar motions."

Equally mystifying were the two opposing streams of Kapteyn's discovery—one river of stars flowing toward Orion's place in the heavens, the other flowing almost oppositely toward the constellation Telescopium in the southern skies. Various explanations were proposed to account for these preferential motions, but they were more ingenious than convincing until Lindblad outlined his theory of the rotation of the whole system. Assuming local gravitational effects, it is reasonable to derive from the rotation the elliptical orbits which explain star streaming as a natural consequence.

IV

Where is the Sun's place in this cosmic whirl? If we reduce our picture of the flattened lens-shaped swarm to the simplest form and represent it in cross-section by a bar two inches long, the Sun's place would be indicated by a point about two-thirds of an inch from center, and rather nearer the top than the bottom of the bar, thus:



The bar represents a slicing through the center of the plane of the Milky Way, where the stars are most thickly congregated; but a more realistic diagram would show a scattering of stars above and below the plane, and gradually thinning out. On the scale of the drawing the dot represents not so much the Sun as the solar neighborhood; and all the individual stars that we can see with the naked eye would be within the dot. It is from this eccentric position that we survey the universe. The Local System, the cluster of which the Sun is a member, surrounds us on all sides, and constitutes perhaps half of the left arm of the bar.

We may well wonder what is going to happen to a sub-grouping like our Local System in a rotating swarm. That part of the Local System which is toward the center is moving more swiftly round a shorter orbit than its other half which lies in a zone of slower motion. The difference in velocity can hardly be less than fifty miles a second. How many revolutions will be necessary to pull this sub-structure apart?

I asked Plaskett that question. He answered: "Undoubtedly there is a

gravitational effect in the Local Cluster itself, tending to keep it intact, and there is some evidence that the Cluster has a rotary motion of its own. Both of these would tend to overcome the shearing effect of galactic rotation. If it were not for something like this, the Local Star Cloud or Local System would be spread into a complete ring in seven or eight revolutions, or less than 2000 million years. The presence of star clouds in the Galaxy must be regarded as only temporary eddies in a whirlpool, which form and dissipate continually."

Our recently found evidence for unity—the rotation of the whole system—turns out to be no evidence at all for permanence. Our dwelling place and observation post is not only a minor planet of a minor star, but it appears also to be caught within a transitory eddy of a cosmic whirlpool which itself seems to be in process of disruption—at least, these effects suggest themselves as the most probable outcome of such equilibrium as we have glimpsed.

If the structure of the Milky Way confesses itself to be a continually changing and apparently dissipating system, are we thereby stopped in our quest? Is this the end of systems and order? No, beyond the outermost bounds of our Galaxy, far outside the last outpost star, are the spiral nebulae. These nebulae are not green-tinted and diffuse, like those of our Galaxy, but are white and compactly symmetrical in form, and in some of the nearer of them individual stars have been seen. The most probable explanation is that these faint white glows are compounded starlight. And so we interpret them as other Milky Ways, other systems of stars and star clusters and dark and luminous clouds—other whirlpools in a vaster macrocosmic structure that is the world.



SLOT MACHINE

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

JAY didn't intend to have more than a sandwich and a glass of milk for lunch. At first he thought that he would stop in for it at some cafeteria near the office and then he changed his mind. His stenographer wouldn't be back for at least an hour, and until she got out those letters there wasn't much to do. Also, he didn't want anyone to get the idea that he was avoiding people he knew because Elsa had left him. That wasn't the way he meant to play it at all. So he went out to the Town Club where he was living now, and the steward told him that Mr. Brooks had been looking for him.

"Where is Mr. Brooks?"

"I think he's in the taproom, Mr. Colby."

The taproom was one place Jay had meant to avoid. Drinking at noon was definitely out. He had made that decision this morning. But Ford Brooks might have something important on his mind. If the plan materialized that he had been talking about vaguely the other day of refinancing those two investment companies, and they took Jay on as general counsel and secretary at a good retainer, it would fix up everything. Not at once, but in time. Jay was sure that he could pay off every debt, given enough time and a little run of luck. He had told that to Elsa. But she had stopped believing it.

There were several men in the taproom drinking at the bar, and another was standing at one of the three slot machines, the one that had to be fed with quarters.

"The jack-pot's just about ready to drop," said the man who was playing. "Give me five dollars more in quarters, Morris."

The boy behind the bar opened a paper package of silver coins and brought the right amount.

"Hello, Jay," called Ford from the bar, "I've been looking for you. We need you to make up a foursome tomorrow afternoon."

Jay came over to him. "Sorry. I've resigned from Woodlawn."

"Oh—didn't know—too bad," said Ford. But he didn't protest any further. That, as Jay well knew, was because they all thought that he should have resigned months ago though they liked to play Saturday afternoon golf with him. Probably they thought he should get out of this club also. But he had to live somewhere and he wasn't going to let anybody think he felt that he was licked. Once you did that you were all through.

Ford changed the subject but he made no mention of refinancing companies or retainers. "Look at old Pete over there, throwing his money away," was all he said.

Jay ordered a drink for himself. Now that he was here he felt that he

might as well. Brooks picked up his glass and said in an abbreviated and undirected toast, "Luck."

And Jay too drank, meditating on his own luck. He had lost his money and his house, and now his wife was gone. Every man in the room must know that by this time. They were all friends, but he suspected that when they talked him over with their wives or with one another they were critical and suggested that he hadn't played it right. When a man wasn't getting any breaks, even his friends bore down on him.

The twenty quarters Peter Gow had called for clicked, one after another. He came away from the machine resentfully.

"Five dollars gone to hell."

Everyone was amused. It always was a joke to see Pete Gow lose money because it pained him, even though he was so rich. Jay felt in his own pocket and found some change, two quarters. Walking over to the quarter machine, he put in one of them. An orange, a plum, and a bar appeared as he pulled the handle. Nothing else happened.

"I think the damned thing's stuck," said Pete.

Jay put in his other quarter and jerked again. Suddenly three straight bars, each advertising Bull's-Eye Gum, changed the pattern under the glass. There was a shower of quarters, clogging the place in which they fell, some of them spilling on the floor. The jack-pot had dropped. The other men came over to see and exclaim.

"If that fellow doesn't have all the luck," grumbled Pete. "I just fed the thing eight dollars!"

"How much did you get, Jay?"

Jay counted his winnings. "Thirty-two dollars."

"That ought to hold you!"

Jay gathered up the quarters, chuckling and warmed. It was a good

windfall. Better than that, it was a great satisfaction to get the money when Pete hadn't been able to get it, and to have the machine prove that luck wasn't always against him. At the bar he changed the money into bills, bought two more drinks, and went upstairs to the dining room.

"Well, George," he said to the waiter, "tell me what's good to-day. I just got the big jack-pot."

"Did you, Mr. Colby?" asked the negro in delight, with his one-piece smile. "Good luck sure know where it ought to fall!"

Jay glanced up but he saw that the nigger hadn't meant anything special by that. He was recommending the English mutton chops, so Jay ordered one of those though he hadn't meant to eat so much.

However, it was a kind of celebration. The slot machine incident had set him up. It made him feel right on the edge of something good. If he hadn't come out here this noon somebody else would have had that money. And he had nearly not come.

Someone across the room called to him that he certainly was a horseshoe, and Jay noticed Bob Wilson, taking it all in from his place at a near-by table. Jay didn't like Bob so he laughed a little more loudly in answer and made a big thing of it. It annoyed Jay to see how pompous Bob was getting lately, as if he really did have some brains tucked back of those little sharp eyes. Wilson was a director of the club, and Jay knew that he objected to the slot machines in the taproom, which were illegal, and that he was a great stickler for the posting of delinquencies in dues. Bob Wilson was always minding someone else's business and all he had ever done for a living was to marry a girl with money.

Ten years ago Jay could have married her himself. Marie Wilson didn't ask Jay to dinner any more, but she

had been crazy about him once. He might have married her if Elsa hadn't appeared on the scene and made shadows out of all other women.

Jay thought, I put it over for quite a while. Elsa had as much as anybody else. We held up our end better than a lot of them. We never served bum liquor and we never forgot our friends. They were all glad enough then to come to the house if they were asked. Couldn't keep them away.

It was odd that now, with Elsa gone, Jay wanted more than ever to put it over. The outcome was between him and the town now, between him and his luck. Elsa had to go. Jay knew it. He admitted it. They were terribly on each other's nerves. They couldn't be civil to each other in public any longer. It was easier when they were by themselves, though that was hard enough. But the only thing was to have a new set-up. Six months ago she had begged him to make a clean break, to go somewhere else and begin from scratch. But Jay wouldn't do that. He wasn't going off like a tramp. And besides, he knew that he would touch bottom one of these days and then come up again.

He got back to his office at two-thirty and said to his stenographer, "Well, just made some money!"

The girl glanced up doubtfully, and he could tell at once that she thought he had been drinking. He always knew when a woman gave him that look. It annoyed him now. He hadn't been drinking. Since lunch he'd had just one highball and that nip of brandy which he couldn't refuse when it was offered to him. If the girl didn't mind her own business she'd have to be on her way. He wasn't asking her opinion of what he should or shouldn't do.

The stenographer had not said a word, but he still felt as if she had.

Elsa had also made him feel that way in these last weeks.

There was little work to do. The letters he had dictated were ready for him to sign. Most of them concluded the final arrangements about the furniture in his house. They had come to an agreement about that. Elsa wanted nothing but her clothes and a few things she loved for color or memory. Jay didn't want any of the stuff and he couldn't pay storage on it if he had wanted it. So he had taken a room at the Town Club by the week and moved out after she had gone.

The house in which he and Elsa had lived had never really belonged to them. He had made the first few payments, but after that he got behind on everything and the mortgagor had only let them live on in the place because they kept it heated and the property couldn't be sold to advantage on a bad market. But that couldn't go on forever. The property had reverted to the first owner and Jay had sold the furniture to him as well. It would take care of the back-interest payments in part. He was glad to get rid of the house. It was a fine, handsome place but there wasn't a corner of it that hadn't held a worry or an embarrassment in these last years. The only things Jay really regretted letting go were the bottle cupboard which had been especially constructed for his use and some of those cues in the billiard rack.

The second afternoon mail came in. It was largely made up of cool and unfriendly bills with a few advertisements coaxing him to buy securities or big cars. He had been in the big-car class and it took a surprisingly long time to get off a mailing list. There was also a letter from his bank. He looked through the mail, leaving much of it unopened, wondering a little if there would be any word from Elsa before she sailed. Of course there

wasn't. She was the type that could see through anything she started, and she had said it must be a clean, final break.

She was on the ocean now and she'd never come back as his wife. He imagined the wind swinging round her the checked tweed coat she was probably wearing. She was going to Sweden with some friends who were glad to get her away from Jay. They'd been working on it. Maybe I'll fool them, thought Jay. Maybe I'll disappoint them and come through.

The letter from his bank asked him, in a disciplinary way, to come in at his earliest convenience. Still feeling the little extra courage of the liquor and the jubilation of the slot machine jackpot, Jay decided they couldn't scare him. All right, he'd go to see them. He looked at his watch. There was time to do it now before the bank closed.

"Mrs. Hull is on the telephone," said his stenographer.

Jay picked up his extension.

"Hullo, Grace."

He could tell from the tone of her voice that Grace Hull was quite determined to do the right thing. She was being brightly conscientious about it, after having talked him over with everyone, after having pitied Elsa. If she only knew how she had bored Elsa, thought Jay.

"Jay, how *are* you? I haven't seen you in *ages*. We've *missed* you!"

She talked with little false italics, pressing enthusiasms into words and statements where they didn't belong. Jay knew that Grace had not missed him at all. She had known him since they both were children but she didn't approve of him and she thought that he and Elsa had been in a fast crowd that was too rich for his income. The failure of his marriage had to be almost a triumph for Grace. It proved how necessary all her own precautions

and safeguards were. Grace would never have run such risks as to overspend, to live in too large a house, to love without making it a matter of return obligation. She was asking him to come to dinner now because it was the conspicuously kind thing to do and Grace fancied herself as benignant. Besides it would give her a close-up view of the Colby situation, and lots of people wanted that.

"Sorry I can't make it, Grace," said Jay laconically, "but thanks a whole lot. I'm tied up with a bridge game."

"How about Friday?"

"I may be out of the city," he lied.

"Well, I'll try again. I've thought of you so *often*, and wondered about you and if there was *anything* I could do."

"Not a thing."

"I'd *love* to have a good talk with you. You know, Jay, sometimes I think that's what we *all* need. Just to talk things over."

He almost laughed. She was so obvious. What there had been between him and Elsa was not for Grace to finger with her clumsy pity.

"Plenty of talk seems to be going on," he said.

"Now, Jay, you mustn't be bitter!"

That was what she'd say. He knew it as he said good-by and put the telephone down. She would tell people that she had talked to Jay Colby and he was so bitter. Let her. He put on his hat and went over to the bank.

It was a little after three o'clock but Jay went in the side door and asked for Mr. Ladd, who kept him waiting fifteen minutes and then sent word that he could see Mr. Colby. Jay was familiar with that inner office and its atmosphere of peculiar gravity. He'd borrowed money in here when it hadn't been hard to get it, in the days when bankers were willing to take a chance, when they were looking for a good gamble, in the days when all he had to do was to sign his name.

"Well, Jay," said Mr. Ladd, beginning in a friendly way, "how are things going?"

"All right," said Jay, "picking up."

"We've been wondering about that note of yours. It's been running some time. Too long, as a matter of fact."

"I've hoped you'd extend it for another six months."

"We'd like to. We'd like to help you out, Jay. But after all, you know this isn't our money."

"I've been having some pretty poor breaks," said Jay. "I'll get on top of them soon."

"Yes. We hope so. Your equity in your house is gone, as I remember?"

"That's right."

"Furniture?"

"I let it go. It's no good to me."

"Running a car?"

"I figure taxis are cheaper in this weather."

"And street cars," said the banker, "are still cheaper. Law business pretty good?"

"Not right now."

"Making your office expenses?"

"I have a bad month now and then," said Jay.

"Any new prospects?"

"As a matter of fact I have."

"Nothing you could turn into negotiable paper?"

"Not right now."

"Too bad. You know how it is with us. We've got some collateral of yours here but we can't continue to protect it. It doesn't cover your borrowings as things are."

"It was worth double the amount when I put it up."

"Maybe so. But not now. We'll have to sell those bonds, Jay. We have to protect our depositors."

"I've been a depositor here for years."

"Yes. You've had a lot of money and you've spent a lot. Now Jay, I'm a good friend of yours. You know

that. It seems to me that one might say you're at the crossroads right now. You want to choose the right road. Spend what you earn. Not a penny more. Live within your means."

Jay had heard it before. Easy to say spend what you earn, but what if you weren't earning anything? He thought that those had been Elsa's bonds. He'd have to get them back to her. She had said she didn't want them, but she was going to have them back no matter what she said. When the banker paused Jay said good-by and went out. He walked straight over to Ford Brooks' office to see if he could talk over that reorganization plan and build a fire under it. But Ford was out. Then it was too late to go back to his own office, so Jay went back to the club. His bill was in his box and he stuck it in his pocket before he had a game of squash and a shower. He won the game and his opponent bought him a drink in the taproom and after that they played the dime machine.

All the days of three months were much alike except that he managed on one of them to borrow five hundred dollars from a rather remote cousin. He paid his club bill and his office rent and his stenographer. There wasn't much of it left. He knew that they were beginning to look at him queerly at the club. He was posted again.

Peter Gow and Bob Wilson were together in the taproom when Jay walked in one spring evening. They nodded but they didn't ask him to have a drink. He didn't need one. He walked over to the slot machines. He always had a chance with them anyway. Jay wondered if Peter was still worrying about that five dollars that he'd loaned him the other night. Probably he was. That was the millionaire of it.

"Give me some dimes, Morris," he said brusquely to the boy at the bar.

Morris looked at Bob Wilson. "All out of dimes, Mr. Colby," he said.

It wasn't true. The men at the bar knew it. Jay knew it. He swung round with a savage face.

"Give me some dimes, damn you," he repeated.

Bob Wilson stepped forward, very much the director now.

"Look here, Colby, you can't talk like that to our employees."

"Who's going to stop me?"

"The club is. And we can't have you borrowings small change from everybody to play those machines with."

It was true, so Jay swung out and knocked him down.

In the back of the cigar store there was a place Jay hadn't known was there. He had come in here every now and then for cigarettes and it was raining to-night. He didn't want to go back to the room so he was hanging round. Since he had given up his office he slept very late in the morning and about this time of night he was always wide awake. The fellow who asked him now to play a game of pool was someone he didn't know but he played a nice game. Jay took his money. He was about to tell the stranger once about those billiard cues he had left behind when he sold his house and furniture, then thought he wouldn't mention it or they might think he was bragging.

"Let's see if we can beat the old machine," he said.

"You never can," remarked the other man. "It can't be done."

Jay got a lot of dimes at the cigar counter and began to play. It showed three oranges after the first dime and he got eighty cents out of that and fed it back. It took only forty. The jack-pot clattered down—and it looked like all the dimes in the world.

"I still can make them mind," said Jay, chuckling.

That was the first luck he'd had in weeks. Going from one office to another asking for a job wasn't any fun. If he couldn't get a job he asked for a small loan, and sometimes he got that and saw in the eyes of the person who gave it that it was the last one, saw what he had seen in Elsa's eyes when she'd told him she was going away with her friends, something final, something else ended. He knew it when he saw it, knew when they stopped believing that he would ever come back. But there was luck left in the world just the same. He liked the feeling of all that money in his pocket, all those dimes. They proved it.

He played there often after that. Sometimes he would make a dollar and lose it and sometimes he wouldn't even make the dollar. It began to anger him to see that jack-pot just about ready to fall and not have another cent to play with. It happened more than once. He got ugly. The proprietor began to say, "What'll you have, Mr. Colby?" as soon as he came in, and to make him spend something.

But the slugs were an accident. There was a store near the room Jay rented where they sold magazines and newspapers and old books and Japanese curios and puzzles and all sorts of junk. He stopped in there for a newspaper one night, and the fellow didn't wait on him at once because he was sorting stuff on his shelves. Some of it was piled on the counter. Jay was in no hurry. He took the cover off a box and explored.

"What's this?"

"Slugs," said the man. "Never see them before?"

"No," said Jay. "What are they for?"

"Anything. We don't sell them any more. Not allowed to. But they used to be sold a lot. I guess they were used mostly for slot machines."

"Well, what do you know about that?" grinned Jay.

He picked one up. It was smooth and made of lead and not quite the right weight. He was curious.

"Let me have a few of these. I want to fool somebody."

"Take them along. No good to me."

Jay picked up a dozen and put them in his pocket.

"Thanks."

Of course he didn't intend to use them. It was just fun to see if they would work. He'd tell the fellow he was putting them in before he did it. But it would be interesting and it only took a very small thing to interest Jay now. He liked to concentrate on something that would keep him from spreading his situation before himself. He liked to curl his thoughts round some dislike he had cherished or injustice done him. He read the papers and explained them bitterly to himself. He ate in lunchwagons and once in a while he didn't even eat.

That night it rained again and the room was wakeful and unpleasant. Jay couldn't stand it. He drank all the gin he had, and then wandered down the street and into the cigar store. Maybe he'd pick up a game of pool and he liked those fellows. It was all very well to be high-hat but nobody knew what was happening in the country who didn't mix a little. He told himself that he wouldn't miss the experience of the last few months for a good deal. Those fellows out at the Town Club didn't know what it was all about.

He stood about for a while because nobody wanted to play with him. They thought he was too tight to play. They knew who he was and what he had been of course. He saw a man whose face was familiar and suddenly remembered who he was. That was Bob Wilson's chauffeur, and he must be paid with Marie Wilson's money. If Jay had married Marie he would be paying that fellow. He hadn't married

Marie. He had married Elsa. And at that thought of Elsa, whom he always denied to his mind now, a horrible sense of failure and impotence crowded up on him again. It would be loss in a moment and he knew he couldn't stand that. He walked away from the pool table over to the slot machines. The quarter one looked full, ready to drop. He put his hand in his pocket and felt the slugs. Pulling one out he tried it. Nothing happened, but it fitted certainly. It worked the machine all right. He put in another, two more, six, seven, absorbed now in making the thing work. And then the angry hand of the proprietor was on his shoulder, digging into it.

"You dirty bum! Get out of here," said the man, "you dirty cheat!"

Jay swore viciously in answer.

"I saw what you're putting in there—"

Jay went after him. He went after two of them. But they were too many. They beat him up and threw him out on the street and he was pretty well battered and not steady, so he lay there and the policeman picked him up, out of the rain, off the sidewalk, drunk and disorderly.

In the morning, the judge wanted to know what the fight was about. But Jay wouldn't tell. Naturally the fellow in the shop wouldn't tell a judge. The machines weren't supposed to be there. But Jay knew that the chauffeur would tell. Bob would know. Marie would know. In the club and over dinner parties they would tell that story. Perhaps the judge, who was a politician about town and knew Jay's career, would tell the rest of it.

But he was a very decent judge.

"Colby," he said, "there's no complaint going to be entered against you. I don't like this business. This is too bad. You've been a good lawyer. You've been a man of distinction round this town. But there's just one

thing for you to do right now and that's to clear out. You can't ever build up here again. Get into a new place, cut out the booze, and make a fresh start. Do it before it's too late. Buy yourself a ticket somewhere."

"With what?" asked Jay.

The judge knew practically everything about human distress. But this shocked him. For Jay had been a swell, one of the upper crust. It seemed to the judge far worse than the predicament of accustomed bums on the benches because it had been so swift a blow. It almost embarrassed him.

"Come in to see me in my rooms," he said. For he couldn't lend him money over the bar of justice.

The bus left at noon and at ten o'clock that night Jay was still traveling. Every now and then he remembered that a scant year ago Elsa had begged him to go away, to make the break then. He was doing what she wanted him to do at last. He was still bruised with blows and shame but he was a little easier now, after sleeping in the chair all afternoon and looking out at strange fields and towns and houses that held no criticism of him. He wasn't going to let anyone get any-

thing on him again. This was a fresh start. He still had brains. He'd do something.

They were stopping. He got out and stretched. There were twenty minutes to wait and, instead of going in the bus depot, he wandered down the street so that he could be by himself. He chose a small tavern which looked common and quiet. It was a cheap little place, smelling of sour beer, and it was evidently legal to have slot machines. There stood three of them in the open against the wall.

Jay looked at them with a horrid turn-over of memory, remembering last night, hating himself all over again. He walked over to where they stood, wondering how many people they had fooled to-day. The quarter machine seemed full. There was money in it all right.

He made a bet with himself. The thing would drop if he played it twice. He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his change, the judge's money. Two quarters. He'd send the judge back that money. He put one of them in and jerked the handle.

"Say—look," said a man on the other side of the room, "that fellow got the jack-pot!"



THE SCREEN ENTERS POLITICS

WILL HOLLYWOOD PRODUCE MORE PROPAGANDA?

BY RICHARD SHERIDAN AMES

THE movies have tasted blood. It was, in this instance, the blood of Upton Sinclair. But it was political blood, tasting strongly of victory, and sweet indeed to that Goliath of the arts, hitherto so vulnerable to the slingshots of reformers and detractors, including that very Sinclair whose book about William Fox held no blandishments for Hollywood.

Mr. Sinclair's threat to California meant ruin to the movie magnates, so they believed. Before they took serious thought some of them had appeared ridiculous in press dispatches. They promised the hasty exodus of themselves and their glittering chattels if the Democratic candidate should be elected, and were straightway beguiled by seductive offers from Arizona and Florida. New York City had been fooled so often before that it didn't bother to be coquettish. And sensible Californians couldn't quite see one hundred million dollars' worth of equipment emigrating overnight nor imagine the film industry in exile, getting along without the physical geography of the Golden State. It is a fact, not known to everyone, that there exist in California fair substitutes for most of the world's scenery, from Algerian sand dunes to Bavarian forests and Polynesian isles. The Sacramento river, for example, has been "ghosting" for the Mississippi for years. Studio location experts have maps of

the State which tell them just where to go to film a Sudanese landscape or the French Riviera.

No one had ever taken the movies very seriously, so the studio manifestoes died with the editions in which they were printed. Had the political battle been fought along the usual lines no reinforcements would have been sought in Hollywood. But by mid-October conservatives of both parties realized that Sinclair could not be stopped by ordinary methods. Having agreed upon a campaign of fear and personal vituperation, backed by superabundant cash, the coalition strategists implored Hollywood's aid in an intense last-minute program of visual education.

So the screen entered politics. Surprised patrons of neighborhood movie houses were suddenly treated to pictures of an indigent army disembarking from box cars on Los Angeles sidings. These repulsive looking bums appeared to have swarmed in from all corners of the United States, determined to enjoy the easy pickings of the promised Sinclair regime. Their appearance was enough to terrify any citizen who already had a job and a roof over his head. This interpretation of current events was strangely moving, although those with critical eyes wondered why the vagrants were wearing make-up; and some with good memories at once recognized excerpts

from the Warner Brothers' previous film fiction "Wild Boys of the Road." The Sinclair cohorts exposed this fraud and the movies were forced to abandon the use of stock shots thereafter. But they had plenty of cameras, and imagination.

Never really favoring the methods of Russian film realism, Hollywood nevertheless exceeded the best efforts of Mr. Sinclair's own Eisenstein. Gorki's "Lower Depths" were mild compared to the camera's gleanings in the camps of Sinclair followers. With an art seldom equalled in million-dollar productions, Hollywood, mordantly selective, photographed the down-and-outs, the wanderers, and the jail birds. It satirized, distorted, and at times nearly burlesqued—to its own detriment. But on the whole it manufactured some very telling celluloid in record time, and not since "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin" during war days had it so hypnotized the mob mind.

A large number of forces combined to defeat Sinclair, but the margin of victory was scarcely sufficient to merit loud hosannas from those who fear the organization of the EPIC movement and the Never-Say-Die attitude of its leader. The movies may have been instrumental in defeating the Social-Democrats. They think so. But the campaign went to the head of an industry which always has been easy to frighten and never quite sure of itself. For years the movies have been accused of pandering to the lowest tastes. They were regarded as mere entertainment factories and, in spite of their enormous potential power, they were given no adult privileges, no mature responsibilities in the national economy. A giant, kept too long in swaddling clothes, the motion picture has just discovered its own power. It was the Sinclair campaign which was responsible for this discovery, and

neither the results nor the future prospects are pleasant.

II

The movies were born long after Ibsen had forced his social dramas on reluctant audiences. They were in a rudimentary state by the time Bernard Shaw had attained popularity as a playwright. When the talking movies arrived Eugene O'Neill was America's first dramatist, and our stage has since offered such adult exhibits as "Of Thee I Sing" and "Both Your Houses." Ignoring the progress made by the theater, the films began all over again. Their comedy was based upon the banana peel and a bruised posterior. Their drama antedated the Greek: pursuit, capture, and revenge. A decade brought the film art to the custard pies and bulky bathing beauties of Mack Sennett and then to the level of ermine and the expensive sin and gaudy spectacles of Cecil de Mille and D. W. Griffith. Then came a period of technical advance, camera experiment, and such innovations as "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "Grass," "Potemkin," and "The Trial of Joan of Arc." Just when maturity was within sight the whole cycle began again with the swerve to talking pictures.

During the past twenty years the moving picture, like the rest of the world, has been confronted by two major catastrophes—the War and the depression. The former supplied the films with their most persistently successful theme, from Griffith's "Hearts of the World" to "Journey's End." The latter—the depression—has been simply too unpleasant to contemplate cinematically.

During the War the screen essayed some claptrap propaganda, emotional swindles like Mary Pickford's "The Little American," the above-men-

tioned "Kaiser," and Chaplin's gentle "Shoulder Arms." Such efforts were somewhat less effectual than flag-waving and the bands which played "Over There." Where the movies really helped to win the War was in the Liberty Loan drives, when the Chaplin-Fairbanks-Pickford triumvirate loosed the purse strings of an adoring nation.

During the prosperous decade the movies contributed to the spending spree. That was their sole educational value. They gave emotional thrills to millions, acquainted them with cosmetics and expensive clothes, costly automobiles, interior decorations, yachts, and villas. They entertained a spendthrift nation, came to blows with the censor occasionally, paid Mr. Hays to be a buffer, and grew rich and wanton. The doings of movie actors kept journalism alive when we had no national crisis. With God in his heaven and Coolidge in the White House the moving picture was the playboy of the western world during the twenties.

The producers always chose the line of least resistance. Their chief effort on behalf of art was to entertain. Their chief end politically was not to offend. No outsider will ever understand how many devils stood to the east of them and their Pacific Ocean. Outside their own temples of temperament, the producers had to consider the bankers, the churches, the prohibitionists, the educators, racial prejudices, touchy foreign governments, exhibitors, and an altogether too capricious public. If they offended in any quarter they were met with reprisals which hit them in their pocket-books. The only serious intention the Producers Association had when it appointed Will Hays as the high-salaried Czar of the Movies was the employment of a powerful politician for the purpose of cajolery. During the

Republican hey-day Mr. Hays served effectively, but he has been less successful since the New Deal was dealt. As this is written the film industry speculates about his successor, with Alfred E. Smith often mentioned. Al has two qualifications which Will Hays lacks. He is a Catholic and a Democrat, at least in name. Recently Hollywood has had to curry favor with the Roman Church, whose League of Decency nearly frightened it out of its wits.

The Hays office is paid to settle internal squabbles in Hollywood. It ordinarily advises and restricts producers in their choice of film subject matter. But while the studios may veer toward proscribed sex subjects they need little coercion to steer clear of controversial subjects which are politically offensive. Such experiment is likely to prove ruinous. Only recently Columbia and Metro Goldwyn Mayer both spent large sums in abortive attempts to make epics based on Soviet Russia, but the theme has proved too much for them. It can't be handled inoffensively. It was obvious that pro-Semitic Hollywood should wish to have produced an anti-Nazi film. Such projects were announced but the Hays office frowned on them, and the producers were afraid to proceed in the face of widespread criticism.

Since the depression began no major studio has cared to treat social or political problems seriously. M.G.M.'s "Gabriel Over the White House" and Paramount's "The Phantom President" were largely imaginative and uncritical. The only company which really dared unpleasant themes was Warner's with its "I'm a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (with all references to Georgia carefully deleted). This same company ventured criticism of the South again in a largely sentimental film, "The Cabin in the Cotton," de-

picting the struggles of poor whites. But for once the other studios made no effort to copy a rival's success.

Instead, Metro had to sanctify Pancho Villa in order to release "Viva Villa" without damaging relations with Mexico any further after the Lee Tracy incident. Tracy was the M.G.M. comedian whose alleged behavior on a hotel balcony in Mexico City caused his arrest and much unpleasant publicity. His film sponsors were compelled to fire him before Mexican authorities would let them finish their expensive production. Paramount was beset with the problem of Mae West, its greatest box-office asset and the Lady Lucifer of all the pious regulatory bodies. Screen biography held its terrors after M.G.M. had to pay Princess Yusupov \$250,000 for libeling her in "Rasputin." Universal offended organized morals with a literal translation of "Little Man, What Now?" a story which had been seemly enough in book form. Obviously studios had enough trouble on their hands without inviting the certain disaster of controversial subjects. They hid behind Mr. Hays and Joseph Breen while the decency purge was administered. They accepted the dictates of Sol A. Rosenblatt, the movie Code Authority, and courted favor with the White House. In spite of their terror they managed to turn out a superior crop of autumn pictures which were profitable, the best restorative for damaged self-esteem.

At the present moment the studios are in a favorable position. They have written off their greatest losses and emerged from the tentacles of the real-estate octopus. During the boom most of the major companies built and bought expensive theater chains. When attendance fell off, the fixed charges on their investments plunged them into receiverships and offset any profits made by their films. Clean

pictures have turned out to be profitable.

But before Hollywood cleansed its conscience it tasted bitter medicine. The submissive attitude which it presented to the irate reformers was not entirely sincere. Within the industry, trade journals lashed the bosses for their cowardice and demanded an end of Hollywood's subservience to meddling and threatening lay organizations. Thus goaded at home and enlightened by the effectiveness of their anti-Sinclair tactics, the motion picture powers are now seriously considering propaganda as a weapon to augment their cause in future battles. The idea is not a new one. It has been used in Europe and was once discussed informally in Hollywood.

Charles Chaplin, always a screen pioneer, long ago went to Joseph M. Schenck, head of the powerful United Artists affiliate, to demand that the screen should defend itself against attack through its own celluloid. He suggested the news-reel, edited aggressively, as the medium which might illustrate the industry's point of view. At a given moment the screens of America's twenty thousand film theaters could flash a message of dramatic import to millions of spectators if the intrusive material were presented with true showmanship. They are already used to advertising sandwiched in between radio programs. The propaganda news-reel could ridicule reformers. It could, as it has already done unconsciously, reveal them during their conventions and record casual utterances that make any dignitary ridiculous. In a censorship battle the film producers could give their customers glimpses of the "cut" portions of various films—sufficient to show them graphically how seriously tampering had interfered with their entertainment. Finally the producers could piece together sequences of narrative

film and then point a moral with them. Stock shots of Bunker Hill or Valley Forge, with stirring sound effects, might be climaxed with the challenge: "Our forefathers fought for liberty—censorship threatens your right to pick your own entertainment!"

An actual illustration of this method of propaganda occurred in California in 1931. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of film was used by the Metropolitan Water District of Southern California to influence the voters to vote bonds for the Colorado River aqueduct. Film audiences were shown short dramas in which pioneers crossed the desert, only to perish from thirst. The lush valleys of the Southwest suddenly faded into desert wastes before the spectator's eyes. Then he was asked: "Do you want this to happen to you?" After such a scare the only alternative was to vote the bonds.

Chaplin's scheme never went farther than conversation because there was no crying need for it then, and also because the movies have been averse to direct advertising via the screen. If the film men ever consciously influenced public opinion it was by indirection—incidental hints cast during the progress of an apparently innocent tale. An examination of several films will quickly reveal how simple such a procedure is.

Many will remember the fantastic "Gabriel Over the White House," which was nevertheless so topical that parts of it had to be remade to parallel current history following Roosevelt's inauguration. In this popular film an imaginary president became a hero through the exercise of extraordinary powers which made him a virtual dictator. Whether consciously Fascist or not, this film, and its successor "The President Vanishes," approve the use of force and imply sympathy for rugged individualism raised to the *n*th power of a dictatorship.

King Vidor's "Our Daily Bread," produced independently, warrants more specific investigation. This film started as a serious consideration of the economic problems of to-day, but the thought was confused and its reliance on ridiculous melodrama ruined any persuasiveness it might have had. Vidor's characters are attempting a "back to the earth" movement, not unlike Sinclair's EPIC plan. After several reels they meet to determine a form of government for themselves. They ridicule a speaker who offers them neat phrases about democracy. Then they vociferously acclaim a farmer who shouts: "This is a big man's job. What we need is a big boss!" The film's romantic hero is given the job and he leads the agrarians to victory, considerably abetted by dramatic devices. Mr. Vidor's political thought is cloudy, but his picture would produce on unenlightened minds the impression that what discontented workers need is bossing rather than self-determination. Its broad implications are concomitant to accepting the principles advocated by American Fascists—forceful segregation of unemployed in concentration camps while Big Business wields the whip hand.

Several films dealing with Russia are subtly anti-Soviet. "British Agent" shows Leslie Howard as a humanitarian with idealistic ideas about the Great War. Russia's desertion of her allies is portrayed as gross treachery, sufficient to estrange Howard and his sweetheart, who is supposed to be Lenin's secretary. Details of the revolution, such as the demolishing of the British consulate, show the Russians in the worst possible light, as uncouth murderers of the innocent. The reviewers have agreed that this was Hollywood's most vigorous attempt to be fair to both sides when approaching Communism. "Rasputin and the Empress" nearly whitewashed the Ro-

manovs, and in one very imaginative bit had Nicholas II ready with a liberal plan for the salvation of Russia. The horrible execution scene turned him into a martyr. Unimportant films like "Friends of Mr. Sweeney" offer Communists only as comic relief or as dangerous incendiaries.

Rather feeble propaganda can be detected retrospectively in DeMille's "This Day and Age," dedicated to youth, which revealed High School students as practicing Fascists who took the law into their own hands. "Washington Merry-go-round" upheld the shooting of lobbyists and touched upon the evils of Congress. "No Greater Glory" was pro-war in its psychology.

Two motion pictures are now projected which will be less evasive about the social transformations which even Hollywood sees in the offing, though the thought is distasteful. Already in production is Chaplin's first film in years, originally called "The Masses." It uses a written scenario, an innovation with the great pantomimist, and if this is followed to the letter the traditional Chaplin figure, always poignantly human, will be required to combat a mechanized world and a regimented society. Chaplin's social sympathies are entirely foreign to Fascist bias. Deliberate propaganda would be impossible for the artist he is, but "The Masses" should contain his most incisive satire to date, and it promises to restore the individual to a place in the cinema sun.

Opposed to such a philosophy is the challenge to group feelings and the invitation to class warfare contained in Columbia's "Call to Arms." Condensed in a studio inter-office bulletin this film has: "story most timely telling . . . of a Civil War veteran whose two sons become involved in communistic activities . . . old soldier recruits serv-

ices of veterans at soldiers' home and succeeds in quelling red uprising."

After this film was announced the studio was deluged with letters and telegrams of protest from anti-Fascist and civil liberties organizations. In reply Columbia's general manager made the cinema's usual reply to critics: "It has always been our policy to avoid propaganda for or against either side of any public issue." The veracity of this statement may be determined by noting what happened during Hollywood's November anguish. Before election the Screen Writers Guild went on record "to criticize indignantly the fascism of the bosses in demanding contributions to their campaigns, asking for instances of employees discharged for refusing, with the intention of bringing suit for criminal conspiracy, a Federal offense, against offending studios." Did disinterestedness cause the studios to import C. C. Pettijohn, general counsel of the Hays organization in New York, to handle the campaign against Sinclair? What prompted Rob Wagner in his *Script*, California's liberal weekly, read by all film workers, to write: "In this recent campaign the studios broke precedent and under the bludgeoning leadership of Louis B. Mayer lined up brutally—fake interviews for instance—against the other fellows." The militant editor wrote merely what everybody in the industry already knew—that the producer's anti-Sinclair films were deliberately dishonest. When Sinclair converts were shown on the screen, actual members of the EPIC organization weren't used. The film men picked the most appalling figures they could find, put words into their mouths, and thus identified them with Sinclair's movement.

Nor is the first skirmish to be all. When the legislature convenes in January it will contain a belligerent Sinclair minority, eager for revenge

against the industry which administered a knock-out blow to its leader. Already plans are laid for an investigation of the movies, salaries, and taxes, conditions under which women labor, instances of despotism. Movie money helped to elect Governor Merriam, and the Hollywood magnates expect him to veto any measure which would mean increased taxes or State regulation of their product. But they fear the publicity which would result from such an investigation. Sinclair's is a master mind for ferreting out combustible facts—the Fox book proved how well he knew the movies. Hollywood prefers to let the public and federal government forget about lots of things.

It would not relish, for example, a detailed inquiry into the manner in which taxes are paid on film negatives. To avoid California taxation unfinished negatives are shipped to New York at just the proper time. When these valuable properties have been proved non-existent in Hollywood vaults, they are whisked out of Manhattan so that they may escape a tax penalty there. Their taxable status is never quite certain on either coast. The cans of celluloid have been known to travel to Arizona, just over the California border, their departure being timed as exactly as the arrival of the avenging hero in a film melodrama.

Having begun its fight with Sinclair, Hollywood has discovered that, like Indian warfare, it may be never ending. At any moment Sinclair may let out a war whoop and Hollywood will have to man its fortifications. The worst of it is that it costs Sinclair nothing except the exercise of his typewriter. It may cost Hollywood plenty, as the last campaign showed. And, more seriously, this sort of running fight may extend to other States and eventually arouse Washington.

As Will Hays once said: "Everyone

has two businesses, his own and the movies." If the California legislature moves for State censorship, other States may try it. If California investigates the movies, New York and the federal government may seek a few facts too.

III

Thus threatened, Hollywood wonders if it can afford to practice passive resistance in the future. Wall Street is the heart that pumps financial blood to the studio arteries. Circulation has slowed up since 1929 but Hollywood cannot ignore the physical relationship. No part of the capitalistic structure is more vulnerable than it is, and none so subject to the suspicion of liberal and radical groups. Hollywood's Rolls-Royce approach to life is becoming increasingly unpopular. The studio system is such that the affluence of screen workers and the costly magnificence of film productions are always being exploited and magnified, and such tactics are no longer as effective as they used to be. On the other hand, economy is next to impossible without lowering the standard of production which the paying public insists upon. The star system imposes a ruinously expensive routine on those prisoners of glory who are the temporary idols of public fancy. Bankers and ordinary business men proved, with almost chaotic results, that they could not manufacture large-scale entertainment according to the rules of ordinary business. Executive producers like Mayer, Cohn, Schenck, and Zanuck may scorn economy and horrify the impoverished populace with the cost sheets of their ornate productions (Harry Cohn comes as near to combining economy with superlative success as anyone in Hollywood), but these men and their methods at least turn out a product that is profitable. No alternative has been found.

Nevertheless, Hollywood has to defend its right to do as it pleases. It once preferred to be no part of the body politic, but it is potentially, at least, the most powerful weapon of tottering capitalism. As the most powerful medium for mass-education, the screen is controlled by a ruling class which can hardly be expected to relinquish it for the exploitation of social reform. It is extremely doubtful if any liberal group could produce or exhibit a film concerned with economic experiment. Such dramas as "Peace on Earth" and "Stevedore" or even the Theatre Guild's "They Shall Not Die" would throw Hollywood into convulsions, if even mentioned seriously for screen adaptation. Outside the organized screen industry there exists no group with the facilities, the necessary experience, or the exhibiting organization to create and display a radical film even if it were possible to raise the large amount of money—from two hundred thousand dollars to five hundred thousand dollars—which would be needed for the production. Most of the accessories of film making are in Hollywood, and while studio space and technical facilities can be rented, the best technicians, acting and writing talent, and the all important director owe a certain allegiance to the studio hierarchy which provides jobs and professional prestige. It is doubtful if many of them would dare to participate in a radical undertaking if its thesis were offensive to orthodox Hollywood tenets.

If a good picture were produced independently, with actors whose names mean something at the box-office, a work whose novelty or merit would commend it to public attention, then where would it be shown? The exhibitors are a strongly organized group, dependent on Hollywood studios for their living, and it cannot be imagined that any of the chain houses would

project an iconoclastic film. Nor would its sponsors be able to arrange for its exhibition in high school auditoriums, where political considerations might interfere with enlightenment. There is the matter of advertising: the great dailies usually grovel before motion-picture advertising. Word-of-mouth advertising would have to sell the show, and churches and private auditoriums alone might give it haven. Obviously such a picture could reach only a handful of spectators and millions of regular movie patrons would never hear of it.

On the other hand, what if Hollywood decides to convert the nation to any of its principles? It has the money, the studios, and the talent. It controls the major theaters and can command the best advertising media. Hollywood pays the stars whose glamour hypnotizes spectators. It knows all the tricks with which to beguile and amuse them. It knows how to arouse mass emotion. The game of outwitting the censors for many years has taught the producers innumerable strategies. They know how to make almost any situation palatable to the person of average intelligence. Is there anything then to prevent the motion picture industry from flooding the United States with adroit propaganda of its own choosing so long as it contains nothing seditious or of an immoral character? Could it not attack any left-wing organization or liberal minority with the same methods it used against Upton Sinclair? Could it not pervert truth, play tricks with superimposed voices, backgrounds, and canny substitutions? What it has done once it can do again if occasion arises, and there is no constitutional provision or Federal commission to interfere. Only the law courts, ordinarily slow and tedious, could offer opportunity for opposition with injunctions or libel suits, and the cinema

retains some of the best lawyers in the world.

Russia, Germany, and Italy dictate motion-picture fare absolutely and determine its subject matter. Of late they have refused to admit American films that might undo the work of Communism or Fascism. Germany finally banned "All Quiet on the Western Front" because it was against war. Italy threatened reprisals if Paramount filmed a historically accurate account of the famous Caporetto retreat, and even after her demands were met found fault with "Farewell to Arms." Russia finds most of our films impossible and its leading director, Eisenstein, lost caste when he came to Hollywood, failed at Paramount (he was never given a chance) and went into partnership with Upton Sinclair on "Thunder Over Mexico," only to produce neither fish nor fowl, according to either Soviet or New World social theory about the moving picture.

Hollywood does not like the New Deal any better than most corporate business likes it, although it prefers pleasant relations with Washington. But its screen fare has not exhibited a zeal for the Democratic war against depression comparable to the patriotic fury with which it responded in the war for democracy. Its heart isn't in the struggle for national rehabilitation, though it is glad for the extra quarters the emergency relief bureaus put in the otherwise empty pockets of some ten million unemployed movie patrons. But where is the epic of the New Deal equal to the "Birth of a Nation"? What picture has been produced or announced dealing with reforestation, reclamation, the drought, the Brain Trust, national housing, the flagellation of Wall Street, or the new Washington? The movies are respectfully attentive to the Chief Executive and his key men in the newsreels, and that's all. No film halo has

ever adorned the Roosevelt experiment.

Until 1936 the films can pepper Sinclair with shrapnel and put out a few feeler films to test the temper of the times. These pictures will doubtless be tinted faintly pro-Fascist, as the others have been. There will be some more red baiting and no traffic with socialism in any of its forms—at least on the part of the major studios. Since the Republican opposition appears too weak to warrant movie backing any longer, the cinema will try to keep on good terms with the Administration, which was sufficiently agreeable to make the industry's own Joseph P. Kennedy chairman of the commission set up by Congress to police Wall Street. Such favors make for a polite interchange of courtesies.

IV

It seems strange, but until the past year the self-interest of the motion picture industry has afforded the American public its only protection against film propaganda. The producers manufactured entertainment for the purpose of profit, and real issues of potential importance to American democracy were sidetracked by moral questions. Censorship squabbles like a smoke screen continue to obscure the vital problems. The screen was wisely advised to clean itself up in order to avoid Federal censorship and Congressional investigation. Now it is responsible to no one, and nothing points to the creation of a Federal Commission to regulate the screen in a manner to parallel radio supervision.

Hitler, the arch proponent of propaganda, under whose regime all the arts, together with the press and radio, are submissive to central authority, wrote that "the lie is almost always more effective as propaganda than the truth. The larger the lie, the more effective."

Louis Adamic in a recent country-wide survey of what the American proletariat is reading was forced to the conclusion that the American masses do not read the books of the new proletarian writers because they find them too difficult, essentially unattractive. Motion picture propaganda *will* be attractive. No amount of books, periodicals, or pamphlets can undo the graphic fidelity of the camera and the effect it produces on the human eye.

The screen can ridicule personalities, deride an entire movement. It can stimulate emotions more quickly and with more lasting effect than any other medium of communication. It can put an opponent on the spot or it can humanize its own candidate and exaggerate the qualities of his leadership. It can incite to violence as proven in this country with "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin," "The Birth of a Nation," and "Thunder Over Mexico," and in Europe with news reels of the Duke of Kent-Marina nuptials, "All Quiet" before its suppression, and various anti-Nazi films. It requires scant literacy of the spectator. It offers the image, which impresses the onlooker as the fact. Therein lies its excessive danger and the fear aroused among thinking peo-

ple by its total lack of responsibility.

The screen alone of all the mediums of propaganda permits the accused no reply. Radio time can be bought and newsprint is fairly accessible to all. But while our democracy still prides itself on the constitutional guarantee of the right of free speech, no group or faction can talk back to the motion picture. Its owners and distributors have a virtual monopoly and their control brooks no interference other than the disposition of the public to remain outside of cinema theaters.

Will the nation be warned by California's recent experience? Will its legislators end their vacillation and proceed to the long promised Congressional investigation of cinema tactics, and not be sidetracked from important issues by talk about morals? No more serious affront to the thoughtful citizen's sense of justice has ever been offered than by the screen's first venture into partisan politics. Government regulation might lead eventually to federal propaganda and the obvious danger of Washington politics. But it would determine responsibility; and a complete and unbiased investigation of the screen would place the important facts squarely before the American people.



THE REVIVAL OF FEUDALISM

BY REINHOLD NIEBUHR

IT is the fashion of radicals to interpret fascism as a desperate effort of a dying capitalism to save itself from extinction. No doubt this is the use to which fascism is put by the imperiled privileged classes. But the current radical theory does not explain how the capitalists have contrived to secure the allegiance of the lower middle classes and farmers, without whose support fascism could not have gained a victory in any Western nation. The curious susceptibility of the lower bourgeoisie and agrarians to fascist propaganda might be explained by pointing to the political incompetence of these classes. They are individualists in a collectivist society. Being unable to understand the realities of their collective life, they fail to grasp the issues between fascist and socialist collectivism and foolishly seek to preserve their liberties by entrusting them to the tender care of fascist dictators.

There may be a measure of merit in such an explanation, but it hardly offers an adequate reason for the development of modern fascism. It might be possible to come closer to the realities if it were recognized that fascism is something more than a dying capitalism. It is a recrudescence of feudalism. The fact that capitalism must seek to restore the forgotten ethos and the disintegrated forms of feudalism in order to prolong its life in this era of transition is much more significant than radical political theories have realized. In spite of the fact that the

superimposition of feudalistic forms, derived from an agrarian past, upon the realities of an industrial civilization leads to particularly atrocious forms of injustice and tyranny, there is a certain ironic justice in the rebirth of feudalism in our age. The fact is that feudalism, despite its injustices, possesses one virtue of which both capitalism and socialism are bereft: it is born out of a feeling for the organic character of society. It is an expression of the validity and perennial force of certain factors in society to which mechanical and mechanistic theories of social life fail to do justice. Human societies are mechanisms as well as organisms, and the mechanics of social life are particularly obvious and particularly important in an industrial civilization. It was, therefore, inevitable that a technical civilization should evolve mechanistic theories of social life, whether capitalistic or socialistic.

A feudal society was less conscious of the mechanistic aspects of society, partly because it was more stable and traditional and was, therefore, able to obscure the brutal details of its mechanisms behind a decent veil of a traditional social mythos and liturgy. The organic conception of society in feudalism is derived in part from the fact that an agrarian economy is actually more organic than an industrial one. The forces of social cohesion are more personal and human, the consequence of common sentiments and

traditions, than those of a technical society in which means of production and communication are the only cement of social solidarity. The fascist effort to impose a purely organic view of society upon the facts of a technical civilization, therefore, falsifies realities and confuses politics. Its net effect is to cast industrial magnates of the type of Thyssen and Krupp von Bohlen in the ludicrous role of "Fuehrer" and benignant fathers of their people. This ridiculous romanticism must not, however, blind us to the fact that, while the organic view of society may not contain the whole truth, it contains a truth. Fascism is this outraged truth avenging itself. Like a Freudian nightmare, expressed in reality rather than dreams, it presents an extravagant expression of impulses and forces in society which have been unduly suppressed.

Modern industrial society has given birth to three forms of mechanistic interpretations of reality, each of which is too completely under the influence of the mechanical realities of an industrial age to do justice to the whole truth about man's social life. Modern capitalism is based upon the theory that economic society is governed by automatic mechanisms which, if left unmolested by political interference, will achieve and maintain a certain pre-established social harmony and will guarantee the health of society and the justice of its relationships. The optimism of this theory is too absurd ever to have been taken really seriously. *Laissez faire* capitalism was always a theory and never a fact except in so far as it suited commercial and industrial oligarchs to embody its theories into practice in order to escape the inconvenient interference of political society in the exercise of their economic power. There can be no harmony of conflicting social interests in terms of a balanced equilibrium

when society begins with a basic disproportion of power. The nice theory of a natural balance of interest and power, upon which capitalism is founded, has been both challenged and negated in the actual history of capitalism. The oligarchs of a technical age, who began in devotion to it, ended by seeking to augment their economic power with political power and by using the state for the purpose of destroying whatever natural balances might exist in the competitive enterprises of economic society. More recently the theory of *laissez faire* capitalism has been challenged by the victims as well as by the beneficiaries of an unrestricted economic society. They have used the power of their numbers to persuade the state to equalize some of the more glaring inequalities of capitalism by taking money from the rich through high taxation and giving it to the poor in the form of social services.

In spite of the absurdity of the theory which underlies capitalism, it must not be forgotten that modern economics as a science really begins with this theory. It may have been wrong in its interpretation of the kind of mechanisms which underlie our social life, but it was right in seeing that society is a mechanism as well as an organism and that various forms of social behavior and economic activity follow such predictable patterns that it is possible to construct a science out of their analysis.

II

The critics of capitalism, at least until the rise of Marxism, were liberal, democratic idealists who thought of society not as an economic mechanism but as a rational contractual relationship. In their view individuals related themselves rationally to other individuals for pragmatic purposes and altered the form of their social com-

pact whenever history and experience suggested the necessity of change. The theory which underlies democratic liberalism is more rationalistic than mechanistic. But it is mechanistic in the sense that every rationalism is. It has no feeling for, or consciousness of, the vast forces of sentiment and tradition, of unconscious passion and semi-conscious ambition which express themselves in the solidarities and conflicts of society. For it societies are not organisms, which grow and decay, but rational artifacts which are rationally altered when they prove themselves inefficient.

Confronted with the injustices of modern society, liberal idealism frequently sinks into a naïve moralism. It sees that injustices are caused by disproportion of power in society. It, therefore, calls upon the oligarchs to exercise their power more wisely and justly, and expects its advice to be heeded. Or, if it is a little more realistic, it suggests that all wise and good men, without regard to economic circumstance, unite together to revise the basic conditions of economic life. In this vein Ludwig Lewisohn asks in his most recent book: "Cannot a planned and ordered society be built by the co-operation of free personalities, by free men taking counsel together?" No society has ever been the kind of rational social construct which this question implies. Nor have individuals, for the purposes of politics, ever been "free" individuals. Traditional loyalties and sentiments, lust for power, resentment against injustice, collective pride, and hungry stomachs, these are the irrational forces which determine the course of political history. The emphasis of the liberal rationalist and moralist upon the rational and contractual character of society corresponds to reality at one or two points; but his total theory is delusive.

Collective human behavior is not

totally irrational; but it is not as rational as the liberal assumes. If reason is to find a place in social process it must do so by guiding and deflecting, and not by seeking to supplant, the impulses and sentiments which supply the basic dynamics of political behavior. Liberal idealists are sometimes able to dream their dreams of a rational society in periods of comparative stability and calm; but when conflicting interests and passions finally meet in a critical struggle the island of disinterested calm is inundated by the waves of party strife. The leaders and symbolic figures in the struggle are dominated by the collective impulses and sentiments which have given cohesion to their community or social cause. Since reason in a social situation has no fixed place from which to operate but must always begin with given presuppositions and ideals, the conflict frequently draws the disinterested idealists in one camp or another. Modern German fascism has claimed the allegiance and support of more than one previously liberal academic. They have been prompted either by fear or by honest passion to bring their presuppositions in line with those of the dominant political leaders.

The mechanistic theories of communism are far superior to those of the capitalists and the liberal idealists. They conform much more closely to the facts. The theory of communism is that capitalistic society is a self-destructing mechanism. It destroys itself because the disproportions of economic power with which it begins tend to grow to such a magnitude that they tend to destroy the economic equilibria of society completely. There is too much money for production and too little for consumption. This results in periodic crises of overproduction and unemployment. These crises will grow in acuteness and frequency until a final crisis will bring about the com-

plete destruction of the present economic system and the establishment of a system of social ownership. This catastrophic rather than optimistic interpretation of the mechanism of economic society has the merit of providing a key for, and being in rough agreement with, the actual occurrences of contemporary history. It is even correct in its pessimistic belief that the oligarchs of the declining system cannot by taking thought change the essential weaknesses and the self-destructive tendencies of their economy. The emphasis of all the liberals who dominate the left-wing policies of the Roosevelt administration on the necessity of creating employment through a better distribution of wealth has not led to any essential change in the division of the total national income between the owners and the workers in the nation. Those who possess the essential social power of modern society—the power of ownership—manage to snare an exorbitant portion of the total income. They are able to do this partly by the operation of economic practices (payment of rents, dividends, etc.) which even a hostile state cannot negate completely as long as the economic system stands. They do it partly because their economic power endows them with political influence by which they are able to bend even a semi-hostile political power to their purposes.

Communism is, of course, not merely a description of the mechanisms of modern society. It is informed by a revolutionary purpose and it hopes that this purpose will be supported by two very potent impulses, those arising from hunger and desperation and from dreams of the ideal. It gives added impetus to the power of hope, which springs eternal in the human breast, by a philosophy of history which makes the victory of its cause inevitable. At this point it ceases to be a science and

becomes a religion, and a very potent one. The fact that a deterministic religion should stiffen rather than enervate social purpose is a mystery to individualistic rationalists who have always insisted that moral energy depends upon a sense of personal individual responsibility. Yet history abounds in examples of such vigorous determinisms in which the certainty of victory endows the soldiers of the cause with added courage and resolution.

Since communism is thus a social theory which gives a fairly accurate picture of the actual mechanisms of modern society and yet manages to construct a religion out of an allegedly scientific social analysis, it might appear that it has found a formula for insinuating intelligence into the social process. It does not depend upon the intelligence of individuals to defy the mechanisms of society. On the contrary it hopes to profit from the self-destruction of the old society by unconscious and automatic processes. At the proper moment it hopes to set a revolutionary will against the old system; and it is wise enough to know that this will is compounded of infra-rational and supra-rational impulses, hunger, and the dream of an ideal.

In spite of these virtues it is not likely that communism will succeed in its purposes in the Western world without a serious revision of its position. If it does succeed it will be only after decades of fascism have reduced Western society to international and intranational anarchy. The cause of its probable lack of success lies in its inability to gauge the power of sentiments and loyalties other than those aroused by desperation and utopian idealism. Communism is, like capitalism, the fruit of a mechanical and rationalistic age and its approach to life is, for all of its ability to arouse a furor of sentiment, mechanistic and rationalistic.

It insists on a rationalistic internationalism which is totally unable to comprehend the perennial force of national sentiments and traditional loyalties. It is not impossible for the workers of the world to achieve a sense of solidarity, transcending national barriers. But this new international community of workers is able only to qualify and not to annihilate the loyalties which bind men to their nation. It is interesting to note that, while Marxian theorists insist that patriotism is an artifact of capitalism, national sentiment insinuates itself into the revolutionary program of Russia, and Stalin talks about the "Fatherland." The type of internationalism which Marxism regards as inevitable actually conforms to the needs of the most completely disinherited industrial workers who, living in a technical civilization, and defrauded of cultural inheritances as well as of economic advantages, have good reason to regard national sentiment as a fraud and delusion. But it will never be accepted by the workers who are not absolutely disinherited and it will be rejected by the men of the soil in whom the organic aspects of social life are always more cherished than among urban dwellers.

The failure of modern radicalism to reach the agrarian poor is one of the chief causes of its lack of success and of the rise of fascism. Its too consistent internationalism is only one of many reasons for this failure. The man of the soil's sense of property is infused with a love for his acres which gives it a dignity completely lacking in the property relations of the city. It is something organic and cannot be dealt with in terms of a dogmatic collectivism derived from urban and industrial experience. Nor is the socialization of land and the collectivization of agrarian production as obvious a necessity as the socialization of industrial prop-

erty. Nationalization of land is probably the only cure for landlordism. But a nationalization program can never win the support of farmers if it does not carry with it certain qualified property rights including the limited rights of testation. The enforced collectivization program in Russia is rightly regarded by European peasants as a form of urban imperialism directed against the farmer; and it has resulted in driving the poor peasants into the arms of reaction. Incidentally the premature success of the communist revolution in Russia has become an incubus for the whole radical movement in the Western world. It has given undue prestige and authority to policies and programs totally unsuited to the intricacies of Western civilization.

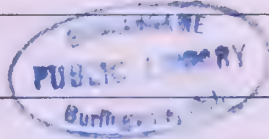
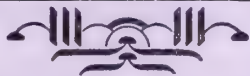
While traditional religion is not a particularly vital force in the Western world, the ability of the Catholic church of Germany, with large masses of proletarians in its membership, to withstand the onslaughts of Marxism is an interesting revelation of the relation of religion to the more organic aspects of society. The Marxian sets an entirely new religion against inherited religion. The fact that he calls his religion science does not change the matter. It has all the earmarks of a religion, its similarities to Mohammedanism being particularly striking. His opposition to inherited culture and religion increases his hazard of victory; for it is in historic religion that the organic view of life is most stubbornly defended. The animosity of the Marxian to religion is of course due to ample provocations. Religious myth is at one and the same time a poetic expression of the organic aspects of life which defy every rational and mechanistic formula, and a convenient cloak for obscuring the inhuman mechanisms of society which the oligarchs seek to hide. A King Alex-

ander of Jugoslavia, benefiting from the semi-religious reverence which Serbian peasants accord a monarch, while he had his finger in every capitalistic enterprise by which French finance exploits Serbian and Croatian life, is a striking symbol of the dishonesty of the mythical-organic conception of society in the modern world. A religious or mythical or poetic description of social life does justice to the imponderable ties of sentiment which bind men together in a society; but it always tends to falsify the technical realities of society. It cloaks the play of power and the conflict of interest which express themselves in every society, no matter how powerful the ties of common inheritance and sacred sentiment which bind it together.

The real problem which confronts modern society is thus to do justice to both the organic and the mechanical aspects of social life. The conflict between fascism and communism is a conflict between a feudalism which falsifies and distorts the actual situation in an industrial civilization by romantic appeals to sentiments related to "*Blut und Boden*" (blood and

earth) and a communism which gives fascism the chance to do this by underestimating the power and outraging the human attachment to life's organic relationships. Unfortunately there is little prospect of this conflict being resolved before Western civilization is reduced to complete anarchy. Socialism, which qualifies orthodox Marxism at many points, usually makes the mistake of uniting Marxist realism and catastrophism with liberal optimism. It thus tends to discard the real truth in Marxism without qualifying its rationalistic and mechanistic errors. There is no other political force on the horizon which promises to do justice to the truth in feudalism without accepting its errors and hypocrisy and which will amend the mechanism inherent in Marxism and yet retain its political realism. The failure of such a force to appear is ominous for the future of our civilization. It may be completely destroyed in a conflict between two political forces which contend against each other with the greater demonic fury because each has a portion of the truth which the other side lacks.





WRITTEN ON FRIDAY

BY THOMAS BEER

WHILE Mr. Calvin Coolidge was still shaking hands with callers at the White House a young master in a fashionable school for boys began to overhear chatter about So-and-So's "lucky cat." So-and-So was an emerging sun of the football squad. His lucky cat turned out to be a two-inch toy of black velvet, always worn under So-and-So's jersey in games. He was uncommonly good at football and the velvet cat did not cost him any teasing in the locker room. And then he was hurt in a motoring accident at Thanksgiving and died of pneumonia after an operation. The death was announced in morning chapel. As the sons of American business men filed out into the Yankee chill, the young master heard two fourteen-year-olds agreeing that this couldn't have happened if the lucky cat had been left with So-and-So in the hospital. They were quite sincere. One of them was crying.

The master commenced a delicate investigation. He presently found himself more and more bewildered by the worship of luck among these adolescents. At the end of 1931 he wrote to me: "This school is populated by sons of educated men. At this moment there are only four boys in school whose fathers are not graduates of universities or colleges. . . . I can remember a few boys in my three years at Andover who thought it bad medicine to sit thirteen at table or to get their hair cut on Friday. But we cer-

tainly did not take such things seriously. . . . I repeat that what startles me is this belief in luck. The vicious phase of the mania is the denial of honest effort. If you are unlucky you are just unlucky. It is never your fault. If you are lucky you 'get away with it.' I call this vicious. . . . The effect of the financial slump is to increase the mania."

A teacher at a school for girls was just as emphatic in 1932 and should be quoted at length. "I came here," she said, "after the death of my husband in France and have been regularly on the teaching staff since 1919. Until 1922 there was not much talk of superstitions here. Since 1922 we have had four distinct waves of superstition. One of these could be traced to a popular little idiot from my own State (Virginia) who deluged the school with nonsense picked up from colored servants. The great spreaders of superstition here are always second-rate Southern girls. There is no recipe for shutting up a Southern girl. She will talk or she will die. I should class the new-rich Middle Western type as the next worst. But what Herr Mencken calls 'the believing mind' can come from anywhere. One of the worst 'amateur seeresses' we have had recently was straight from Commonwealth Avenue."

The lady continued: "How sincere the children are is always hard to say. But I take it that a girl who forfeits her status in the sporting set of the

school rather than play in a tournament on Tuesday really believes that Tuesday is an unlucky day. I take it that a girl who deliberately burns a superb green frock brought to her from Paris by her favorite sister really believes that green is an unlucky color. . . . What worries me is the weakening effect of all this hokum on their characters. *The everlasting gabble about luck* drives me wild. They have very little belief in character anyhow. They do not respect attainments unless they are social accomplishments. And what do their parents do to cooperate with the school in crushing superstition? The answer in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is, Nothing."

A doctor who doses the pupils of three private schools close to one another in New England also exploded in 1932: "What upsets my digestion in this business is the indifference not only of parents but of teachers themselves. Who decided that gross superstition was something that young people 'get over'? Some do. Others most certainly do not unless the thing is drilled out of them. . . . The danger of letting young people believe this trash is profoundly psychological. They set up a circle of silly inhibitions. They must not do this thing and that thing because it is unlucky. As time passes the circle tends to widen unless experience and ridicule knock it to pieces. Most unfortunately we are a credulous nation. A few days ago I was dragged to a lecture by a somber young writer who casually asserted that the men of the Harvard ambulance units had 're-created' American thought. After the lecture he was asked by a Harvard professor, at my instigation, what in hell Van Wyck Brooks, Mencken, Mumford, Anderson, Lewis, Spingarn, O'Neill *et al*, had to do with the Harvard ambulance organization? His reply was that only

Dos Passos, Cummings, and some other man whose name I did not catch had actually done anything to re-create American thought. In replying he accidentally quoted a sentence from Waldo Frank, to my great amusement. The state of mind he exhibited does not seem to me in any way different from that of a sixteen-year-old boy, one of my patients, who has decided that he will die a violent death because he was born on Christmas. Girls seem to be more superstitious than boys, but when you come down to cold cases, it is always the boy who is the more violently ill of this nauseating disease."*

These letters of 1932 interested me but left me slightly incredulous. In 1934 I roused lions by using an Italian and Spanish superstition in a frivolous tale, "Haircuts on Friday." Three pounds of letters from angry parents and teachers arrived. Some quotations are necessary.

From Indianapolis: "When every other kid you see is a walking collection of crazy superstitions, why did you have to write up another? I have a seventeen-year-old son who will not accept an invitation for Tuesday or Friday. He has fits if our neighbor's black kitten strays into our garden. He will not finish a meal if he spills salt. And now you have warned him never to have his hair cut on Friday."

From an undergraduate at Princeton: "I wonder if you can tell me the origin of the superstition about playing cards with a hat on? I know two really intelligent men who absolutely refuse to play cards for money unless they can wear hats."

From San Francisco: "Do you also know that it is death to wipe a gun-barrel with red cloth, to burn peanut hulls, to dream of a red automobile,

* The opinion is confirmed by principals of two high schools and by another doctor, but flatly contradicted by a neurologist who has a large practice among young people.

to roll a ball under a bed, to sleep with a redheaded woman on Sunday, and to see the new moon through glass? My sons hear all this hokum at one of the best private schools in California."

From Ann Arbor: "I really think that anybody who publishes a story in which, however ironically, a current superstition confirms itself ought to be shot. . . . It is pretty overwhelming to be told by the son of a celebrated physician that he is to be married in 1936 because it is in his horoscope."

It must be. It is overwhelming to discover that bankers, superior lawyers, fashionable women, and even professors in New York are nowadays paying a hundred dollars for a horoscope from an Englishman, who once told Elinor Wylie and myself how full of glory and comfort the year 1932 was to be for both of us. Elinor Wylie spent the year 1932 in her grave and I spent most of it, ingloriously and uncomfortably, in bed. This seer has a complete title to American belief: he is said to have prophesied an illness of the King of England. You can't beat that.

II

Here is a rough tabulation of superstitions which were floating about in American private schools between September, 1922, and June, 1934. It is admitted that the financial depression has sharpened superstition in the United States. Superstitions noted since 1929 are marked with an asterisk; but see how few they are. The material comes from parents, teachers, doctors, ten undergraduates at universities, and an amused boy of fifteen at a smart summer camp. No superstition under the heading, *Luck*, has been admitted unless it is reported from two schools. The stuff under the heading *Minor Warnings and Recipes* all comes from a single school and

is included simply because of its usefulness and charm.

LUCK

1. It is definitely unlucky to see a new moon
 - over the left shoulder
 - through a tree
 - through a doorway
 - from an ocean liner
2. It is definitely unlucky to dream of
 - white flowers
 - ants
 - gold coin
 - Charles Lindbergh *
 - a red motor car *
 - a Delta Kappa Epsilon pin
 - a hockey stick
3. It means death for oneself or for a close relation
 - to throw a hat on a prostitute's bed
 - to burn peanut shells
 - to burn a sweatshirt
 - to burn a baseball
 - to burn tinfoil *
 - to have one's hair cut on Friday
 - to see a chow dog killed or hurt *
 - to touch a wholly black cat
 - to break a mirror
 - to dream of seeing one's father naked
 - of the Woolworth building
 - in New York
 - of a blue fish
 - of an operating table *
4. But it is definitely lucky or luck bringing
 - to wear a garment inside out in a game
 - to wear no underclothes at an examination
 - to see an empty hearse
 - a garbage collector
 - a red fire engine
 - a broken ladder (Canada)
 - a white horse
 - a picture of Mrs. Calvin Coolidge
 - a picture of a negro prizefighter *
 - to dream of snakes
 - of a funeral
 - of *The Atlantic Monthly* *
 - of ticker tape
 - of spilling castor oil *
 - of incest with one's mother

MINOR WARNINGS AND RECIPES

1. a. Spit on money if you have to kiss a crosseyed woman.
- b. Never read an *American Mercury* unless the cover is torn off.

- c. Start anything on Tuesday or Friday and you'll never finish it.
 - d. Sit down and count seven if you have to go back to your room for something you've forgotten.
 - e. Always sleep naked the night before a big game.
2. a. Carry seven pennies in your left trousers pocket and you'll get through any exam.
- b. Eat an orange under a bed and you'll get big money from home.
 - c. You can change your luck by standing on your head in a showerbath.

But does one turn on the water in the showerbath before standing on one's head? Authors and stockbrokers in 1935 have an interest in this form of genteel sorcery.

Now any amateur of superstitions has seen that much of this material is very old, some of it ancient. Incest-dreams were lucky and unlucky in Greece and in republican Rome. The white horse has been an emblem of fortune and royalty since the days of Xerxes at least. Suetonius reports the ominous dream of Nero about the winged ants, and the reverse of Trajan in Asia was foretold by a dream of ants. It is a trouble-sign to-day among negroes in North Carolina to dream of ants. White flowers were sinister in dreams at Florence in 1489 and at London in 1663. Lady Hamilton dreamed of white flowers, she said, the night before the battle of Trafalgar. That august authority, *Napoleon's Dream Book*, says that it is bad luck to dream of gold coins. (It says so in some editions anyhow. Who edits *Napoleon's Dream Book*?) Tuesday and Friday have been luckless days in Latin countries for some centuries. In *Trilby* one finds that it was bad luck to see the new moon through glass and to have one's hair cut on a Friday in the '50s. Ruthenians and some Hungarians, an Austrian tells me, dread dreaming of their fathers naked. One spat on money for luck

in Flanders and Holland when Jerome Bosch was painting, and a foggy reference in a German poem seems to date the habit back to the twelfth century. And so on.

In the more modern nonsense the dark South speaks. No prudent negro in the lower Mississippi valley burns a peanut shell or tosses a hat on a woman's bed. At Camp Pike in Arkansas in 1918 I was cautioned by a colored sergeant against burning a shirt. Colored people in both Carolinas hate to see a new moon through a tree. The three boys who believe it lucky to see a garbage collector all picked the yarn up from negro servants in Washington. In other words, a lot of this tommyrot is what children hear when lounging in the pantry. A lady who employs two amusing servants named Bee and Johnnie has identified seven items of the charted material as North Carolinian. "I hate to say it," says a cultivated colored instructress at a training school, "but I feel that two-thirds of the girls we send out as domestic servants are still very superstitious. I do feel that colored people are improving in this respect, but there is a lot of work to be done." Her attitude somehow strikes one as more admirable than that of a banker's wife in 1931 who decided that it was "cute" when her son broke all the glass in a school gymnasium because he had a "lucky" jockstrap on and thought he would "get away with it." So then some of these superstitions admittedly come from the colored servant. Let us progress to

SOCIAL INFORMATION

1. The King of England owns one half of New York City. (Middle West, 1929.)
2. Vincent Astor owns the three best clubs in New York City. (South, 1930-4.)
3. Franklin D. Roosevelt is Theodore Roosevelt's son by a secret marriage. (Middle West, 1931-2-3-4.)
4. Army officers have to take a secret oath to prevent the election of a Jew to the

Presidency. (The South, 1929. New York City, 1932-3-4.)

MEDICAL NEWS

1. Only Jews suffer from diabetes.
2. Alligator pears promote passion.
3. Celestins Vichy water causes impotence.
4. All male Japanese are invert.

In one of these yarns you see a great American tradition. Alligator pears were touted as aphrodisiac in restaurants along Broadway in 1907 and are still doing their duty by the grocers. The Vichy fable is also very stale.

CONVERSATION AT A SUMMER CAMP, 1934

Redheaded women never have twins.

You can't get consumption unless it runs in your family.

You get diabetes from your prostrate (sic) gland.

If you let them circumcise you in winter you get appendicitis.

Tonsillitis comes from washing without soap.

Euphemized: The only real cure for venereal disease is intercourse with a virgin.

Against that last one the Medical Corps of the U. S. Army honorably went to battle in 1913. It was denounced in lectures and medical literature at the great camps of 1917 and 1918. In 1926 a doctor rather triumphantly told me that the myth was "killed." He had not heard of it in years at a clinic in the slums of Chicago. In 1927 the son of a Southern politician was preaching it at a big military school, and in 1932 it made trouble close to Boston. It dies hard. It has been toughened by four centuries of belief. It has romantic muscles and a Catholic teacher suggests to me that there may be a quasi-religious flavor to back it among the empty headed, the word "virgin." And so a recipe, laughed at by farmhands and lumberjacks thirty years ago in the Pennsylvania hills, was used by a desperate sophomore in 1933 and was brought back from a school in scien-

tific Moscow by the son of an American engineer to thrill kids at camp in the Berkshires in 1934. For, of course, they were thrilled. I could have added lush wonders of sexual instruction circulated in schools where girls are advised to memorize photographs of "prominent people" from magazines and in schools where lads are dosed with inspirational talks on football or hockey in the boredom of Sunday afternoon. Perhaps the one sample is enough.

Since 1926 five episodes in American journalism are known to have begun with the belief in lucky objects. A schoolgirl did not arrive at her father's house in the Middle West for her Christmas holidays, although she had left the school near New York in a party of girls, properly chaperoned. Weeks later a detective dug her out of a cheap boarding house in Los Angeles. Yes, she wanted a career in pictures. Journalists flapped their ears. These crazy girls! But what sent her to Hollywood was a "lucky" stick of greasepaint, sold to her at school, and stolen from the dressing room of Katherine Cornell. Joan and Sally and Peg at school all knew that anything stolen from a famous actress was unconquerably lucky. Who told them? They could not say. They had just heard it, somewhere. A lucky quarter, bought for five dollars at a school in Connecticut, ended by costing a boy's parents something like ten thousand dollars. Who made it lucky? Somebody's uncle or cousin or brother got it in change from Gene Tunney on a train. The reporters never felt to the bottom of the mess.

Sometimes the fetish is merely a masked sentiment. The lucky pocket-knife or jersey came from a favorite brother or a dead mother. One excuses broken blades and frayed elbows by saying that the treasure is lucky. But this is not the real superstition-

spreader. He does not believe in his own rot. "The dangerous type," says a headmaster, "is the young egocentric who has arranged to cure his sense of his own failures . . . by calling it all luck. It was not his fault that he flunked the Latin impromptu. The black kitten from the infirmary crossed his path. I shudder over such kids. . . . Your Harvard undergraduate who ran off from the houseparty because his hostess kept a black cat will graduate into psychiatrics or medievalism. Catch him ten years from now, and he will explain all his deficiencies in terms of complexes. . . . He will have destroyed his character. . . . That is the danger."

Fourteen of the reports on which this paper is based return to the theme of luck-worship among adolescents. I am not proposing to laugh at children of women who change their lipsticks every day for luck and of men who carry a rabbit's foot to Wall Street. The stupidities you teach them, they will execute. Much of this twaddle comes from the American home. And it is germane here to point out that three of my informants began to worry over the renaissance of cheap superstition in the same year, 1922. Why 1922? One case is fully described. In the autumn of 1921 an enriched foreman of the Ford plant at Detroit entered his son at a preparatory school in Connecticut. The boy was very likable, very athletic, and very talkative. He sprinkled superstitions as swiftly as he sprinkled "ain't" and four-lettered expletives. He made black cats loathsome and distributed lucky pennies enchanted by a Ruthenian witch at home. It is plausible to say that hundreds of such girls and boys arrived in the Eastern private schools around 1922 bringing with them a litter of fables. At Groton, the school least accessible to the sons of wealthy foremen, there was no news

of black cats and lucky pennies in the early '20s. Four graduates and a master so declare.

It is a common folly of American writers to talk too much about rural superstition. One case of witchcraft in Pennsylvania mothers a squad of patronizing editorials and short stories. Nine hundred cases of crystal-gazing, commercial prophetics, and erotic sorceries can be produced from the tenements of any industrial city for one credulous comedy among the meadows. I live in an industrial city. Day before yesterday four high-school girls talked for half an hour about palmistry on the sidewalk in front of my home. They talked in the soprano yelping habitual to dwellers in noisy streets. A Mrs. Something had foretold that one girl's father would get his job back soon and he got it back in ten days. "And she told Clara that that fella from Hastings was just foolin' and it turned out he was married all the time, and" . . . But one of them kept saying, "Aw, nuts!" The whole thing was cheese. Nothin' to it. So they powdered their noses and went back to high school.

Industrialism nurses the palmist and the foretelling midwife. In coagulated populations, still as hopelessly dependent on "the course of mere fashion and the quantities of unsold manufactured articles" for the safety of their lives as when Malthus wrote the words, the worship of luck is inevitable. A change in the shape of hats, a foreman's bad temper, an alteration of machinery may ruin them. George "socked that redheaded kid on the button" without knowing that he was the foreman's second cousin's daughter's affianced, and that ended him at the plant, although he has never spoiled a job in his life. That's his luck. Aloysius, discharged for messing up his work, blames his luck. "In nine cases out of ten," says the head of

the personnel department in a factory near at hand, "the man who has been reasonably discharged takes it in exactly the same way as the man who has been discharged on prejudice. I honestly think that the nearer men come to being 'machine-herds' the more they believe in sheer luck." And even if their jobs are safe, the palmist and the teacup seeress do allure them. In the summer of 1933 an American sharing rooms with an English communist in a workers' tenement at Moscow noticed that dozens of young mechanics had the familiar, interlocking lucky circles tattooed on their hands. One lad stopped Mr. Hayden on the stairs to ask if all crack American aviators took kittens with them on long flights "for safety." Two fortune-tellers thrived in the same tenement. Luck is luck.

III

This paper is not an alarmist concoction; the teachers do not represent the private schools as ghost-ridden, do not assert that the sons and daughters of prosperity are all in a state of shivers over lucky colors and broken glass; but they are worried by what seems to them an increase of nonsensical beliefs. It has been suggested that the infection from negro servants and that association with the children of uncritical people have something to do with the revival. Many adolescents seem cheerfully immune to superstition. They hear that you must not look at the new moon through a tree and forget the bad tidings as easily as they forget Cæsar's prose and the name of year before last's Harvard crew captain. The endangered cubs, of course, are the egocentrics. Romantic girls and boys merely amuse themselves by collecting superstitions. It adds a little spice to the insipid life of an American boarding school to

pretend that one must not wear green or that anything begun on Tuesday or Friday will come to nothing. A grown woman who professes to be a sincere communist but a believer in numerology is clearly amusing herself in the same manner. What are the teachers most upset about? Why, the luck-worship.

On October 30, 1934, an instructor tacked to the end of an impromptu paper the question, "What would you like to be when you are twenty-five years old?" and warned nineteen boys that their answers might be published. Six answers are wholesome enough: "I would like to be a fine surgeon," and, "I cannot answer this very sensibly. But I would like to know everything there is to be known about navigation," and, "Would like to have an experimental farm and not be obliged to get mixed up with society," and, "A very good designer for some automobile factory," and, "I would like to be able to write as well as Henry Hazlitt or E. M. Forster." Let us applaud. A seventh answer was, "I do want to amount to something when I am twenty-five, but I do not want to be a celebrity. My father had an awful life after he got to be famous. We all know that his health broke down because his friends would not let him alone. The only times he ever got any rest was when we went abroad. I should like to do something interesting in the country, away from people."

Nine other answers follow.

1. I would like to be *as well known as* Hemingway or Vines.

2. Should like to be *very well known* in English society.

3. I would like to be *as well known as* Ellsworth Vines and Dick Powell.

4. *As well known as* Dorothy Parker or F.P.A. or Vines.

5. I should like to have a house at Antibes and enough money to live comfortably, even if I have gotten married.

6. Should like to be *le plus chic* portrait painter in Paris.

7. Would like to be *as well known as* Crawford Burton and Ernest Hemingway.

8. I would like to be *as famous as* Vines or Garbo, but not to have anything unpleasant written about me.

9. I would like to be *as well known as* Lindbergh but very popular.

The italics are for your help in assembling the evidence. Let us admire the melancholy hedonism of Number 5. Number 6, I hope, is a joke. The other answers represent the end of the luck-worshipping process. If Number 1, for instance, wants to be able to write the prelude-chapter of *Farewell to Arms* or to play astonishing tennis, he has not said so. He would like to be *as well known as* Mr. Hemingway and Mr. Vines. Amalgamate the answers, and you get a vision of modern celebrity. One name is as good as another; Dorothy Parker-Dick Powell; the gentleman rider and the extraordinary novelist are brothers under their advertised skins. The desire is to be an uncriticized doll, supported on newspaper columns, and glittering on the backs of magazines. The inner achievement, the muscles and the pluck of the sportsman or aviator, are not mentioned. *As well known as* . . . Another boy was even more frank, "I should like to be *as lucky as* Dizzy and Daffy (the baseball playing Dean brothers) but in some other kind of

way." Find a lucky quarter or a wishing cap in the woods and be as well known as some meritorious person who worked for it, in plain English. Be a mask.

In 1906 a very clever woman, the actress Louise Hale, asked six boys who had just graduated from private schools what they wanted to be when they were her age. We did not know her age. But she wrote down our answers on the back of a golf score. "As great a pianist as De Pachmann," and, "As fine a lawyer as my grandfather," and, "Worth 1,000,000 \$," and, "As good a painter as Manet," and, "Useful," and, "To have invented something or some things that poor people could buy." The last boy has had his wish. Laugh at the boy who wanted a million dollars, but he wanted, at least, to have something for himself. The surgeon who wanted to be *as great as* De Pachmann plays charmingly to-day. If I wanted to be as good a painter as Manet, I assert for myself that I wanted to be a good painter, not a name. The others ended in French graves. But we did not want to be masks. We ached to be realities. To the superstitious man perhaps belongs the great happiness of believing that nothing is solid and that a mask is as good as a heart, a talent, or a strong right arm.



ENGLAND'S PINK PARTY

BY JACK FISCHER

ON THE morning of November 2, 1934, Conservative newspapers announced reluctantly that the Red Menace was again sharpening its teeth on Britain's neat brass door-knob.

In the municipal elections the day before, the supposedly moribund Labor Party had overrun the country. It had captured 770 seats on town councils scattered all the way from Loch Ness to Land's End. In 56 boroughs it had seized complete control. The Liberal Party had been all but wiped out; the Conservatives had lost 635 seats. Most alarming of all, Labor had gobbled up London itself, where the returns gave it nearly half of the local governing units in addition to the powerful London County Council which it had taken over eight months earlier. If, overnight, the Socialist party in America were to kidnap scores of city and county political machines, with all the patronage which they entail, the situation might be roughly parallel.

England's Tories read those election returns with aggrieved surprise, because only three years earlier they had buried the Labor Party six feet deep and planted primroses on the grave. Labor had never, of course, been quite healthy enough to stand on its own feet. Twice—in 1924 and 1929—it had won barely enough parliamentary seats to form coalition governments with the half-hearted support of the Liberal Party. Since the Liberals threatened to desert every time their colleagues

suggested any really significant legislation, these two administrations produced pitifully few results. Then, when the financial crisis struck in 1931, England decided it was tired of a do-nothing government, and tossed the last Liberal-Labor coalition out of office by one of the most decisive votes on record. The Laborites salvaged a scant 46 seats out of the House of Commons's 617. Their accredited leaders, MacDonald, Thomas, and Snowden, turned renegade and helped form the "National" government—which, as every intelligent Briton knows, is simply a Tory regime under the most diaphanous of disguises. Repudiated and leaderless, the Labor Party was pronounced dead by nearly every competent political doctor in Great Britain. Since then England has enjoyed a business boom which might be expected to lay the ghost of radicalism for years to come.

Yet in spite of all this the Labor corpse has somehow revived. The November municipal elections were merely the most significant in a long series of indications that British public opinion is edging steadily to the left. The popularity of Prime Minister MacDonald, for instance, has dwindled so rapidly that to-day his personal following would hardly crowd a rowboat. When the National government forced through its Sedition Bill, the most reactionary piece of legislation England has seen in two decades, it touched off a totally unexpected eruption of pro-

test. A few weeks later a Tory cabinet minister was pelted with vegetables when he tried to explain the government's agricultural policy to a Scottish audience. And, finally, those reliable political barometers, the parliamentary bye-elections, have in the last six months registered one thumping Labor gain after another. Even in Putney, a constituency which goes radical about as often as Wall Street, the Conservative majority shrank from its former 29,000 votes to a mere 2,000 in December, 1934. To-day no informed politician denies that in the 1936 general elections Labor will have an excellent chance to win, for the first time, a clear parliamentary majority. Already a few of the more hysterical Tories are predicting that the Hammer-and-Sickle will be flying over Westminster before the next two years are out.

These nervous gentlemen might more sensibly put their panic back in mothballs. The truth is that the British Labor Party is not a red party at all. At the most it is a pale pink party, about as radical as the Roosevelt brain trust, and no more so. Above everything else, it is a trade union party, controlled by cautious workingmen who are desperately anxious not to upset the industrial appletart. A handful of the responsible party leaders may pay lip-service to Karl Marx and the class struggle, but there is not a real rebel in the lot. To find their prototypes, do not look to Moscow; go to the annual picnic of the Woodworkers' Trade and Benevolent Association, Local No. 3448, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

II

Technically the head of the Labor Party is George Lansbury, a lovable old gentleman with mutton-chop whiskers and a bull-fiddle voice. He leads His Majesty's Opposition simply

because since the MacDonald desertion he is the senior Laborite in Parliament. A crusader of the 1890 vintage, he would look far more at home in Gladstone's drawing-room than in any conceivable proletarian state. Not even Lansbury himself suggests that he should actively manage the next Labor administration. He probably will serve as a venerable, silk-hatted façade; but younger men will run the government.

No. 1 among these able young men is Herbert Morrison, who held the transport ministry in the 1929-31 cabinet. He, beyond a doubt, will be the prime minister in title or in fact if Labor comes soon to power. To-day he is leader of the London County Council, wielding a power roughly equivalent to that of the mayor of New York. Like Fiorello LaGuardia, his American counterpart, Morrison is a man of quick decision and volcanic energy; but at the same time he lacks completely LaGuardia's blow-torch personality. As efficient as a dynamo, he is about equally as glamorous. Nowhere has he shown a flair for that homeric demagoguery which has been so useful to, for instance, Mussolini, Hitler, and Huey P. Long.

Although Morrison can hardly be pictured as the Great Leader, he is undoubtedly an administrator with few peers. Precise, businesslike, a little stodgy, he has been running London with flawless competence. Never has that sprawling metropolis had cleaner streets, more determined progress in slum clearance, more meticulous organization of every public service from poor relief to garbage disposal.

Morrison's background is typical of many a Labor leader. He worked himself up from messenger boy to trade union official, then on to Parliament and the cabinet. No university graduate, he has an instinctive distrust of intellectual theorists. He is steeped

in that passion for respectability which is perhaps the most striking characteristic of the British working class. At council meetings no tail coat is so impeccably brushed as Morrison's, no striped trousers so faultlessly creased.

Ever since the War he has been trying in all sincerity to convince the English public that Socialism—Morrison brand—is safe and sane. Time and again in the suave speeches he makes so well he has assured upper- and middle-class audiences that they have nothing to fear from a Labor administration. His hatred of Communists and all other revolutionaries is implacable; his reverence for law, order, and the etiquette of the British constitution is unfeigned. In some distant future he would like to see the major industries organized into a group of giant state monopolies, operating without wasteful competition and yet without any explosive disturbance of property rights. Because he believes that this kind of Socialism offers the logical, the mechanically perfect organization of society, he is eager for a Socialist regime—if he can get it gradually and without too much mess. And Morrison honestly believes he can.

An equally powerful, though much less conspicuous, member of the party's general staff is Walter Citrine, secretary of the Trade Union Congress. During the past decade he has turned British trade unionism into Big Business. He is the granddaddy of all organizers—a man who habitually travels with two brief cases, a secretary, and a card index. From his desk in Transport House he runs his allied unions exactly as he might direct the regiments of a well drilled army. In the face of a prolonged depression he has held his ranks so firmly together that most of England's industrialists still can't fire a workman, adopt a new process, or cut wages a penny without Citrine's permission.

Now the trade unions are the thews and gristle of the Labor Party. They organized it, they cast nearly half its votes, they pay its bills. Since he dominates trade union policy, Citrine is in a position to censor virtually any program the Labor Party brings forward. Quite naturally, he tends to be conservative. Like all trade union officials, he has a substantial stake in the existing order. He has devoted his life to building up an effective union machine, and one wildcat social experiment might wreck it overnight. If British unions are ever sacrificed to a political theory—as the unions of Italy, Germany, and Austria have been—it will be over Citrine's dead body. Inevitably he has made himself the chief opponent of the party radicals.

Recently Citrine has worked arm in arm with a third dominating figure, "Boss" Bevin of the Transport and General Workers' Union. As secretary of the most powerful workingmen's organization in the country, Ernest Bevin carries an unrivalled prestige with the labor rank and file, and he has served admirably as Citrine's mouthpiece. Bull-necked and full-belted, Bevin looks like a blended caricature of General Hugh Johnson and a Tammany alderman. His contempt for parlor radicals is vitriolic and unveiled. He admits frankly that he would rather see a five-shilling wage increase all over England than any amount of theoretical Socialism. At union caucuses he likes to bang his fist on the table and talk about "our party." In every party conference for the last three years his docile railway delegates have voted mechanically to defeat all resolutions proposed by the "bolshhevik element."

These three men, with perhaps half a dozen subordinates of the same stamp, are the acknowledged bosses of the Labor Party to-day. They have been largely responsible for rebuilding

it since 1931 into the best disciplined political army England has ever seen. They have entrenched their organization deep in the field of municipal government, and given it a reputation for sane, efficient administration. So far no rivals have been strong enough to challenge their leadership. Any Labor administration in the near future will be, within reasonable limits, just what they choose to make it. According to backstairs legend, the main items of their legislative program have already been drafted and tucked away in one of Walter Citrine's capacious filing cabinets.

III

Just what is this program? Most of it reads like a chapter ripped out of the New Deal. Its whole design is reformist, not revolutionary; and some of it is more orthodox than King George himself.

To begin with, Labor wants a public works program—a big one, sweeping enough to put the bulk of England's two million unemployed back on the job and keep them there for years to come. This will, in the main, take the form of a housing campaign, designed to give cheap modern homes to the thousands of families now living in notoriously squalid slums. Because private building stopped short in 1914, and has never got up much momentum since, the housing shortage is one of England's most urgent problems. Many families are crowded into hovels built more than a century ago, without decent plumbing, heating, or light. Private contractors complain that wage and material costs are too high for them to build good homes which can rent for the ten shillings a week the average workingman is able to pay. Consequently local and national governments have been putting up cottages by the thousand. In the year ending September 30, 1934, 52,597

houses were put up by local authorities, and the total for all construction was 309,753. The Labor Party claims, with considerable reason, that the number of these within the range of a laborer's income is still hopelessly inadequate.

The next plank in Labor's platform calls for a forty-hour week, with a minimum weekly wage of about two pounds. The regulations probably would be applied by an extension of the present wage boards' system to every major industry. In some occupations—notably farming—the hours must necessarily be far longer and the wages lower than the theoretical standard. A further step to cut unemployment and put a stop to child labor will be the raising of the compulsory school attendance age from 14 to about 16.

The dole system will come in for a thorough remodelling. "Work or maintenance" has been one of Labor's most effective campaign slogans, and the present dole certainly affords nothing like adequate maintenance. An unemployed man with a wife and three children now gets less than eleven dollars a week, under the increased schedules put in effect a few weeks ago. Before he can collect his payments he must undergo the "means test," a rigid inquiry into his savings and other resources. The privacy-loving Briton regards this inquisition as an unnecessary humiliation, and a Labor government is almost sure to abolish it. At the same stroke it probably will raise the dole to what medical authorities agree upon as the lowest possible subsistence level. Where will the money come from? Probably from higher income and inheritance taxes, perhaps from a temporarily unbalanced budget. Labor really doesn't care. To it slow starvation is a worse bugaboo than unorthodox financing.

The party has lifted one more lesson from Mr. Roosevelt's primer. It wants

to reorganize England's hardest hit industries through a system of government subsidies and compulsory price agreements, bearing a family resemblance to the RFC and NRA. A general system of codes will not be necessary, because England's business life is already regimented far beyond anything America has yet seen. The main job will be to "rationalize" those industries which have been seriously crippled by the collapse of Britain's export trade. In the cases of coal and textiles, for instance, all firms will be organized into one production unit, along the lines already followed by their Japanese competitors. The least efficient plants will be closed down, the others re-equipped with state funds. Output and price probably will be rigidly controlled by government boards, authorized to set different rates for internal and foreign customers. Eventually Labor would like the government to take over these industries and operate them itself; but the urgent task is to rebuild them so they can again compete successfully in world markets.

The Labor Party is pledged to do a vague something about that political anachronism, the House of Lords. To-day the upper house is representative of nothing except vested wealth, and it is, quite naturally, ultra-conservative in character. The peers had their legislative powers pretty thoroughly clipped by the famous Parliament Act of 1911, but they still possess a suspensive veto which can hold up all legislation except financial bills for at least two years. Obviously such a delay can be used with fatal effect against any far-reaching governmental program. If the United States Senate—to imagine a parallel case—had decided to sidetrack every one of Mr. Roosevelt's measures from the moment he took office, the New Deal would have been wrecked at its very beginning.

The House of Lords did, in fact, do something like this to the Labor coalitions of 1924 and 1929, when the suspensive veto was used with stubborn consistency. Consequently the party now promises that it will "take immediate steps to overcome" a repetition of such obstruction, even if it is necessary to abolish the House of Lords as a legislative chamber. This a Labor prime minister could easily do by "advising" the king to raise five hundred selected coal miners to the peerage. Once packed with this synthetic majority, the upper house would commit legal *hara-kiri* by voting itself out of existence.

The last important item on the party's legislative budget is the repeal of the Trade Union and Disputes Act, passed during the reaction after the general strike of 1926. This statute makes every general strike illegal, and raises serious obstacles against the organization of "open shop" industries. So long as it remains on the books the trade unions will feel that their activities are intolerably restricted.

The foreign policy of the Labor Party is simple and drastic. It advocates the transformation of the League of Nations from an international debating society into an international police force. It would like to see the League supplied with its own army, powerful enough to crush any aggressor in Europe. Thereafter Laborite England would strive for the reduction of national armaments to the bare minimum necessary for keeping internal order. Its ultimate aim would be a comprehensive system of international law, built up by mutual non-aggression pacts, interpreted by the World Court, and enforced by a powerful League.

So far the Labor program is precise, detailed, and hardly revolutionary enough to frighten anyone except the most paleolithic Tories. From here

on, however, the official statement of policy begins to sound a little like Big Bad Bolshevism. Sometime, somehow, Labor hopes that the state will take over all the basic industries—transport, agriculture, iron and steel, mining, shipping, and textiles—and transform them into “a planned national economy, owned and carried on for the service of the community.” The present stock and bond holders would receive full compensation, trading in their securities for new debentures whose interest and amortization payments would be a first charge upon each industry. At the same time they would be ousted from active management, and control would be vested in non-political boards, made up of technical experts, workers, and consumers’ representatives. By slow stages government enterprise would be extended to other fields. Ultimately, for example, it would provide “free medical care to the population as a whole, in the same way as primary education is now provided free.” Finally, if financial panic or willful obstruction should follow the election of a Labor government, the party declares itself ready to assume “emergency powers to deal with the situation.” This laconic phrase seems in the eyes of every good Conservative to be simply a euphemism for Dictatorship.

IV

Now it is probably safe to say that the responsible party leaders do not take these last clauses very seriously. Certainly they do not look upon them as immediate possibilities. The so-called “red” resolutions were tacked onto the platform primarily as a concession to the small but insistent left wing of the party. They are framed with careful ambiguity. No dates are specified for carrying them out. No detailed plans for taking over industry have even been made public. These

provisions were, in short, meant to be little more than window-dressing, and every informed Laborite recognizes them as such.

Now the really Socialist section of the Labor Party has no intention of being hushed up with window-dressing. This militant left wing is made up largely of “intellectuals”—professors, students, professional men—and a big bloc of the younger trade unionists. It includes some of England’s most competent publicists, men such as R. H. Tawney and Harold J. Laski of the London School of Economics, William Mellor of the powerful London *Daily Herald*, and George Cadbury, son of a multi-millionaire chocolate manufacturer, who has recently organized a thriving Socialist news service. Among them is G. D. H. Cole, one of the godfathers of the Labor movement, who spawns books on politics and economics faster than the average layman can read them. Racked by ill health, he still manages to direct from his Oxford study a battalion of seven hundred fiery undergraduate Socialists.

Nearly all of this group belong to the Socialist League, an organization as red as a Moscow parade and twice as noisy. They want Socialism to-day, not in some Utopian future. Many are willing, if necessary, to get it by force. Their prophets are Marx and Lenin; and their leader is Sir Stafford Cripps.

No revolutionary movement ever had a stranger head. Cripps is a wealthy man, an aristocrat, and a devout Christian. The British bar has produced few lawyers of greater brilliance; and though two-thirds of his time now goes to The Cause, he still commands impressive fees. In the House of Commons he is probably the party’s ablest parliamentarian. In spite of his radicalism, the 1929 Labor government was glad to have him serve

as its solicitor-general. He is so obviously free of personal ambition that not even Ernest Bevin has ever accused him of opportunism. Cool, incisive, emotionless as a frigidaire, he has none of the earmarks of a popular leader. He is perhaps a little too uncompromising, too contemptuous of demagoguery to be even a successful politician. It would never occur to Cripps to sweep a crowd off its feet, Lloyd George fashion; his method is to feed his audience with logic, statistics, and historical example, and then leave it to make up its own mind. Yet somehow he has won the respect of even that great majority of the trade union rank and file which rejects his ideas. At the 1934 party conference the delegates voted down every one of Cripps's proposals, and finally, as a good-humored gesture, elected him to the party executive committee.

His career there is not likely to be a peaceful one. Sir Stafford has the embarrassing habit of lashing out bluntly and often against what he regards as the pussy-footing policy of the official leaders. Morrison, Citrine, and the rest of the executive invariably froth with rage over these pronouncements, and then issue a pious repudiation of Cripps and all his works.

"The man loses us 20,000 votes every time he opens his mouth," one trade union secretary complained; and he was very nearly right. Because Cripps insists on describing what real Socialism—as contrasted with a reformist program—would actually involve, his picture is not always reassuring.

Not long ago, for instance, he blurted out the opinion that an energetic Labor government would probably have to overcome considerable opposition from Buckingham Palace. Since the royal family is a cherished part of the British scenery, that remark doubtless scared away thousands of George V's loyal subjects. More re-

cently he predicted that financial interests would do their utmost to sabotage a true Socialist program, and that the election of a Labor government might, therefore, be accompanied by "a first rate economic crisis." The Conservative press gleefully quoted the prophecy in 64-point headlines.

Such forthright statements may be bad tactics, but at the same time they are backed by lots of sound political wisdom. Cripps and his few thousand followers are perhaps the most realistic members of their party. They alone seem to realize that any Labor government, no matter how tame, is bound to run into plenty of stormy weather. They know that British capitalists are a hard-bitten lot, who have just pulled through a long depression and are in no mood to give up a penny of their desperately regained profits. English industry would be reluctant just now to consider even such milk-and-water proposals as a forty-hour week. It would be certain to meet the slightest extension of government ownership or control with bitter and unrelenting opposition.

The spear-point of this opposition, the Socialist League believes, might well be Britain's still adolescent Fascist party. Its organizer, Sir Oswald Mosley, was raised, like Cripps, in a wealthy Conservative family. He too joined the Labor Party and promised for a time to develop into one of its most brilliant young leaders. Then, after struggling rebelliously for a few years with trade union officialdom, he left in disgust and started his own private army, the British Union of Fascists. From the very first Mosley built his machine according to the German blue-prints, taking over every one of the Nazi appeals from Jew-baiting to rabid nationalism. His slogan: "England first, the colonies second, the foreigner nowhere." His purpose: to preserve "the traditional class system"

against Communism and Socialism. His program, like Hitler's, may not be exactly lucid, but it does appeal to nearly every passion a clever psychologist can discover. And Mosley puts it across with magnificent theatricalism. He throws in all the color, the uniforms, the forced heroics which the Labor organization so noticeably lacks. When he struts onto a platform, looking virile and defiant as a young stallion, even a British audience sometimes loses its stolidity.

So far, it is true, the Fascists have not acquired any very impressive strength. Their antics look faintly silly against the present English background, just as Hitlerism seemed a little comic in the prosperous Germany of 1928. If Socialism ever becomes a serious menace, however, British capitalists may easily turn to Sir Oswald as their last defense. Because he is ultra-friendly to big business, he could, in a crisis, count on unlimited funds. He would have the natural support of the whole embattled middle class. And most important of all, he has the one asset which no Labor leader can boast—a mesmerizing personality.

For these reasons, Cripps argues that a Labor government must be prepared to cope with both Fascism and the systematic opposition of the whole financial and industrial world. He insists that any Labor ministry will need to seize wide emergency powers at once, and use them ruthlessly. To keep the financiers from wrecking the Socialist economic program, Cripps demands the immediate nationalization of the entire banking system. That would be comparatively simple in England, where almost all monetary affairs are handled by the privately owned Bank of England and a few big commercial banks—notably the Midland, Westminster, National Provincial, Lloyd's, and Barclay's—whose interests are closely interlocked. A currency

embargo might be necessary to stop a flight of capital while the nationalization is under way.

Simultaneously, he urges, the state should take over the heavy industries, assume control of all exports and imports, and direct all new investment. Since the worst handicap of British industry is its abnormal debt load, the present stock and bond holders could not expect full compensation for their appropriated investments. At best they should get only non-redeemable scrip, paying interest for about twenty years, or, alternatively, for the lifetime of the present owners.

Because to take such steps a Labor cabinet would have to work with even more speed and decision than Roosevelt showed in March, 1933, any delay by the House of Lords would be disastrous. Therefore Cripps wants the upper house abolished in the first weeks after Labor comes to power.

"If we ever intend to replace capitalism," he contends, "we will have to do it at one stroke. We can never nibble it away an inch at a time. If recent events in Germany, Austria, and Italy have proved anything, they have proved that a gradualist policy cannot work. The capitalists will smash any such piecemeal program, and a heavily subsidized Fascist party probably will be their weapon."

Although this quite possibly may be valid political reasoning, the average tradition-bound Englishman finds it hard to accept. To him the safe way is still the slow way, and he is chary about spectacular experiments. In spite of its hard-working evangelism, the Socialist League has not won more than a trifling twenty-five thousand converts. Its most optimistic estimates allow years before it can wield a dominant influence in the party.

With this in mind, most of the left-wing leaders look with dread toward the coming election. They feel that a

victory for Labor under its present ægis can lead to nothing except failure and perhaps the eventual breakup of their party. None of them admit it in public, but privately they all pray fervently that Labor will not take over the reins of government until it has been transformed from top to bottom into a really Socialist organization.

V

Paradoxically, the Conservatives may help make this Socialist prayer come true. British constitutional practice requires that a general parliamentary election be held *at least* every five years. Under this rule the normal date for the next ballot is 1936. By that time, chances are, the Labor Party can gather enough support to win a clear majority of seats. There is, however, no obligation for the Tories to delay the contest until Labor strength reaches its peak. The cabinet has the right, in fact, to dissolve Parliament and call an election at any earlier date it may choose.

Now there are indications that Stanley Baldwin, the real power behind the National government, intends to take shrewd advantage of this privilege. He has three good reasons for forcing a general election as early as June, 1935. To begin with, the coming summer will see the celebration of the King's

Jubilee, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign. This occasion will be observed with much panache and pagantry, all of it excellent propaganda for Crown, Country, and Conservatism. In the second place, the cabinet now is engaged in stirring up a first-rate war scare, with a rearming Germany as bogeyman, on the theory that "England frightened always votes Conservative." Last of all, the National government is expected to bring forth next April its second consecutive budget showing a surplus in the treasury. With it may come another reduction in England's crushing income tax, to contrast against the fabled spendthriftiness of Labor regimes. Armed with these three weapons, the national government could afford to go to the polls next summer, confident that it could protect at least a working majority of its parliamentary seats.

If that happens Labor must wait—possibly until 1940—to make its next bid for power. By that time it is just conceivable that the left wing may have won control; and then social revolution may become a genuine prospect. In the coming election, however, no such dramatic issue will be at stake. To-day the struggle is between Conservatism and a group of Rooseveltian trade unionists. Whether Labor wins or loses, England will be no red republic for years to come.



The Lion's Mouth



FOR THE GIRL FRIEND

BY TRAVIS HOKE

AT LAST I have discovered why for several years I have been reading women's fashion notes in the magazines and newspapers, and the reason is not at all what I had supposed it to be. I had supposed it was for the sake of the pleasantly dizzy feeling that such reading must bring to any male, a feeling currently known as "nutsie," I believe. You read Paris fashion news such as this from the *New York Times*:

"Paray shows the tightest skirts seen here. Her evening gowns are flared or split, making dignified progress possible. . . . Characteristic details are nearly plate-sized white porcelain buttons and gigantic wood belt buckles. Patou: New crest-shaped bustles and tiny ruffed peplums or coat tails are turned up instead of down. Marcel Rochas: Big shoulder treatments, cardboard mounted . . . shiny buttons are used, particularly semi-circular silver wire mouse-trap springs. Augustabernard (*sic*): Evening gowns sweep into a 1905 back fullness, embroidered with large bunches of grapes."

You read that sort of thing for a bit and off you go—Good ole Paray, always making dignified progress possible. . . . I always say there's nothing like a crest-shaped bustle for the morn-

ing after, unless it's a tiny ruffed peplum. . . . Travishoke shows the tightest handcuffs seen anywhere, cardboard earmuffs embroidered with grape-nuts, and porcelain strait-jackets buttoned with 1905 squirrel-cages—the effect, I imagine, is much the same as if you drank a half-pint of rye on a roller coaster.

But I see now that it was not for the nutsie feeling; that was merely incidental. It was because I had been wanting to know what we men think about women's clothes. I think a great deal about and of them, and so do most men, and nobody had told us what we think, and I had been reading style notes all this time to find out.

Now I know, if not what we think, at least what a woman thinks we think. The other day a fashion expert, whom for convenience we may as well call "L.L.," went to considerable pains to reveal to her readers what men think of the way women dress; and that, it turns out, is just what I have been waiting for. It was a neat job too, by and large. L.L. told what colors men prefer, what general classes of styles they like, and she pointed out that they do not relish scarlet finger nails and sudden changes in the mode; and on the whole it was all quite accurate.

But she did not credit us with much reason for our tastes; she omitted mention of several standard male dislikes, and most deplorable of all, either because she thinks male tastes hopeless or female minds uneducable, she exhorted her readers not to bother about dressing for men but to keep on dressing at one another.

That advice runs counter to every-

thing the new Consumptionist economics holds dear. Women ought to dress for the ultimate consumer. They spend most of their time trying to "sell" him, and one of the best sales-talks is clothes aimed directly at him. A few women know this, and some of them act on the knowledge and get not only their men but the envy of other women—which latter seems to be the chief motive for getting men, anyway—and some, probably the defeatists, know it but aim merely at quantity, novelty, and cost. The average woman—the kind that looks as though she had come out of the wrong bathhouse—seems never to have thought about why she dresses (or never to have thought, if you like), but even she could learn to do better for herself if she would give up believing that her terrific natural allurements does the trick in any clothes she happens to buy.

Many specific axioms might be listed as to what men like and dislike in women's dress, but I think most men will agree that in general they like simplicity, that they go for line and color rather than for fluff and trimmings, and that no amount of novelty is worth a pound of good figure shrewdly made clear.

And they often like things that women think incongruous. L.L. seemed surprised to find that many men like feminine women in tailored clothes. But it is not necessarily the incongruity here that attracts, but rather the hint that there may be another side to the personality, a hidden something that needs exploring.

This faculty of suggesting is the secret of many a style that gets the man. Those wrap-round affairs that for some inscrutable reason were called "taxi skirts"—they could be and were best worn with the most demure air, but they held male interest because they suggested that possibly, by some

accident, they might unwrap a bit. Those long, tightly held fur coats were more effective than short or bulky ones; they suggested that the wearers clutched their cloaks so desperately about them because they had nothing on underneath. We consumers are not always conscious of these suggestions, but women should be.

Of course men are conservative about women's styles—they can't help it; the reason is one that any psychologist understands. It took the men of several current generations a long time to get over preferring black stockings to tan, for example: black stockings were the first stockings—on soubrettes, maids, little girls at Sunday School—that interested them. The French understand that psychology—many of the Parisian advertisements that offer the companionship of young ladies promise that the young ladies will be attired as parlor maids when they receive companionates.

And why, by the way, will women never learn that most men prefer stockings, and long, unrolled ones; that bare legs are no treat except on incongruous occasion, as with evening gowns?

Given time, men could learn to like any style in reason. But we aren't given time. As soon as we get used to seeing dull-finished stockings, bumps in unfamiliar places, and shoulders that never were on land or sea, and collections of strange junk called accessories, the style changes and we have to steel ourselves all over again.

Men would like women's styles better too if they seemed to be getting somewhere. Automobiles go streamline, but women resume the clothes of the eighties. Their notion of progress is to wear progressively funnier hats. One thinks each year that the peak of absurdity and the nadir of grace have been reached simultaneously, but later exhibits show the limitless possibilities of what women will do to themselves.

Waste baskets, salad bowls, pie plates, socks, shaving mugs—anything goes as a hat if a woman puts it on her head. L.L. makes the great revelation that men like women's hats to have brims. That is because they look like hats.

As chic a woman as the Honorable Mrs. Reginald Fellowes can be wrong about this question of hats. She once remarked that she disliked these little felt hats with the brims turned down because they looked sad, whereas she thought the late-revered Eugenie hats attractive because they were merry. But most men thought Eugenie hats unbecoming because they seemed out of place against modern backgrounds; and she was wrong in assuming that a sad note—if the *cloche* was sad—is always undesirable. Tears have started more seductions than have laughs, and a laugh often stops them.

Women never seem to realize that they can look ridiculous. It seems never to occur to them that they look silly scampering about under pieces of crockery; they only feel ridiculous when not wearing the crockery that other women are wearing. It might be a good idea to compel women to attend a School of the Ridiculous, where each could be taught that she, even her infallible self, can look foolish.

Of course, the main fault really lies with the clothing stylists, for while women will not wear everything the stylists hand them, they won't wear anything else. Stylists are people who think up funny styles; they rival one another in making women rival one another, and they will always be an evil until they make women dress for the ultimate consumer. Meanwhile most of their confections, as anyone would admit who isn't interested in peddling them, are the fruits of desperation rather than art.

There needn't be so much hoopedness about styles anyway. Styles should reveal in one woman what they conceal in another, instead of featuring the same anatomy, good or bad, of all wearers. There ought to be more kinds of styles and fewer women wearing the same kind. They should have one purpose, to enhance a woman's appearance and hide its defects, and anything else about newness and exclusiveness and such is counter-jumpers' piffle.

The best style for any woman is the one that puts on her the kind of frocks that demand to be taken off at once. There is an instructive quip about the law of supply and demand that fits in here, but I can't think what it is at the moment.



FREE WILL: PRESERVE IT!

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OUR world came to life a good deal in the Christmas holidays. Part of it was due to increasing expectation that we shall come through the depression still alive, not hopelessly impoverished, and with good enough guidance and good enough energy to work our way out of the bog. There was a hopeful spirit, backed by lively shopping and improvement in some branches of business.

It was assisted by the fact that lawful drinks could be had and drunk. Lawful drinks on occasion assist life a good deal. We got a good deal of that assistance without serious damage in the holidays. All the same our rum arrangements are very faulty, over-taxed in the wrong places, and all tending to reinstall whiskey as the national drink, and bootlegging as a continuing method. If you drink whiskey sufficiently diluted and at proper times of the day you may get along with it for a long time, perhaps as long as you live; but as a common item of diet it can't be recommended, because its abuse is so common and so easy. It tends to make drunkards, tends far more in that direction than the milder wines and beer.

We can make excellent beverages in this country and make them in a quantity sufficient to meet any demand. The wines of California were cheap and good, improving all the time, when

Prohibition checked the making of them. You could buy palatable red wines for from twenty to sixty cents a bottle. Some of the white wine was very good indeed. But there is no beverage with an infusion of alcohol in it which some drinkers will not abuse.

The beer we have now is good and very nearly harmless but costs rather too much. But the wines cost a great deal too much and the whiskey is so expensive as to stimulate a trade in unlawful whiskey good or bad. That is all a part of the immense mischief done by Prohibition. If it did any good, it was in breaking up established habits and driving the saloon out of politics.

Drinks ought not to be considered primarily as a source of revenue. The most important concern about them has to do with their effect on the drinkers. The drinks that give the most joy with the least damage should be encouraged. We shall probably get to that in course of time and as we approach nearer the Millennium, but we can better our present arrangements without waiting for that, always remembering that no law, no tax or omission of tax, can take the place of individual judgment about beverages. Law can do something but it can't do everything. Prohibition was an attempt to make it do everything, and the result was disaster. Human life we are told is geared to Free Will. Attempts

to improve it must take account of that, but contemporary efforts to save our world and to inculcate on its population practices agreeable to that salvation tend overmuch to diminish this great institution of Free Will.

What is the test of any civilization—its art, its literature, its wealth, the happiness of the greatest number? Oh, yes, but perhaps the best test of all is our old friend Freedom—the degree in which Free Will is saved for individuals. If we don't think the best country is the one in which the most people can do as they please it may be because we are so used to that kind of living that we don't appreciate its immense value. For the moment it has disappeared in Russia and apparently a good deal in Germany, and there are some innocent things you cannot do or say with safety in Italy and various other countries. But if you go back to Europe in the 18th century you find an order of things that makes our present circumstances seem fortunate indeed, and we want to save them. We want to save liberty. We want to save labor from compulsions especially those of rival unions, and capital from undue domination by labor and *vice versa*. We do not want too much of the money to run into too few pockets, but, Lord save us! neither do we want Communism.

THERE is a big fight on now for the domination of all labor by arrogant and selfish labor leaders who fight strenuously for the closed shop. The closed shop means the mastery of business by labor unions. They are not fit to have it; far from it! They are now constantly violating our great gift of Free Will by forcible interference with this exercise by employed workmen who are satisfied with the conditions that they live under. Squadrons of motor cars rush about the country closing prosperous mills with con-

tented workmen in them and interfering with all business. Lawful business lacks protection. The States do not give it, not even Massachusetts, as appears in the case of the Hamilton Mill closed for lack of it. Different organizations of labor quarrel with one another. Business concerns cannot get their goods handled, their deliveries made, what they buy brought to them, because of quarrels between different labor unions and consequent terrorism. If that is a consequence of a clause in the NRA and if that is tolerated by the government we ought to know it. The greatest current evil is lawlessness. Some things done by the New Deal have been bad. The effort to raise prices arbitrarily has done harm and made reemployment more difficult. People can work in small concerns and small places for a wage that in other places is not high enough.

Another apparent evil is overtaxation of some great concerns and too much inclination toward a socialist administration of some great utilities in competition with private enterprises. Take the case of the utilities; no doubt it needed attention. One does not hear many compliments for the capitalistic utility companies, but at least they have done a job in their time that would not have been done except for them, at least not so soon. Electric power is of a nature like air and water. It has cost too much; the companies that have provided it have kept prices too high and been blind to the advantages of increased use. To regulate and improve that condition is desirable, but to annihilate the existing companies that have spent billions on their plants is far from desirable. If the government hopes to go into the power business, that is a matter for discussion; but certainly it should not destroy the property and organization of the concerns that now sell us power and light without due compensation.

Regulation is lawful, Confiscation is not agreeable to the Constitution, and the courts still exist to forbid it.

THERE is immense confusion in the public mind as to what government can do and what it can't. The Townsend proposal to pay everybody over sixty years old two hundred dollars a month is a case in point. The man apparently has no idea where the money is coming from to do that or to whom that money belongs. He might well have included in his proposal a free ride to the moon once a quarter. Yet one reads that his suggestion has met with enormous popular approbation and support, which indicates that we still need government, not however to propagate lunacies but to restrain them. The great strike for the Bonus tells the same story. The support of the unemployed is the great problem for the winter and it is enormous. It makes tolerable emergency measures that are scary enough but it does not eliminate the need for consideration of the general laws that govern human life.

In spite of all the mistakes, business seems better and struggles to improve, and we are likely to see order emerge in the course of the year from conditions that look fairly chaotic. The papers have not been so interesting since the years of the Great War. The destiny of mankind seems to hang in the balance and the newspapers tell about it. In spite of Townsend and his lunacies and the millions of people that think well of them, there must be enough sense left in the electorate of the United States to fetch us out of the bog and bring us back to firm footing. The more people get back to employment and incomes the more increase there will naturally be in the feeling that we ourselves can spend our money better than our government can do it for us. For the moment immense

sums of money that were contributed by private citizens to the support of education and benevolence have been gobbled up by taxation and are missed from many organizations, hospitals especially, that relied on them for support. Part of that was inevitable because the relief job is too big for anybody but the government to handle; but in itself the old way was useful and the methods that have superseded it, however necessary they have been, have often been wasteful.

JUST at this point comes along the President's message concerned primarily with the relief of unemployment and the cure of what remains of the depression, and yet quite dissimilar both in spirit and in suggested means from the proposal of Dr. Townsend or of the advocates of the Bonus. The President wants Congress to provide four billion dollars for the reemployment of persons fit to work on public works of permanent value. He wants to get the national government away from the dole. He wants to turn back about a million and a half of unemployables to the care of their States and put three millions and a half to work on projects of the Federal Government—roads, housing, forestry, the cure of soil erosion, and such things; and he believes that private business stirred by new activity can employ another three millions and a half. He gives no support to the idea that business can be improved merely by giving people money to spend for that purpose. He seems mindful of the great and serious fact that the money the government disburses is not created by enchantment or by any miracle of finance but has finally got to come out of the pockets of the taxpayers. For that reason he wants the four billions that are to be spent on reemployment to produce something that is valuable and will give returns.

What is most encouraging about the President's message is that he thinks he sees ahead a definite limit to excessive expenditures. The country can provide the four billions if necessary. It is good for that if only an end is in sight. Once the movement back to what is normal gets going and the great wheels of general business begin to turn, the great army of the unemployed may be absorbed faster than now seems possible.

We must remember that neither the present Administration nor any preceding Administration of government created the depression or is responsible for it. There are those who think, like Mr. Brisbane, that we made a horrible mistake in getting into the War and that it is the main source of all our troubles; but that is not the general opinion and is not sound. The War, to be sure, upset the world, changed the relations of nations, raised hob with international trade, disturbed currencies, banking and economics generally, but it was not the only thing that led to present troubles. The development of the machine did an enormous amount to change human life and compel a readjustment of human relations. The machine is a good slave but it is a bad boss, and to a considerable extent it has been our boss, especially since the adjournment of the 19th century. We are living in a world deeply variegated by Graham Bell, Henry Ford, Thomas Edison, and the Wright Brothers. We might have been shifted into the Fourth Dimension and not have found it much more different.

It is going to be a likable world when it is finished and the machine comes to be somewhat less of a Frankenstein monster. It is evidently going to be a world in which there will be more leisure, more chance to think, to read, to learn. What is it going to think about? What is it going to read?

What will it learn? There are those who hold that the period from 1933 to the year 2000—sixty-seven years—is the most important period in human history. Maybe so! It is evident that a lot is going to happen, has got to happen, that an enormous readjustment of human life will be going on in those years.

A good many people now alive but young will live through them all, and when we think about them and about progress and the increase of knowledge, our own country seems at least as good a bet as any other. We must remember that the powers of men are on the increase, that their domination of material things has made enormous progress in the last half century, and is going on perhaps faster than ever. The results of that are plainly incalculable. We can imagine security of life and property, light and power in great abundance and very cheap, increased friendliness and co-operation among the nations, a better understanding and agreement about religion, but beyond that what is there? The control of disease will increase and the average length of life will probably be extended. Old age, so called, may become more fruitful, and there is the invisible world, the existence of which, always a matter of faith among all grades of human beings and nowadays demonstrated by what seem to be trustworthy facts, may be a region of general and almost universal acceptance. Millions of people already believe that this life is a school and that we pass out of it into another existence where our schooling goes on. Millions already think that; but to other millions, a great many, it is not a concern that their minds dwell on or that affects the conduct of their lives. That condition will probably change, indeed it is changing now and rapidly, and the changes come a good deal from the body of the people.



Harper's *Magazine*

PLANNING FOR PERMANENT POVERTY

WHAT SUBSISTENCE FARMING REALLY STANDS FOR

BY HAROLD M. WARE AND WEBSTER POWELL

AFTER two years of trial and error the Roosevelt Administration finds itself in midstream, with relief expenditures still rising and unemployment at the end of 1934 greater than in December, 1933. It is no wonder then that Secretary Wallace declared in his annual report: "Recent history shows that at a certain point of misery and destitution, nations cease to think about liberty and think only about bread." He knows that State and local funds have long since proved inadequate to the task of keeping people alive. In its attempt to control the tide of human "surpluses" the federal government was forced to increase its relief expenditures 82 per cent during the first nine months of 1934 as compared to the same period in 1933.

These surpluses have reached the staggering total of over four million families on relief, with an equal num-

ber of unemployed and poor farmers rapidly approaching the borderline of want. Leaders of the Administration, recognizing the potential threat of growing discontent, warn Big Business that this flood of surplus Americans threatens the very foundations of the present social order.

Donald Richberg, speaking in Cleveland during Christmas week also saw the handwriting of the needy on the wall when he said:

Perhaps it would be cheaper, even in a money sense, to find work for these idle hands than to support the armies necessary to hold them back if once these pleading fingers turned into threatening claws.

President Roosevelt has reacted to these same fears, and has asked the 74th Congress to equip his plan with legislation providing him with dictatorial powers and four billion dollars as a start in 1935, to co-ordinate all relief

into a new self-liquidating works program. He avoided specific details, but referred to the proposed plan as follows:

It recognizes that stranded populations, either in the country or the city cannot have security under the conditions that now surround them. To this end, we are ready to begin to meet this problem—the intelligent care of populations throughout the nation, in accordance with an intelligent distribution of the means of livelihood for that population.

Thus we find the leaders of the AAA and the NRA and the President warning the industrialists that they must co-operate in a plan to turn back the clock to old expedients—to homesteading. The politician of post-Civil War days could divert human surpluses of unemployed soldiers with slogans of "expansion" and send them out to homestead on the unsettled prairies of Nebraska and the Dakotas. Modern homesteads must be built in settled country; yet they must be sufficiently isolated to dilute discontent. The Brain Trust must throw away old slogans and somehow translate "subsistence" into a promised "economic security." To-day surplus workers and farmers are to be regimented into economic eddies, where the Administration hopes discontent will peacefully evaporate through the agencies of old age, sickness, and social isolation. The Government tells the captains of industry that it can succeed in this plan only if Big Business meets it halfway by decentralizing industry. It must choose between a huge new program of civil works or civil war.

All factions of business, however, are not yet disposed to accept these alternatives. Having just examined the income tax returns for 1933, they discover that corporation incomes increased \$654,000,000, or 35 per cent, over 1932. This income period included the first ten months of the Roosevelt Administration, a period

when there were sharp decreases in the lower income brackets, made up of those who pay the higher prices out of reduced earnings. Big Business does not yet see any reason why their profits should not continue.

In a Joint Conference for Business Recovery which met in December at White Sulphur Springs, business men charted a course for the Administration. The federal government is not to assume nor attempt to control local relationships between employees and employers; private employers are not satisfied with the surrender of Hopkins in reducing relief payments for public works to the level of those in local industry; business now demands that relief wages be lower than wages of local industry, so as to create an "incentive" for men on relief jobs to seek work from private employers. In some cases, in the South for instance, this would mean wages as low as fifty cents a day. The business men go still farther in demanding that direct relief payments in any locality should always be materially lower than rates paid for work relief.

Industrialists believe that if the Government follows this course—and the President in his message to Congress indicated that it will—labor costs will be kept low enough for them to continue the concentration of wealth and permit them to compete for foreign markets. And while the reductions for relief which they demand will not prevent pauperization for surplus populations, they will avoid the greater evil of increased taxation of wealth and income in the higher brackets.

On the other hand, some industrialists who also have seen the handwriting on the wall are siding with the Administration in its plan to cushion the blow to labor by providing homes and some opportunity for subsistence in social twilight zones, variously called subsistence homesteads, garden homes, or

rural industrial communities. This liberal faction recognizes the danger of leaving great numbers of permanently stranded people entirely to the mercy of casual private employment, inadequate local relief, and the alternative of a permanent system of federal dole. They have long played with the idea of decentralization of industry and feel that it can be made to pay.

More than ten years ago such an outstanding industrialist as Henry Ford tried an experimental wedding of farm and factory, which was profitable because home gardens filled the gap left by reduced wages. Other sporadic attempts under private auspices have met with indifferent success in periods of comparative prosperity. But we are now faced with a world crisis that has made the unregenerate business man philosophize about permanent unemployment and even flirt with the idea of unemployment insurance.

As a backdrop to this stage set by depression, the industrialists have practical demonstrations of subsistence homesteading equivalent to the schemes being proposed by various New Deal elements.

In Germany the Fascist regime has already established 66,000 Siedlungen, subsistence homesteads of approximately one-half acre, located adjacent to established industries, or along the international borders, or on large estates, which have been subdivided for the purpose. Many of the colonists are former Storm Troopers. Hitler hopes to increase his food supply, reduce unemployment, and keep satisfied (and ready for war) what otherwise might become a restless part of the population. It is significant that the subsistence-homestead movement has reached its highest development under Fascist dictatorship.

Equally convincing evidence comes from one of the keenest competitors of

American business, Japan, whose entire national agriculture is divided into subsistence homesteads. There are 5,600,000 Japanese farms, which average only $2\frac{1}{2}$ acres, where it is customary for the peasant to eke out a living by itinerant employment in nearby towns and industries. About two million of these Japanese peasants cultivate less than $1\frac{1}{4}$ acres of land that on the average would seem submarginal to the American Brain Trust.

Thousands of Japanese girls commute from these miniature farms to nearby textile mills, and piece work for many manufacturers of silk and rayon is done in the farm homes.

With these examples in mind, the most hard-boiled of business men need not look upon subsistence homesteading as merely another experimental effusion of impractical theorists. The experimental stage is over. To-day they are planning for permanent poverty. They plan to decentralize both discontent and industry and so diffuse the social risks of revolt during the period when wage standards are being reduced to coolie levels. This is to be done by what is known as self-liquidating works projects—a formula by which the needy will be organized to pay for their own relief. This formula reminds us that our asylums are full of inventors of perpetual motion.

II

There are varying degrees of poverty among the forty million destitute Americans—stranded industrial populations slowly starving in decaying company towns; two million farmers living in the veritable slums of submarginal farms, cut off from commercial markets; the unemployed in great metropolitan areas, totally dependent upon breadlines and Salvation Army flophouses when direct Federal relief disappears.

The mounting cost of Federal relief for the needy has forced the Government to choose between higher taxes or self-liquidating works projects. Many experiments in works projects were tried out last year, such as housing, slum clearance, CCC camps, reforestation, rural electrification under the Tennessee Valley Authority, and of course the more usual forms of public works devoted to road and public building projects. Last, and possibly the most significant, were the subsistence homestead projects.

All of these attempts to recover prosperity have so far failed to tip the balance and have only jarred the private industrial machine into sporadic action. However, a wide range of experience was gained in regimenting poverty. If the President's plan for evacuating economically stranded populations is to materialize, then it is logical to assume that some variation of the subsistence homestead experiments will be a cornerstone of his new self-liquidating works project.

The National Industrial Recovery Act has a section devoted to subsistence homesteads, looking toward a redistribution of the overbalance of population in industrial centers. It provided a \$25,000,000 revolving fund under the President's control to be issued as loans for the construction and purchase of homesteads to be repaid by the small homesteader within a period of twenty to thirty years. This small appropriation was obviously not intended to solve the problem as a whole but was frankly made for experimental purposes.

The President delegated his authority for administering the appropriation to Secretary Ickes, who carried out the purposes of the Act by organizing a corporation known as the Federal Subsistence Homesteads Corporation, under the laws of Delaware. It is through this corporation that the Divi-

sion of Subsistence Homesteads in the Department of the Interior functions. The Division has laid down the lines along which it will operate and has classified the types of projects on which it is planning along general lines to suit the particular needs of the local relief "clients." Garden homesteads for industrial workers, either near small industrial centers which are likely to decentralize further or near large metropolitan areas where decentralization is not likely to occur; rehabilitation projects for workers (such as coal miners or New England textile workers) who have been stranded because the industry on which they depended has either become exhausted in their locality or moved elsewhere; and for farmers, the reorganization of rural communities and elimination of rural slums has been proposed as well as the movement of families from submarginal lands to unoccupied farms on government projects.

These preparations were started eighteen months ago, yet under Secretary Ickes' Administration only \$5,000,000 had actually been spent up to December 1, 1934. Not a single project has been completed, although forty-one projects have been started and twenty more decided upon, for which the department has budgeted \$18,000,000. Out of the masses of applicants for homesteads in these projects, approximately 5,000 families have finally passed the barriers of questionnaires, investigations, and the microscopic eyes of the social workers assigned to the task of selecting "willing co-operators." Less than one hundred families have actually been housed in homesteads in all this time. It is a record of inefficiency that has deferred the hopes of the homesteaders, producing only bitter disillusionment for thousands who were led to believe that Uncle Sam was efficient and did things quickly.

Near Morgantown, West Virginia, is a typical soft-coal mining region, one of the worst areas of which are the mines along a creek known as Scotts Run. Here employment has been practically extinct for several years, and the miners are left literally stranded. The entire area was "ruled with the gun" until the Friends Service Committee took over the relief job in 1931, and tried to jar the miners from what they called a "sit and spit" attitude. Even in the shadow of the tipples, rusting in idleness, the Friends still subconsciously blamed poverty upon the workers—an attitude that has left its mark on the whole Subsistence Homesteads Division.

In the interest of social welfare, Mrs. Roosevelt visited this area, and the Quakers showed her through the worst sections. She was shocked at the results of years of exploitation by the mining companies and the final blow of permanent unemployment and meager relief. When we visited this area our guide informed us that the miners were industrial serfs even in times of employment; that they owed their employers for fuel, light, water, and food and, like the sharecroppers in the cotton belt, seldom handled cash. It was the shock of these conditions that made Mrs. Roosevelt and the Quakers decide that something must be done for these people. This is the reason that the initial experiment was started nearby at Arthurdale.

Yet with naïve inconsistency, it was decided to take the cream of the population in this area rather than the most needy elements "in order to insure success for the initial experiment." The social workers making the selection for Arthurdale set arbitrary qualifications for homesteaders: they were to be of thrifty American stock, whose plight could be attributed to the depression; those with some economic reserves were preferred and every

effort was made to determine whether the applicant was a good "co-operator" or not. Precedence was given to miners who had had some farming background.

For those who made the selections envisaged a completely self-sufficing farmstead of approximately five acres. They had visions of happy families with cows and chickens and thriving gardens, and homesteaders who would work in homestead craft shops or find work nearby in their spare time so as to pay back the costs of homesteads according to the provisions of the Act.

Anyone who talks to the practical managers of these homesteads soon realizes that most of the mistakes, inefficiencies, delays, and extravagance in their construction are largely due to the lack of planning and conflict of ideas among several unco-ordinated authorities who had their fingers in the homestead pie.

One incident connected with Arthurdale will illustrate some of the chaos. In the early stages architects were engaged and put to work in the mansion house of the former owner of the land, where they enthusiastically made plans for solid and cosy houses. One day to their horror they looked out of the windows and saw two large ten-ton truckloads of ready-made summer houses standing outside. The plans of the architects had to be scrapped. Now they had to figure quickly on ways of making these camp houses keep out the cold of a West Virginia mountain winter.

By changing and patching, making additions, and by installing over-sized heaters, they finally succeeded in making the houses livable, but at double the planned cost for the first fifty houses. The original settlers who moved into these houses must pay for the mistakes of the benefactors to the tune of \$5,000 per homestead, or the taxpayer must foot the difference.

These inefficiencies are not confined to Arthurdale, but have occurred in other homestead projects. In Tygart Valley, for instance, the land selected is bisected by the Tygart River. The best agricultural land is subject to occasional floods. Sites for the homesteads are scattered in three areas, which will multiply the cost of their public utilities. The residential section across the river is connected by what the homesteaders call the "submarine bridge," because it is covered with water several times a year. At Tygart they were not cursed with the ready-made summer houses, but have succeeded in planning and erecting types more suited to the climate. A total of 270 houses was planned, work on the first of which began in April. By January only 67 houses were roofed, and only 14 houses could be occupied, but even those are still untenanted because neither water nor electricity has reached them.

The Interior Department has allowed the tendency to develop of favoring local business men in making purchases for their projects. No systematic plan has been worked out for exchanging products manufactured in the various homesteads. This has made for increased cost and inefficiency. For instance, Tygart Valley homestead has one of the best limestone quarries in West Virginia, fully manned and with full power up, producing at only one-fifth its capacity. Arthurdale needed a large quantity of limestone for its worn-out soil, yet contracted with a private quarry about the same distance away.

This tendency to curry favor with local interest is carried farther, even at times to the point where employment of local homesteaders is sacrificed in favor of private interests. It was originally planned at Tygart to buy unfinished lumber locally at \$16 a thousand feet and to finish it by using

a second-hand planing machine which had been donated for the use of homestead labor. Local lumbermen, however, were selling finished lumber at \$35 a thousand and somehow influenced the management to change its plan and to ask for bids from private concerns for finished lumber, in spite of the fact that the original plan would have saved the homesteaders about \$20,000. Ironically enough, the local business men lost too—a West Coast Redwood Company underbid them because codes allow them transportation differentials. Lumber shipped 3,000 miles to the heart of a lumber area!

The chaotic months of lost motion in constructing the physical bases is matched by the subsequent period of organizing the communities themselves. The local boards in control of this phase of the homesteads are blessed with a social worker's complex. This is true also of those in authority in the Washington office itself. For instance, one director of three Eastern projects spent many years as a teacher in college of the Old and New Testaments.

The social workers have been ably supported by Mrs. Roosevelt's continued interest in every detail of Arthurdale. Their original vision was the self-contained farmlet housing a contented and grateful family who produced all the vitamins necessary for happiness and health. But to-day we find the embattled social workers forced to retreat step by step before the onslaught of practical reality.

The original plan for Arthurdale was to provide one dairy cow for each family. These disciples of individualism may have conceded the possibility of a communal pasture, but if they went that far afield they pictured the lowing kine returning at dusk and wandering up the bypaths of the subsistence village, each cow to his own

homestead. There the sturdy pioneer of poverty would lead the cow to its stall in a miniature barn behind the house and draw the warm milk for the evening meal. He would set the surplus milk in the shallow pan to be skimmed in the morning so that the wife might make butter for the family. A few gills of the skim milk might be spared for the cat, but the rest would make strong bones for the chickens in the yard. Some might be loaned to Mrs. Jones, whose cow was in the maternity ward at the time.

However, when the first fifty homesteaders moved into their patchwork houses the social worker ran smack into reality. They found that not all of their homesteaders knew how or even wanted to milk a cow. But this did not eliminate the primary need of the homesteader's children for milk. And the Administration with its individualistic plan was forced to buy a farm for co-operative dairy purposes, which is planned in thirty-cow units so as to provide for expansion if necessary.

These growing pains at Arthurdale could have been avoided if the social workers in charge had heeded anyone with technical dairy-husbandry experience. No such person in his right mind could have failed to warn them of the dangers of individual cow barns in a thickly settled community—each with its individualistic manure pile, breeding its own crop of flies, and multiplying by as many times as there were homesteaders the chance of disease, poor care in washing utensils and handling of cows.

It is only fair to say that this retreat on the part of the social worker regime at Arthurdale indicates the beginning of an evolution from the experimental stage with individualistic units to the more practical homesteads of the future, if homesteaders are to have a future. Homesteads are not careers for social workers, the very humanness

of whose approach prevents them from thinking in terms of millions of needy people. They submerge themselves in the immediate lives of small numbers of especially selected families for whom they are directly responsible. Economics and unemployment are outside their line fences. In so far as these limits permit, no one could do a better job; yet it seems obvious that only practical and professionally trained managers can succeed, and even they must have a well-co-ordinated and planned project which has been tested by strict supervision of specialists.

We believe that the greatest contribution which the Department of the Interior has to offer to the subsistence homestead experiment are the negative lessons taught through its mistakes. A working formula for subsistence settlements, which now begins to take the shape of permanence, was found elsewhere—in the FERA.

III

In contrast to the Department of the Interior record, the FERA methods of building the homesteads have been practical and direct from the start. Hopkins' first objective was the discontinuance of rural relief. In its place Rural Rehabilitation Corporations were organized in the various states.

The AAA and the FERA combined in rural rehabilitation, experimenting with needy farmers, placing some on abandoned farms and others on farmer homesteads of ten acres each, where it is planned to can the products for sale and so provide cash.

The same combination of AAA and FERA is planning to experiment with the most poverty-stricken of the farm population—the negro sharecroppers. The Government proposes to leave them in their cabins and to

continue the old serf system of sharecropping by assuming the responsibility of "furnishing," thus giving relief to the plantation owner and providing the borderline of subsistence to the sharecropper if and when he signs a contract giving a first lien on his share of the crop to repay the relief and preserve the self-liquidating works project formula.

No other relief will be given anywhere to a cropper who has signed a contract. The contract becomes the whip and bloodhound in shackling the modern slave to his job.

Under the Rural Rehabilitation Corporation, which has a central office in Washington, local survey studies have been made of counties in the old cotton areas of the South, the cut-over Great Lakes region, and in the dry-farming areas in the Middle West. More than 84,000 families have been accepted for rural rehabilitation, and \$23,000,000 had been expended up to November.

The FERA subsistence homesteads are known as rural industrial communities. Three of these are near completion and twelve more have been started. From their very inception they have been planned with an eye to the industrialists' co-operation. Craft shops, milk cows in the back yard, and other individualistic features emphasized in the experiments of the Department of the Interior have been avoided like the plague. Factory sites, roads, transportation, and natural resources that would provide cheap light and power for industry have been the first considerations.

Since Redhouse, West Virginia, is typical of the present homestead plans of the FERA, it should be examined in detail. The methods of selection, construction, and management illustrate the difference between the approach of the FERA and the Department of the Interior.

The selection of the site could not be improved upon from the point of view of the industrialist. Two gas wells have been drilled, a water tank has been erected. The U. S. Army Engineers are building a dam and lock which will raise the river at this point and extend navigation miles farther inland. A railroad running along the river level gives direct connections to St. Louis from the community. A through highway makes the main thoroughfare of the town. With three main lines of transportation, cheap gas and water, the possibility of cheap electricity from the dam, and with this solid type of American labor struggling to own their homes, unorganized and driven by fear of the breadline, Redhouse offers ideal conditions for the industrialist who is looking to reduce costs of production and overhead. His labor costs will decline as the competition for jobs sharpens among the homesteaders.

The construction of Redhouse was planned from the beginning as a whole. The contract was let to a firm of architects who were constrained to use relief labor and to co-operate in the use of labor with their client, the FERA. For this reason it was necessary for the contractors to rotate complete shifts of workers every week, each worker earning his relief allotment for the month, and then laying off for three weeks. This arrangement, which had not been taken into consideration, accounts for the only inefficiencies at Redhouse—a delay of one month in their schedule and the extra expenditure of \$70,000. The houses are well built of cinder blocks made of native material by the workmen on the job—a factor in keeping costs at a minimum—and the whole project shows the benefits of centralized management of all construction on the ground, thus avoiding the inevitable losses and red tape through control by a distant bureaucracy.

The management of Redhouse shows an even more pronounced evolution from the individualistic social-worker approach in the early efforts of the Subsistence Homesteads Division. The present manager refused to have anything to do with the project unless the lots about each house were reduced to the minimum garden and chicken area and farming made a single industrial activity, managed by a trained agriculturist. Here the plot round the house has been reduced to three-quarters of an acre, the barn has become a garage, and except for the garden plots, all agricultural land will be organized on a co-operative basis.

A composite of both FERA and Interior Department experiments is destined to supply the pattern for decentralization of poverty. They will constitute as a whole America's new colonies, peopled with homesteaders who are too old ever to recross the ocean of debt that isolates them from "normal" commercial and economic life of America. What it amounts to is this: Chattel slavery was abolished by the Federal Government in 1863. In 1935 the Federal Government has established what is in effect a state of serfdom. This is the declared policy of the American democracy.

IV

By whatever name subsistence homesteads may be known in the future, whether rural industrial communities or new self-liquidating works projects, they must be company towns. For without industry's collaboration the homesteaders will again be stranded without occupation once the construction period of the homestead project itself is completed. Housing will be better, evictions will be less controlled by the "company," both because the lessee is the government and because it is intended to have more than one

company per homestead project. The communities have evolved from the original idea of a group of self-sufficing farmlets to the house and lot units of a glorified company town.

Therein the workers are bound by the long road of thirty years of monthly amortization payments to liquidate the present-day expenditures by the federal government for their relief.

The average age of homesteaders who have passed the acid tests of acceptance thus far, exceeds the deadline of industry's age limit of 40 years. They average from six to nine per family in the various projects we have studied. They know from bitter experience the arithmetic of age and that 40 years plus 30 years will find the original pioneers of poverty 70 years old when they reach the goal of the promised "economic security." In one of the projects the homesteaders have petitioned the management to insert a clause in the prospective contract with a private employer protecting them from possible discrimination because of age.

Because private business reigns supreme in its control of all productive forces, the government must compromise the interests of the homesteaders in organizing new projects. We have previously noted several indications of this, even in the experimental phases of Tygart Valley, Arthurdale, and others.

A general instance exists in the West Virginia projects mentioned that makes an unpleasant contrast to the much propagandized TVA cheap power project.

The local power company has been contracted with to serve three government homestead projects. Each homestead is wired and metered directly, and the homesteader must pay the company or have his lights turned off. The rate is 8 cents per kilowatt hour. For large users this same company

gives wholesale rates of 3 cents per kilowatt hour. Why not buy the power through one general meter and distribute it as a homestead project? With this in mind, more homesteaders could then be employed as line men, meter readers, and office force, and the homesteaders would be supplied with cheap power at wholesale rates.

A nearby government dam could be tapped for a turbine generator unit in one homestead project. Surely if a large company should install its factory in that project it will avail itself of cheap power—why not the homesteaders then?

While these straws in the wind are ominous for the homesteaders, they will undoubtedly encourage Big Business to weigh the advantages of decentralization of its industries. Henry Ford utilized farmer labor, which rapidly gave up farming until he had to order each employee to plant a garden or be fired. The prospective homestead industry will have all those worries eliminated. Personnel problems will be assumed by Uncle Sam. In addition to gardens, chickens, and a co-operative dairy, stock and food unit under trained direction, the homestead project offers the industrialist a population of selected home owners driven by the fear of unemployment and the certainty that the world outside is barren of jobs. Though personally free, the homesteader is actually bound—he cannot move.

Decentralization of industry will probably not extend beyond the periphery of suburban limits of transportation. With the general strike of last year still fresh in his memory, what employer will fail to grasp at the possibilities of strike insurance offered by these reservoirs of cheap homestead labor avidly seeking employment to keep up the monthly payments on their homes. (For until three-quarters of his payments are met the homesteader

can be expelled as a poor co-operator. This power has already been invoked against some objectors to certain conditions. Naturally such a state of affairs makes effective organization for the protection of the homesteader impossible.)

In times of strikes, outside employers would wink at age limits, and even if the erstwhile industrial worker retained an old prejudice against scabbing, he might be made to think of his stake in his subsistence homestead.

The homesteader, faced with this pressure to supplement employment provided within the homestead, will seek work in surrounding industries. This will have a tendency to depress wage levels generally.

The General Electric Company has pointed the way to other industrialists. This nationally known company is one of those who have a special arrangement with the government to manufacture cheap electrical equipment for use only where TVA power is consumed. One of its plants at Decatur, Indiana, was recently enlarged for this purpose. The Government established one of its homestead projects nearby and has made an arrangement with the company to employ its homestead labor. Publicity recently issued by the Decatur Homestead project states that the enlargement of the plant mentioned was partly due to the fact that stable homestead labor was available and says further: "In good times the homesteader's living costs will be greatly reduced and in hard times he will be provided with a means of subsistence that will keep him off the relief rolls." This is comforting and profitable philanthropy for government and business, made practicable by contented coolies.

Besides co-operating with the government in producing cheap equipment for TVA and providing employment for a homestead project, the

General Electric, through one of its subsidiaries, the Electric Vacuum Cleaning Company, has provided a further criterion for other industrialists by entering into a contract with the Interior Department's homestead at Arthurdale to move its production inside a homestead project and has contracted to operate a factory there as follows:

The planned cost of the factory is \$25,000, for the use of which the company contracts to pay 5 per cent of its cost annually. The Company also agrees to supply plans for the factory, install its own equipment and management, keep up the insurance and pay taxes if there are any on government property, and to guarantee 36 weeks' employment for 40 homesteaders at 36 hours a week, paying code wages which are approximately 35 cents per hour for general labor.

The company plays safe all the way. If the vacuum-cleaner market fails to absorb its products it may cancel its lease in two years. The government builds the factory and prorates its cost among the homesteaders. If business is good the lease can be extended at the option of the company for ten years. Its products will be advertised as a partnership with the government. The homesteader will continue to get 35 cents an hour, some of which he must pay back in his monthly amortization payments, which include his prorated share of the factory in which he labors. This arithmetic is of vital importance to the homesteaders since it means that the subsistence worker has to help pay for the factory in which he works to get a subsistence wage.

Directors and others connected with the projects estimate that the average homestead costing from \$2500 to \$3500 will require a \$15 monthly payment to amortize the debt and, in addition, he will need \$35 cash to make up a minimum living standard. At \$50 per month then the family needs a mini-

mum of \$600 per year. If the homesteaders are employed in the General Electric subsidiary or in other companies to follow which pay the same wages, they will receive for the full time as provided in the contract only \$420—the \$180 measures the extent to which each homesteader must seek employment outside. The worker's security—purchased with his freedom—dissolves into old fashioned insecurity.

The Vacuum Cleaning Company will take care of only one-sixth of the total homesteaders planned for the Arthurdale project. The government must get other companies or rotate homesteaders on a part-time basis, thereby reducing still further annual homestead incomes and forcing them to look abroad for subsistence.

V

We know, after five years of depression, that prosperity has faded beyond our ken and even recovery is evolving into new forms as it too recedes into history, leaving behind permanent poverty.

To support rapidly increasing millions of unemployables and stranded people the Government has only two alternatives—public works or the dole. Self-liquidating public works would make it possible for workers to pay for their own relief. The increasing dole, on the other hand, threatens big incomes and wealth with increased taxation.

The President has chosen public works. He asks for dictatorial powers to spend four billion dollars—an equivalent of Hitler's power to establish his *Siedlungen* in Germany.

The fears of Administration leaders express an urgent need to decentralize discontent. The decentralization of industry makes that economically possible if industry can be geared into subsistence-homestead developments.

It is possible to select good land as a base for a nationwide system of homesteads. Incidentally, this would require nearly forty million acres and would complete the AAA acreage-reduction program in one fell swoop.

It is also reasonable to expect that the great national building boom could be handled with a maximum of efficiency and a minimum of waste. The bases for this great scattering of the destitute can be established.

But we have cited some of the inevitable relations of these homesteaders to the unregenerate business men who will continue to control the economic destinies of the homesteader both inside and outside the homestead project.

Even if driven by fear, there will still be an ever-present danger that wages of these modern serfs cannot be lowered to compete with coolie labor. Many people in India, China, Japan, and other countries have always lived at subsistence levels.

The American unemployed and stranded people, however, know of better things. They have been taught to look up—to honor riches and to believe that every man has a chance. Millions must be disillusioned and

made content with subsistence as a future. This is a difficult task. These subsistence workers know that the United States has an agricultural and industrial plant second to none. They know intimately that the capacity of this national plant is almost unlimited. Their present plight measures the failure of the captains of industry to provide security or plenty for the workers. Given workers' control, they know it could supply plenty for all. Isolated as they may be by debt, their memories will leap across their present poverty to the world outside.

In the end the radio, the press, and their own grapevine will make these serfs realize the fratricidal function of the constant, inexorable competition of the homestead system that pulls down wages of the workers in the world outside to the level of their own subsistence serfdom. Subsistence is not enough. In spite of the alchemists of the present Administration who attempt the transmutation of discontent, these pioneers of permanent poverty are beginning to think. Disillusionment will crystallize their discontent and give whatever powers that be their nightmares of revolt.



JESUS KNEW

A STORY

BY E. P. O'DONNELL

THE Mississippi had clawed through its west bank. Alert boatmen were paddling about finding people marooned. Refugee camps had sprung up here and there, clusters of pointed tents the color of the river, standing like military encampments without arms or colors.

In the shriveled hamlet of Tete Noir there was one living person—a girl in a magnolia tree with a milk goat. The tree was full of white flowers the size of a baby's head. The goat straddled a branch, and the girl held her by the horn. All around them below was thick yellow water, hardly flowing. All morning they sat there, and the goat made frantic attempts to reach the leaves above her head. The girl wore a silver star hanging on a string from her neck.

In the afternoon the girl was crying out, "Jesus! Jesus!" She looked like a pale Indian—the inscrutable eyes and the opulent braids of hair dangling. She was groggy with hunger. The rough bark bit deeply into the crook of her arm. The goat kicked violently. After calling Jesus for the last time she heard the brittle rapping of an approaching motor boat with voices. Then she thanked Jesus and waited.

The two men in the boat were volunteer rescuers, both very dark, of uncertain racial stock. Airplane scouts had reported some refugees marooned in the attic of Bubber Joe's, a large cotton

gin south of Tete Noir. The men turned their faces about and about, searching. A cotton gin is a fat gray-hided mass of timbers with four thick legs and a pendant metal trunk, to inhale in a few moments the product of an entire family's labor for a year.

"You smell the mules?" asked Ed Jefferson, the one in charge. "Tell me Bayou Desjardins is chocked up with big dead sugar mules."

"I don't see no cotton gin," said Pauly, his companion.

No one was about to direct them. The town was under water twelve feet. The consolidated school, its lower floor submerged, squatted in the bright yellow silence with a limp flag on the tall staff.

"I thought the schoolhouse'd be fulla pretty teachers," said Ed, "leanin' out the windows to be saved."

A faint call was heard, the girl in the distant magnolia. They swung their boat round, cutting through the schoolyard. The boat sent waves over the tops of the two basketball goals. Ed Jefferson was a good mechanic and a boatman. On the bows of his boat he had painted in white lead the name: HOT SHOT SAVIOR.

They found the girl. Her eyes were swollen and glad, but rather incredulous. "Hurry, she's fixin' to fall," said Pauly. Jefferson began to yodel:

O de ole lady!

De ole lady who-o-o-o-o!

They made fast to the tree and took in the girl and her goat.

"Thanksa," she murmured, and sat on a bench, sedately pulling down her skirts and folding her tan hands in her lap, her thoughts far astray. The goat slipped about in the boat, uttering its soft dainty meh-eh-eh-eh! and falling to its knees when a sharp turn was made among the niggertown chimneys.

"Better be milkin' that nanny!" Ed shouted. "She's leakin' on you! Where's your folks at, Brown?" Ed was always hoping they would rescue a girl whose father and brothers had been drowned.

"Cross de river, I reckonsa," she answered in a far-away tone. She held the goat by the horn and softly caressed its wet rump. She looked straight ahead, whispering, "Jesus knew! Jesus knew!"

Ed tossed her the rusty bailing-can and she milked without a word. Ed craned his neck to see into the pocket of her lowered bosom. Pauly kept examining the lush treetops where melancholy hens peered through the leaves. Pauly was an old man.

"Say, where do you aim to go from here?" Ed shouted to the girl. "The Delta Arms Hotel, I reckon." He was about nineteen, with mischievous eyes. The girl looked up and her soft eyes widened. On her still whispering lips a mechanical smile came, then died. She started milking again and thanking Jesus. Ed winked to Pauly.

"Hey Brown!" Ed yelled. "Tell us where you think you goin'!"

"Don't knowsa," the girl responded without looking up. "Some place dry, I reckonsa, if yous de Raid Cross."

Ed dragged a comb through his frizzly hair and wiped the engine. They could tell how the streets were laid out by the ranks of roofs, each roof making a V-shaped rift in the water, creating the illusion in the stillness that the water was stationary and

the roofs moved north in unison.

"You goin' some place dry, all right!" Ed bellowed.

"Gooden dry," said Pauly.

Ed said, "You know where we're fixin' to take you? Over the river to the convict camp. You know what convicts is? That's them bad, bad rascals with the striped laigs, come from under the jail to bag the levee."

The girl looked at Ed, for the first time actually attentive. She had rather proud lips and breasts—young, with the clear-eyed gravity in her face of a recent successful baptism.

"They needin' somebody to cook their greens over there," Ed went on casually now, "an' wash them striped britches. Warden say, 'Find me a willin' an' a pretty girl ain't scared of convicts, because my gun-robbers is gettin' hongry and lonesome at night in these tents atop of the levee.' Yare! We been lookin' for you all day, Brown. They ain't goin' to hit you in that camp. Not a nice girl like you. What's your name?"

"Ella McCoy."

"Why that's a drudge. She named after a drudge-boat, Pauly!"

The girl watched Ed's serious face. She was weeping inside. There was no change in her expression except the big globular tears hanging in the sun.

"Mind out where you're steerin', Ed!" Pauly warned. "Listen, lil nigger, he's only jokin' you!"

Ed chuckled richly and stamped his feet. The girl dumped her can of milk over the side, and began to sob pitifully. Ed's eyes grew kind.

"Now I'll tell you *sho-nuff* where you goin'!" said Ed. "You goin' to the big ark, an' see the lights from Baton Rouge and smell the refinery, an' eat you some boar-jowl and clabber. Git you a pretty new refugee dress an' some typhoid serums. You love boar-jowl?"

"Yassa."

"Fair enough."

They ducked their heads to pass under some telephone wires. A boat went by with a man grinding a camera at them; and one of its occupants shouted to Ed that the Bubber Joe refugees had been brought in.

Ed's boat curved out into the true river. On the big lonely river, whose turbulence the crevasse had strangely allayed, it was a glorious rosy evening. Their engine spat a nice row of vapor balls, exactly spaced, that remained fixed behind them for a long time, reddened by sun. The east shore lay free from water, calm russet fields melting out into the horizon's bluish haze. And hunched gleaners crept there among the pale strips of lettuce, all heedless of the flood across the way, as if they did not yet know.

Ed said to the girl, "Now you find you somebody on the ark to mind your goat to-night like a good girl. We don't want to be bothered by no nanny-goat when we walk down the dark levee, me and you."

The girl, jerked from a reverie, looked up quickly, then lowered her eyes, regarding her folded hands. "Yassa," she answered.

"You understan' now, Brown? You goin' to treat me white?"

The girl stroked the goat.

"Looka here, Brown!" She looked at him. He asked, "Who was it save your life an' you was fixin' to fall in the tree yonder? Did you ever seen me before?"

"I see you to de fillin' station in town, Cunnel Jessup Fillin' Station."

"Correct! Now who was it save your life yonder?"

Part of a baseball park fence passed, then some sodden bags of oats waltzing slowly and sprouting oats through the seams. Ed contemplated the floating baseball scoreboard lazily. "Tell me who done that, Brown? An' who save you from the striped-laigged convicts?"

"You an' de yutha gentleman."

She looked at old Pauly.

"An' I'm in charge of the boat."

"Yassa, I expect so."

"An' we don't want no nanny-goat aroun'. Wasn't suppose to save no goat, nohow. Goin' to catch hell."

"Yassa."

Ella looked away, moving her lips constantly. Ed wrinkled his humorous nose and winked to Pauly.

The refugee barge, blacker than the shore, bore several tents with torch-light shining through the flaps. Neighborly aromas floated out to Ella, frying pork and collards boiling. A rope flung through the dark fell across the goat. "One female colored!" Ed called.

"Christ! where'll we put her?" cried a doctor who needed shaving. "Go on, then, report her for inoculation. All right, open up, folks!"

A group gathered round.

"Where yall from, Cap? Weber's Landin'?"

"Chunky? Dat you Chunky?"

"They got a goat! Look the nanny-goat, honey!"

"Make them shut that radio. Woman in labor in that doctor-tent!"

"Denner for whites! Denner ready for whites! Sengle file, folks, sengle file!"

Ella did not know anyone. She gave the goat to a boy and hunted food. Ed had told her to wait for him behind the white people's bath tent. The crowd did not want her, nor she the crowd. To her they were like the stars of heaven for multitude—everybody talking, one big voice, like the groans of the slain, except some were laughing. And a preacher somewhere was holding prayer. It was all magic, sad, wonderful. Ella was sixteen. She had read the Bible, and hoped soon to become an Upper Virgin in the Watchers of the Double Cave. She studied the calm black waters. A

flood works softly, softly, mantling the meadows in cool fluid sorrow. Men nearby were discussing the drowned cows and inundated crops. Women round a charcoal furnace drank coffee, blowing into the huge tin cups before each sip, anxiously glancing at the tent where the woman was having the baby. Ella crossed her hands on her bosom and listened to the unknown preacher. He was telling his hearers to pray for the white folks who had saved them alive, or Jesus might still deliver them up to blood or set them down somewhere in a plain full of bones.

Ed came with his flashlight. "Ready to go down the levee?" One of his hands found the firm bulge of hip clothed in the new gingham dress.

"Yassa. When you say."

They started for the gangway, but Ed saw some men assembled there.

"Listen, you know how to count?" he asked Ella.

"Yassa."

"I'll go first. When I reach shore you begin countin' slow. When you reach a hundred, come on ashore and down the levee. I'll be waitin' in them pin oaks." His hand prowled up and rested in the deep warm hollow between her shoulder blades—trembling. "Look, don't you gyp me, now! You won't gyp me?"

"Nawsa."

"Swear?"

"Yassa."

"What do you swear to, Brown?"

"Jesus."

When Ella had counted past eighty the Coastguard boat came quickly to take the colored people to the receiving station in Baton Rouge. Officials and nurses ran about calling, "Colored over there! All colored!"

Ella hesitated, then hid herself behind the bath tent. A voice behind a blinding flashlight called to her, "Hey! You colored?" She answered "yes." "Over this way, an' make it snappy!"

But when the light went away she made for the shore gangway. A nurse found her and ordered her to the other side. When the nurse left Ella continued to the shore plank, but there she was brusquely directed to the river side of the barge.

"Cap, I got to go asho'."

"Cain heppit."

Ella crossed the barge and joined the negroes climbing down. She looked once over her shoulder. Far down the levee Ed was yodeling:

O de ole lady!

De ole lady who-o-o-o-o!

The load of negroes went to Baton Rouge and were slept and fed until the water receded. Ella was sick from the serum. She stayed for a day after the others had gone.

Then she went to Colonel Jessup's garage. After she had been there several times, peering into the building of oily shadows, a mechanic asked her what she wanted. Ella hurried away but went back round the block and returned. She met the colored porter. He told her Ed Jefferson had quit the Colonel a long time ago. He thought Ed was now with the U-Drive-It.

Ella could not find Ed Jefferson. She returned to Tete Noir. She helped her old mother shovel the mud and leaves through the windows. The mattress was ruined, the chairs warped, the bureau drawers would not come out. With a hatchet they demolished the bureau to get to their clothes.

The Red Cross delivered flour, beans, and coffee, but no dry stove-wood could be found. They dug a few sticks from under the soft mud in the yard and put them in the sun.

"Is dis house established an' peaceful?" called the preacher from his mule.

"Yes, Revvin'!"

"Praise de livin' Jesus!"

"Yes, Revvin'!"

One day Ella's mother said, "Ella

chile, take yo bath soon in de mawnin' and hunt you somethin' to do on de big road. I got sad visions."

Ella, "Yes, mam, I better start for town. A Raid Cross lady to de station promise me a job of work."

"What size job of work?"

"A fried-potato job. Her husband sell fried potatoes. They cooks in de showcase on Reflection Street."

"An' mind out you don't go 'bout no evil in town, bringin' down my gray hairs with sorrow to hell."

Until a late hour every night Ella McCoy worked in the show window on Reflection Street. The potato-chipping machine opened and closed like a polished fist; and next to it an oval vat of golden oil bubbled over blue tongues of gas. There was a salt shaker big enough for a giant, and a stack of waxed bags labeled: HOSTESSPUDS. The hostesses themselves came in the evening in big cars of all colors, and honked their horns. Ella would run to the curb attired in blue and gray, the company's colors, and wearing her silver star between her breasts.

In a month she made enough money to send her mother the cost of new house furnishings and two settings of Minorca eggs. Ella left her job on a rainy day, took a bath, and went round to various garages.

She found Ed next morning early. He was entering the Triangle Better Service Station. Walking fast, he winked at Ella and kept on into the garage. Suddenly he hastened back to the sidewalk.

"Holy Christ! Say, you look different. Don't you know me?"

"Yassa, Mr. Aid." She allowed herself to be led into the dark building behind a car. "Trying to slip by me, Brown?" the man asked. "You done forget who save your life? Can't you kiss me?"

"Yassa."

"I'm kissin', but you ain't. You

want some anti-freeze? How long you be in town? What was your name?"

"Long as you wants, I reckonsa. Ella McCoy."

Ella stayed in Baton Rouge several days longer. Jefferson had a car, or rather a yellow truck chassis with a seat and no body. They would drive down the river road and fool round the woods or levee. Once Ella lost her silver star. She was so concerned that Ed the next day cast her another star from an old main bearing of a caterpillar tractor.

"I better be gettin' home," she said, "if you satisfied."

"I'd like to know who's stoppin' you!" said Ed. "You think I'm crazy about a woman watches the mail plane while she's makin' love?"

Back home in Tete Noir, Ella changed the shelf-paper and white-washed the fence. Each night with her mother she prayed at the fireplace to Jesus who was so kind.

One day the Watchers of the Double Cave gave a sweet-corn boil for the steeple fund. When the people were leaving church, after several reluctant attempts, Ella approached the preacher.

"Revvin, please, when can I get to hang my sacred star on de outside my dress?" She wanted to become a Virgin, and also, the babbitt metal star had made a sore between her breasts.

The preacher said, "Not untel you becomes a Upper Virgin. You takes dat degree when you reaches seventeen without willin' sin *through* de flesh of thy body. *Now!* Is you seventeen?"

Ella thoughtfully traced semicircles in the dust with her toe.

"Is you seventeen, Ella?"

"Yes, Revvin, Monday was a week."

The preacher pinched her chin. "Well now you just go in de vestry an ax Sister Orelia instruc' you. De

Double Cave convokes a month from to-day. It'll cost you fo' bits, and you wants to spade you a flower garden fo' de altar right away, an' Jesus bless yo' little soul."

Ella slipped home. In the afternoon on the gallery she stitched thoughtfully at a dress. The niggertown people now were happier than before the flood—husbands and wives miraculously reunited after a stimulating separation; every able man employed on the new levee; and in the flood-enriched gardens rows of vegetables sprouting crisply. Of the nasty flood no vestige remained but a dry brown line drawn at the same height on every wall or tree.

After some days Ella became restless and forced herself to visit Sister Orelia, to learn whether the circumstances of her transgression were excusable enough to permit of her becoming an Upper Virgin. The old crone with her pipe was sorry, but nothing could be done. However, if she wished, Ella might be admitted to the Cave as a Lower Virgin. If she decided to do that Ella must be sponsored by a guardian angel, a girl under seventeen whose heart was free from willing sin. If and when the guardian angel attained seventeen without sin, then both would be admissible as Upper Virgins.

Ella decided to forget about the Double Cave. Her life, however, became pretty blue and empty. In the night she sat on the gallery until the roosters crowed in the fog. So she began to think of a possible sponsor. Among the Tete Noir girls was one named Gladys, of fourteen years, who was known to be free from willing sin. Ella did not care much for Gladys. She went to see her. Ella worked around slantways to the topic of the Double Cave.

"I'm goin' in de Cave nex' month," Gladys said, "guarding angel fo' my

second cousin. Six people wants me to sponsor them. This place done run out of sponsors is de trouble."

Ella returned to her gallery and folded her hands.

About this time some new people moved next door to Ella, city people, a man, woman, and child. The man, called Flip, was a chauffeur for a levee engineer. He was big and sophisticated and tough, of the peculiar dark oily color known as crankcase brown. Flip and his woman were always quarreling violently. It seemed a certain man, former admirer of the wife, had followed them to Tete Noir. Ella saw Flip stand for hours at the corner, watching his house with his long legs crossed in the shape of a figure four.

The child, six years old, was named Rancie. She was afraid of nothing but her father. Even then, when Flip came home to beat his wife's head, Rancie, hiding in the blackberry bushes, would throw handfuls of green berries toward the house and whisper in a voice deep as a man's, "Big ugly mule-bear! Big mule-bear you!" She was skinny, black as treachery, and wore only a pair of gray drawers. Her chest was sunken and her feet huge, incredibly thick, as if the flesh of her legs had softened and run down there. She kept her bits of colored glass and other playthings in the blackberry bushes; and from the window Ella saw Rancie crawl from the bushes without sign of a thorn-scratch, and wondered what kind of skin Rancie had. Ella was a long time coaxing Rancie to be friends, because the child was wild and shy. Ella prayed for Rancie and gave her table scraps; and for a time was able to forget about the Double Cave.

Flip kept his wife's street clothes locked up; but one day the woman picked the lock. She went out somewhere and shortly after her return Flip drove up in his boss' car, came

in, and found his woman all dressed up.

Flip spread his legs in the doorway, making a long triangular shadow on the floor in the setting sun. He put his thumb in his belt and began to grin, not a bit surprised. Then he took out his thirty-eight and said, "Stop me ef you done heard this story befo'," and shot the woman in the face.

Ella, next door, yelled and jumped the fence that she had never before been able to climb, and ran for the blackberry bushes. Rancie was just crawling out, all bleeding from thorn scratches.

"Quick, Sugar!" whispered Ella. "Jesus heppus!" And she took Rancie home.

The night after Ella went to court she and Rancie sat hand in hand on Ella's gallery.

"Who was it save yo' life yonder?" Ella asked.

"You save my life!"

"You goin' to treat me white, Sugar?"

"Yassam."

"You goin' to be my little guarding angel and march aside of me in de nice procession, and live wid me untel I'm old and full of days?"

"Yas, *mam*, Miss Ella!"

But Ella did not know how to break the news to her mother.

Next morning at breakfast table she said to Rancie, "Rancie, Sugar, tell yo' new grammaw what you wants to do for Ella savin' yo' life yonder."

"I wants to be a little guarding angel in de procession."

"What's all dis?" asked the old woman.

"I'm goin' in de Double Cave somehow."

"But you's a Upper Virgin, Ella!"

"Nome. Lower."

Ella dipped the cornbread into her bowl of molasses.

The older woman went slowly round

the table and took Ella's cornbread and syrup away from her and carried it out back to the hog. Ella got up and began to gather her belongings. The mother remained in the back yard until she heard the front door slam softly.

Ella and Rancie stayed in the woods one night, but the next morning they found an abandoned shack on the front of town, high up where the water would never rise. They managed to get the furniture from Flip's house, which nobody wanted, and Ella cut scalloped shelf-paper from rotogravure sections and whitewashed the fence. She at once spaded up her flower garden for the altar and found washing to do for white people, a bundle each day.

Ella got in the Double Cave on a pretty Sunday morning when the grass was all wet and the tulip trees in bloom. In the class were ten other Virgins, all Lower ones. The procession trudged the snaky dirt road, and at the cemetery prayers were said over the graves of two or three departed Virgins. Returning to church, they marched past the homes of the three Chief Upper Matrons, each of whom was clad in white robes and golden stars, waiting to come outside and give out a blessing. The last of the matrons visited was Ella's mother.

The preacher gave the Five Knocks and went in to fetch her. She covered her face and came out calling the ritual greeting, "Who pilgrims this house on the Lord's morning?"

The Virgins chanted together, "Eleven Virgins pure, *and* crave your deep blessing, dear Matron!"

Ella's mother was looking fixedly at Ella, whose headdress was put on improperly, needing adjustment. The preacher began prompting the Matron in a croaking whisper, "My blessing—"

"My blessing I freely give! Go forth and tend the bud of renown. An' mind out yo' veils is straight on yo' stubbon haid."

So Ella at last became a Virgin, one of the hardest things to do. Thenceforth she worked hard and minded her own business and took good care of her little guardian angel. The two lived in peace, bothered by no one, and the garden bore flowers of four colors, and the hens grew tame, coming up to pick at Ella's shoe. Her burden grew small and vanished, gentler than the wind takes a patch of snow.

Not even Ed Jefferson disturbed them very much when he came one fall day looking for Ella.

When she saw the yellow truck with a seat and no body, Ella called Rancie from the kitchen. Rancie had a stick of sugar cane in her hand.

"I was passing by here," Jefferson explained. "Been huntin' you all over town, includin' the graveyard. The sexton sent me to the preacher and the preacher sent me here. You know all the big shots. Say, ain't you all got no lunchroom in this town?"

Ella brought up a chair. "Rancie, get the gentleman a glass of cow's milk and some veal-meat," she said.

Ed tackled the lunch. "Your meat is tender but your knife is tough," he said. Rancie stood in a dim corner, looking at the stranger with her big eyes shining, her finger in her mouth, and holding the sugar cane. The hens out back sang busily.

"Well, I done quit the Triangle," said Ed, wiping his mouth.

Ella smiled politely and smoothed down her braided hair. Silence fell.

"I'm chauffeur for a rich white man now," said Ed.

Ella looked through the window. Rancie kept watching the man. Ed glanced at her, coughed, and wiped his

brow. "Nice little place you all got," he said. He glanced at Rancie, with Ella's leaden star on her bosom. Ed reached into his pocket. "Here's you a nickel, Sis," he told Rancie. "Don't you want to go eat your cane down by the river? You got a knife? Brown, I could spend a Sunday here sharpenin' knives alone."

Rancie placed the nickel in her ear. She did not move or blink. Her huge splayed feet seemed to grip the floor tightly. Ed's eyes traveled up and down the stick of cane. He shrugged and spat in the fireplace.

Ed sauntered over to peer into the kitchen, then crossed to Ella. "When you comin' back to town, Brown?" He put his hand on the chair-back. "Huh?" His hand wandered and rested on Ella's shoulder skin, where there was only a thin cotton strap.

Then abruptly Rancie marched over and stood beside Ella with the stalk of cane, which was twice as tall as she. She took Ella's hand and fixed her big white eyes upon the stranger.

Ed glared at the guardian angel a long time, while no sound was heard but the contented singing of hens. Then Ed jerked up his belt and strolled uncertainly toward the door, lingering at the mantelpiece to glance at a kodak picture of the procession. "Nice place you all got. I thought I'd say hello. You look me up when you come to town." On the porch he said, "So long, Brown. It looks like rain."

"Good-by Mr. Aid," Ella called, "an' thanksa for comin' aroun'."

Rancie sank to the floor and chewed on the sugar cane, tearing off long purple strips of skin. Her teeth were very strong.



GENERAL GRANT'S LAST STAND

BY HORACE GREEN

Dr. John Hancock Douglas, Chief Inspector of the U. S. Sanitary Commission during the Civil War, met Grant at or near Pittsburgh Landing and became his staunch supporter at a time when Grant had many enemies. Twenty years later, during Grant's fatal illness, Dr. Douglas moved to the Grant home. The great soldier, speechless because of cancer of the tongue, communicated with his physician by means of pencilled memoranda and letters, saying things he wished no one, especially his family, to know at that time. Dr. Douglas, considering these memoranda "privileged" documents, carried them to the edge of the grave. His daughter, Harriet Sheldon Douglas, has kindly permitted this publication of them. There are in all about one hundred and twenty of these brief notes, written in pencil, all but one hitherto unpublished, and that in shortened form. The author of this article is Dr. Douglas' nephew.—*The Editors.*

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT's last, and most prolonged, fight was inevitable in view of his character and because of the situation which suddenly faced him in his sixty-third year. It was a battle to supply his immediate family, which he had ruined, with the means of living; to recompense numerous friends and relatives who had lost heavily in investments made through him, if not actually by him; to clear his name and reputation which had fallen into bad repute. In the effort, which he foresaw to be suicidal, he carried all three objectives with astonishing success, although he did not live to verify the aftermath of victory.

Throughout his life Grant avoided dramatic and spectacular acts and everything which those adjectives suggest. Yet his faculties functioned best in critical circumstances. As a consequence he was often drafted into desperate situations; and here, because of his dogged disposition, his failure to sense and maneuver public opinion, and above all because of his unwillingness or inability to explain himself except by action, Grant reached greater

heights—and by contrast, suffered greater defamation—than any other American President.

Grant's humiliations—which were many—seemed to be an inevitable aftermath of his successes, and a necessary prelude to reaching greater heights. After the unconditional capture of Fort Donelson, he was disgraced and relieved of command because he supposedly had not obeyed General Halleck's orders. [He never got the orders.] During both terms as President he was at times so violently attacked that he wrote—strange for a man of Grant's military mold—the most personal and apologetic message ever sent to Congress by a Chief Executive. Following a triumphant tour of the world, there came the bitter humiliation of his defeat for the third term in the White House.

It was then necessary to recoup his vanishing bank account depleted by two years of travel. With a man called Romero, Mexican Minister in Washington, he organized a company for the purpose of building a railroad to Guatemala. This and other en-

terprises previous to 1883 were not successful.

II

On the morning of May 2, 1884, ex-President Grant limped down the steps of his town house, 3 East 66th Street, New York City, and was given a hand-up behind his favorite team of thoroughbreds. He was in complacent mood as he started the drive to his Wall Street office. He had never been familiar with the ways of money-makers; never, since that day back on the Galena farm when his father sent him to buy a beloved colt and he had said to the owner, "Papa says I may offer you \$20, but if you won't take that, I'm to offer \$22.50, and if you won't take that, to give you \$25."

But now, largely through gifts, he had become the owner of three houses and an income of about \$5,000. Not long before a group consisting of William H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, and John W. Mackay had raised through public subscription and *The New York Times* a fund for the support of Grant and his family, aggregating an additional yearly return of \$15,000. His two married sons and his grandchildren were living nearby; he was devoted to his wife and contented in his home. His investments through Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., known as "Buck," were yielding amazing profits. All that he wanted was a chance to coast in peace along the autumn road. Consider a stoop-shouldered and somewhat portly figure of sixty-three years: quiet-mannered, dignified, and soft-spoken—a man whose granite jaws were hidden beneath sandy whiskers and whose steel-gray eyes were often veiled behind the smoke of his favorite Havanas as he talked with old cronies that dropped into the house or office or took a naïve delight in going about with the rich men of affairs, some of whom had become his benefactors.

Four days later came the last plunge to misfortune, through the evil genius of a rising young Wall Street operator, Ferdinand Ward. Buck Grant—the supposed business man of the family—had become friendly with Ward. Together they had formed the banking firm of Grant & Ward, with General Grant and James Fish, President of the Marine Bank of Brooklyn, as silent partners. Although the General was "silent," Ward saw to it that he was not silent in the matter of paid-in capital. Mr. Ward possessed ability and an attractive personality. He pursued various lines of operation. Most successful was his use of General Grant's name with deft insinuations about prospective Government contracts.

On Sunday, May 4, 1884, Ward called at General Grant's house to inform him that the Marine Bank was embarrassed and that it was urgent to raise \$150,000, which would be repaid Monday noon. Grant got the money from William H. Vanderbilt. Vanderbilt said, "I'm not doing this for the Marine Bank or the firm of Grant & Ward, but for you, General, personally."

On Tuesday, May 6th, Grant was ascending the old-fashioned elevator to his office on the upper floor, when he met his son Ulysses, Jr. Buck was white-faced. The firm of Grant & Ward had failed. Ward had disappeared. There was no record of Vanderbilt's \$150,000. A search of the safe revealed little.

The General spoke scarcely a word, but late that afternoon the cashier found him at his desk with head buried on his arms. On a pad beside him lay a pencilled column of figures, names of friends and relatives whom he had dragged down.

Grant, and his sons, his wife, his nieces, and some old army friends who had invested through Grant were

wiped out. Worse yet, public opinion turned against the veteran who had thrown his benefactions into questionable Wall Street operations. The debt to Vanderbilt he considered a private obligation. To Vanderbilt he turned over No. 3 East 66th Street, the farm in Missouri, a house in Philadelphia, all his War trophies, including the sword that General Lee had been unable to capture. To his niece he wrote, "... your Aunt Jennie must not fret. As long as I live she shall enjoy it (my home) as a matter of right, at least, until she recovers what she has lost."

Outwardly, as always, Grant gave no indication that he understood the public scorn, mixed with pity, which was worse to a man of his mold. But he came to a decision. He decided to make money in the only way left.

III

In July of that year Robert Underwood Johnson of the Century Company was asked to Long Branch, N. J., where Grant, on the porch of a rented cottage, stared solemnly at the sea. On various occasions Richard Watson Gilder had asked the veteran to contribute to the Civil War series in the *Century Magazine*. Grant then was adamant. He was not a writing man. Now the five hundred dollars offered for each article was necessary for household expenditures, so Grant decided to write an article—it turned out to be nothing more or less than an official report—on the disputed battle of Shiloh. At Long Branch, however, Johnson got the General talking about details: how he felt at this juncture, where General Buell was at that juncture; how Grant in a pouring rain after the first day's fight had gone for shelter into an improvised military hospital.

"But I couldn't stand the amputa-

tions," the General admitted. "I had to go out in the rain and spend the night sitting against a tree." Johnson continued to ask questions and take notes. The glasses ran low. The article expanded. The *Century* added fifty thousand readers and they voluntarily doubled Grant's rate of payment. Grant, now in full fling, enjoyed the writing; permitted himself those little asides which pierce, like streaks of sunset hue, the dark barrage of battle facts.

IV

Mark Twain, fresh from the triumph of *Huckleberry Finn*, had been lecturing in Carnegie Hall one evening in November '84. Coming out of the darkness, he heard Gilder say to someone:

"Do you know General Grant has actually determined to write and publish his memoirs? He said so to-day in so many words." Mark Twain, who had recently published *Huckleberry* through his own house, Webster and Company of Hartford, pricked up his ears. Next morning found Clemens at Grant's house, where he said in substance:

"General, I am glad you are going to do your memoirs at last. You will recall that I advised you to do so years ago. I hope you make a substantial sum for yourself and your family." Grant stated that he was offered a ten per cent royalty on the book but without a substantial advance guaranty. The publishers anticipated a sale of 25,000 copies.

Mark Twain stormed. The book should sell like wildfire. Then and there he offered to draw a check for \$25,000 as an advance against royalty to be earned on the first volume alone. Eventually, and with some regret at declining the Century Company arrangement, Grant bowed before Mark

Twain's enthusiasm. It spurred him to his last great effort.

The Personal Memoirs of General Grant, in two volumes totalling 1,231 pages and 295,000 words, brought to General Grant's family a royalty of \$450,000. The work was completed in about eight months. Grant gave to the pages the last full measure, but did not live to see the fruits of his devotion. Throughout the two volumes there is no evidence of the pain which drenched its author. That is reserved for the yellow slips of paper.

All through the summer, and back at 66th Street in the autumn, Grant worked at the memoirs. The veteran's throat was becoming so troublesome that he amplified dictation with the pencil. On October 22nd he called on Dr. Douglas at the latter's office in New York, who later diagnosed the throat condition as an "epithelioma of the squamous variety." Dr. Douglas believed the trouble to have been augmented by the shock of the Grant & Ward failure and the General's stress of mind under a load of debts. "When I examined his throat," writes Dr. Douglas, "I was struck with the peculiarity and intensity of the inflammation, and the expression on my face must have attracted his attention, for the only question he asked was 'Is it cancer?' I was cautious in my reply . . . but told them [his family] my fears."

By mid-winter 1885 the warrior had finished Volume I, 180,000 words, and was well along in Volume II, which was to be of greater length; he worked faster now because the recurring pains in his throat were sharper. More friends began to inquire at the house. Mark Twain called on February 21, 1885, cheered because of a news item that the threatening symptoms had disappeared.

Grant said, "Yes, if the report were only true," and turned huskily to his

dictating. He was surrounded by maps, diagrams, records of all sorts. His son, Frederick Dent Grant, was of immense assistance. It became painful to talk even in whispered tones. Dr. Douglas came to live at the house. The General's difficulty with breathing became more pronounced, and the pencilled memoranda more frequent. There are in my possession over one hundred and twenty, most of them jotted on faded yellow slips. From an undated note:

"If I live long enough I will become a sort of specialist in the use of certain medicines if not in the treatment of disease. It seems that man's destiny in this world is quite as much a mystery as it is likely to be in the next. I never thought of acquiring rank in the profession I was educated for; yet it came with two grades higher prefixed to the rank of General officer[s] for me. I certainly never had either ambition or taste for political life; yet I was twice president of the United States. If anyone had suggested the idea of my becoming an . . ." [the second page has been lost. Perhaps he was going to say "author:"]

By the spring of 1885 he was suffering hæmorrhages and unspeakable pain, relieved only by cocaine and morphine. Once in March, and again during a frightful hæmorrhage one April midnight, they thought him dying, even Mrs. Grant, who heretofore had steadfastly refused to recognize the inevitable. But God must have heard Lincoln say "I can't spare that man; he fights." The memoirs were not done.

V

Mt. McGregor, New York, a Catskill village near Saratoga Springs, was in those days a resort frequented for its crystal air. Here on the porch of a frame cottage well up the mountain side, sits a wan figure in an invalid's chair. A woolen cap, like that worn by skaters, is over his head, a shawl is on his knees, and on the shawl

a pad and pencil. The pencil is seldom still.

As the train had steamed past West Point the General, roused from a nap, could not take his eyes from the window. That the journey had tired him may be seen from the following:—

"Dr., since coming to this beautiful climate and getting a complete rest for about ten hours, I have watched my pains and compared them with those of the past five weeks. I can feel plainly that my system is preparing for dissolution in three ways; one by hæmorrhages, one by strangulation, and the third by exhaustion. The first and second are liable to come any moment to relieve my earthly sufferings. The time for the arrival of the third can be computed with almost mathematical certainty. With an increase of daily food, I have fallen off in weight and strength very rapidly for the last two weeks. There can not be a hope of going far beyond this time. All any physician, or any number of them, can do for me now is to make my burden of pain as light as possible. I do not want any physician but yourself, but I tell you so that if you are unwilling to have me go without consultation with other professional men, you can send for them. I dread them, however, knowing that it means another desperate effort to save me, and more suffering."

As will be seen from a later note, he had still to revamp the chapters on Appomattox, and as always, he rallied when work was to be done. He rallied enough to enjoy the nearness of his family. Nellie, the married daughter, had been summoned from abroad. He deeply appreciated evidence of esteem in the newspapers and was correspondingly irritated at reports which would alarm his family. He had calls from R. U. Johnson, from Mark Twain, from his friend, General Badeau, and from others. What pleased him most was the visit from General Simon Buckner, his contemporary at "The Point"; Buckner, who, when Grant was penniless in California on resigning from the army, "lent" Grant money to return home; Buckner, who had surrendered to him Fort Don-

elson "in spite of the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms which you propose"; Buckner, who now made pilgrimage to Mt. McGregor to offer a last salute.

Grant clearly saw that his literary efforts were killing him.

On June 23rd, after a day of comparative ease with several hours devoted to dictating in a whisper, he wrote:

"I said I had been adding to my book and to my coffin. I presume every strain of the mind or body is one more nail in the coffin."

And later on the same day:

"I have now worked off all that I had notes of, and which often kept me thinking at night. I will not push to make more notes for the present."

Apparently written at this time:

"I have tried to study the question of the use of cocaine as impartially as possible considering that I am the person affected by its use. The conclusion I have come to is, taken properly, it gives a wonderful amount of relief from pain. Gradually, the parts near there when the medicine is applied become numb and partially paralysed. The feeling is unpleasant but not painful. Without the use of it the parts not affected with disease are pliable but of no use because their exercise moves the diseased parts. When the medicine is being applied the tendency is to take more than is necessary, and oftener. On the whole, my conclusion is to take it when it seems to be so much needed as it was yesterday. I will try to limit its use. This latter you know how hard it is to do."

June 27: "I feel worse this A.M. on the whole than I have for some time. My mouth hurts me and cocaine ceases to give the relief it did. If its use can be curtailed, however, I hope it will soon have its effect again. I shall endeavor to rest again if I feel it possible."

Undated, but in an envelope with other slips dated June 28th:

"I feel much relieved this morning. I had begun to feel that the work of getting my book together was making but slow

progress. I find it about completed, and the work now to be done is mostly after it gets back in gallies [spelling is the General's]. It can be sent to the printer faster than he sends for it. There [are] from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pages more of it than I had intended. Will not cut out anything of interest. It is possible we may find a little repetition. The whole of that is not likely to amount to many pages. There is more likelihood of omission."

June 30, P.M. "It will probably take several days to see the effect of discontinuing the use of cocaine. It might then be used once a day, might it not? Say when I am retiring for the night. It is no trouble, however, to quit outright for the present."

June 30, P.M. "I see the *Times* man keeps up the character of his dispatches to the paper. They are quite as untrue as they would be if he described me as getting better from day to day. I think he might spare my family at least from reading such stuff." Another day: "I had that newspaper article, with a reply to write, to worry me. Mrs. Grant was very much excited on reading the article." July 7, 6:30 A.M. "Something was said yesterday about Herber A. Thomson's method of business and I was asked to observe. I know that he has been the subject of attack from the *Tribune*, but I do not know anything about the merits of the case."

July 1, 8 A.M. "I feel weak from my exertions last night in throwing up. Then since that I can not help repeating two advertisements of the B. & Q. Railroad when I am half awake. The houses in this place at Dewpark are advertised as a sure cure for Malaria, or the place is, signed Robert Barrett, Pres. The other is that the water—I think—is a sure cure for catarrh, signed same. There may be no such advertisements, but I keep dreaming them all the same. It strikes me as a very sharp dodge for a gentleman to advertise his own wares in such a way. When you consider Barrett owns the water and buildings at the park; is Pres. of the road over which invalids must pass to get to the place and is a very large owner in the stock of the road, it strikes me as another instance of what a man will do for money."

July 6, 5 P.M. "The injection worked very well, and I hope at not too great a cost. The pain left me entirely so that it was an enjoyment to lay awake. I did get asleep, however, from the mere absence

of pain, and woke up a short time before four. I then took my food, washed out my mouth and put in a little cocaine which went to the right spot the first time. I have felt no pain until within the last few minutes. I had not been out of my chair much over five minutes when I saw you coming up the hill. How is Mr. Drexel?"

Undated: "I know that what you are doing will be as likely to cure me as anything else. Nature is given a good opportunity to act and if a cure is possible it will develop itself. All the medical skill in America, including Dr. Brown, could not find a cure." July 7, 11 A.M. "I have had a pleasant morning. When my throat commences to hurt it begins with a cough. I then clean it out, either coughing up the phlegm, gargling out or the use of the syringe. It is then the cocaine would come in. I feel the want of it very much. But by keeping quiet the pain diminishes and finally disappears entirely so long as the hypodermic remains."

July 8, 7 P.M. After writing on Mexican Expedition. "I must avoid such afternoons as this. We had company since four and I was writing all the time."

July 16, P.M. "I feel sorry at the prospect of living through the summer and fall in the condition I am in. I do not think I can, but I may. Except that I do not gather strength, I feel quite as well from day to day as I have done heretofore. But I am satisfied that I am losing strength. I feel it more in the inability to move about than in any other way, or rather in the lack of desire to try to move."

July 20, 2 A.M. "In making the summary of progress for the 19th of July, I stated that all the sores of the mouth were still there; this is hardly correct. The palate is about well, and along the tongue considerably improved."

VI

At this stage there follow some of the most revealing notes from the man whom they called the "butcher" of Cold Harbor. In most cases the date is appended in Dr. Douglas' handwriting.

July 12, 4 A.M. "I notice that your little girls and Julie get along very happily together. With their swing, their lawn tennis and nice shade they seem very

happy." June 29, P.M.: "Did I interrupt your game? I wrote four pages. I tore it off and have it. I must read up before I can write properly." July 6, 5 P.M.: "I am sorry you took the trouble to walk. You could have waited for the next train as well as not." Undated: "There was a week when I had but little acute pain. The newspapers gave that as a sure indication I was declining rapidly." Undated: "The very money I shall give you this evening is the proceeds of a check sent to me by a broker saying that two friends of his had left the money with him to send to me to help in part pay doctor's bills. They do not want their names known, hence took that way of sending it." July 10, 11:30 A.M.: "General Buckner—Fort Donelson—will be here on the next train. He is coming up specially to pay his respects." June 30, 3 P.M.: "I think I will lay down and have my mouth cleaned. I am always glad to see Mr. Drexel. But not being able to talk, it is not worth while for him to give himself trouble."

He had his jokes too:

"When Henry [the colored servant] gets me wrapped up he has me where he wants me. He covers me in blankets on the pretext of keeping me warm." Another: "You must have been dreaming. I heard no rain fall and I was here all the time."

Another note:

"If that is the case do you not think it advisable for me to get up and take a rest as the tailor does when he is standing up?" Another: "I was going to say that you always catch me at it when you go out and come in again. I have been asleep three times since you went out and once made enough noise to propel a Hudson River boat."

Here is the note which perhaps prompted Dr. Douglas to keep the entire lot confidential:

"I will have to be careful about my writing. I see every person I give a piece of paper to puts it in his pocket. Some day they will be [coming?] up against my English." July 11, 1 A.M.: "Not sleeping does not disturb me because I have had so much sleep. I know a sick person cannot feel just as he would like to all the time; but I think it a duty to let the physician know from time to time just my feel-

ings. It may benefit some fellow-sufferer hereafter."

About this time follow various pitiful little notes, over which it is best to draw the veil. They are objectively written, however, with the apparent purpose of helping the medical profession in future. The following is important because it schedules within one day the end of the memoirs—and of their author:

July 10, 11:30 A.M.: "Buck has brought up the last of first vol. in print. In two weeks if they work hard they can have the second vol. copied ready to go to the printer. *I will then feel that my work is done.*" [Italics are the writer's. He died in two weeks less one day.]

By the middle of July he had finished with the exception of looking over some proofs.

July 16, P.M.: "After all that, however, the disease is still there and must be fatal in the end. My life is precious, of course, to my family, and would be to me if I could recover entirely. There never was one more willing to go than I am. I know most people have first one thing and then another to fix up, and never get quite through. I first wanted so many days to work on my book so the authorship would be clearly mine. It was graciously granted to me, after being apparently much lower than since, and with a capacity to do more work than I ever did in the same time. My work had been done so hastily that much was left out and I did all of it over from the crossing of the Rapidan River in June/64 to Appomattox. Since that I have added as much as fifty pages to the book, I should think. There is nothing more I should do to it now, and therefore I am not likely to be more ready to go than at this moment."

There has been reserved for the last a more formal letter, written earlier, and apparently mailed to Dr. Douglas on a temporary absence from the Mt. McGregor cottage. It reads:

"Dr.: I ask you not to show this to anyone, unless physicians you consult with, until the end. Particularly I want it kept from my family. If known to anyone, the

papers will get it. It would only distress them almost beyond endurance to know it, and, by reflex, would distress me.

"I have not changed my mind materially since I wrote you before in the same strain. Now, however, I know that I gain in strength some days, but when I do go back it is beyond where I started to improve. I think the chances are very decidedly in favor of your being able to keep me alive until the change of weather towards the winter. Of course, there are contingencies that might arise at any time that would carry me off very suddenly. The most probable of these is choking. Under these circumstances life is not worth living. I am very thankful I have been spared this long because it has enabled me to practically complete the work in which I take so much interest. I cannot stir up strength enough to review it and make additions and subtractions that would suggest themselves to me, and I am not likely to, to anyone else.

"Under the above circumstances, I will be the happiest the more pain I can avoid. If there is to be any extraordinary cure, such as some people believe there is to be, it will develop itself. I would say therefore, to you and your colleagues, to make me as comfortable as you can. If it is within God's providence that I should go now, I am ready to obey His call without a murmur. I should prefer going now to enduring my present suffering for a single day without hope of recovery. As I have stated, I am thankful for the providential extension of my time to enable me to continue my work. I am further thankful, and in a much greater degree thankful, because it has enabled me to see for myself the happy harmony which has so suddenly sprung up between those engaged but a few short years in deadly conflict. It has been an inestimable blessing to me to hear the kind expression towards me in person from all parts of our country; from people of all nationalities, of all religions, and of

no religion; of Confederate and National troops alike; of soldiers' organizations; of mechanical, scientific, religious and all other societies, embracing almost every citizen in the land. They have brought joy to my heart if they have not effected a cure. To you and your colleagues I acknowledge my indebtedness for having brought me through the valley of the shadow of death to enable me to witness these things."

U. S. Grant.

Mt. McGregor, N. Y.
July 2nd, 1885.

VII

When the work had been completed Grant asked to be carried to where he could "overlook the South View." This, so far as can be ascertained, is the last written request. For weeks he had slept in a chair; but in the evening of July 22, he signified that he wished to be put in bed. All knew what that meant. Once during the long night, in answer to a question as to his comfort, he murmured "so good"; at another time he is believed to have whispered "water."

It happened that night that a clear, victorious moon embraced all the wooded slopes of Mt. McGregor. Toward morning of July 23rd, as fog creeping from the dark valley surrounded the cottage, the faithful Douglas rose stiffly from the watcher's chair and, leaving the room, signified to the children to close the door upon their mother.

For a long time, silent and alone, Mrs. Grant knelt by the side of her triumphant General.



THE FUTURE OF ENGLISH

BY H. L. MENCKEN

The English tongue is of small reach, stretching no further than this island of ours, nay not there over all.

THIS was written in 1582. The writer was Richard Mulcaster, headmaster of the Merchant Taylors' School, teacher of prosody to Edmund Spenser, and one of the earliest of English grammarians. At the time he wrote, English was spoken by between four and five millions of people, and stood fifth among the European languages, with French, German, Italian, and Spanish ahead of it in that order, and Russian following. Two hundred years later Italian had dropped behind but Russian had gone ahead, so that English was still in fifth place. But by the end of the Eighteenth Century it began to move forward, and by the middle of the Nineteenth it had forced its way into first place. To-day it is so far in the lead that it is probably spoken by as many people as the next two languages—Russian and German—combined.

It is not only the first—and, in large part, the only—language of both of the world's mightiest empires; it is also the second language of large and populous regions beyond their bounds. Its teaching is obligatory in the secondary schools of countries as diverse as Germany and Argentina, Turkey and Denmark, Estonia and Japan. Three-fourths of all the world's mail is now written in it; it is used in printing more than half the world's newspapers, and it is the language of three-fifths of

the world's radio stations. No ship captain can trade upon the oceans without some knowledge of it; it is the common tongue of all the great ports, and likewise of all the maritime Bad Lands, from the South Sea islands to the Persian Gulf. Every language that still resists its advance outside Europe—for example, Spanish in Latin America, Italian in the Levant, and Japanese in the Far East—holds out against it only by making large concessions to it. That is to say, all of them show a large and ever larger admixture of English words and phrases; indeed in Japanese they become so numerous that special dictionaries of them begin to appear. Finally, English makes steady inroads upon French as the language of diplomacy and upon German as the language of science.

How many people speak it to-day? It is hard to answer with any precision, but an approximation is nevertheless possible. First, let us list those to whom English is their native tongue. They run to about 112,000,000 in the continental United States, to 42,000,000 in the United Kingdom, to 6,000,000 in Canada, 6,000,000 in Australia, 3,000,000 in Ireland, 2,000,000 in South Africa, and probably 3,000,000 in the remaining British colonies and the possessions of the United States. All these figures are very conservative, but they foot up to 174,000,000. Now add the people who, though born to some other language, live in English-speaking communities and speak English

themselves in their daily business, and whose children are being brought up to it—say 13,000,000 for the United States, 1,000,000 for Canada (where English is gradually ousting French), 1,000,000 for the United Kingdom and Ireland, and 2,000,000 for the rest of the world—and you have a grand total of 191,000,000.

Obviously, no other language is the everyday tongue of so many people. Russian is spoken as first choice by no more than 80,000,000 of the 150,000,000 citizens of the U.S.S.R.; the rest cling to one or another of the hundred odd lesser dialects in which the Bolsheviks are forced to print their official literature; and outside Russia, Russian is scarcely spoken at all, for the colonies of the U.S.S.R. lie without exception within its territorial bounds. German follows. It is spoken by 65,000,000 Germans in the Reich, by perhaps 7,000,000 in Austria, by a scant 3,000,000 in German Switzerland, by perhaps 5,000,000 in the lost German and Austrian territories, and by another 5,000,000 in the German-speaking colonies in Russia, the Balkan and Baltic states, and South America. This makes 85,000,000 all together. Whether French or Spanish comes next is in doubt, but neither can show more than 55,000,000. Italian is the runner-up, and the rest of the European languages are nowhere. Nor is there any rival to English in Asia; for though Chinese is ostensibly the native tongue of more than 300,000,000 people, it is split into so many mutually unintelligible dialects that it must be thought of less as a language than as a group of languages. The same may be said of Hindustani. As for Japanese, it is spoken by no more than 70,000,000 persons, and thus lags behind not only English, but also Russian and German. As for Arabic, it probably falls below even Italian.

Thus English is far ahead of any

competitor. Moreover, it promises to increase its lead hereafter, for no other language is spreading so fast or into such remote areas. There was a time when French was the acknowledged second language of all Christendom, as Latin had been before it, and even to this day, according to Dr. Frank E. Vizetelly, the number of persons who have acquired it is larger than the number of those who have it by birth. But the advantages of knowing it tend to diminish as English conquers the world, and it is now studied as an accomplishment far more often than as a necessity. In Tzarist Russia nearly every child who got any education at all was taught it; but the Bolsheviks, who are realists, are now substituting English and German. In our own high schools and colleges French is retained in the curriculum, but it is hardly likely that more than five per cent of the students ever acquire any facility in it. In the schools of Germany, Scandinavia, and Japan, however, English is taught with relentless earnestness, and a great deal of it sticks. Indeed, even the French begin to learn it.

How far it has thus gone as a second language it is not easy to determine, but a few facts and figures taken at random may throw some light on the question. Half a century ago it was little used in the lands and islands settled by the Spanish; the second language in all of them, in so far as they had any second language, was French. But the impact of the Spanish-American War has forced French to share its hegemony with English. The Latin-Americans still prefer French on cultural counts, for they continue to regard France as the beacon-light of Latin civilization, but they turn to English for the hard reasons of every day. This movement is naturally most marked in the areas that have come under direct American influence—for example, Cuba, the Isthmian re-

gion, and, above all, Porto Rico, where twenty per cent of the people now speak English—but it is also visible in Mexico, in Central America, and in the more progressive of the countries to the southward. In the Philippines, I am informed, fifteen per cent of the population of 15,000,000 now not only speak English, but also read it and write it.

All over the rest of the Far East it has been a *lingua franca* since the Eighteenth Century, at first in the barbarous guise of Pidgin English, but of late in increasingly seemly forms, often with an American admixture. In Japan, according to the Belgian consul-general at Yokohama, it is now "indispensable for all Europeans. One can do without Japanese, but would be lost without English. It is the business language." In China it has been established for many years, and in India, though only 2,500,000 natives can read and write it, it is the language not only of business but also of politics. Those Indians who know it, says Sir John Marriott in *The English in India* (1932) "are the only persons who are politically conscious. . . . The medium of all political discussion is necessarily English." And on the level of illiteracy it is fast becoming a bridge between the native dialects.

Altogether, it is probable that English is now spoken as a second language by at least 20,000,000 persons throughout the world—very often, to be sure, badly, but nevertheless understandably. It has become a platitude that one may go almost anywhere with no other linguistic equipment and get on almost as well as in New York. I have visited since the War sixteen countries in Europe, five in Africa, three in Asia, and three in Latin-America, beside a large miscellany of islands, but I don't remember ever encountering a situation that English could not resolve. I have heard it spoken with reasonable

fluency in a Lithuanian village, in an Albanian fishing port, and at the edge of the Libyan Desert.

II

In part, of course, its spread has been due to the extraordinary dispersion of the English-speaking peoples. They have been the greatest travelers of modern times, and the most adventurous merchants, and the most assiduous colonists. Moreover, they have been, on the whole, poor linguists, and so they have dragged their language with them, and forced it upon the human race. Wherever it has met with serious competition, as with French in Canada, with Spanish along our southwestern border, and with Dutch in South Africa, they have compromised with its local rival only reluctantly, and then sought every opportunity, whether fair or unfair, to break the pact. If English is the language of the sea, it is largely because there are more English ships on the sea than any other kind, and English ship captains refuse to learn what they think of as the barbaric gibberishes of Hamburg, Rio, and Marseilles.

But there is more to the matter than this. English, brought to close quarters with formidable rivals, has won very often, not by force of numbers and intransigence, but by the sheer weight of its merit. "In wealth, wisdom, and strict economy," said the eminent Jakob Grimm a century ago, "none of the other living languages can vie with it." To which the eminent Otto Jespersen was adding only the other day: "It seems to me positively and expressly masculine. It is the language of a grown-up man, and has very little childish or feminine about it." Dr. Jespersen goes on to specifications: English is simple, it has clear sounds, it packs its words closely together, it is logical in their arrangement, and it is

free from all pedantic flubdub, by Latin out of the languages of Babel. What an immense advantage lies in a single thing: its lack of grammatical gender! (I spent the years from 1887 to 1892 trying to remember whether *Hund* and *Katze* were *der*, *die* or *das*, and I can't tell you to this day.) And what another in its reduction of all the pronouns of the second person nominative to the single *you*!

When American pedagogues discourse on the virtues of English they almost always begin by hymning its enormous vocabulary, which is at least twice as large as that of any other language. But this is not what enchants the foreigner; on the contrary, the vast reaches of the vocabulary naturally alarm him, and he keeps as close as he may to its elements. The thing that really wins him is the succinctness and simplicity of those elements. We use, for all our store of Latin polysyllables, a great many more short words than long ones, and we are always trying to make the long ones short. What began as *mobile vulgus* in the Eighteenth Century, two words and both Latin, is *mob* to-day, one word and that one as English as *cat*. What was once *pundigrion* is now *pun*; what was *gasoline* only yesterday is already *gas*. No other European language has so many three-letter words, nor so many four-letter words, whether decorous or naughty. And none other can say its say with so few of them. "First come, first served"—that is typically English, for it is bold, plain, and short. In French, as Dr. Jespersen reminds us, the same homely proverb is stretched out and toned down to "*Premier venu, premier moulu*"; in German it is mauled and hammered into "*Wer zuerst kommt, mahlt zuerst*," and in Danish it reaches the really appalling form of "*Den der kommer først til mølle, får først malet*."

Several years ago an American

philologist, Dr. Walter Kirkconnell, undertook to count the number of syllables needed to translate the Gospel of Mark into forty Indo-European languages, ranging from Persian and Hindustani to English and French. He found that, of all of them, English was the most economical, for it took but 29,000 syllables to do the job, whereas the average for all the Teutonic languages was 32,650, that for the Slavic group 36,500, that for the Latin group 40,200, and that for the Indo-Iranian group (Bengali, Persian, Sanskrit, etc.) 43,100. It is commonly believed that French is a terse language and, compared to its cousins, Italian and Spanish, it actually is, but compared to English it is garrulous, for it takes 36,000 syllables to say what English says in 29,000. Dr. Kirkconnell did not undertake to determine the average size of the syllables he counted, but I am confident that if he had done so he would have found those of English shorter, taking one with another, than those of any other language.

To most educated foreigners it seems so simple that it strikes them as almost a kind of baby-talk. To be sure, when they proceed from trying to speak it to trying to read and write it they are painfully undeceived, for its spelling is almost as irrational as that of French or Swedish, but so long as they are content to tackle it *viva voce* they find it strangely loose and comfortable, and at the same time very precise. The Russian, coming into it burdened with his six cases, his three genders, his palatalized consonants, and his complicated pronouns, luxuriates in a language which has only two cases, no grammatical gender, a set of consonants which (save only *r*) maintain their integrity in the face of any imaginable rush of vowels, and an outfit of pronouns so simple that one of them suffices to address the President of the United States or a child in arms, a lovely female crea-

ture *in camera* or the vast radio hordes of a Father Coughlin. And the German, the Scandinavian, the Italian, and the Frenchman, though the change for them is measurably less sharp, nevertheless find it grateful too. Only the Spaniard brings with him a language comparable to English for logical clarity, and even the Spaniard is afflicted with grammatical gender.

As I have said, the huge English vocabulary is likely to make the foreigner uneasy, but he soon finds that nine-tenths of it lies safely buried in the dictionaries, and is never drawn on for everyday use. Its richness in synonyms is hardly his concern; he is not trying to write English poetry but to speak plain English prose. That it may be spoken intelligibly, and even gracefully, with very few words has been demonstrated by Dr. C. K. Ogden, the English psychologist. Dr. Ogden believes, indeed, that 850 words are sufficient for all ordinary purposes, and he has devised a form of simplified English, called by him Basic, which uses no more. Of his 850 words no less than 600 are the names of things, which leaves only 250 for the names of qualities and actions, and for all the linguistic hooks and eyes that hold sentences together.

Does this seem too few? Then it is only to those who have forgotten one of the prime characteristics of English—its capacity for getting an infinity of meanings out of a single word by combining it with simple modifiers. Consider, for example, the difference between the verbs *to get*, *to get going*, *to get by*, *to get on to*, *to get wise*, *to get off*, *to get ahead of*, and *to get over*. Dr. Ogden proposes to rid the language of a great many verbs—some of them irregular, and hence difficult—by substituting such compounds for them. Why, for example, should a foreigner be taught to say that he has *disembarked* from a ship? Isn't it sufficient

for him to say that he has *got off*? And why should he be taught to say that he has *recovered* from the flu, or *escaped* the police, or *obtained* a job? Isn't it enough to say that he has *got over* the first, *got away from* the second, and simply *got* the third?

Dr. Ogden is not much upset by the incongruities and irrationalities of English spelling. For one thing, his list of 850 words, being made up mainly of the commonest coins of speech, avoids most of them; for another thing, he believes that the very eccentricity of the spelling of some of the rest will help the foreigner to remember them. Every schoolboy, as we all know, seizes upon such bizarre forms as *through*, *straight*, and *island* with fascinated eagerness, and not infrequently he masters them before he masters such phonetically-spelled words as *first*, *tomorrow* and *engineer*. In my own youth, far away in the dark backward and abysm of time, the glory of every young American was *phthisic*, with the English proper name, *Cholmondeley*, a close second. Dr. Ogden proposes to let the foreigners attempting Basic share the joy of hunting down such basilisks. For the rest, he leaves the snarls of English spelling to the judgments of a just God, and the natural tendency of all things Anglo-Saxon to move toward an ultimate perfection.

III

Whether Basic will make any progress remains to be seen. It faces the competition of several other forms of simplified English. One of them, called Anglic, is the invention of Dr. R. E. Zachrisson, professor of English at Uppsala in Sweden, and seems to be mainly, if not wholly, a scheme of spelling reform. It has got some support in England, but such specimens of it as this version of the opening of Lincoln's Gettys-

burg Address are certainly not very appetizing:

Forskor and sevn yeerz agoe our faad-herz braut forth on this kontinent a nue naeshon, konseevd in liberty, and dedi-kaeted to the propozishon that aul men ar kreaeted eequel.

There are also the various so-called universal languages, beginning with Volapük (1880) and Esperanto (1887) and running down to Idiom Neural (1898), Ido (1907), Interlingua (1908), and Novial, which was invented only the other day by Dr. Jespersen. Some of these languages, and notably Esperanto and Novial, show a great ingenuity, and all of them have enthusiastic customers who believe that they are about to be adopted generally. There are also persons who hold that some such language is bound to come in soon or late, though remaining doubtful about all those proposed so far—for example, Professor Herbert Newhard Shenton of Syracuse University, who closes his recent book, *Cosmopolitan Conversation*, an excellent study of the Babel which now afflicts international conferences, by proposing that the proponents of Esperanto, Interlingua, Novial, and the rest come together in a conference of their own, and devise "a neutral, synthetic, international auxiliary language" that will really conquer the world.

But this, I believe, is only a hope, and no man now born will ever see it realized. The trouble with all the "universal" languages is that the juices of life are simply not in them. They are the creations of scholars drowning in murky oceans of dead prefixes and suffixes, and so they fail to meet the needs of a highly human world. People do not yearn for a generalized articulateness; what they want is the capacity to communicate with definite other people. To that end even Basic, for all its deficiencies, is better than any conceivable Esperanto,

for it at least springs from a living speech, and behind that speech are nearly two hundred million men and women, many of them amusing and some of them wise. The larger the gang, the larger the number of both classes. English forges ahead of all its competitors, whether natural or unnatural, simply because it is already spoken by more than half of all the people in the world who may be said, with any plausibility, to be worth knowing. After the late war I went to Berlin full of a firm determination to improve my German, always extremely anæmic. I failed to get anywhere because practically all the Germans who interested me spoke very good English. A little while later Dr. Knut Sanstedt, general secretary of the Northern Peace Union, sent a circular to a number of representative European publicists, asking them "what language, dead or living or artificial" they preferred for international communications. Not one of these publicists was a native or resident of the British Isles, yet out of fifty-nine who replied thirty voted for English. Of the six Swedes, all preferred it; of the seven Norwegians, five; of the five Hollanders, four. Only one man voted for Esperanto.

IV

But as English spreads, will it be able to maintain its present form? Probably not. But why should it? The notion that anything is gained by fixing a language in a groove is cherished only by pedagogues, perhaps the stupidest class of literate men on earth. Every successful effort at standardization, as Dr. Ernest Weekley has well said, results in nothing better than emasculation. "Stability in language," he adds, "is synonymous with *rigor mortis*." But such efforts, fortunately, seldom succeed. The schoolma'am has been trying since the Revolution to

bring American English to her rules, but it goes on sprouting and coruscating in spite of her, like the vigorous organism it is. My guess is that it will eventually conquer the English of England, and so spread its gaudy inventions round the globe. When Macaulay's New Zealander stands at last upon the ribs of London Bridge, it will be in lusty American, not in embalmed London (or Oxford) English, that he will voice his polite regrets.

This guess indeed is rather too easy to be quite sporting. English has been yielding to American for fifty years past, and since the turn of the century it has been yielding at a constantly accelerated rate. The flow of novelties in vocabulary, in idiom, even in pronunciation, is now overwhelmingly eastward. We seldom borrow an English word or phrase any more, though we used to borrow many; but the English take in our inventions almost as fast as we can launch them. The American movie, I suppose, is largely responsible for this change, but there are unquestionably deeper causes too. English, subjected to a violent policing in the Eighteenth Century, has scarcely recovered; it is still a bit tight, a bit stiff, more than a little artificial. But American, having escaped that policing and become quickly immune to the subsequent schoolma'am, has gone on developing with almost Elizabethan prodigality. All the processes of word-formation that were in operation in Shakespeare's England are still in operation here, and they produce a steady stream of neologisms that he would have relished as joyfully as he relished the novelties actually produced in his time, for example, *lonely*, *multitudinous*, *dwindle*, and *bump*.

The English, from the Age of Anne onward, have resisted the march of American with a mixture of patriotic watchfulness and moral indignation, albeit with steadily decreasing effec-

tiveness. When Francis Moore in his *Voyage to Georgia* (1744) denounced our use of the noun *bluff* (in the topographical sense) as "barbarous" he lined out a hymn that is still being sung stridently by many an English pedant. After the Revolution it rose to a roar, with the quarterly reviews leading, and Southey, Landor, Wordsworth, Tom Moore, and other such lights of letters carrying the bass. The main attack began in 1787, when the *European Review* fell upon the English of Thomas Jefferson's *Notes on the State of Virginia*, and especially upon his use of *to belittle*, apparently his own invention. Thus it roared:

Belittle! What an expression! It may be an elegant one in Virginia, and even perfectly intelligible; but for our part, all we can do is to *guess* at its meaning. [A fling at another Americanism.] For shame, Mr. Jefferson! Why, after trampling upon the honor of our country—why trample also upon the very grammar of our language? . . . Freely, good sir, will we forgive all your attacks, impotent as they are illiberal, upon our national character; but for the future spare—O spare, we beseech you, our mother-tongue!

The *Gentleman's Magazine* joined the charge with sneers for the "uncouth localities" [localisms?] in the "Yankey dialect" of Noah Webster's *Sentimental and Humorous Essays*, and soon all the other English reviews of the time, and especially the *Edinburgh*, the *Monthly Mirror*, the *Critical*, the *Annual*, and the *British Critic*, were heavily engaged. The *Annual*, borrowing the adjective of Francis Moore, denounced "the torrent of barbarous phraseology" that was pouring from the new republic, and the *Monthly Mirror*, forgetting the Treaty of Paris, moaned and beat its breast over "the corruptions and barbarities which are hourly obtaining in the speech of our trans-Atlantic colonies." But the most violent of all the periodical alarmists was the *Edinburgh*, then edited by the bitterly anti-American William Gif-

ford. In almost every issue Gifford warned his readers that the toleration of Americanisms would ruin the English language irrevocably, and it was also he, I believe, who spread the story that the Americans were preparing to abandon English altogether, and to use Hebrew (or Greek, or some unnamed Indian language) in its stead.

The English travelers who began to swarm in America after 1800, and especially after the War of 1812, gave willing aid in this benign work, and scarcely one of them failed to record his horror over the new American words that he encountered, and the unfamiliar American pronunciation. Captain Basil Hall, who was here in 1827 and 1828, went to the length of making a call upon Noah Webster, then a septuagenarian, to lodge his protest.

"Surely," he said, "such innovations are to be deprecated?"

"I don't know that," replied Webster stoutly. "If a word becomes universally current in America, why should it not take its station in the language?"

"Because," answered Hall, with a magnificent resort to British complacency, "there are words enough already."

This hostility continues into our own day. At regular intervals the London dailies and weeklies break into sonorous complaints against the American invasion. The latest inventions of the Hollywood gag-writers are seized upon as proofs that the language is fast going to pot in this country, along with the sub-species of the human race that speaks it. Even the relatively cautious and plainly useful simplicities of American spelling (as in the *-or* words, for example) are sometimes denounced with great rancor. But it is really too late for the English to guard the purity of their native tongue, for so many Americanisms have already got into it that, on some levels at least, it is now

almost an American dialect. It has often amused me to count the Americanisms in articles written to put them down. There are hundreds of them in daily use in England, and many have become so familiar that an Englishman, on being challenged for using them, will commonly argue that they are actually English.

Thus a note of despair reveals itself in the current objurgations, and there are Englishmen who believe that the time has come to compromise with the invasion, and even to welcome it. The father of this pro-American party seems to have been the late William Archer, who was saying so long ago as 1899 that Americans had "enormously enriched the language, not only with new words, but (since the American mind is, on the whole, quicker and wittier than the English) with apt and luminous colloquial metaphors." The late Dr. Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate from 1913 until his death in 1930, was of like mind with Archer, and of late there have been influential recruits to the party—among them, Richard Aldington, Wyndham Lewis, Edward Shanks, and Virginia Woolf. "In England," said Mrs. Woolf not long ago, "the word-coining power has lapsed. . . . When we want to freshen our speech we borrow from American—*poppycock*, *rambunctious*, *flip-flop*, *booster*, *good mixer*. All the expressive, ugly, vigorous slang which creeps into use among us, first in talk, later in writing, comes from across the Atlantic."

I turn to Dr. Ogden's list of fifty "international" nouns for the Basic vocabulary—and find that no less than nine of them are American, not English. I turn to Professor Ichikawa's list of English words that have been taken into Japanese—and Americanisms bristle from every page. Plainly enough, the conquest of the world by English, if it ever comes off, will really be a conquest by American.



IS CAPITALISM TO BLAME?

BY NATHANIEL PEFFER

ALL the current polemics on the economic system are less conclusive on the economic system than reflective of a general truth: we still practice a kind of intellectual animism. We do not quite endow inanimate nature with the attributes of good and evil spirits, since we are no longer primitive, but we do frame our thinking even on the impersonal aspects of the world about us within a hero-villain dualism. The economic controversy is illustrative. Capitalism is either the villain of the social drama, about to consummate our destruction, or it is the *deus ex machina* which descended once to elevate us to lofty heights and will raise us still higher if we but let it alone. All of which makes a hot debate but may be off the main point. Something has indeed happened to us, but is it capitalism?

The issue in debate appears to be whether capitalism is the agent of evil or the source of the boons which have made life easier and fuller for the majority of men in the past hundred years. To those of the school of thought which ranges from pale pink to Moscow red, capitalism is bringing society to ruin. It has concentrated wealth in the possession of the few and made wage slaves of the masses; it has deprived us of security and condemned us to starve in the midst of plenty; it drives us to imperialistic rivalries and war. The case of the conservative school, ranging from New Dealers to bank presidents, is less clear, but its

main tenet is that to capitalism must be credited the benefits which can be summed up as higher standard of living: the diffusion throughout the population of privileges once restricted to a small favored class—emancipation from physical drudgery, more leisure, greater comforts, amenities once enjoyed only by the wealthy, more and better recreation, education for the masses, and opportunity to rise in the social scale without regard to class origin.

Now the facts as cited by both sides are indisputable. The state of our society is indeed precarious, to say the least. There are few who seriously believe that the past few years have been merely a period of cyclical depression and that the economic system can ever function as it did before 1929. The menace of wars that may carry with them the ruin of Western civilization is too plain to need documentation, and war is endemic to the system. On the other hand, the material progress of the last century has been prodigious; to men of the eighteenth century it would seem miraculous. In this progress the masses have shared, disproportionately of course, but to an extent that has made their lives what their forefathers would have conceived as elysian. Both sides are right in their facts but wrong in the cause to which they ascribe them. For the agent of evil or source of boons, whichever it may be, is not capitalism but machine industrialism—science and mechan-

cal invention applied to production.

To attribute material progress to any other cause, whether capitalism, liberalism, or democracy, is obviously fallacious. Parenthetically, it is not only fallacious but sentimental to plead for the preservation of the existing system, as for example Ludwig Lewisohn did in a recent issue of *HARPER'S*, on the ground that the alternative systems would nullify liberalism and, therefore, derogate from individual dignity. If the majority of men have attained any individual dignity in modern times that is because they no longer have to be beasts of burden and because they no longer live permanently on the margin of subsistence, as men did in Europe in the Middle Ages and still do in Asia to this day. And this they owe, not to any philosophy of liberalism but to the fact that the machine has enabled men for the first time to produce a surplus over their physical needs. We have more food because soil chemistry, plant and animal biology and motor-driven agricultural implements have increased the yield of the soil and of food animals. We have more clothes because machine spindles and looms can produce incomparably more yards of fabric in a day than spinning wheels and hand looms, and can produce them more cheaply. And so on. Out of the resulting increase of wealth it has been possible to pay for the dissemination of the less tangible benefits such as education, free libraries, hospitals, museums, and good roads. It was not capitalism that made surplus wealth possible, but surplus wealth that made capitalism possible. To science and technology we owe the benefits of a high standard of living, not to any form of economic organization. No form of economic organization could have prevented their diffusion through the body of the population. Any economic organization that obstructed their diffusion

would have fallen of its own weight. This is precisely the fatal weakness of the present economic organization, that it does operate to check further diffusion.

The case against capitalism as the prime cause of the social malady is not so easy to refute. Its weakness lies in its emphasis rather than in its content. All that it says is true but it is not the whole truth. For capitalism did not make social dislocation so much as social dislocation made capitalism. If by capitalism is meant private ownership of the means of production, then it is not new. That existed before the eighteenth century, and the economic system functioned then because there was internal equilibrium. As between the merchant of a Hansa town and a New York corporation the difference is so great that they belong to two orders which cannot be compared. So also as between the Florentine banker and a Wall Street investment banker. What distinguishes private ownership of means of production now from private ownership in the past is its wider range to-day, its dependence on finance and, in consequence, its concentration. And this flows directly from machine production, which by definition is mass production and concentration of control. What gave capitalism its power and its dangerousness, then, was machine industrialism.

One of the stock arguments of the Marxists is that imperialism is the last stage of capitalism. This argument best shows the wrong emphasis rather than the fallacy of the Marxist argument. For imperialism is not the last stage of capitalism but the second stage of industrialism, capitalism being the first. That imperialism and war for imperialistic reasons are inevitable in the present economic order are, to the writer at least, incontrovertible. The facts of contemporary international

relations make theoretical argument unnecessary. World politics to-day turn on a struggle for economic outlets, a struggle we cannot escape. This is not new. It has underlain international relations since the middle of the nineteenth century. Now it has reached a critical stage by reason of the evolution of the industrial system. The disparity between our productive capacity and income available for absorption compels every industrialized nation to reach out for markets. The Far East is the type illustration. The gathering conflict in Eastern Asia is caused by the efforts of Japan to erect a wall round China for its own exploitation and the resistance to those efforts by the Western Powers, led by the United States, which must have access to the Chinese market.

All this is true, and it is true at the same time that capitalism is the form of economic organization under which we live. It may be true also that the imperialistic struggle will mark the last stage of the present economic order, since war may end in general dissolution. But from this it does not follow that capitalism is the originating cause of imperialism. If imperialism can be defined as domination of a weak country by a strong one for purposes of economic exploitation, then not capitalism but industrialism is the cause. For once industrialism set in, economic expansion was necessary and inevitable. Capitalism only determined the spirit and form of exploitation. Actuated by the motive of the highest profit in the shortest time, those who controlled the economic organisms of the strongest Western countries carried out the expansion with ruthlessness, disregard for the countries exploited, and indifference to the obligations imposed on the expanding countries in the form of armaments and war. Whether it was the forced sale of opium to China,

forced native labor in African mines, atrocities in African and South American plantations, the expropriation of Hawaiian lands or, for that matter, the gutting of American forests by Americans themselves, the method of expansion was almost uniformly cruel and predacious.

The method might have been avoided, but not the movement of expansion, for without such expansion the industrialization of the West would have been arrested. Had there been foreknowledge of the forces contained in industrialization, the pace of expansion might have been retarded. It might then have been foreseen that mechanization entailed the integration of a country's economy and that unless a balance were maintained between the increase of productive facilities and the distribution of the increasing wealth, nationalistic expansion would be necessary without regard to consequences in the form of cruelty to the countries exploited and wars among the exploiters. In that case it would have been recognized that restrictions had to be imposed on private property and private initiative and that industrialization would have to be a social enterprise from the beginning. But in the nature of things such foreknowledge was impossible. Human experience had had no precedent for an industrialized society.

With all the measures of prevention that foresight might have recommended, there would still have been expansion. For one thing, there was the question of raw materials. After the first stages of industrialization all the industrializing countries had to have access to fresh sources of raw materials. Even had they possessed the most sensitive social intentions, they could not have waited for primitive tribes to learn how to cultivate rubber plantations or mine coal and iron and tin. Nor could they have

waited for the Chinese and Hindus and Arabs spontaneously to generate a demand for machine-made textiles, which, incidentally, would deprive many among themselves of a means of livelihood. Some kind of control would have had to be imposed on the technologically backward regions. There would have had to be a degree of duress, capitalism or no capitalism. The difference would have been only one of degree. Imperialism was foredoomed by machine production, exactly as was the peculiar form of private ownership called capitalism. In fact, if the whole world were to communize in 1935 under the ægis of the Third International, China and India and Mexico would not be left free to make their own social and economic decisions. Mr. Gandhi, for example, would not be permitted to indulge any whims with regard to home-spun textiles.

Now this whole argument is not just a medieval disputation on angels on the point of a needle. It has a definite bearing on our approach to the solution of the profound social problems that beset us. Both our efforts and our hopes must be colored by what we conceive to be the cause of our difficulties. Clear out the rascals, we used to cry in desperation at our political tribulations. Clear them out, and all would be well with the system of representative government that we called democracy. Then all our tribulations would be over; for political salvation was by democracy. We know better now. Yet there is a tendency to cry out in much the same accents over our economic tribulations. Clear out the capitalistic rascals, and all would be well with us; for salvation is by collectivism. And we shall know better than that too some day.

This is said without reference to the merits or indispensability of a collective order. In fact that question may

be said to be closed. For all practical purposes a collectivism is already forming, though under private and irresponsible control, anarchically exercised. To this writer at least it seems beyond argument that it will have to be placed under social control, the only question being by what method control shall be imposed. As has been said, not the content of the anti-capitalistic case but its emphasis is faulty. That private ownership of means of production, production for profit, concentration of credit, and individual economic autonomy will long endure is hardly conceivable. If they are not abolished on deliberation, they may be expected to pass with the breakdown of the social machine which they clog or be buried in the wreckage of a social order destroyed by war.

II

Capitalism may pass either by ejection or by its own inanition, but it does not follow that the social maladjustments of the capitalistic age will pass with it. For their origin goes deeper than capitalism. They are the product of the most radical revolution in the history of the race, the sharpest break men have ever made with their past. It is platitudinous to say that there was a greater change in man's way of life after 1800 than in all the millennia preceding, but it is true, nevertheless. And the new forces of the industrial revolution burst more than the economic institutions surviving from a handicraft and peasant economy. A whole culture was shattered and the cumulative effects of disintegration are only now being felt. Much of what we attribute to the economic depression, the World War, and the spirit of jazz is the impact of these effects, now felt for the first time without the buffer of increasing prosperity.

A sense of the wholeness of life, of a harmonious and balanced relation between the component parts, without which no culture can preserve its integrity or individuals have unthwarted lives—that has been lost. Therefore the lack of conviction, of genuine belief in the worth of what we do, of innately accepted purposes, that produces the inner discontent so characteristic of our time. This is best seen in the world of education. It may be that the health of a culture is always most faithfully reflected in its education. The educational world to-day is turbulent, with feverish motion, controversies generating more heat than light, new curricula and plans of organization succeeding one another interminably, new subject matter and new teaching methods. Inwardly, education is barren, and the discrepancy between effort and result is appalling, as educators themselves point out most bitingly. The reason is that education has lost its certainty of ends. All the arguments about "objectives" of education prove that there is no objective. And there cannot be. Until 1800 we knew the kind of world we had to educate each generation to live in and, therefore, we knew how to do so. That world is gone. To-day we do not know the kind of world to fit ourselves for. We have no commonly held philosophy of what a world ought to be. It is impossible to educate for a shifting twilight zone.

What is true of education is true of all other institutions. The family has lost its binding force because its economic basis has been weakened. Its members work outside the home. The functions of home-making are carried on outside the home and brought in by purchase. Preparation of food, making of clothes, schooling of children, now even the bringing up of children, are increasingly outside the sphere of

members of the family. Housekeeping too has been mechanized. It is an industry. The home is a place of residence; it is not lived in. For cognate reasons the relations of the sexes are in a state of social pathology. The position of woman is no longer fixed. She claims, and is partially conceded, a position of equality, not out of any philosophy of equality of the sexes but because woman's liberation from domestic drudgery has given her mobility and freed her from economic as well as intellectual dependence on the male. But being neither dependent nor yet quite equal, she is in a twilight zone, and twilight zones are psychologically unhealthy. The bitter quarrels between Modernists and Fundamentalists are symptomatic of the state of religion. When religious faith must be debated it is no longer religion or faith. Most significantly, the religious war is confined to professional soldiers of the church. The masses of the laity go their way indifferent and not even aware of the battle for their souls. Similarly, the absorption of artists in questions of technic and art forms is symptomatic of the inner barrenness of art. When artists are over-exercised about manner of expression, when there is passionate loyalty or antipathy to new "schools," it is evidence that the artist has nothing to express. Like education, art must have an unspoken, intuitively felt address to life. Our art reflects nothing because there is nothing static and permanent enough to reflect. The institution of government has lost authority and status because it too has lost its basis. Its traditional functions are disappearing. Power to-day lies where financial credit is, and political government becomes increasingly supernumerary. It reigns but does not rule. All the political philosophies from Confucius to Woodrow Wilson no longer have relevancy.

III

More than the abolition of capitalism is required to recapture the sense of the wholeness of life, since more than economic maladjustment is involved. Indeed, the abolition of capitalism, with the requisite restriction of individual freedom of action, will impose additional strains. There will be new inner conflicts, the more destructive for being new. And it has not yet been conclusively established, nor can it be established in advance, that all external conflicts will be eliminated. There will still be different areas in the world with peculiar interests growing out of their physical environment and historical background. While the dominant motives of group conflict today, which are the rivalries of economic nationalism, will be eliminated, there will be other conflicts of interests which have to be reconciled. Social revolution will aggravate the disruption caused by the industrial revolution if, that is, it is not more accurate to say that the social revolution is the continuance of the industrial revolution. In any event until the poise lost by the introduction of the machine is regained it will be a time of confusion, of searching, and of dissatisfaction—of dislocations which will show themselves in many ways, directly and indirectly. Any society is healthy only when it has firmly wedged roots.

It is this fact that gives a psychological validity to the all-embracing and minute dogma of the communists. To the orthodox communists it is not enough to be right in economic doctrine. It is necessary to be correct also on all other forms of belief and on doctrines covering every form of activity. Intellectual acceptance is not enough. Without unquestioning emotional loyalty it is not even important. This is what gives the communist party its ecclesiastical character and makes

it repugnant to many who believe that Marx cannot be successfully refuted on economic grounds. The minutiae of dogma may be repellent, but in so far as they grow out of a recognition that every culture must be an integral whole, they are also sound. "Class botany," class sculpture, class singing, and solemn inquiries into the "party line" on interior decorating, picnics and musical comedy are humorless, ridiculous, and calculated to exclude all those whose minds are not rigid and angular. Also they lend themselves to bigotry, pharisaism, inquisitorial cruelty, and a flattening and deadening of the spirit. And beyond doubt they exercise a magnetic attraction to the psychotic. In every communist group there is a good deal of clinical material. But the basic concept of consistency of belief, dissociated from humorlessness and the anæsthetic effect of slogans, is sound. It is unsound only in the manner of its application.

One's economic beliefs ought to have some relation to one's political convictions, religious attitude, educational philosophy, artistic preferences. But they cannot all be measured against written specifications to determine whether they are related. When botany is examined to see whether it is class botany then most likely it is not botany. When "proletarian" literature is consciously written as proletarian literature it is neither proletarian nor literature. This, incidentally, is what makes the current controversy among certain groups of younger literary men in the United States so comical. They are solemnly charging one another with not being proletarian enough in their novels or not being proletarian at all. They bid one another go out and be proletarian in their writing if they would seem alive. As if feeling proletarian could come by invocation!

It may be that the old literary tradition is sterile; but a new one cannot be formed by resolution. Literary men cannot go about canvassing the different spirits they might feel, choosing the one they prefer and then expressing it. Perhaps it is true that the only literature that can have vitality to-day is the literature of mass protest; but if so then probably it will be written by those who are of the masses and without any awareness that it is a new literature or a new spirit, or even protest. They will just be transmuting into an art form something which has been inwardly comprehended. The young men who elect to do proletarian novels, however genuine their sympathies may be, will be turning out synthetic stuff, as synthetic as any popular magazine short story. The same may be said for what is called "modernistic." The impatience with reproducing classic designs for use in a world of airplanes and skyscrapers is warranted; Colonial highboys are indeed out of place in a small eighteenth-floor apartment reached by express elevators. But sharp angles and a glistening surface do not *per se* make the modern spirit either. The spirit of the world of electric power and speed and machines will some day be caught, but he who first succeeds will not know that he is being modern.

The point of distinction is in the consciousness. Conscious election of a philosophy or an art form or a religion or any other phase of culture is akin to the balloting on traditions in the Middle Western State universities a generation ago. And it has as much permanent effect. Social institutions, art forms, philosophies, and perhaps religions as well, must grow out of the soil of a culture. If there is a classless society there should be a classless art, but there cannot be a classless art until there has been a classless society. Also, however, until there is a con-

formity in spirit between the organization of society, manner of livelihood, education, philosophy, and art a people will be at cross purposes within itself.

The nations of the Occident have been at cross purposes within themselves since the advent of the machine. The old traditional institutions cannot assimilate the machine, and the machine age has not yet had time to shape its own institutions. The result is the dislocations that put our time out of joint. Of these dislocations the most patent, the most painful, and the most dangerous to survival is economic. Until the economic readjustment is made there can be no health in us. But it is courting disappointment and disillusion to assume that there will be health as soon as our economic difficulties are over. The economic may be the determinant always, or at least the preponderant; but it is never exclusive of all else. The economic system does not and cannot function as now articulated; but that is not all that has been wrong with us. It is not even the originating cause of our malady. It is, however, a cause that can most easily be dealt with. It lies within the realm of decision, of conscious choice. Most of our difficulties are of a kind that we probably cannot "do anything about." All the elements of a culture must be in harmonious relation, but it has never yet been learned how that relation is arrived at. Nor has it been determined what constitutes harmonious relationship. Probably, the answer would be, when there no longer is any need to think about it. Probably a culture works to the satisfaction and fulfillment of a race only when it has sunk below the level of consciousness. If that is so, then time is the only recourse, and at the best a difficult period of transition lies before us. This does not mean, however, that we must commit ourselves to

fatalistic resignation or the negation of merely waiting. There is a wide range within which action is practicable. Definite steps can be taken with reference to political and economic problems. But to disabuse ourselves of messianic expectations is to save ourselves waste of motion, of energy, of moral enthusiasm, perhaps also waste of needless human suffering. For messianic dedication often carries within itself a strain of cruelty to the unbelieving; none so meet for punishment as those who will not let us save them.

The unhappy but implacable truth

is that the steam from James Watt's famous teakettle began the shattering of the walls of Western civilization as they had stood since the Renaissance. Henry Ford is finishing that which Watt began. They are the evil geniuses, if it is a question of good or evil at all. The civilization which will ultimately succeed the one they are laying low may be higher and conducive to greater happiness, but it will include much more than a new principle of economic organization. That will be one of the foundation stones, perhaps even the cornerstone; but no more. The interim will be a time of travail.

ELSA MOURNS FOR LOHENGRIN

BY ANNE GOODWIN WINSLOW

PERHAPS you'd think,
*After that parting on the brink,
 The burst of music and the flash of wings,
 She would not love the river any more;
 But girls were always curious things;
 She still would sit for hours on the shore.*

*Often the earliest fisher would
 Find her already there,
 And wonder that a princess should
 Be anywhere
 Except in bed,
 And many a passing boatman bowed his head
 And breathed a prayer,
 Thinking she was a mermaid, from her hair.*

*And when one day
 A little goose-girl drove her flock that way
 And the tall leader, bolder than the rest,
 Slipped through the sedge
 And the high reeds and launched his snowy breast
 There in the river's edge,
 She heard a scream
 And saw the willow branches part
 And saw a lady clutching at her heart;
 Yet there was nothing but the gleam
 Of those white feathers on the stream.*



STIFLED LAUGHTER

BY EUGENE LYONS

THERE is a story which everyone in Europe and nearly everyone outside of Europe has heard at least once, and it is not a particularly funny story. To prove that its laughter is not Olympian I shall repeat it:

A citizen, walking by the riverside, heard a desperate cry for help. A man was drowning. The citizen jumped in and dragged the man safely to shore. The dripping stranger assumed a Napoleonic pose as he could under the circumstances and announced, "I am Mussolini!" Then he added, "You have saved my life and shall be rewarded. Ask anything you wish and it shall be yours!"

The frightened hero did not hesitate. He knew exactly what he wanted. "I ask only one thing," he said. "Don't tell anyone it was I who saved you."

That is how it is told in Italy. The identical story appears in Bolshevik garb, with Stalin's name in place of Mussolini's, and it is turned Aryan by putting Hitler through the anecdotal drenching. But it remains a minor jest.

Yet there are men and women to-day in Siberian exile, in German concentration camps, and on Italian penal islands because they could not resist the temptation of telling this story to someone who had probably heard it before, and within earshot of a patriotic informer. Hundreds of others are constantly risking their careers and their freedom for the mad joy of

telling it—of thumbing their noses in parable at the keepers of their strait-jacketed countries.

Dangerous sport it is, and perhaps for that very reason more alluring. But wagging a finger of ridicule at the head men is definitely unhealthy. In Italy, Germany, and Russia alike *lèse-majesté* (which is called "counter-revolution") is a crime that brings swift punishment.

Another tepid anecdote, which for the thrill of telling people seem willing to stake their liberty, is current with negligible variations under all three dictatorships. It recounts an occasion when the great leader (Mussolini, Hitler, or Stalin, as the case might be) entered a motion picture theater incognito. In the course of a newsreel his own image appeared on the screen. Instantly the audience launched an ovation. Everybody rose and cheered. Only the dictator himself remained seated. His neighbor thereupon poked him in the ribs.

"You better stand up, my friend," he said under his breath. "We all feel the way you do about it, but it's not safe to show it."

That, too, has produced its quota of exiles in all dictated lands, though to an outsider its humor seems scarcely worth a major sacrifice. These are typical favorites in the repertory of jokes aimed at the exalted rulers, a sort of safety valve for the doubts and resentments and envies of otherwise meek subjects. Less exalted leaders

also come in for their share of such spoofing. Every important event, every new policy or change in general conditions produces its complement of illicit, politically off-color jokes.

Indeed, one of the curious bitter-sweet by-products of dictatorship in Europe to-day is the bootlegged humor—a sad, sardonic, slightly mad humor that flourishes in the shadows of secrecy and is watered by its own tears.

Wherever democratic forms have been entirely destroyed the contraband stuff is passed from mouth to mouth, often in fear, always with misgivings. It is spread by the obedient disciples of dictated Causes no less than by their enemies and victims. For all of them it is the only intellectual escape under conditions of absolute suppression of free speech and press. Some of the humor is bold mockery of those in power, their foibles, and their pretensions. Much of it is subtle allegory, rich in overtones and multiple meanings.

And all this stifled laughter is significant. Every story carries a hint of emotional and economic rebellion smoldering under the surface of appearances. The stories are usually a direct reflection of the harsh circumstances in which they were invented and disseminated. Social criticism which cannot possibly be attempted outright finds an outlet in these anecdotes. Some are, in fact, so intimately related to local policies or events that only those who know can get the point.

The French Revolution was likewise prolific in such humor, and a considerable collection is said to be in existence in book form. An analogous collection for present-day Germany, Italy, or Russia would be a fascinating document. It would mirror aspects of life and sentiment beneath the statistics, slogans, and neat apologies of the various propaganda departments. Un-

fortunately the only extensive collections are in the possession of the Secret Service organizations, which show no desire to put them at the disposal of journalists. In Moscow the G.P.U. (now the Commissariat for Internal Affairs) has a special department to gather and record all *sub-rosa* jokes.

An exhaustive treatise on current political humor must, therefore, be postponed. Here we can merely sample the raw materials out of which that treatise may be fashioned. I shall draw primarily on Germany and Russia, since these countries represent the two principal types of dictatorship, and because I am more familiar with their desperate, choked-up laughter than with the Italian and Austrian brands.

The interest in this underground humor is not only vast but deep. In Berlin, which I visited often while stationed in Moscow, I met Russians of all political shadings, from Communists on official missions to embittered emigrés. Regardless of their political complexion, when they realized that I was fresh from the land of Soviets they sooner or later asked me the same question: "What are the latest anecdotes?"

And after the advent of Hitler I was confronted with the identical query by German emigrés in places like Moscow, Vienna, or Paris. Germans and Russians alike betrayed a strange eagerness in their thirst for the political humor of the hour, as though the stories conveyed to them, more effectively than mere facts and figures, a little of the authentic moods of their homelands. It was in a sense a manifestation of their nostalgia.

Invariably I was able to contribute a few new ones to their happiness. They listened not alone with their minds but with their souls. The most recent anecdote seemed to them news from home more intimate in quality than anything else I could tell them.

At home the eagerness for the latest,

most impudent joke sticking a pin into the dictatorship is no less urgent. The telling, however, is far more circum-spect and pleasantly suffused with the tang of forbidden fruit. At critical moments the charge of disseminating "counter-revolutionary humor" may be brought against anyone who runs afoul of the new masters.

Despite the risks there are people who collect these anecdotes as enthusiastically as others collect postage stamps or first editions. Like those other collectors, they are always willing to swap. They will give a dozen frayed and dog-eared jokes for a new one, or without any return at all, for the sheer pleasure of displaying their wealth. Like those other collectors, they are endlessly searching, burrowing, begging for additions to the stock.

"Did you hear the one about . . . ?" is a conventional form of greeting for thousands who live their cramped lives under dictatorships. Nine times out of ten you *have* heard that one. The speed with which a new story sweeps through a nation is phenomenal.

II

Many of the stories are identical for Germany and the Soviet Union, or so similar that one wonders where they originated or whether they sprang into being independently and simultaneously in both countries.

In both countries for instance it is now a common saying that the Jews have decided to disown Moses. "But why?" the innocent bystander inquires, and is informed: "Because if Moses had not led them out of Egypt they would now be enjoying the protection of British passports."

In both countries likewise there are analogous anecdotes ridiculing the intense propaganda carried on by their press. The Soviet version runs approximately as follows:

President Kalinin was making an impassioned speech in Moscow about the great economic progress of the Soviet land. With particular emphasis he described the brand new twenty-storey skyscrapers on Karl Marx Street in Kharkov.

"Comrade Kalinin," a worker in the audience rose naïvely to correct the speaker. "I live in Kharkov. Every day almost I take a long walk on Karl Marx Street but I have never seen such skyscrapers—"

"That's the trouble with workers like you," Kalinin shouted angrily. "You waste your time in promenading the streets instead of reading the newspapers and learning what is going on in your country."

The German variation on this theme is normally represented as a dialogue between Karl, the enthusiast for Nazi notions, and Otto, the skeptic. They are overheard as they walk along the waterfront in Hamburg:

Karl: Isn't it marvelous what our *Führer* has done in such a short time! Look at the harbor, Otto, crowded with ships, and the docks crowded with goods. . . . Look at the thousands of happy sailors. Only yesterday, it seems, most of them were unemployed and hopeless. Now listen to them singing as they work. . . . Isn't it wonderful!

Otto (perplexed): But everything is deserted here. I can't see any ships or sailors and can't hear any singing.

Karl: The trouble with you and other men of limited vision is that you don't read the Nazi papers—you don't hear the speeches of our leaders.

One of the first anecdotes I heard on arriving in Moscow in 1928 struck me as particularly sharp. It suggested forcibly the discontent and bitterness bottled up in the population by fear. In the following years I was obliged to

listen to the story innumerable times, until it lost its satirical edge. But in 1934 it was proffered to me in a scared undertone in Berlin, with German rather than Soviet characters, and the transplantation somehow restored its cutting edge.

Five ordinary Germans, I was told, were sitting in a crowded café, each thinking his private thoughts about his private sorrows. One of them sighed lugubriously, another groaned aloud, a third shook his head in despair, a fourth choked down tears. The fifth, in a frightened voice, whispered:

"But my friends, be careful! How often have I told you not to discuss politics in public!"

The Soviet precursor of this sad joke usually places its protagonists in a crowded street car instead of a café. Husband and wife are sitting there, chewing the cud of their troubles in silence. The husband cannot repress his feelings.

"Oi . . . oi . . . oi . . ." he sighs aloud. The wife, nearly scared out of her wits, nudges him vigorously. "Ivan Petrovich," she chides him, "how many times must I warn you not to talk counter-revolution in public!"

Another set of anecdotes roughly parallel in the two countries runs as follows:

In Germany: A citizen is brought before the special court charged with having insulted the Hitler government. He denies all the allegations firmly. The Nazi prosecutor is enraged and addresses the Nazi judges: "Your Excellencies, witnesses have testified that this fellow used the expression 'scoundrels, incendiaries, and murderers.' The accused himself does not deny having used these words. I ask you, Your Excellencies, whom else could he have referred to but our glorious Nazi regime?"

In Russia: Two men are engaged in

conversation on a Moscow street corner. One of them forgets himself and speaks his mind too forcefully. "This government," he shouts, "consists of rascals and fools. It is starving the population and enslaving the peasants, and everything is going to rack and ruin!"

At that point a G.P.U. agent who overhears this outburst seizes the offender and begins to drag him off to headquarters. The man's friend, wishing to save him, begins to argue with the agent.

"But comrade," he pleads, "don't take this fellow so seriously. The man is crazy and not responsible for what he says."

The agent, however, is not to be caught by such a ruse.

"Huh," he snorts, "you want me to believe he's crazy, do you? But if he's crazy how does it happen he understands the true political situation so perfectly?"

Corresponding conditions elsewhere produce similar ironic stories. Doubtless the Italians have some to match—and in none of these countries is there the slightest awareness that similar anecdotes are being told in the self-same spirit of furtive mockery beyond their frontiers.

But the great mass of this humor is profoundly local, mirroring situations and personalities and states of mind native to the spot. An outsider may understand them in the abstract and even enjoy their satire. But only those immersed in the realities that nurture this contraband humor, those who laugh at their own sorrows and deride their own taskmasters, can appreciate it in full measure. A story which may sound feeble to anyone unfamiliar with its setting acquires a poignant humor and pathos when the conditions under which the story arose are understood.

III

Perhaps the most widely known and whispered piece of verbal contraband in Germany is the one which at one stroke deflates a batch of Nazi chieftains. It is recounted in many variations, one of which runs as follows:

While digging for archaeological secrets, scientists discovered an interesting skeleton. It was blond like Hitler, slender like Goering, tall like Goebbels, virile like Schleicher. Nearby lay a collection box. The scientists instantly understood that they had unearthed a great treasure: they had found the first Nazi—a blond, slender, tall, virile Aryan. (Perspicacious readers will deduce, even if they did not know it, that Hitler is the opposite of blond, Goering the opposite of slender, etc.)

A runner-up in popularity, and probably the most dangerous one to air within the German borders, strikes out most unkindly at Hitler himself:

A young Nazi, cocky in his brown uniform, thought he would have some fun with the Jewish delicatessen shopkeeper on his street. He entered the shop and demanded a Hitler herring. The proprietor was scared and astonished. He was very sorry, he apologized, but he had no such herring.

"What! No Hitler herring!" the Nazi stormed. "This is an insult to the leader. I shall return this evening. If by that time you have no Hitler herrings for sale I'll have your shop wrecked!"

He departed, chuckling. A few hours later, when he had quite forgotten his practical joke, he passed that shop again. The shopkeeper hailed him and invited him in.

"I have the Hitler herring for you," he announced proudly.

"You have? But there is no such thing," the Nazi said.

"Yes, there is," the delicatessen man insisted. "I made it myself. I simply

took a Bismarck herring, removed the brains and the backbone, and presto! it became a Hitler herring!"

The opponents of Hitler at the outset of his triumph accused him of lacking a definite program of action. That circumstance provides the explanation for the following anecdote:

Hitler entered a theater. In the darkness the usher did not recognize him. Hitler having been seated, the usher asked him in a whisper: "Have you got a program, sir?" Whereat the *Führer* shouted, "To the concentration camp with the impudent fellow!"

Another time, again according to humorous lore, Hitler was inspecting a State asylum for the insane.

"Who is the funny little fellow with the Chaplin mustache?" one of the inmates asked. Hitler overheard the question.

"Don't you know me?" he asked, offended. "I am Adolf Hitler, the leader of the whole German race."

"Aha!" the inmate said, "that's how it started with me too."

Nor is Hitler the only target of these ironical shafts. The physical and psychological idiosyncrasies of his associates in power are the focal points for cycles of jokes. Herr Goering's notorious partiality for various and gaudy uniforms, Dr. Goebbels' embarrassingly Semitic looks, the late President von Hindenburg's supposed absentmindedness are all pegs on which to hang stories.

The small, dark, sharp-featured Dr. Goebbels, arch-enemy of Jews and director of Nazi propaganda, is referred to as "Wotan's Mickey Mouse" and "Mahatma Propa-Gandhi." His un-Aryan visage and physique stimulate stories like the following:

An old Polish Jew appears before Hitler to present a petition. The *Führer* is astonished by this visit and

demands to know how the old man, Hebraic ear-curls and all, managed to get by the guards. The visitor hesitates to speak but in the end is obliged to confess: "I simply told the guards that I am the father of Herr Dr. Goebbels."

The same Goebbels was reporting on some subject to the aged President von Hindenburg. As he talked, the old general dozed off. Shaking himself out of the doze, a minute later, he looked at Goebbels and could not quite recall what it was all about. But nonchalantly he covered up his embarrassment.

"I am sorry, my dear man," he said. "Personally I feel very sympathetic, but I can do nothing, absolutely nothing, for your persecuted fellow-Jews."

Of General Goering and his love of uniforms it is told that his housekeeper once rushed to him excitedly with the news that a water-pipe had burst in the cellar and the house was being flooded.

"Do come down and do something, Herr Goering," the woman sobbed.

Goering wrung his hands in despair. "I can't go down! There is nothing I can do! I haven't got my admiral's uniform here."

On another occasion, the stories have it, Hitler sat in the imperial box at the opera during a performance of "Lohengrin." Wagner's glorious knight, in the extravagant stage costume, went to the box between acts to pay his respects to the *Führer*. He paused behind Hitler, getting up courage to address the great man. From the corner of his eye, however, Hitler caught a glimpse of the gaudily costumed person behind him in the half-darkness.

"But, Goering," Hitler whispered reprovingly, "this is really too much . . ."

A more elaborate variation on this theme shows Goering, gorgeously uniformed and covered with orders and

medals, inspecting the fleet. Going through the flagship, he enters one of the cabins and sticks his head through a porthole.

Sailors on another ship are discussing the number and variety of orders worn by Admiral Goering. Just then they see his head emerge through the porthole of the flagship.

"Well, this is the limit!" one of the sailors exclaims. "Now he's hung a battleship round his neck."

The supposed absentmindedness and servility of von Hindenburg in relation to his Nazi advisers are commemorated in a vast number of stories. There is the one for example in which a minor official comes to call on the President. Knowing that he will have to wait for hours, he brings along a sandwich wrapped in brown paper. After an hour or two he gets hungry, unpacks the sandwich, and begins munching it. At that moment von Hindenburg's secretary comes out, looks round, and notices the brown wrapping paper on the table. He rushes excitedly to the waiting official.

"Man alive, remove that paper, quick," he yells. "His Excellency the President will be passing here in a moment and if he sees a paper on the table he's sure to sign it."

The aged President's dependence upon his advisers, especially upon Herr Meissner, was a godsend for political jokesmiths. They told of Hindenburg's arrival at the gates of heaven. St. Peter looked at him in surprise.

"But Herr Field Marshal," he said, "what are you doing here? You haven't died yet."

"Really not?" Hindenburg replies, peeved. "In that case that rascal Meissner misinformed me again."

Before his death Hindenburg is supposed by popular humor to have demanded to be taken for a tour through

the concentration camps. "Before I depart," he said, "I want to look once more upon the people who elected me President."

The richest supply of contraband humor, however, arises in Germany from the persecution of Jews by Nazi decrees, especially the unprecedented anti-Semitic policy of considering Germans with a single Jewish grandparent as non-Aryans.

"Who is the best-beloved ancestor in Nazi Germany?" a current riddle asks. The appropriate answer is: "A Jewish great-grandmother. She doesn't spoil your Aryan status and brought money into the family."

On an anniversary of the Armistice Hitler is making a passionate speech about the War. He insists that the Jews were responsible for Germany's defeat. In the front row sits a man of unmistakably Semitic origin. He nods his head so vigorously in agreement with the speaker, that Hitler is pleased.

"There," he exclaims triumphantly, "even a Jew must agree with what I am saying." Then, his curiosity aroused, he addresses the man. "Tell us, in what way was your race responsible for the German defeat?"

"Simple!" the Jew answers. "There were too many Jewish officers."

"But you are mistaken," says Hitler. "There were no Jewish officers in the German army."

"*Aber nein*—I meant too many Jewish officers in the French and American armies," the man corrects him.

One day Hitler, wishing to probe the state of mind of the country, called a group of representative people before him. Among them was a learned rabbi. Those called vied with one another in eulogizing the Nazi system and its leader. Only the rabbi sat silently, sunk in thought.

"Why are you quiet? What are you

doing?" the exasperated Hitler shouted at him.

"Just thinking," the rabbi replied quietly.

"What are you thinking about?" the *Führer* demanded.

At first the rabbi refused to reveal his thoughts, but under pressure he spoke.

"Well, Your Excellency, I was considering a weighty and interesting problem. Pharaoh was a terrible anti-Semite. We Jews outlived him and his government, in remembrance of which we now eat unleavened bread, *matzoth*, on the Passover. Haman was also a terrible Jew-hater. He was hung, and in remembrance of it we Jews now eat a special Purim cake called *haman-tash*. And now I am thinking what we shall eat in remembrance of you, Your Excellency."

The manner in which every new event produces its own crop of witticisms may be judged from the humorous reaction to the occurrences of June 30th, when the Hitler government killed a large number of recalcitrant Nazis.

It happens that a tobacco company encloses small pictures of Nazi leaders with every package of cigarettes. These pictures are collected by boys, who play various games with them. After June 30th, it was said, a new game was devised. It was called "Living or dead?" A card was laid face down on the table and the players guessed whether the man pictured on the card was still living or dead, the one guessing most being the winner.

Growing economic distress netted this one: An unemployed worker, hungry and anæmic looking, pauses on a street corner and takes in another notch in his belt. A Nazi militiaman barks at him: "What are you doing?" The worker looks at him sadly and an-

swers: "Nothing, I'm just having my breakfast."

While President of the Reichsbank, Herr Schacht is represented as conferring with American creditors,

"You have nothing to fear," he assures them. "Germany can meet all its obligations eventually. It is richer than you suppose, because it possesses two great treasures. It has coal underground, and our great leader, Adolf Hitler, above ground."

"The picture would be a lot more favorable," an American is supposed to say, "if the location of these treasures were reversed."

Hitler in the life to come is the subject of the following anecdote. Shortly after entering the gates of pearl he happens to meet Moses and accosts the patriarch of Israel with a shrewd smile:

"Now tell me, just between ourselves. Did that burning bush really set itself on fire, or did you start it?"

IV

The dressed-up revolution of the Soviet propaganda books is laid wide open to doubt by the multiplicity and sardonic bitterness of the political anecdotes which thrive under its ægis. The crop of jokes is the only crop that never fails. The anecdotes carry some suggestion of the hard, chaotic reality and, therefore, merit more than casual attention. At the same time they are not a transcript from life but at most a reflection of it in the distorted looking-glasses of popular satire and natural resentment against the hardships of life.

Karl Radek, scintillating journalist and a revolutionary leader until he settled down to comfortable orthodoxy, is generally credited with fathering scores of the political stories. Indeed, once by way of experiment I concocted a story myself. I told it to only three or four people to test whether and how

fast it would circulate. In a few days my own story was being whispered to me, with embellishments, as "Radek's latest." That was sufficient proof that most of the other humorous tales attributed to his acrobatic mind did not originate there.

But one at least I can vouch for as authentically Radek. I not only witnessed its birth but invested in a cable to transmit it to the American press. A day or two before the Soviet delegation was to leave for a Geneva disarmament conference, Radek, who was a delegate, appeared at an official party. He created a sensation by appearing minus his usual but very unusual fringe of beard. The facial alteration was the chief topic of conversation.

"What's the idea of removing your beard?" I asked him.

"Mr. Lyons," he replied, "I am the only man who has made any real sacrifice for the cause of disarmament."

The shining mark for arrows of humor, naturally, is Joseph Stalin. A touch of arithmetical subtlety may be detected in this:

"How many members are there on the Politburo?" someone asks. (The Politburo is the highest organ of power in the ruling Communist Party, headed by Stalin.)

"Ten," the literal stooge replies.

"All wrong," comes the correction. "There are one billion members on the Politburo."

"What do you mean, a billion?"

"Quite simple: one—and nine zeros."

A more elaborate story does double service. It not only stigmatizes Stalin's immense authority but impugns the intelligence of some of his lieutenants. As told by good Soviet citizens the names of certain Commissars are actually mentioned, but for purposes of this article fictitious names will serve equally well:

A foreign delegation of proletarian

enthusiasts is calling upon the Soviet leaders, one after another. They find Commissar Semionov altogether charming and his answers quite satisfactory. Only one strange fact bothers them—a huge spittoon stands right on the official desk.

"Comrade Semionov," a delegate inquires timidly, "I hope you will pardon my asking, but why do you keep that object on your desk?"

The question sends the commissar into a towering rage.

"It's my spittoon," he yells, "and I put it where I please!"

In the offices of Commissar Rabinovich the visitors have a similar experience. Everything is in tip-top shape, but a chair is suspended from the ceiling. Before leaving a delegate ventures to ask about the strange location of the chair. But Commissar Rabinovich, too, blows up.

"It's my chair," he storms, "and I put it where I please!"

Finally the delegation reaches Stalin himself. Everything proceeds excellently. The foreigners are convinced of the nobility of the experiment and the genius of its leaders. At the conclusion of the interview, however, a delegate alludes to the strange behavior in certain commissariats—a spittoon on the desk, a chair in the air.

"Oh, just disregard them," Stalin smiles. "Those men are idiots."

"But if they are idiots," the delegate persists, "why are they at the head of commissariats?"

This sends Stalin into a fierce rage.

"They're my idiots," he shouts, "and I put them where I please!"

The deep popular skepticism about the renowned Five Year Plans found voice (though in discreet undertones) in a steady flow of anecdote. Most of them had their day and faded out, but a few have remained in the permanent repertory.

Of these the most widely circulated tells of a gentleman who boarded a train stark naked. With the utmost unconcern he sat down and unfolded a newspaper. His amazed fellow-passengers surrounded him and demanded to know the reason for his nudity.

For a long minute the naked citizen could not understand their agitation at all. Then he saw the light:

"Oh, you are astonished by my costume?" he said, innocently. "But there is nothing strange about it. I come from Tobolsk, comrades, where we have already *finished* our Five Year Plan."

The same theme, the acute shortage of clothes as the Plan gathered speed, serves for a no less celebrated item of contraband humor. Michael Kalinin, whose peasant quality makes him a suitable character for many of the stories, was discussing the Soviet situation with a group of peasants. They listened to his praise of the new system for a while, then began complaining about the lack of clothes.

"You peasants put altogether too much importance on the matter of clothes," Kalinin consoled them. "It really isn't as important as you think. Take the Hottentots for instance. They go entirely naked, or at most wear loin cloths, but they are no less happy for it, and they don't complain."

"I suppose," a shrewd peasant commented, "that the Hottentots have had a Soviet government much longer than we."

A take-off on the vaunted "tempo" or rate of speed of the Plans, recounted in a dozen variations, runs thus: A Soviet agitator was having a hard time explaining the meaning of the word "tempo" to a visiting peasant delegation. He resorted to homely illustrations from the everyday life around him.

"I'll tell you what tempo is," he said. "Let's look out of the window. See that street car? Well, before the revolution only one car passed here every hour, now there is one every five minutes. That's tempo."

The peasants understood. Back in their village, one of them was reporting to a circle of his neighbors. He tried to explain "tempo" to them.

"Let's look out of the window," he said.

A funeral was passing at that moment.

"See that?—a funeral!" the peasant declaimed. "Well, before the revolution we had one or so a month. Now, we have one every hour. That's Soviet tempo, my friends."

The revered Lenin is dragged from his granite mausoleum on Red Square, metaphorically speaking, to give point to another shaft at the famous Plan. The story recounts that Lenin left his tomb one night and sneaked into the Kremlin for a visit to his successor.

"Well, friend Joseph," Lenin said, "how are things going?"

Stalin was moved to boastfulness. "Oh, everything is perfectly lovely," said he. "We have just finished the Five Year Plan and the people are with me . . ."

"Another such Five Year Plan," Lenin interrupted, "and all the people will be with *me*."

As progress in technical things began to pile up under the Plan, and goods, especially food, became ever scarcer, the two facts were translated in folk humor into a hyperbolic story. Looking into the future, the story foresaw the roads filled with automobiles and the skies black with airplanes, but the people chronically hungry. Two airplanes pause in their flight and the pilots exchange greetings.

"Hello!" Ivanov says, "where are you going?"

"I'm rushing to Kiev," Stepanov replies. "They say there are some herrings for sale there. . . . And where are you going?"

"I'm on my way to Tashkent. I heard bread is only three rubles a loaf there."

The food shortage indeed was the most prolific breeder of political humor. The tale was told of a meeting to discuss the fight against prostitution. Everybody agreed that it must be stamped out. The sole remaining question was as to which was the proper government agency to undertake the job. Some suggested the Commissariat of Health, others of Education. No agreement could be reached on this matter until a wiser delegate arose.

"Comrades," he said, "I suggest that prostitution be turned over to the Commissariat of Supplies. Then it is sure to disappear. That's what happened to bread, sugar, butter, and everything else the Commissariat of Supplies controls."

At the moment when shortage was most acute and shop shelves most bare, it began to be whispered that the world's largest department store was going up in Moscow. More remarkable than its size, however, was the fact that it would be operated by one man.

"One man? Extraordinary! How will that be done?"

"Quite easily. He will stand at the entrance and shout at the top of his voice, 'There is nothing in this store, citizens, no use going in!'"

The quintessence of this mockery of the Plans, however, was a saying common at the launching of the Second Five Year Plan. "At least," it went, "there will be no *third*

Five Year Plan." The innocent who inquired why not was swiftly enlightened:

"Because ten years is the longest term of punishment allowed under the Soviet laws."

The place occupied by the Jew in Germany, as special object of official persecution, is held in the Soviet Union by the so-called "Nepman"—a term used for private traders under the late New Economic Policy (Nep). Outwardly these Nepmen conformed to the new regime and its ways, but under the surface they despised the Soviet order, which paid back in kind.

One such Nepman passes Red Square with his young son. The boy sees Lenin's tomb and wishes to know what it is.

"That, my son, is the mausoleum of Lenin."

"Lenin? Who is Lenin, daddy?"

"What! You don't know who Lenin is? Why, he's the man who freed us from our chains. You remember, mother's nice gold chain and my thick watch chain."

Another of that clan was asked how he feels. "Well," he says, "I feel exactly like street car number 17. It runs up and back, up and back, between Liubianka Square where the G.P.U. headquarters is located and the Butirka prison for political offenders."

"And how do you feel?" he threw back the question.

"If? Why, I feel on board ship in the middle of the ocean."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that everything nauseates me and there is no way out."

The third of these Nepmen explained that he, for one, feels like a moth. Asked why, he said:

"I mean that I have already eaten up my winter coat and that I am now living on my wife's sable collar."

The dreaded tax collector arrived at the home of a Nepman. A child received him.

"Mother," the child shouted toward an adjoining room, "the comrade tax collector is here."

"I'll be right out, darling," mother shouts back. "Give the comrade a chair."

"But mother," the child informs her, "the comrade wants all the furniture."

From the endless stream of humor, I select a final sample. It tells of a great migration of rabbits across the Soviet frontier into Poland. The surprised Polish officials stopped a rabbit leader and asked for an explanation of this panicky escape.

"Didn't you know," the rabbit said, "that the Soviets have passed a law that all camels must be caught and killed?"

"But you're not camels," the Polish officials said.

"Yes," the rabbit sneered, "a fine chance we would have proving *that* to the G.P.U."



THIS VIBRANT CLOD

BY GEORGE W. GRAY

IN ONE of William Bolitho's sharply etched essays he describes the human race as "clots of blood on a clod." The picture is raw and obviously incomplete, but I suppose most of us who wince at being called blood clots would readily agree that the Earth is a clod. By this we mean a lumpish, inert, insensitive thing. Recent scientific research suggests, however, a different picture. If the Earth is a clod it is an amazingly vibrant clod, responsive to a wide range of cosmic influences.

Indeed one might more accurately liken the planet to a tuning fork or to a delicately poised magnetic needle or to one of those highly sensitive quartz crystals used to detect frequencies beyond the range of audibility. In the vast span of the universe our dwelling place is relatively a point, smaller in the scale of the whole than the smallest dust mote is in the scale of the solar system. And yet it is this minute point that picks out of space the energy that drives our terrestrial machine—its flow of winds and of water, its growth of living things, its invisible pulses of radiation and magnetism.

If you look at the planet Mars, a small bright red spot in the night sky, you see an object that is considerably nearer the Earth than the Earth is to the Sun. To an observer on the Sun the Earth would appear not much larger than Mars appears to us. Imagine, then, such an observer, peering out through the thin solar atmosphere into the surrounding void and

seeing these dots of borrowed light: the Earth, Mars, Jupiter, and the others. It would seem a slight probability that any object so small, covering so diminutive an area of the sky, would be able to capture any considerable portion of the energy flooding space. The answer is, of course, that it can capture only so much as its surface intercepts—and this suggests two actualities: first, the tremendous volume of energy poured out by the stars; and second, the sensitivity of our planet to these influences.

The nearest star is the master influence, so far as our knowledge goes. Whether or not the Earth owes its origin to the Sun is an unsolved problem—a current trend of scientific thought is to believe that both Sun and planets emerged simultaneously, and that the Sun is the big brother rather than the parent of the solar system; but there can be no doubt that the Earth owes much of the present form of its surface features to solar radiation. The torrent of outgoing energy from the Sun totals five hundred million million horsepower continuously, and the Earth's surface is sufficient to intercept only the two-thousand-millionth part of this—a quota that averages about one horsepower to each square yard of sunlit Earth. Only a fraction of this horsepower is absorbed and put to work, but that is quite enough to keep oceans liquid and atmosphere gaseous, to generate our weather, and in these and divers other ways to mold

and remold the fabric of our planet.

The Moon is a far lesser mass. Its weight is only the twenty-seven-millionth part of the weight of the Sun, but the Moon is four hundred times nearer, and it makes up in proximity for its bantam-weight. Its well-known tidal effect on the sea is so exact that mechanical computing machines are in daily use to predict the heights of the tides at various ports. Less known is the fact that the same lunar gravitation lifts a tidal wave of air which heaves along the upper surface of the atmosphere, and also a lesser tide down in the rocky crust of the Earth.

Alfred L. Loomis and Harlan T. Stetson recently found that when the Moon is passing over the North Atlantic Ocean, Washington is sixty-three feet nearer London than it is when the Moon is on the opposite side of the Earth. The difference is not enough to affect steamship fares or cable tolls, but it is enormous to those precisionists who must measure longitude and reckon time in split seconds. This longitude shift appears to be an effect of the crustal tide, as though the rocky layer beneath the ocean, rising in response to lunar gravitation, mechanically shortens the distance between England and America. Stetson has since compared the dates of earthquakes with the lunar calendar, and reports that the 'quakes are most prevalent when our satellite is at certain positions.

Still smaller than the Moon are meteors. They come closer and actually add themselves to our mass. Estimates based on counts made in various parts of the Earth show that approximately a thousand million meteors dart into our atmosphere every twenty-four hours. Most of them are mere granules of cosmic dust, and are consumed in the upper air, sifting down only the ashes and gases of their combustion; but others are large enough

to endure the terrific heating of the atmospheric friction without complete destruction, and finally reach the surface of the Earth as solid chunks of metal or stone. Several weighing tons have been recovered, and doubtless innumerable millions lie buried in the sea and in polar, desert, and jungle wastes. C. C. Wylie estimates that the accretion from this source amounts to about twenty-five hundred tons annually—very small in proportion to the bulk of the Earth, and yet something.

Meteors seem to have another terrestrial influence: it is possible that they contribute to the ionization or electrification of the upper air. This effect is suggested by the increased strength of radio signals at times of meteoric showers. As a meteor plunges into the atmosphere, traveling at speeds which range from 10 to 100 miles a second, it is heated to incandescence by the friction of the air particles. Temperatures above 3000 degrees are generated, intense darts of radiation are released, and some of these may collide with air molecules and smash them. Thus the meteor as it plows through the atmosphere may be pictured as leaving a trail of mutilation in its wake. There have been instances in which a radio investigator saw a meteor shoot across the sky at the very moment when he was making a test, and the sudden increase of static in the earphones was unmistakable.

II

But these that the eye sees—the Sun, the Moon, and the “shooting stars”—are only the obvious among the influences that ring their changes on our vibrant Earth. There are more subtle bombardments—cosmic rays for example. Their origin is wrapped in mystery, though the authorities agree that they come from outer space.

Their nature is a subject of controversy, one school of investigators holding that they are primarily radiations like x-rays, another contending that they are high-speed material particles. But of the reality of these outer bombardments there can be no doubt. Though they are not perceptible to any of man's senses, and can be apprehended only indirectly by apparatus, they are the superlative energy carriers of the world. An electron in a thunderbolt moves with a pressure of a thousand million volts, but some of the electrons knocked out of matter by cosmic rays exhibit energies of ten thousand million volts. Even higher voltages have been rated for some cosmic rays from the measure of their penetration of matter.

It seems improbable that the Earth should be under continual battering by such forces without being affected, and many have been the speculations on such effects. Several years ago John Joly of Dublin University suggested that the incidence of cancer on the Earth might bear some relationship to cosmic radiation. It remains a provocative idea, without proof.

Later when H. J. Muller at the University of Texas discovered that the genetic patterns of living creatures can be changed by x-ray bombardment, causing the descendants of the radiated individuals to develop new physical characteristics, the hypothesis was advanced that cosmic radiation might act similarly in nature, and thus furnish the key to organic evolution. This idea, born of experiment, is entirely reasonable. And while it appears on statistical grounds that the density of cosmic rays (the number of rays falling on each square-yard of the Earth per second) is not sufficient to account for *all* the mutations occurring in nature, there is no reason to doubt that some of them are attributable to this source.

A still more fundamental speculation regarding the role of cosmic radiation in terrestrial history was advanced in 1934 by G. N. Lewis of the University of California. I call this hypothesis more fundamental because it attempts to account for the origin of the Earth's crust, and indeed suggests the process by which chemical elements may have been wrought out of one or two primal atomic patterns.

According to geophysicists who explore the Earth's interior by means of earthquake waves and draw inferences from other indirect evidence, the core of our clod is a massive chunk of iron and nickel. Surrounding this metallic ball is a stony shell upon which are superimposed the oceans and the soils. Thus the solid Earth is composed mainly of a nickel-iron center encrusted with a silicate rock envelope.

Meditating on this structure, Professor Lewis was struck by the fact that the meteors which fall to the Earth and have been recovered are similarly of these two groups of materials. There are metallic meteorites, whose substance is ninety-nine per cent nickel and iron, and stony meteorites, whose substance is practically the same as that of the rocks of the Earth's crust.

Now these rocks, both of the crust and of the meteorites, are composed largely of silicon, and an atom of silicon is about half the weight of an atom of iron or of nickel. That is to say, if you could bombard one atom of silicon with another atom of silicon under the high-energy conditions with which some of our modern alchemists have lately attained transmutation of elements, you might reasonably expect the two to merge and produce a single atom of iron or of nickel. Oppositely, if you crash a dart of high-frequency energy into an atom of iron or an atom of nickel you might reasonably expect the unit of metal to break up into two units of silicon. Both iron and

nickel are very stable elements, and great energies would be required to crack either of them—greater energies than man has been able to generate and control in his laboratories.

And here is where cosmic rays come in—for they appear to carry energies of the order of magnitude required for these transmutations. Theoretically a cosmic ray is quite competent to smash an atom of iron or nickel into two atoms of silicon. Silicon is a fairly stable element, but another cosmic ray should be able to break it into two lighter atoms, one of magnesium and one of helium. And so the process of transmutation by splitting might go on, to produce yet lighter elements. Professor Lewis points out eight elements whose isotopes are simple fractions of iron and nickel, therefore logical transmutation products in this proposed scheme. And these eight are all constituents of the stony meteorites. On this hypothesis, one may picture the Earth as consisting originally of iron and nickel—like the meteorites—whose surface by the continual impact of cosmic rays is slowly changed into silicon, magnesium, aluminum, sodium, and other ingredients of the stony crust.

The speculation is an enticing one, though it leaves unanswered such questions as the origin of the iron and nickel. But Professor Lewis disclaims any attempt to explain everything. "It has been my purpose," he says, "not to erect any complete cosmological theory which would state the origin of the disintegrating rays, or where or when the material represented by the metallic meteors has been converted into the material represented by the stony meteors, but rather to present the very strong evidence for a genetic relationship between these two kinds of material, and to consider the various processes by which the genesis may have occurred."

III

But the real frontier of the planet is its atmosphere, and one would naturally expect that any efforts of outside influences would show themselves there first. Such is the case, though we are still fumbling for exact knowledge of these effects. Much has been discovered with the aid of radio. In truth the capital achievement of modern terrestrial exploration is the radio discovery of the electrical structure of the atmosphere.

It is not obvious that the atmosphere is a composite structure with an electrical ceiling and an electrical roof above the ceiling. The old idea pictured a halo of gas surrounding the more solid globe, and presumably the gas thinned to the vanishing point a few miles above sea level.

When Hertz discovered radio, and inventors began to speculate on the possibilities of communication, it was assumed that such communication could connect only relatively near points on the surface of the Earth. Radio waves are undulations in space rather than in air, therefore the waves would not conform to the spherical contour of the air. They would go out from the broadcasting antenna in all directions, like the upper half of an expanding bubble, but they could hardly be expected to bend round the curve of the Earth. Light did not bend round that curve, and radio was a species of light. The only way the theorists saw to bridge distance by wireless was to build very tall transmitting and receiving antennæ. As with a lighthouse, so with an antenna: the higher it was the more distant its horizon.

Marconi's early experiments justified this supposition. On Salisbury Plain, England, in 1896, he transmitted signals over a distance of two miles. In a few months, with taller antennæ

and more powerful apparatus, he had doubled this: and so progressively, as he improved his instruments and increased the height of his antenna, he extended his range. By 1900 he was spanning sixty miles with ease, and occasionally under favorable conditions picked up a message at one hundred miles. Early in 1901 two of his stations 186 miles apart were clicking off messages to each other. Every gain whetted his appetite for more distance, and in the summer of 1901 he set himself a bold test. He would build a yet more powerful transmitter and install it with a yet more lofty antenna on the Cornish coast; then he would cross to America and listen for its signals.

Marconi shared the secret with only a few intimates whose co-operation was necessary. Others thought he was embarking for more of his ship-to-shore experiments when he sailed in late November. The rest is history. On December 12th, at a prearranged time, waiting in a little barracklike room on the Newfoundland coast, with the earphones pressed to his head, Marconi heard the signals from Cornwall. Faint and feeble but many times repeated—three short clicks, the letter *s* of the Morse code—they were unmistakable. Radio waves had traveled round the curve of the planet for more than two thousand miles. It was a great puzzle, but almost immediately the explanation was suggested.

If the waves could not bend of their own accord perhaps they might be bent by some outside agency. It was known that an electrical conductor, a sheet of copper or a wire screen, would reflect radio waves. Assume such a conductor in the upper air—a layer of ions (mutilated air particles) would serve the purpose quite as effectively as a metal screen—would not the wireless impulses be reflected back to the ground by this tent of electrification? Theoretically, they would. They would come down

from the roof at the same angle with which they struck it and on reaching the ground be reflected back at a similar angle. And so, alternately bouncing from the roof and the ground, they would zigzag round the globe as far as their strength carried.

Such, in brief, was the theory proposed by two electrical engineers, Oliver Heaviside in England and A. E. Kennelly in the United States. The idea of an ionized layer was not new; it had been suggested years before by the British magnetician Balfour Stewart on other evidence. But Kennelly and Heaviside were the first to apply it to explanation of radio transmission. The explanation remained merely a theory for more than twenty years. Finally, in 1925, its truth was established independently by three different experiments.

At the Laboratory of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism of the Carnegie Institution in Washington, Gregory Breit and M. A. Tuve directed a radio impulse straight up, and in a fraction of a second the echo came bounding back—clear evidence of the existence of some sort of electrical mirror.

At the Naval Research Laboratory near Washington A. H. Taylor and E. O. Hulburt sent up a series of short-wave impulses at an angle and measured the skip distance to the first ground reflection of the wave—another proof of the upper-air mirror.

And in England, near London, W. A. Appleton and M. A. Barnett reached up and touched the invisible by still another method. They radioed signals of different wave lengths, and by measuring the pattern of interferences which resulted when the returning waves bashed into the outgoing waves, they were able to demonstrate the existence of the reflector and to gage its height.

Thus the Kennelly-Heaviside Layer,

the ionosphere, took its place on the chart of the planet as the known but as yet unexplored frontier.

Perpendicular exploration has advanced swiftly in the ten years since then. While Byrd and Ellsworth have been edging perilously into unknown regions of Antarctica, adding new mountain chains and plateaus and other lands to the crustal map of the Earth, these radio explorers, comfortably seated in their laboratories in Washington, London, and other congenial bases, have been pushing steadily into the ionosphere. They have discovered lofty mountains, wide plateaus, sometimes sagging valleys in this ever-changing "land" of the upper air—for the aerial mountains, valleys, and plateaus never stay put, but forever are shifting their positions and dimensions under the pressure of sunlight, the heat of the solar rays, and other influences from space.

The varied influences produce a varied structure whose complicated pattern we are just now in process of dissecting. Indeed we may liken the ionosphere to a section of geological stratification, with one skyland piled on another, each continually changing its density, its thickness, and perhaps its topographical features. The whole subject is very much "up in the air" at present, but this much we know:

If you send out a radio signal of long wave length, such as is used by the general broadcasting stations, the reflections will come from a height of about seventy miles. But if your impulse is of short waves, such as were used to communicate with Admiral Byrd in Little America, the reflection will be longer and the distance between reflections will be greater, indicating a reflecting height 115 to 150 miles. These levels vary from season to season, indeed from hour to hour at times, and are different for different latitudes; but the two sharply distin-

guished regions are discernible at all hours and from every part of the Earth and, therefore, appear to be permanent features. Thus the Kennelly-Heaviside Layer turns out to be two layers: the lower, or E layer, serving to reflect long waves, and the upper, or F layer, being effective for shorter waves to which the lower layer is transparent.

The discovery that some wave lengths are reflected from a lower height than other wave lengths provides the radio explorer with a master tool—a combination hand and eye which can reach into the ionosphere and spy out the hidden lands. By starting a transmission at one wave length and gradually changing the signal to shorter and yet shorter waves one may discover the critical frequency at which the pounding of the invisible darts against the invisible barrier becomes sharp enough to pierce through the world ceiling, the E layer, and strike the world roof, or F layer. This type of investigation has been admirably pursued at the National Bureau of Standards in Washington by a trio of researchers—S. S. Kirby, L. V. Berkner, and D. M. Stuart—with the result that they recently discovered still another skyland. It is, however, an intermittent reality, appearing during daytime and fading at night. This new-found reflector forms in the upper part of the F region. It begins to show its presence right after dawn, grows steadily in reflecting strength, reaching a maximum shortly after noon, and then begins to shrink. After sunset it has disappeared, and the F layer has assumed its function as the radio roof. Most of the experts regard this upper region as a sub-layer or ledge in the radio roof, therefore it is called the F_2 layer, while the lower ledge is F_1 .

Still more transitory structures are reported. Occasionally the lower or E layer splits into two layers, while the F layer at times shows not only F_1 and F_2 , but also an F_3 , and sometimes still an-

other stratum appears midway between E and F. Thus three sporadic layers are added to the two permanent and the one sunlit layer, making at times as many as six stories in our electrical superstructure, each with its critical frequency. No wonder radio has a temperament!

Although no pilot balloon, rocket, or other aerial vehicle has been able to sample the ionosphere and, therefore, we have no experimental knowledge of its contents, it is, nevertheless, possible to compute the degrees of ionization necessary to reflect each of the waves of critical frequency. For example, at the latitude of Washington, D. C., at summer noon, the longest waves which just get through the three main layers, and the computed density of these layers in terms of electrified particles (equivalent electrons) per cubic centimeter, are as follows:

Layer	Critical wave length	Density of layer
E	85 meters	150,000
F ₁	65 meters	250,000
F ₂	40 meters	700,000*

After sundown the picture changes—the F₂ layer disappears, the density of the remaining E and F thins rapidly—and at midnight this is the balance sheet:

E	400 meters	7,000
F	100 meters	100,000*

A strict constructionist may object that these densities are only computed, not known. But they are computed on the basis of experiment. There is no known way to account for the reflection of radio waves except on the idea that the upper air is electrified to the extent indicated by these densities.

And what electrifies it? The Sun mostly, we think. Since the stratification and density change with the position of the Sun in the sky, it seems

reasonable to credit the effect to solar influences. Also, during times of sun-spot activity, when the solar surface is torn by vast tornadolike storms, there are usually wild fluctuations in the Earth's ionosphere as well as magnetic and electrical contortions down in the ground. The planet seems inexorably hitched to its star and in step with the solar idiosyncrasies.

Of all known emanations from the Sun that which is most capable of smashing atoms of the thin upper atmosphere is ultra-violet light. All authorities agree that this is probably the principal ionizing agent. A few, notably E. O. Hulburt and H. B. Maris of the Naval Research Laboratory, regard the solar ultra-violet as the *sole* source of this ionization. S. Chapman, of the University of London, believes that particles of negative electricity shot out of the Sun are responsible for some of the ionization. Still other radiations are known to be beating upon the atmosphere, and each may contribute its bit to the continual job of atom-smashing that is necessary to maintain the state of electrification. Recently A. M. Skellett listed possible sources of ionization, computed the probable energies of each, and from this theoretical study arrived at the following line-up:

Ultraviolet light from the Sun	28.35
Meteors during a.m. meteoric shower, up to	2.4
Ultraviolet light from the stars	.014
Cosmic rays	.00031
Meteors, average for normal day, a.m.	.00024
Meteors, average for normal day, p.m.	.00012
Ultraviolet light from the full Moon	.000044

The numerals at the right refer to units of energy per unit of area intercepted by the Earth per second. It will be noticed that the solar ultra-violet represents more than ten times the energy of all other sources combined—not because it is more energetic

*The density of F₂ and F are subject to wide fluctuations; maximum values are indicated above.

than the cosmic rays or the stellar ultraviolet, but because there is so much more of it. Whether the ergs of each of these sources are actually absorbed and used is a question—but assuredly the ergs are there.

IV

The lowest ledge within the ionosphere averages about 70 miles above the ground, and the highest occasionally reaches 300 miles. We may regard the latter as marking the extreme suburbs of our atmosphere. The material of this upper region can hardly be called air, for only the lightest atoms could rise to such altitudes, and perhaps only the lightest fragments of these exist there; consequently the texture of this outermost Earth stuff is the thinnest gossamer. It is so diffuse that if you could seal up a bottle of it you would have a better vacuum than any laboratory is able to attain by the most powerful mercury pump. And yet, rare as it is, the layer is hot—at least 80° F. says Hulburt, and probably more; some physicists reckon that the temperature may be above the boiling point of water. Before these temperature estimates were made Berkner and Wells had shown that the F_2 layer appears as a bulge in the high atmosphere, a bulge under the Sun (the author of its heat) with the Earth turning under it. From this center of expanding gas, the atmosphere sends a vast circular wave outward in every direction on its upper surface. Here, in this thin, hot, agitated bulge of electrification, is the planet's last outpost. Any radio waves that can pierce its barrier should be lost.

But one night in 1927 J. Hals, a radio engineer of Norway, was listening in Bygdø to code signals emitted by a short-wave sending station at Eindhoven, Holland. The signals were coming through sharp and clear when

presently Hals became aware of a delayed echo. He timed the echo and found a lag of three seconds. This was amazing! Radio travels 186,000 miles a second, therefore a three-second delay in the reception of the echo suggested that the wave had traversed three times that distance—or about 279,000 miles out and an equal span back. This is beyond the Moon's orbit, and it seemed incredible that any wave which had escaped that far could be reflected back to the small target which is the Earth.

Hals' announcement caused a stir, and preparations were made for special tests. Signals of enormous strength were propagated, so strong indeed as to be painful to the ear; and to several listeners in northern Europe the echoes came back firm and distinct—some three seconds later, some five, a few fifteen. A French eclipse party in Indo-China in 1929 reported hearing delayed echoes of thirty seconds—time enough for a radio impulse to travel more than five million miles.

Who can explain this mysterious effect?

Appleton of London and Van der Pol of Holland have suggested that the delay may be caused by a slowing of the radio waves in the ionosphere. Possibly the impulses are caught between two changing layers of ions and oscillate back and forth in their prison for a while, until some fluctuation opens a way of escape and they bounce back to the ground.

More spectacular is the hypothesis proposed by Carl Störmer, the distinguished Norse geophysicist. Störmer believes that the auroræ, those flickering curtains of light which are familiar sights in the polar skies, are caused by streams of solar electrons impinging on the magnetic field of the Earth. This field extends far outside the atmosphere, possibly hundreds of thousands of miles. It operates to repel from the equatorial and temperate zones of the

Earth the perpetual rain of solar electrons and causes these particles to flow in long curving paths toward the two magnetic poles. This flow constitutes a toroidal zone in the form of a vast hollow ring surrounding our planet, a sort of vacuous doughnut with the Earth positioned at its center. The inner, opposite surface of this hollow ring, according to Störmer, is the distant mirror that reflects the echoes which Hals and others have heard.

Neither of these explanations is free from serious criticism, and science is still groping for light on this peculiar phenomenon. Recently an international program was organized to investigate the echoes of long delay. A code of signals is being broadcast at stated intervals, and during 1935 thousands of stations, most of them amateur, in Europe and America are listening. It is a curious fact that, although northern Europe has been reporting these echoes for the last seven years, investigators in the United States have been unable to hear them.

V

But an investigator in the United States has discovered what may prove to be an even more significant gesture from Out There. This investigator is Karl G. Jansky, a young engineer of the Bell Telephone Laboratories. His work is centered at the short-wave experiment station near Holmdel, New Jersey, where three farms were bought up and consolidated into a tract of four hundred acres in order to give radio researchers elbow room and sanctuary from interruptions. In this quiet retreat, isolated from surface noises, they try to unscramble ethereal noises—static for example.

The familiar static that occasionally rasps its atmospheric jazz into a Metropolitan Opera broadcast—or, with equal indifference, into the antics of a

toothpaste comedian—has been studied by a group of able analysts of long-wave phenomena. But scarcely any attention had been given to static affecting short-wave reception until four years ago when Jansky took up the problem. In particular, it was desired to know whether the static comes from a definite direction. To get at that question Jansky rigged up an antenna on a rotating platform.

G. K. Chesterton entertains a precious notion to the effect that useful devices of civilization originate as toys or playthings. Jansky's rotating antenna would fit neatly into Chesterton's theorem, for here is a merry-go-round turned to scientific research. The thing is ninety feet long; it rides on wheels fitted to a circular track, and is driven by a motor which whirls the frame so leisurely that twenty minutes are required to make a revolution. All night and all day it rotates, as un-failing as the Earth on the polar axis. And as it thus inclines an ear to each point of the compass in turn, a sensitive apparatus traces a continuous record of whatever is heard.

Soon after this scientific eavesdropping began Jansky was able to distinguish three kinds of static: first, intermittent noises of the crash type which were traced to local thunderstorms; second, a weaker but more steady crash-and-rumble, attributed to discharges of distant thunderstorms whose radiations are reflected from the Kennelly-Heaviside layers; and third, a steady hiss. The source of this hiss was unaccountable, and presently all of Jansky's attention was concentrated on it.

The crashes and rumbles might come from any direction, but the hiss betrayed a definite direction of origin, though the direction progressively changed during the day, and from day to day. It was as though somebody out in space were broadcasting mes-

sages and at the same time was revolving round the Earth. "It never quite completed the circuit though," observed Jansky, "but when it reached the northwest, the hiss would die and at the same time a similar hiss from the northeast began to make itself heard. This new source of static would then gradually shift in direction throughout the day until the northwest position was attained, when it too died—and so the process repeated itself, day after day."

At first Jansky thought that the Sun marked the direction of origin of this mysterious signal; but as the year advanced and the Sun changed its position among the stars the static did not follow it. Then the ethereal whisper seemed to proceed from the point in the sky opposite the Sun; but again continued observation showed that this was not so. Finally evidence pointed to the position of the Milky Way system of stars as the direction; and subsequent observations and mathematical analysis of the whole body of data confirm this.

The effect is weak; only a sensitive apparatus can detect it; but to this acute radio ear it is unmistakable. As soon as the rotating antenna turns toward the Milky Way the disturbance begins; it grows in strength until the region of the constellation Sagittarius is reached, after which it weakens and gradually ceases as the opposite side of the Milky Way is passed. Since the Sagittarius region, according to Shapley and other astronomers, marks the center of the Galaxy and is believed to be the most densely packed zone of our stellar system, it seems reasonable to attribute the effect to the stars. The hiss is, therefore, called "cosmic static."

Cosmic static is not to be confused with cosmic rays. The latter are detected as an ionizing effect in vacuum tubes and other electroscopes, whereas cosmic static has made itself known

only as an electromagnetic wave attuned to a radio receptor of 14.6 meters. That happens to be the wave length of the antenna used by Jansky. During the present year he is extending the investigation with antennæ of varied wave lengths, and will go up and down the scale to discover, if possible, the limiting frequencies within which cosmic static operates. While it manifests itself as a radiation, it may be a radiant effect of some corpuscular missile striking the upper atmosphere.

VI

Such are a few of the forces that beat upon the Earth—and upon us mortals. If, as Professor Lewis suggests, some of them may transmute metals into rocks, what may they do to protoplasm? If some of these radiations batter our atmosphere into an ionosphere, and then distend it and upheave it into aerial mountains and flap it this way and that, like a circus tent in a gale, may not some of these influences play an activating role in the living atoms of the blood stream or in the thinking atoms of the brain? Nobody knows.

Man is prone to believe that cosmic influences determine, or at least may forecast, human history. Recently a new-born baby in California was given a certain name because an astrologer advised it. How many gardeners still plant potatoes in the light—or maybe it's the dark—of the Moon? When I was in an executive's office in New York last winter he pulled out of his desk a chart on which were plotted the ups and downs of the business cycle for a hundred years. Over that zig-zag of man's affairs he had drawn a curve representing man's record of a star's affairs—the fluctuations of sunspot numbers for the same span of years. And there was an impressive appearance of correlation between the two, the sunspot maximum being fol-

lowed immediately in many cases by a business depression, and a sunspot minimum frequently marking the prelude to a business boom. We are just emerging from a sunspot minimum, so my friend was jubilant at the prospect of imminent recovery from economic ills.

Last year Harlan T. Stetson published a book, *Earth, Radio and the Stars*, which surveys in graphic detail this whole subject of possible solar, lunar, meteoric, stellar, and other cosmic influences, and gives a review of the efforts that have been made to trace terrestrial effects to these forces. Dr. Stetson tells me that, in spite of his scientific conservatism, he has received letters from would-be correspondents proposing to forecast stock-market activities from sunspot numbers, variations in the solar constant of radiation, and other fluctuating phenomena. Such projects, in the present state of our knowledge, are over-ambitious, not to say over-credulous. Possibly there are in nature deterministic causes for every human predilection, including stock-exchange gambling, but the skeins of connection between cosmic activation and human behavior are too tangled for 1935 intelligences to unravel. Even such obviously related phenomena as the Sun and the weather still baffle the analysts; we shall need more observations before the minutiae of rainfall, temperature, and winds are traced to their solar causes.

We need more observations in every field of science and we need also more use of the synthetic method to bring observations of varied phenomena into focus with one another and with human problems. Science cannot dispense with its method of specialization (the specialists are the shock troops in our advance on the unknown), but it is not out of place to remark that something more than shock troops and the analytical method are necessary to

consolidate and utilize gains. There is opportunity for more collaboration, not only among specialists within a science, but also among the sciences themselves.

Instances of co-ordination and collaboration are not wanting. Every day from the Science Service headquarters in Washington there goes to laboratories all over the world a code message which combines in one wireless telegram the day's report on the solar constant of radiation, the sunspot numbers, the intensity and variation of terrestrial magnetism, the heights of the ionosphere, the activities of the aurora borealis; half a dozen scientific institutions collaborate in the production and dissemination of these data. At the Carnegie Institution of Washington a group of geophysicists are comparing the solar observations daily made at Mount Wilson Observatory with magnetic and ionospheric observations made in Peru, Australia, and other parts of the Earth, trying to trace the lines of relationship between the two sets of phenomena. A Committee on the Moon has been formed with the object of solving some of the long-standing problems concerning our satellite; the committee includes not only astronomers but also geologists and physicists. Harvard has appointed a Committee on Geophysics, with the purpose of attacking problems of the planet's interior: three geologists, a chemist, a physicist, and an astronomer.

Our cosmic mysteries seem to call for the same sort of approach. The vibrant Earth is a composite. There is the lithosphere of the geologist, the hydrosphere of the oceanographer, the biosphere of the biologist, the atmosphere of the meteorologist, the ionosphere of the wireless researcher. Let these specialists get together, with the geophysicist (for our problems primarily are physical), the astronomer (for our planet is an astronomical

body), and the radiologist (for it is radiant energy that bombards us), and collaborate as a Committee on Cosmical Physics. Out of such collaboration a synthesis of present knowledge might be attained, new methods of attack on stubborn problems, perhaps even some application of present unused results to the betterment of human existence, certainly the intellectual stimulus of a more articulated knowledge.

After all, the supreme research problem from the human point of view is that posed by the question of the totality of cause and effect. What are the terrestrial consequences as a whole of all these radiations, pushes, pulls, and accretions to which the planet is continually subjected? It is a large question, but even the beginning of an answer would be worth a great deal to mankind.

THE LAST CHRYSANTHEMUM

BY HELENE MAGARET

GRAY-HEARTED hawks and clouds were harried by
 A rain-flecked wind. Gray-spirited was I
 Who chose, pretending you were also there,
 A hilltop where the wind, shaking my hair,
 Would not be tamed. And in that place I dreamed
 I spoke with you. None of the shadows screamed
 In that black sky. Lonely at heart, I said:
 "The last chrysanthemum will now be dead,
 And winter underfoot. The darkest thing
 For poets to comprehend is that the wing
 Must fold, the throat be stilled, the petals fall."
 You smiled a trifle. Your smile became a wall
 About my heart. I said, "No one can cull
 A single thing the world finds beautiful.
 All passes like the winter-driven leaf.
 Whatever is made beautiful is brief.
 This is the weight of song, the cause of grief."

And you replied: "Not so. The burden of song
 Is that the beautiful remains too long—
 So long that when the soul is left alone
 It dies, or shrivels, or congeals to-stone,
 Or else endures a never-ending ache."

I knew that you were right, and for your sake
 Withdrew my hand from yours. And then I knew,
 In that high place where hawks and tempest blew,
 I was alone in darkness, not with you,
 And had created all the things you said
 Because the last chrysanthemum was dead.



THE WHITE HORSES OF VIENNA

A STORY

BY KAY BOYLE

THE doctor often climbed the mountain at night, climbed up behind his own house hour after hour in the dark, and came back to bed long after his two children were asleep. At the end of June he sprained his knee coming down the mountain late. He wrenched it out of joint making his way down with the other men through the pines. They helped him into the house where his wife was waiting and writing letters by the stove, and the agony that he would not mention was marked upon his face.

His wife bound his leg with fresh, wet cloths all through the night, but in the morning the knee was hot with fever. It might be weeks before he could go about again, and there was nothing to do but write to the hospital in Vienna for a student-doctor to come out and take over his patients for a time.

"I'll lie still for a fortnight or so," said the doctor, and he asked his wife to bring him the bits of green wood that he liked to whittle and his glazed papers and his fancy tag ends of stuff. He was going to busy himself making new personages for his theater, for he could not stay idle for half an hour. The June sun was strong at that height, and the doctor sat on the *liegestuhl* with his knee bared to the warm light, working like a well man and looking up now and again to the end of the valley where the mountains stood with

the snow shining hard and diamond-bright on their brows.

"You'll never sit still long enough for it to do you any good," said the doctor's wife sharply. She was quite a young, beautiful woman, in spite of her two growing sons and in spite of her husband's ageless, weathered flesh. She was burned from the wind and the snow in winter and burned from the sun at other times of year; she had straight, long, sunburned limbs, and her dark hair was cut short and pushed behind her ears. She had her nurse's degree from Vienna and she helped her husband in whatever there was to do: the broken bones, the deaths, the births. He even did a bit of dentistry too when there was need, and she stood by in her nurse's blouse and mixed the cement and porcelain fillings and kept the instruments clean. Or at night, if they needed her, she climbed the mountain with him and the other men, carrying as well a knapsack of candles over her shoulders, climbing through the twig-broken and mossy silence in the dark.

The doctor had built their house himself with the trees cut down from their forest. The town lay in the high valley, and the doctor had built their house above it on the sloping mountainside. There was no real road leading to it; one had to get to him on foot or else on a horse. It was as if the doctor had chosen this place to build

so that the village might leave him to himself unless the need were very great. He had come back to his own country after the years as a prisoner of war in Siberia and after the years of studying in other countries and the years of giving away as a gift his tenderness and knowledge as he went from one wild place to another. He had studied in cities, but he could not live for long in them. He had come back and bought a piece of land in the Tyrol with a pine forest sloping down it, and he built his house there, working throughout the summer months late into the evening with only his two sons and his wife to help him lift the squared, varnished beams into place.

Inside the log walls the doctor made a pure white plaster wall and put his dark-stained bookshelves against it and hung his own paintings of Dalmatia and his drawings of the Siberian country. Everything was as neat and clean as wax, for the doctor was a savagely clean man. He had a coarse, reddish, well-scrubbed skin through which the gold hairs sprang; they sprang out of his scalp, wavy and coarse, and out of his forearms and his muscular, heavy thighs. They would have sprung too round his mouth and along his jaw had he not shaved himself clean every morning. His face was as strong as rock, but such rains of tenderness washed over it that it seemed split apart with love: one side given to anguish, and the other to shelter for everyone else alive.

None of the places where he had been before, Paris or Moscow or Munich or Constantinople, had left an evil mark. None of the grand places or people had ever done to him what they can do. But because of his own strong, humble pride in himself, his shirt was always a white one and of fresh, clean linen no matter what sort of work he was doing. In the summer he wore the short leather trousers of

the country, for he had peasants behind him and he liked to remember that it was so. But the woven stockings that ended just above his calves were perfectly white, and the nails of his broad, coarse hands were white. They were spotless, like the nails of a woman's hand.

The day the student-doctor arrived from Vienna and walked up from the village the doctor and his wife were both out in the sun before the house. She had been hanging the children's shirts up on the line to dry, and she came round to the timber piazza, drying her hands in her dress. The doctor was hopping around on one leg like a great, golden, wounded bird; he was hopping from one place to another, holding his wrenched leg off the ground and seeking the bits of paper and stuff and wood and wire that he needed to make his dolls.

"Let me get the things for you," his wife cried out. "Why must you do everything for yourself? Why can't you let anyone help you?"

The doctor hopped across to the timber table in the sun and picked up the clown's cap he was making and fitted it on the head of the doll he held in his hand. When he turned round he saw the student-doctor coming up the path. He stood still for a moment, with his leg still lifted up behind him, and then his face cleared of whatever was in it and he nodded.

"God greet you," he said quietly, and the young man stopped too where he was on the path and looked up at them. He was smiling in his long, dark, alien face, but his city shoes were foul with the soft mud of the mountainside after rain and the sweat was standing out on his brow because he was not accustomed to the climb.

"Good day," he said, as city people said it. The doctor and his wife stood looking down at him, and a little wave of pallor ran under the woman's skin,

The doctor had caught a very young fox in the spring, and it had now grown to live in the house with them without shyness or fear. The sound of their voices and the new human scent on the air brought it forth from the indoor dark of the house. It came out without haste, like a small, gentle dog, with its soft, gray, gently lifted brush and its eyes blinking slowly at the sun. It went daintily down the path toward the stranger, holding its brush just out of the mud of the path and with the black bead of its nose smelling the new smell of this other man who had come.

The young doctor from Vienna leaned over to stroke it, and while his head was down the doctor's wife turned to her husband. She had seen the black, smooth hair on the young man's head and the arch of his nose and the quality of his skin. She could scarcely believe what she had seen and she must look into her husband's face for confirmation of the truth. But her husband was still looking down the little space toward the stranger. The fox had raised the sharp point of his muzzle and licked the young doctor's hand.

"Is this a dog or a cat?" the young man called up smiling.

"It's a fox," said the doctor, and his face was filled with compassion. The young man came up with his hat in his hand and said that his name was Heine and shook their hands, and the doctor gave no sign.

"You live quite a way from the village," said the student-doctor, looking back the way he had come.

"You can see the snow mountains from here," said the doctor and he showed the young man the sight of them at the far end of the valley. "You have to climb this high before you can see them," he said. "They're closed off from the valley."

This was the explanation of why they lived there, and the young man from the city stood looking a moment

in silence at the far, gleaming crusts of the everlasting snows. He was thinking still of what he might say in answer when the doctor asked his wife to show Doctor Heine the room that would be his. Then the doctor sat down in the sun again and went on with the work he had been doing.

"What are we going to do?" said his wife's voice in a whisper behind him in a moment.

"What do you mean? About what?" said the doctor, speaking aloud. His crisp-haired head did not lift from his work, and the lines of patience and love were scarred deep in his cheeks as he whittled.

"About *him*," said the doctor's wife in hushed impatience.

"Send one of the boys down for his bag at the station," said the doctor. "Give him a drink of *apfelsaft* if he's thirsty."

"But don't you see, don't you see what he is?" asked his wife's wild whisper.

"He's Viennese," said the doctor, working.

"Yes, and he's Jewish," said his wife. "They must be mad to have sent him. They know how everyone feels."

"Perhaps they did it intentionally," said the doctor, working carefully with what he had in his hands. "But it wasn't a good thing for the young man's sake. It's harder on him than us. If he works well I have no reason to send him back. We've waited three days for him. There are people sick in the village."

"Ah," breathed his wife in anger behind, "we shall have to sit at the table with him."

"They recommend him highly," said the doctor gently, "and he seems a very amiable young man."

"Ah," said his wife's disgusted whisper, "they all look amiable. Every one of them does."

Almost at once there was a tooth to

be pulled, and the young wife was there in her white frock with the instruments ready for the new young man. She stood very close, casting sharp looks at Doctor Heine, watching his slender, delicate hands at work, seeing the dark, silky hairs that grew on the backs of them and the black hair brushed smooth on his head. Even the joints of his tall, elegant frame seemed to be oiled with some special, suave lubricant that was evil as the Orient to their clean, Nordic hearts. He had a pale skin, unused to the weather of mountain places, and his skull was lighted with bright, quick, ambitious eyes. But at lunch he had talked simply with them, although they were country people and ignorant as peasants for all he knew. He listened to everything the doctor had told him about the way he liked things done; in spite of his modern medical school and his Viennese hospitals, taking it all in with interest and respect.

"The doctor," said the young wife now, "always stands behind the patient to get at teeth like that."

She spoke in an undertone to Doctor Heine so that the peasant sitting there in the dentist chair with the cocaine slowly paralyzing his jaws might not overhear.

"Oh, yes. Thank you so much," said Doctor Heine with a smile, and he stepped behind the patient. "It's quite true. One can get a better grip that way."

But as he passed the doctor's wife the tail of his white coat brushed through the flame of the little sterilizing lamp on the table. Nobody noticed that Doctor Heine had caught fire until the tooth was out and the smell of burning cloth filled the clean, white room. They looked about for what might be smoldering in the place, and in another moment the doctor's wife saw that Doctor Heine was burning very brightly: the back of the white jacket

was eaten nearly out and the coat within it was flaming. He had even begun to feel the heat on his shirt when the doctor's wife picked up the strip of rug from the floor and flung it about him. She held it tight round him with her bare, strong arms, and the young man looked back over his shoulder at her and laughed.

"Now I shall lose my job," he said. "The doctor will never stand for me setting fire to myself the first day like this."

"It's my fault," said the doctor's wife, holding him fast still in her arms. "I should have had the lamp out of the way."

She began to beat his back softly with the palm of her hand, and when she carried the rug to the window, Doctor Heine went to the mirror and looked over his shoulder at the sight of his clothes all burned away.

"My new coat!" he said laughing. But it must have been very hard to see the nice, gray flannel coat that he had bought to look presentable for his first place scalloped black to his shoulders where the fire had eaten its covert way.

"I should think I could put a piece in," said the doctor's wife, touching the good cloth that was left. And then she bit her lip suddenly and stood back, as if she had remembered the evil thing that stood between.

When they sat down to supper the little fox settled himself on the doctor's good foot, for the wool of his stocking was a soft bed where the fox could dream a little while. They had soup and the thick, rosy-meated leg of a pig and salt potatoes, and the children listened to their father and Doctor Heine speaking of music and painting and books. The doctor's wife was cutting the meat and putting it on their plates. It was at the end of the meal that the young doctor began talking of the royal white horses in Vienna, still royal, he said, without any royalty

left to bow their heads to, still shouldering into the arena with spirits a man would give his soul for, bending their knees in homage to the empty, canopied loge where royalty no longer sat. They came in, said Doctor Heine in his rich, eager voice, and danced their statuesque dances, their "Pas de Deux," their "Croupade," their "Capriole." They were very impatient of the walls round them and the bits in their soft mouths, and very vain of the things they had been taught to do. Whenever the applause broke out round them, said Doctor Heine, their nostrils opened wide as if a wind were blowing. They were actresses, with the deep, snowy breasts of prima donnas, these perfect stallions who knew to a breath the beauty of even their mockery of fright.

"There was a maharajah," said the young doctor, and the children and their father listened, and the young wife sat giving quick, unwilling glances at this man who had no blood nor knowledge of the land behind him, at this wanderer whose people had wandered from country to country and whose sons must wander, having no land to return to in the end. "There was a maharajah just last year," said Doctor Heine, "who went to the performance and fell in love with one of the horses. He saw it dancing and he wanted to buy it and take it back to India with him. No one else had ever taken a Lippizaner back to his country, and he wanted this special one, the best of them all, whose dance was like an angel flying. So the state agreed that he could buy the horse, but for a tremendous amount of money. They needed the money badly enough, and the maharajah was a very rich man."

Oh, yes, thought the young mother bitterly, you would speak about money, you would come here and climb our mountain and poison my sons with the poison of money and greed! "But no

matter how high the price was," said Doctor Heine, smiling because all their eyes were on him, "the maharajah agreed to pay it provided that the man who rode the horse so beautifully came along as well. Oh, yes, the state would allow that too, but the maharajah would have to pay an enormous salary to the rider. He would take him into his employ as the stallion's keeper, and he would have to pay him a salary as big as our own President is paid," said Doctor Heine with a burst of laughter.

"And what then, what then?" said one of the boys as the student-doctor paused to laugh. The whole family was listening, but the mother was filled with sorrow. These things are strange to us, she was thinking. They belong to more sophisticated people; we do not need them here. The Spanish Riding School, the gentlemen of Vienna, they were as alien as foreign places.

"So it was arranged that the man who rode the horse so well should go along too," said Doctor Heine. "It was finally arranged for a great deal of money," he said, and the mother gave him a look of fury. "But they had not counted on one thing. They had forgotten all about the little groom who had always cared for this special horse and who loved him better than anything else in the world. Ever since the horse had come from the stud farm in Styria the little groom had cared for him, and he believed that they would always be together; he believed that he would go wherever the horse went, just as he had always gone to Salzburg with the horse in the summer, and always come back to Vienna with it in the wintertime again."

"And so what, what happened?" asked the other boy.

"Well," said the student-doctor, "the morning before the horse was to leave with the maharajah and the rider they found that the horse had a deep cut on

his leg, just above the hoof in front. Nobody could explain how it had happened; but the horse was so wounded that he could not travel then, and the maharajah said that he could go on without him and that the trainer should bring the horse over in a few weeks when the cut had healed. They did not tell the maharajah that it might be that the horse could never dance so beautifully again. They had the money and they weren't going to give it back so easily," said Doctor Heine, and he laughed as if their shrewdness pleased his soul. "But when the cut had healed," he went on, "and the horse seemed well enough to be sent by the next boat, the trainer found the horse had a cut on the other hoof, exactly where the other wound had been. So the journey was postponed again, and again the state said nothing to the maharajah about the horse being so impaired that it was likely he could never fly like an angel again. But in a few days the horse's blood was so poisoned from the wound that they had to destroy him."

They all waited breathless with pain a moment, and then the doctor's wife said bitterly:

"Even the money couldn't save him, could it?"

"No," said Doctor Heine, a little perplexed. "Of course it couldn't. And they never knew how the cuts had come there until the little groom committed suicide the same day the horse was destroyed. And then they knew that he had done it himself because he couldn't bear the horse to go away."

They were all sitting quietly there at the table, with the dishes and remnants of food still before them, when someone knocked at the outside door. One of the boys went out to open it and he came back with the Heimwehr men following after him, the smooth little black-and-white cockades lying forward in their caps.

"God greet you," said the doctor quietly when he saw them.

"God greet you," said the Heimwehr men.

"There's a swastika fire burning on the mountain behind you," said the leader of the soldiers. They were not men of the village, but men brought from other parts of the country and billeted there as strangers to subdue the native people. "Show us the fastest way up there so we can see that it's put out."

"I'm afraid I can't do that," said the doctor, smiling. "You see, I have a bad leg."

"You can point out to us which way the path goes!" said the leader sharply.

"He can't move," said the doctor's wife, standing straight by her chair. "You have reports on everything. You must know very well that he is injured and has had a doctor come from Vienna to look after the sick until he can get round again."

"Yes," said the leader, "and we know very well that he wouldn't have been injured if he stayed home instead of climbing mountains at night."

"Look here," said the student-doctor, speaking nervously and his face gone thin and white, "he can't move a step, you know."

"He'll have to move more than a step if they want him at the *Rathaus* again," said the Heimwehr leader. "There's never any peace as long as he's not locked up."

The young doctor said nothing after they had gone, but he sat quiet by the window, watching the fires burning on the mountains in the dark. They were blooming now on all the black, invisible crests, marvelously living flowers of fire springing out of the arid darkness, seemingly higher than any other things could grow. He felt himself sitting defenseless there by the window, surrounded by these strong, long-burning fires of faith. They

were all about him, inexplicable signals given from one mountain to another in some secret gathering of power that cast him and his people out, forever out upon the waters of despair.

The doctor's wife and the children had cleared the table, and the doctor was finishing his grasshopper underneath the light. He was busy wiring its wings to its body, and fastening the long, quivering antennæ in. The grasshopper was colored a deep, living green, and under him lay strong, green-glazed haunches for springing with his wires across the puppet stage. He was a monstrous animal in the doctor's hands, with his great, glassy, gold-veined wings lying smooth along his back.

"The whole country is ruined by the situation," said the student-doctor suddenly angry. "Everything is politics now. One can't meet people, have friends on any other basis. It's impossible to have casual conversations or abstract discussions any more. Who the devil lights these fires?"

"Some people light them because of their belief," said the doctor, working quietly, "and others travel round from place to place and make a living lighting them."

"Politics, politics," said the student-doctor, "and one party as bad as another. You're much wiser to make your puppets, Herr Doktor. It takes one's mind off things, just as playing cards does. In Vienna we play cards, always play cards, no matter what is happening."

"There was a time for cards," said the doctor, working quietly with the grasshopper's wings. "I used to play cards in Siberia, waiting to be free. We were always waiting then for things to finish with and be over," he said. "There was nothing to do, so we did that. But now there is something else to do. One's hands are not tied."

He said no more, and in a little while the student-doctor went upstairs to bed. He could hear the doctor's wife and the children still washing the dishes and tidying up, their voices clearly heard through the fresh planks of his newmade floor.

Usually in the evening the doctor played the marionette theater for his wife and children, and for whatever friends wanted to come up the mountainside and see. He had made the theater himself and now he had the new personages he had fashioned while nursing his twisted knee, and a week or two after the student-doctor had come he told them at supper that he would give them a show that night.

"The Bürgermeister is coming up with his wife and their young sons," he said, "and the Apotheker and his nephews sent word that they'd drop in as well."

He moved the little fox from where it was sleeping on the wool sock on his foot, and he hopped on his one good leg across the room. Doctor Heine helped him carry the theater to the corner and set it up where the curtains hung, and the doctor hopped, heavy and clean and birdlike, from side to side and behind and before to get the look of the light and see how the curtains drew and fell.

By eight o'clock they were all of them there and seated in the darkened room, the doctor's and the Bürgermeister's boys waiting breathless for the curtain to rise, and the Apotheker's nephews smoking in the dark.

"I think it's marvelous, your husband giving plays like this, keeping the artistic thing uppermost even with times as they are," said Doctor Heine quietly to the doctor's wife. "One gets so tired of the same question everywhere, anywhere one happens to be," he said, and she gave him a long, strange, bitter glance from the corners of her eyes.

"Yes," she said. "Yes. I suppose you do think a great deal of art."

"Yes, of course," said Doctor Heine, guilelessly. "Art and science of course."

"Yes," said the doctor's wife, saying the words slowly and bitterly. "Yes. Art and science. What about people being hungry, what about this generation of young men who have never had work in their lives because the factories have never opened since the War? Where do they come in?"

"Well—" Doctor Heine began, and then the whispered dialogue ended. The curtain had been jerked aside and a wonderful expectancy lay on the air.

The scene before them was quite a simple one: the monstrously handsome grasshopper was sitting in a field, presumably a field for there were white linen-petalled, yellow-hearted daisies all round him. He was a great, gleaming beauty, and the people watching cried out with pleasure. The doctor's sons could scarcely wait until the flurry of delight had died and the talking had begun.

There were only two characters in the play, and they were the grasshopper and the clown. The clown came out on the stage and joined him after the grasshopper had done his elegant dance. The dance in itself was a masterpiece of grace and wit, with the music of Mozart playing on the gramophone behind. The children cried with laughter and Doctor Heine shouted aloud and the Bürgermeister shook with silent laughter. It lifted its legs so delicately and sprang with such precision this way and that through the ragged-petalled daisies of the field that it seemed to have a life of its own in its limbs, separate from and more sensitive than that given it by any human hand. Even the little fox sat watching in fascination, his bright, unwild eyes shining like points of fire in the dark.

"*Wunderbar, wunderschön!*" Doctor

Heine called out. "It's really marvelous! He's as graceful as the white horses at Vienna, Herr Doktor. That step with the forelegs floating! It's extraordinary how you got it without ever seeing it done."

And then the little clown came out on the stage. He came through the daisies of the field, a small, dwarfed clown with a sword ten times too big for him girded round his waist and tripping him at every step as he came. He was carrying a bunch of paper flowers and smiling, and there was something very obsequious about the little clown. There was something very *friseur* about him. He had no smell of the really open country or of the roots of things, while the grasshopper was a fine, green-armored animal, strong and perfectly equipped for the life he had to lead.

The clown had a round, human face and he spoke in a faltering human voice, and the grasshopper was the super-thing, speaking in the doctor's tender, ringing voice. Just the sound of the doctor's pure, loving voice released in all its power was enough to make the guilty and weak shake in their seats as if it were some accusation against them. It was a voice as ready for honest anger as it was for gentleness.

"Why do you carry artificial flowers?" the grasshopper asked, and the clown twisted and turned on his feet, so ridiculous in his stupidity that the children and all the others watching laughed aloud in the timber room. "Why do you carry artificial flowers?" the grasshopper persisted. "Don't you see that the world is full of real ones?"

"Oh, it's better I carry artificial ones," said the clown in the humorous accent of the country boor, and he tripped on his sword as he said it. "I'm on my way to my own funeral, *nicht?* I want the flowers to keep fresh until I get there."

Everyone laughed very loud at this, but after a little, as the conversation continued between the grasshopper and the clown, Doctor Heine found he was not laughing as loudly as before. It was now evident that the grasshopper, for no conceivable reason, was always addressed as "The Leader," and the humorous little clown was called "Chancellor" by the grasshopper for no reason at all. The Chancellor was quite the fool of the piece. The only thing he had to support him was a very ludicrous faith in the power of the Church. The Church was a wonderful thing, the clown kept saying, twisting his poor bouquet.

"The cities are full of churches," said The Leader, "but the country is full of God."

The Leader spoke with something entirely different in his voice: he had a wild and stirring power that sent the cold of wonder up and down one's spine. And whatever the argument was the Chancellor always got the worst of it. The children cried aloud with laughter, for the Chancellor was so absurd, so eternally on his half-witted way to lay his bunch of paper flowers on his own or somebody else's grave, and the Leader was ready to waltz away at any moment with the power of stallion life that was leaping in his limbs.

"I believe in independence," the poor, humbly smiling little clown said, and then he tripped over his sword and fell flat among the daisies. The Leader picked him up with his fragile, lovely forelegs and set him against the painting of the sky.

"Ow, *mein Gott*, the clouds are giving away!" cried the clown, and the grasshopper said gently:

"You are relying upon the heavens to support you. Are you afraid they are not strong enough?"

It was one evening in July and the rain had just drawn off over the moun-

tains. There was still the smell of it on the air, but the moon was shining strongly. The student-doctor walked out before the house and watched the light bathing the dark valley, rising over the fertile slopes and the pine forests, running clear as milk above the timber-line across the bare, bleached rock. The higher one went, the more terrible it became, he thought, and his heart shuddered within him. There were the rocks, seemingly as high as substance could go, but beyond that, even higher, hidden from the sight of the village people but clearly seen from the doctor's house, was the bend of the glacier and beside it were the peaks of everlasting snow. He was lost in this wilderness of cold, lost in a warm month, and the thought turned his blood to ice. He wanted to be indoors, with the warmth of his own people, and the intellect speaking. He had had enough of the bare, northern speech of these others who moved higher and higher as the land moved.

It was then that he saw the little lights moving up from the valley, coming like little beacons of hope carried to him. People were moving up out of the moonbathed valley, like a little search party come to seek for him in an alien land. He stood watching the slow, flickering movement of their advance, the lights they carried seen far below, a small necklace of men coming to him; and then the utter white-darkness spread unbroken as they entered the wooded places and their lamps were extinguished by the trees.

"Come to me," he was saying within himself, "come to me. I am a young man alone on a mountain."

The doctor and his wife were sitting at work by the table when Doctor Heine came quickly into the room and said:

"There're some men coming up. They're almost here now. They look to me like the Heimwehr come again."

The doctor's wife stood up and touched the side of the timber wall as if something in it would give her fortitude. Then she went to the door and opened it, and in a moment the Heimwehr men came in.

"God greet you," the doctor said as they gathered round the table.

"God greet you," said the Heimwehr leader. "You're wanted at the *Rathaus*," he said.

"My leg isn't good enough to walk on yet," said the doctor. "How will you get me down?"

"We brought a stretcher along," said the Heimwehr leader. "We have it outside the door."

The doctor's wife went off to fetch his white wool jacket and to wake the two boys in their beds. Doctor Heine heard her saying:

"They're taking father to prison again. Now you must come and kiss him. Neither of you is going to cry."

The men brought the stretcher just within the doorway and the doctor hopped over to it and lay down. He looked very comfortable there under the wool rug that his wife had laid over him.

"Look here," said Doctor Heine, "why do you have to come after a person at night like this? Do you think the Herr Doktor would try to run away from you? What are you up to? What's it all about?"

The Heimwehr leader looked him full in the eyes.

"They got Dollfuss this afternoon," he said. "They shot him down in Vienna. We're rounding them all up

to-night. Nobody knows what will happen to-morrow."

"Ah, politics, politics again!" cried Doctor Heine, and he was wringing his hands like a woman about to cry. Suddenly he ran out the door after the stretcher and the men who were bearing the doctor away. He felt for the doctor's hand under the cover and he pressed it in his, and the doctor's hand closed over his in comfort. "What can I do? What can I do to help?" he said, and he was thinking of the pure white horses of Vienna and of their waltz, like the grasshopper's dance across the stage. The doctor was smiling, his cheeks scarred with the marks of laughter in the light from the hurricane lamps that the men were carrying down.

"You can throw me peaches and chocolate from the street," said the doctor. "My wife will show you where we are. She's not a good shot. Her hand shakes too much when she tries. I missed all the oranges she threw me after the February slaughter."

"What do you like best?" Doctor Heine called down the mountain after him, and his own voice sounded small and senseless in the enormous night.

"Peaches," the doctor's voice called back from the stretcher. "We get so thirsty. . . ."

"I'll remember," said Doctor Heine, his voice calling after the descending lights. He was thinking in anguish of the snow-white horses, the Lippizaners, the relics of pride, the still unbroken vestiges of beauty bending their knees to the empty loge of royalty where there was no royalty any more.



FOSSIL REMNANTS OF THE FRONTIER

NOTES ON A UTAH BOYHOOD

BY BERNARD DeVOTO

SHE was going, she said, to summon Bat Masterson. We had been tormenting her with the ingenious deviltries of childhood and, one small blonde girl against a half-dozen boys, she now proposed to stop it. The invocation brought us to an uneasy pause. Thirty-odd years later, I remember the rustle of cottonwoods while triumph glinted in her eyes and a light buggy came up the road. It drew abreast, and manliness restrained us from bolting but was not capable of a jeer. Two booted men in flannel shirts and wide tan Stetsons sat in that buggy, and a shotgun stuck out from under the seat. They were probably no more than a couple of neighbors bound up "the canyon road" for quail, but a dreadful name lent them awe. They passed. The blonde child said, "That's Bat Masterson and I know him," then stuck out her tongue and disdainfully walked away. The killer-sheriff was not within a thousand miles at the moment, probably, but in Ogden, Utah, at about 1904, his name was a sufficient dissuader of boys.

One of my mother's stories dealt with a friend of hers who married and went to some Wyoming town. There, after some years, her husband was murdered, "on the very steps of the courthouse." The misdemeanor may not have been sanctioned but there was no thought of arresting the misdemeanor. The widow was acquainted with

the usages: before the corpse was carried away she dipped a token in the thickening blood. She would save it until her son grew up; then, my mother said, she would give it to him and bid him "wash the stain from your mother's handkerchief." The tale sounds a theme from the border ballads of all ages but it is quite true. To a boy growing up in that culture it had solemnity but nothing of the inappropriate.

The last loose confederacies of rustlers and train robbers were not much later than my birth. In interior Utah and Wyoming there was still much gunfire and such galloping below the skyline as the movies were soon to reproduce, but it was done by individuals, not gangs, by remnants of an outmoded lodge, in a tradition now formalized and obsolete. It was as far as the moon from Ogden. We were Butch Cassidy or Tom Horn. We held up the U. P. at Tipton; we rode down fanning our guns at Laramie; at Winnemucca or Castlegate we robbed banks and turned in our saddles to deal with citizens reckless enough to level rifles at us; we rode back to Robbers' Roost or Hole in the Wall for the orgies that convention demanded. But there was no feeling that such romance was related to our time and place: we were as ritualistic as the boys I see to-day in Cambridge, Massachusetts, firing machine guns from

automobiles at government agents who had had the effrontery to pursue John Dillinger.

Utah has little history of Indian trouble. This is due in part to Brigham Young's enlightened policy—he believed, soundly, that it was cheaper to feed Indians than to kill them off—but in greater part to the fact that the Indians of Utah were a degenerate race. The bellicose Utes belonged to the eastward, the Bannocks ranged far to the north, the Apaches seldom came up as far as the Grand Canyon, and the Navajos, who reached our border in greater numbers, were not warlike. The resident tribes were mostly Gosh-Utes and Diggers, technological unemployed, victims of the competitive Indian society which had forced them to the badlands, where such culture as they possessed decayed, sometimes below the use of fire. Thus it was that in the stories of the elders the red slayer was commonly just a beggar and a thief. They had been sufficiently sophisticated to trade on the reputation of their race, so that, finding a woman alone in a farmhouse, they might sometimes frighten her into largesse. But they could not often do even that; my grandmother, startled by the apparition of a blanketed and painted buck singing Injun in her dooryard, simply picked up the weapon known to her generation as a horse pistol. At sight of it the brave forsook the dooryard and the warpath in one stride. The air was full of Indian stories, located elsewhere, of course. Neighbors had ridden to Sand Creek or had campaigned with Custer or Connor or Crook; had fought off Oglalla attacks on wagon trains or stage stations; had galloped to distant settlements and found the naked, scalped, and raped bodies of women, and children curiously dismembered and hung up. Distance was on all these tales, however, and the closest we

boys came to them was in the distinction of one playmate. An uncle of his had been captured by Apaches, who cut off his eyelids and the soles of his feet and then tied him to a stake in an ant-bed and left him to the desert sun.

But we inherited the frontier's sentiments about Indians. The ones we saw, to be sure, were just grunting, dour, and mostly drunken grotesques, without terror, whom it was desirable not to approach too closely lest your mother be obliged to wash your hair with kerosene. But the Indian as an image of thought was a savage whose extermination was dictated by the necessities of civilization. The attitude survived long enough to immunize me against one sentimentality of my literary generation. As a historian, I have been able to understand the Indian's side of extermination and to master his strategy, but as a literary critic, I have been withheld from mysticism about the Amerind. I have not found him a beauty-lover, the creator of a deeply spiritual religion, or an accomplished metaphysician who plumbed eternal secrets which his brutish conqueror could never understand. Sibylline women and rapt men from megalopolis have been unable to persuade me that his neolithic culture was anything but a neolithic culture. Remembering the scalp-dance, I have found the Amerind on the whole less likely to civilize the American continent than the Nordic; on Amerind art and religion, I hold, the frontier had a sounder criticism than Greenwich Village.

In such ways, remembered violence tinged life in Ogden during that pause between frontier society and industrialism in which I grew up. I cannot say how it affected our libido and personæ. Outwardly, combined with the tradition of the migratory hunter, it did no more than give us a familiarity with firearms earlier than boys were

getting it to the eastward. I owned several sub-caliber rifles before I was twelve. By fifteen I was a good off-hand shot and had owned not only twenty-twos but a really formidable arsenal as well. By inheritance, appropriation, and the trafficking of boyhood I had acquired at various times a high-powered rifle, a shotgun, an automatic pistol, and at least three revolvers. My friends were similarly armed, and the gulches above Ogden endlessly echoed with our gunfire. Firearms were our cult, as automobiles and radios became the cult of our successors. We were competent. I knew no boy who did not regularly strap a revolver on his belt, balance a rifle on his shoulder, and disappear with his gang into the hills; but I knew only one boy who was injured in all that time. Early as we came to them, we used our guns with skill. It was a formalized skill without survival value, so that we consciously practiced it as an art, but it was a frontier inheritance.

The quality of all this scarlet was its irrelevance. And that is precisely my point: the West's scarlet, the frontier's violence, was episodic and irrelevant. Our elders and their elders had been lifelong addicts of civilization and community building. The cowboys arriving at Trail's End, who liquored up and shot one another, were an inconvenience, like the breaking of a water main, and had nothing to do with the life of Dodge City. The schoolmarm took the children out to look for mayflowers through that intermittent barrage. Bat Masterson, on the prowl for a kill, stepped out of the way of matrons of the Eastern Star carrying crullers and chicken patties to a church supper. Just across the Weber River (a very small stream) from my grandfather's south field, the Morrisite war produced three days of rifle and artillery fire. Civil revolt and its suppression get one line in his jour-

nal, being subordinated to the record of his plowing. A cattle war, a battle of miners, the rape of a bank or a stage coach was just what it is to-day, a violent interruption of a peaceful process, and was met in the same way, with the same despatch. Only, the frontier, being a large country and insufficiently policed, had few community safeguards for life and property. That fact put such safeguards up to the individual: if his safety and his property were threatened he had to defend them himself. "The law west of the Pecos" was what one wore on one's hip or carried on one's shoulder. When someone stole your horse or dynamited your ditches you could not send east of the Pecos for a cop. The frontiersman sighed, dropped his plow, went for his arsenal, attended to the horsethief, and then came back, got his crop in, and became a private citizen. He gladly made a peace officer his vicar as soon as one was available, and if he sometimes showed a preference for one who had got his training among the outlawed, megalopolis shows the same preference to-day. Organization achieved, he promptly forgot his earlier phase. It is not in the West where a tradition of personal responsibility and violence persists. I have seen more pocket pistols at a single party in Georgia than in any ten years' travel in the entire West.

II

Ogden had seen a deeper violence than casual outlawry. From its first settlement on, Utah was constantly rocked by the deadliest of all warfare, economic and religious. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints was a semi-co-operative society governed by an oligarchy who claimed divine sanction and exercised absolute power. It had reached Utah after a series of expulsions which proved that

the American social system could not adjust itself to it. Once in the mountains, the Church did its best to establish its system in defiance of experience. Fifty years of economic war between Mormons and Gentiles, intensified and made picturesque by the religious idiom of its expression, ensued before the compromises which finally permitted the adjustment. In the course of that campaign the national government once sent an expeditionary force against the Church and at another time, in flagrant violation of the Constitution, confiscated the Church's property, dissolved its corporations, proscribed some hundreds of its leaders, and attached a test-oath to the franchise. On its part, the Church expropriated the property of many Gentiles, with and without process of law, maintained a Gay-pay-oo for the immemorial purposes of dictatorships, and ruled by terrorism such of its own members as it had to and such Gentiles as it could. If the principles of the warfare were economic and if its strategy was political, the actual front-line tactics necessitated a long series of murders and one massacre in the grand manner.

Yet this gaudy era too was over in that transition period during which I grew up. Ogden, as the railroad center of the State, had an actual majority of Gentiles and so had achieved a working compromise, a forced equilibrium, long before the rest of Mormonry. The violence of neighbors at one another's throats, calling upon God, morality, and the national sovereignty for vindication, had subsided, and very little strife found its way to children. Mormon and Gentile, we grew up together with little awareness that our fathers fought in hostile armies. The child of a Catholic father and a Mormon mother, I myself was evidence of the adjustment. One of my earliest memories is of a little

girl's prophecy that the Wasatch mountains would be shaken down upon the plain in the imminent Last Days, and that I, as a Gentile, would be destroyed whereas she, as a Saint, would be saved for glory. Her prediction showed the smug self-righteousness as the Lord's chosen that characterizes all Mormons. Children had, even at four or five, a vivid feeling of membership in a unity, a secret and exotic way of life which entitled them to privileges denied the rest of us. They had also an array of duties, organizations, and badges that set them off, but, being children, frequently found them a bore and could be as skeptical of "primary" as we of St. Joseph's parish were of communion class. But this exclusiveness was less marked in Ogden than in other Utah towns, and far less marked than in the farming country where Mormonry was unalloyed.

The Irish priests of my own communion never preached against the heretics. Protestant ministers were less amiable, but it was only an occasional Gantry in the evangelical sects who bellowed excerpts from the filthy and preposterous anti-Mormon literature of the earlier age. We even mingled in Sunday School without shock. A Mormon meeting house was the place of worship nearest my home, and I was sometimes sent there for instruction until I was about seven, when Rome idly exercised its claim. (Somewhat to my relief. No Puritan divine in the Bay colony ever equalled the long-windedness of any Mormon bishop.) As we grew toward high-school age the lines tightened a little—surprisingly, by the formation of castes. The rudimentary aristocracy of Ogden tended to be Gentile, and a good many people began to feel superior on the simple ground that they had been baptized or married not for eternity but only for this world. As we grew still older, as the efficient Mormon system began to

select its missionaries among the boys and point the girls toward marriage in the faith, the cleavage grew distinct. But even then it was unimportant and often humorous. I remember a debate when my high-school class selected a baccalaureate speaker. The Mormon contingent, a minority, proposed one of the Twelve Apostles. An opponent solemnly put Jesus Christ in nomination, and Catholic, Presbyterian, and Baptist united to vote down the Saints.

Polygamy, the sole symbol of Mormonism in the outside world, meant almost nothing to us. The truth of history, which historians have not yet understood, is that to the Mormons themselves it was only a religious symbol, lacked the coercion of economic logic, and was slowly and insensibly found to be a mistake. More briefly still, Mormon polygamy was a caste privilege. "The hierarchy" is the Mormon term for the governing class, the hagiocracy or plutocracy as distinguished from the body of the Church. In general only the hierarchy was permitted to practice polygamy; only the hierarchy could afford to practice it. Thus there were never enough polygamists to establish the tone of any community; there were fewer of them in Ogden than in other towns, and the institution had been driven underground by the persecutions of the 'Nineties. Some of our playmates were known to be polygamous children and the number was increased as we grew up and learned the open secrets of the town. So far as I can remember, that fact meant absolutely nothing to us except as it gave them a certain distinction. By the time we were adolescents some of them, especially the girls, felt, I believe, a kind of embarrassment or social inferiority which the training of the Church did not always transform to fervent superiority. It was, however, frequently compensated by the

fact of plutocracy: a polygamist's child was likely to be a well-to-do child. Adolescence also informed us about the furtive practice of polygamy. We saw conspicuously monogamous Mormons paying regular parochial visits to conspicuously unmarried women. But there was no persecution to make such secrecy romantic and, unhappily, they were dreadfully ordinary people. We were just ribald about them. They were easily associated with the folklore that clustered about Brigham Young.

The way in which Mormonism did influence our daily life was to spice it with miracle. In few societies are angels as common as policemen and heaven rather more familiar than a city park: I have had a lifelong tenderness for the world's delusions because I grew up amid prophecy and the glories of the Lord. The whole aim of Brigham Young's policy, after one disastrous experiment, and that of his successors was to abandon the supernatural. The leaders tried to repress the impulses of their people, but the Church had been founded during the Apocalypse by a prophet of God and had always been recruited from the naturally ecstatic. Miracle might be officially denounced but it was a fundamental condition of daily life. Hired girls in my mother's kitchen looked into heaven. God spoke to ditch-diggers and garbage-collectors. On any day, at any corner, any Saint might meet an angel on his way. Patriarchs, prophets, and even deities nightly visited each block in Ogden when the Saints slept. The conversation of all Mormons was predominantly theological, and exegesis might at any moment change to prophecy—and when I say prophecy I mean not only the hosannas of the chosen but literal, detailed soothsaying by qualified seers and revelators under immediate inspiration of God.

Miraculous healing, of course, was

commonest. The Lord sustained his people in all ailments from cancer to the common cold, from snakebite to St. Vitus dance. The Mormon elders had their sacred oils and liturgical pantomime, like all priests, but it was extempore miracles by individual Mormons that impressed us. In time of epidemic these were intensified to the classic symptoms of mass hysteria till terror and ecstasy walked the Ogden streets. But other miracles were more picturesque. The widow's cruse had an exact parallel in a miraculous flour sack owned by a widow in my block. All but empty in the fall, it fed her family through a hard winter and when spring came was fuller than it had been in October. The Three Nephites are the Mormon variation of the Wandering Jew, three survivors of the earlier church doomed to wander the earth till the Last Days. Rumor of their presence sometimes spread through the back lots; there were omens and queer sequels of their passing, and I knew several Saints who had seen them. Piety was rewarded by a legacy which paid the mortgage, by the miraculous provision of clothes or horseflesh or quails or manna. Sin received equally direct action: an accident that removed a "bad Mormon" was the judgment of an angry God, and drouth, plagues of grasshoppers and disastrous forest fires meant that the Saints were not living their religion—usually by skimping their tithes. The destruction of one village by cloudburst and of another by a snowslide was incontrovertible evidence of communal sin.

Deliverance from the plots of the Gentiles was common. The missionaries went forth without purse or scrip throughout the world and they were not always loved. But God's providence went with them. Sandy P., for instance, had been persecuted by the Austrians. One night a mysterious

stranger, bearded and dressed in shining white, woke him from sleep and told him that Satan had prompted the villagers to take his life. Sandy rose and fled, the pursuit swiftly gathering behind him. It grew nearer as he labored through the night, and at last he came to a river too wide and rapid for him to cross. With the Mormon readiness for martyrdom, Sandy commended himself to the Lord. But a deep sleep came upon him. When he waked he was on the far side of the river and the frustrated lynchers were cursing him from the other bank.

That miraculous slumber and that white-clad stranger were constantly with us in Mormonry. Portentous words thundered out of silence. The skies above Twelfth Street opened and Olaf Olafson, teamster or swineherd, saw unfolded the future course of his life. In the deep night Granny Gudmanson heard a sonorous, semi-Biblical apostrophe telling her how to improve a granddaughter's morals, how to treat an ailing cow, or how to build an extension on the chicken house. Celestial messengers overtook wayfarers and told them to turn back or armed them against danger on the route. Angels snatched one back from a train fated to be wrecked or came at night to bid one withdraw money from a shaky bank. And anything might be an omen or a portent. Dreams and visions made all the neighbors rapt. A configuration of the clouds, an egg with two yolks, a blight on the radish bed, even a nightmare had been inspired above and could either be interpreted at home or taken to some neighborhood seer for explanation. The Sandy P. I have mentioned was greatly gifted in divination. He kept his large family in a continual tension of miracle—and of terror; for do not suppose that communications from God are always conducive to a peaceful life. At about the age of five one of his grandchildren

was repeatedly visited in dreams by another one who was dead. Through Sandy's interpretation the dead child's message was seen to be a warning that a third child was soon to die; and before long they took that third child to an asylum for the insane, which showed that Sandy hadn't missed it far. Sandy's youngest daughter was a classmate of mine at high school, and it was once my privilege to console her when a Mormon swain took some other maiden to a dance. She wept on my shoulder, most enjoyably to us both, but that night an angel visited her in a dream, and she laid the apparition before her prophet-father. Sandy interpreted and Sally sought me out. The Lord, Sandy decided, had pronounced her swain unworthy and had then given her a warning. "The Lord says," Sally told me, "that I must not let a Gentile kiss me any more."

Childhood on the Mormon frontier seems to me a rich heritage. It prepared me for the economic and governmental miracles of these days. It gave me a good many yardsticks for the behavior of the race. It dissuaded me from asking much rationality in human affairs, and it made my faculty of surprise abnormally inactive. It gave me laboratory experience in dictatorship. . . . And there was also my Mormon grandfather's revelation. The Bishop of Uinta once came to Grandfather's house and told him that the Lord had revealed an intention to bestow his daughter on the bishop as a plural wife. Grandfather was a devout man, a man who had lived his religion, followed the priesthood, and built up the kingdom. So now his piety was rewarded, in miracle. The skies were opened to him and he said, "I prophesy that if you don't get out of here, Brother L., and if you ever mention the revelation to anyone, I will shoot hell out of you."

III

The greatest influence on childhood of the vanished frontier was the freedom we enjoyed. It was an all-inclusive freedom that touched every aspect of our lives. Perhaps I can best suggest it by the relations of the sexes in adolescence, and of this the most vivid symbol I have is a memory from my last year at high school. Toward noon one day a girl and I were coming back toward Ogden over the foothills when we reached a barbed-wire fence. Helen stopped and modestly bade me look the other way lest I glimpse her calf when she climbed the fence. It was a request absolutely in accord with the Ogden folkways—and yet she and I had been alone in the mountains since one o'clock that morning, had climbed a peak and cooked our breakfast on the top. This, in 1914. It was the privilege of young people, in groups or in couples, to wander in the mountains unchaperoned and unsuspected of misbehavior—and, let me say, rightly unsuspected. At a time when elsewhere in America stringent restrictions were put on all such intercourse outside the home, we were quite free to go where we liked at any hours that pleased us. The form which the convention took is amusing; if we went into the mountains to cook supper we must be back before dawn, and if we wanted to cook breakfast we must be careful not to start till after midnight—otherwise we should spend the night together, which was unthinkable.

The mountains were a force in our freedom. By the time we were eight we went on day-long explorations of the foothills, miles from home, unsupervised by older people. Two or three years later we were beginning to climb the peaks, and by the time we were fourteen we were camping out for days at a time, with or without tents, in canyons a hundred miles up the range.

I remember, at fifteen, spending a Christmas vacation in a deserted log cabin deep among the peaks and, with several companions, practicing the not inconsiderable skill that such a stay implies. The frontier had left this impress on us, and when the Boy Scout movement reached Utah just as we grew too old for it, we were contemptuous of its sterilized and evangelized woodcraft. Toward the supervised outdoor-life of the Boy Scouts and of the summer-camp movement which followed we felt a frontiersman's disdain for the counterfeit. At fourteen we were able to take care of ourselves in the wilderness. We wanted no lectures on the hazards of cliffs, poison ivy, and rattlesnakes, and no exhortations about the beauties and purities of nature. As for nature, we were realists—and that, I think, is one of the deepest values we experienced.

But be sure we also paid a tax. This was a time, let me repeat, between two ages. The frontier organization had collapsed and the organization of the industrial order had not taken its place. In this very matter of outdoor skills we suffered. We were practicing a frontier craft but practicing it as an art—survival value had gone from it and so nothing vital depended on it. For instance, I have deeply regretted my ignorance of the native botany and natural history. A generation earlier I should have learned the seasons, qualities, and uses of all native plants and woods, the habits of birds and animals, the use of traps, and the crafts of taxidermy and tanning quite as naturally as I did learn camping and mountain climbing and marksmanship. A few years later I should have learned them from the paid instructors supplied by a community grown suddenly solicitous about its young. I would rather have had the first training than the second certainly, but the second rather than none at all.

Frontier society disciplined children within its necessities; the industrial order taught them from a new sentiment of humanitarian responsibility. Our order granted them the frontier freedom and then, omitting discipline, disregarded them. In some ways it was not a bad system. Psychology approves its impersonality, and it taught children a practical Darwinism—they learned, earlier than children elsewhere, immediate implications of the struggle for existence. But it was a handicap in many ways, since the terms of that struggle were changing and we were not equipped for the new phase. Also, it had its immediate pangs. A regret that has lasted to my thirty-eighth year springs from my inability to become a really good swimmer. I never saw the crawl stroke till boys just older than I began coming home from college—the first generation of college men in Ogden. Now the crawl stroke is probably not universal in Utah even to-day (no river there has more than a thirty-yard stretch deep enough for swimming and there are only a half-dozen lakes in the whole State), but at least the new order teaches it. There was no one to teach me, and that fact has, I think, its significance. A boy who was not born with a knack for boys' skills was simply out of luck. To-day playgrounds and schools swarm with specialists who teach the awkward the approved technics of all games, sports, crafts, skills, and arts. In the Ogden of my time one had them or one never got them. No doubt the preferential treatment of to-day has been carried too far; but one would like to ask analysts and social pathologists how much maladjustment, inadequacy, and frustration they have traced to the wounds inflicted by its lack. Whole areas of experience, whole classes of social adjustment, may well have been thrown out of balance. Certainly it showed in the experience of

my generation when we ventured away from Ogden. We had the rituals of our own society, but when we got away from it we had an ineptness that proper supervision of children would have prevented. The elders had brought us into the tribal house, but they had not fitted us to deal with the outlanders.

But one will have to go still deeper into the mind to appraise the basic fact of that frontier remnant. We learned as children, I say, implications of the struggle of existence. Frontier children always learned them, but the industrial order, at even its most squalid levels, delays that instruction and, above those levels, delays it perhaps too long. Among frontiersmen and those who succeeded to their heritage, such a realization has conditioned the entire climate and physiology of thought. The significance of that fundamental has been insufficiently realized and so has been grotesquely distorted by students of American society. Make of it what you will, to the despair of the hopeful or the apprehension of the merely liberal, one whole division of the Americans was conditioned by it. To that people the struggle of existence is not something that can be repealed by Act of Congress or demolished by rainmakers, philosophers, or the community meeting in prayer.

IV

There remains one frontier-fossil which I touch on with reluctance because, though one of the ideas which students of American life have been most voluble about, it cannot be clearly phrased or adequately defined here. It relates to that cliché of editorial writers—individualism, and its implications in the action of the frontier on the national history.

If as a critic of historical writing I have challenged the simplicities of

certain historians about the American frontier, it is because I know of my own experience that frontier life was infinitely complex and not reducible to formula. Consider: I was the child of an apostate Mormon and an apostate Catholic, which suggested that the religious culture of the frontier was far from simple. Across the street from me lived a prosperous miner who made his cross on all documents because he could not write, whose wife could not read, and who did not send his children to school till the town forced him to. He was the type-frontiersman of many thinkers. Yet the book in which I was taught to read was a Pope's *Iliad* of 1781 and, chanting the couplets while I played with the miner's children, I was a laboratory specimen of frontier relationships which no literary or academic formula could express. One of my grandfathers was an English mechanic turned farmer, another was an Italian cavalry officer turned commission merchant. I played with the sons and grandsons of Hawaiian princes, Scandinavian murderers, German geologists with duelling scars, English poets, Spanish mathematicians, French gamblers, Virginia slave-owners, Yankee metaphysicians—of men who came from everywhere, who had every conceivable tradition, education, and canon of taste and behavior. On Memorial Day one ancient hung the Stars and Bars on his front door and mounted guard on it in butter-nut; the King's birthday was celebrated three doors away; a pastry cook made a Dauphinist of me at ten; down the street Kriss Kringle was venerated instead of Santa Claus; in the next block manuscript letters of Emerson created a whole ritual of behavior; beyond that house a fiercely silent dignity protected a national but locally unmentioned disgrace. Here, God knows, was none of that deadly uniformity of thought, habit, belief, and behavior which books

about the frontier detect *in absentia*. I grew up in a culture much more various than I have found anywhere else.

Such a society could have no such coercive singleness of opinion, no such dictatorial and puritanical absolutism, as the books describe. Quite the contrary: it could survive only by the utmost latitude of thought, expression, and personal behavior. We learned to sing "What was your name in the States?" and we sang it in derision, but it had a meaning which the community taught us to respect. We learned that what a man thought about God, the government, the banks, the social revolution, women, sex, alcohol, or the Dauphin, Kriss Kringle, or separation for Ireland was most definitely his own business and not subject to our own views. More, we learned that what he did about them was, within the farthest possible limits of community elasticity, even more his business and not ours. We learned this from our parents and ourselves and from the daily practice of our community. The frontier had lapsed just so far that the lesson was not occasionally italicized by gunfire. We learned, in short, that the frontier had existed as a community, and could have existed, only by the constant exercise of the freedoms, individualisms, and eccentricities which the absentee critic finds it never had.

I may say too that we saw these conditions end. As my generation grew up, industrialism and megalopolis made us their benefactions. Lunch-*eon* clubs arrived, and Chautauqua, the Y.M.C.A., the syndicated press, booster movements, the hysterias and compulsions of wartime and prohibition, and the liberal point of view and national prosperity. We had been boys in the despotic uniformity of the intellectuals; we did not know what uniformity was till their Utopia gathered us in.

At the same time a boy who had

once risen from bed at three of a spring morning with an arctic wind blowing out of the canyons, to irrigate his grandfather's fields with icy water at just such times as the community chose to allot—such a boy understood another widely denied quality of the frontier. For the books have struck the frontier paradox and solved it exactly wrong. They find that the frontier rigidly suppressed individualism in personal opinion and behavior, whereas frontiersmen could live together only by virtue of a greater latitude in such matters than any other part of America permitted. And they find that the frontier enforced an even greater individualism in economic and governmental affairs, whereas the very conditions of frontier life imposed co-operation. When glacial water seeped down my boots in a canyon wind at hours dictated by the water commissars, I was working in the earliest tradition of the pioneers, locally sixty-five years old and ninety years earlier than Mr. Ickes. Who but the economic individualist was the proverbial victim of frontier violence? It would be unfair to allude to the stage-robber and the horse-thief; but surely the rustler, the claim-jumper, and the fraudulent homesteader were lynched by co-operative effort; surely the stock-detective, the wolf-hunter, and the fence-rider were agents of a frontier economy in which the individualism of the critics had small part. How indeed did a frontier community exist at all except by means of a close-knit co-operation? Especially, how did a frontier community in the desert exist?

The first job I ever held for any length of time was in a land-title office and it took me deep into territorial organization. I found the intricate network of a co-operative system. Not the co-operative merely, for the frontier had its share of communistic experiments which went the way of all

communisms and, it may be, left some skeptical deposit on the minds of Westerners. Even Mormonism, whose co-operative society ruled in the name of God by a superior hierarchy, a privileged class, is a practical answer to the enigma of government, had once quaintly investigated communism. There in the records I digested was the United Order of Enoch and its melancholy teachings, with the Prophet John Taylor instead of Stalin to change its alignment. But in the routine of business I had to master the water laws, the grazing laws, the mining code—I had to re-create the frontier's co-operative reduction of chaos. Do not wonder if I have, in print, sometimes suggested that metropolitan authorities on frontier life go and do likewise. Or if I commend to them such casual items from frontier journals as this: "To-day our water committee waited on Stark and Stevens and told them to close up their dams until they come into the agreement." With its entry

of a week later that Messrs. Stark and Stevens, kulaks of rugged frontier individualism, have been liquidated.

Well, Ogden of those days was the damndest place. We were really *fin de siècle*, we were the frontier's afterglow. We saw that glow fade out. We stood, as it were, on a watershed, and also we went down the other side. In the class of 1914 at the Ogden High School there were three girls each of whom had one pair of silk stockings. By the class of 1918 there was no girl who had ever worn cotton stockings to the school, and the town had broken out with something that looked like a bucolic variant of the Junior League. Children of parents who had been conceived in cottonwood lean-tos, with their older brothers looking on, had suddenly become a plutocracy with a mistaken belief that they were a fashionable caste. But the sagebrush debutante is without interest to history and is hereby abandoned to literature, which so far has left her out.





REPORTERS BECOME OF AGE

BY ISABELLE KEATING

SAIID Foster Coates, managing editor of the *New York World* to Mr. Pulitzer's secretary, "Tell Mr. Pulitzer that I'm under no obigoddamnation to do that and I won't." There was a gage thrown down! When a commanding officer in the field refused Richard Harding Davis the right of way, Mr. Davis took it anyhow and stiffened the tradition that the reporter is a news freebooter and knows no law. Once a legend is fixed it is a hard job to smash it; but the romantic legend of the newspaper reporter's freedom is smashed now, smashed to bits. The truth is that this freedom has been a hollow sham, a patent fraud for years. Only recently has the reporter awakened to the truth, and the American Newspaper Guild, the newswriters' trade union, is evidence of the fact. The reporter has come of age.

There are some ten thousand of the country's newspapermen and women who, having recorded with a high degree of competence the collapse and slow disintegration of our economic order, have only now awakened to a collective understanding of their own economic plight. Day by day they traced the course of the mortal illness of rugged individualism, but until some eighteen months ago they made no attempt to apply this newly acquired wisdom to themselves. Individuals and free fighters they were; let them so remain. The fact that their job tenure was precarious and that they labored hard for precious little

money was forgotten in the conviction that theirs was a sacred calling.

They regarded themselves, for the most part, as footloose if improvident dogs, scoffing at stuffed shirts, tearing the lid off rascality, and reporting with zest and some understanding the startling, the ludicrous, the bizarre, and the tragic in the day's events. This they did without much thought for reward, but with the vague conviction that merit cannot be ignored. It was a hopelessly immature attitude, of course; but a newswriter, if he is any good at all, is a strange amalgam of hard-boiled naïveté, impudence, and curiosity. His bump of self-interest has, until a little while ago, been wanting.

Thus it has been a shock to many of them to be faced with the truth that Van Bibber and Hildy Johnson are all as dead as the economy which sired them; that the press, to which they have given themselves, is only in part a disinterested institution for public service; that the newspaper-publishing industry to-day is big business—one of the biggest in the country, and that in this, as in every other big business, the profits are not to the gallant but to the strong. Publishers and printers have recognized these truths for half a century and have organized accordingly. Ten thousand men and women who write the news, now banded together in the American Newspaper Guild, have only just awakened to them.

There were numerous influences

which up to now have obscured these facts from the newswriters. Foremost among them was a romanticism (until the formation of the Guild it was generally called an incurable romanticism) about their craft. They were Labor but they wouldn't admit it. They cherished their individualism like a white plume, and accepted at face value the legend that they could never organize for mutual benefit. They disdained the forthright self-seeking of the employees who organized; they scorned and jeered at the "enlightened self-interest" of the employer.

Their hours were long, their salaries low, their families neglected; and today's scoop, obtained at immeasurable cost of soul and body and spirit, was just so much newsprint with which to start to-morrow's fire; but what matter? It was a romantic, spirited calling, and if in the end they wound up broke, they had at least a store of off-the-record anecdotes which made them excellent company, however inadequate as coin those anecdotes may have seemed to the baker or barkeep muttering over his unpaid bills. The newswriters fed their vanity and self-esteem on this costly and unsubstantial fare. They carefully built up a philosophy that has kept them for decades insulated against a recognition of their own interests.

Moreover, there has been a tacit acceptance in newspaper offices of the likelihood that all this frantic expenditure of energy in recording the deeds and misdeeds of mankind would drive a man to drink. Often it did. That, too, was part of the romantic legend, and while it began as an escape, it developed into an accomplishment. Oh, the gory nights at Jack's! That's part of the legend. Shall we ever see the like again of Frank Butler, always drunk and always broke, but a genius as a reporter? Butler had a removable

gold tooth which he could hock when disaster overtook him. It would be wonderful to go through life on a gold tooth. And the girls. A reporter's fancy was fleeting but it dazzled while it lasted. What did money matter? What difference did it make if you didn't have a shirt to your name? Legend and more legend.

"Dead drunk, he was the best reporter west of Omaha." That was high praise. Having achieved this distinction, some reporters even agreed to work at salaries lower than they admittedly merited, with the understanding that when their inevitable periodic flights into alcoholism occurred they would be tolerated, forgiven, and kept on the payroll. It doesn't make sense but it's true.

The grizzled and bleary-eyed oldsters tossed up on the copy desk and the exchange desk by this system were hardly inspiration to the young to pursue a career in journalism. Burned out themselves, their desks a jackdaw's museum of empty bottles, broken eyeshades, and profane pictures snapped by the staff photographer, they might have served as warnings. But the youngsters didn't see them. Their eyes were fixed on a succession of glowing figures. There was Henry Morton Stanley who, as a *Herald* reporter, followed the British column into Abyssinia and saw the Emperor Theodore dead by his own hand at Magdala. To that same Stanley James Gordon Bennett had said "Go and find Livingstone!" And he went and found him. There was Nellie Bly who went round the world in less than eighty days just to prove that Jules Verne's story was not a delirium. There was Davis standing in the dusk of the Cathedral of the Assumption to watch the Tsar Nicholas crowned. There was Charlie Dryden, whose beat extended from Samoa to the Arctic; there was Steffens and the

graft rings, and there was John Reed in the roar of revolution, writing *Ten Days That Shook the World*, and dying while he wrote. The young fellows saw themselves not as the nameless hacks who are the paper's backbone, but as the Davises, the Steffenses, and the Reeds, inheritors of an immortal tradition.

The copy-book writers contributed to the delusion. Hardly a text but contains its quota of stories about newswriters who gave their very lives that the local *Clarion* might, for one edition, have a scoop. One of the most famous of these stories concerns Edward Marshall, one of the correspondents deployed by Mr. Hearst to cheer the country into and through the Spanish American War that the circulation of his *Journal* might pass the million mark. Marshall was wounded in a skirmish near Santiago, Cuba; but with wounds undressed and bleeding, he dictated his story for the dear old *Journal*. Is there anyone to-day who does not believe that the Spanish American War was too high a price to pay for Mr. Hearst's newspaper circulation, and who must not feel, therefore, that Marshall's heroism was somewhat gratuitous?

A second example is that of Gregory Hume, a reporter on the New York *World* who happened to be in a train wreck near Stamford, Conn. Lifted from the wreckage, mortally injured, Hume requested first that his city editor be notified that there was a "big story" at Stamford which, because he was "all smashed up," he would regrettably be unable to cover. Then he asked that his mother be notified.

They placed an engraved bronze plaque in the *World's* city room in Hume's memory. Within a few years the *World* was sold. Its despairing, jobless staff sent the dusty plaque to the Pulitzer School of Journalism "as an inspiration to the students!"

II

In another era—say the 11th century—such heroism might indeed have been an inspiration; but since then an Industrial Revolution has taken place and, specifically, newspaper publishing has become big business—like steel and coal and cigar stores.

And lest this sound too cynical, consider for a moment what has happened in the newspapers' business offices in the last fifty years. In the early part of the 19th century there was, of course, no business office. A man frequently was his own editor and publisher, compositor, printer, and copy boy. One went into journalism for political reasons or to hurl invective at one's "esteemed but loathed" rival, and frequently for both reasons. Most papers sold for six cents, were read by few and, since advertising was still an infant industry, there were no wealthy publishers. Editors had to be as facile with a pistol as with a pen. Journalism in those days was exciting, pungent, important, frequently dangerous for the editor, but from the commercial standpoint a failure.

James Gordon Bennett was the first to correct this fallacy. Founding the old *Herald*, he announced that he would abjure partisanship in all its forms. "We shall," he said, "support no party, be the organ of no faction or coteries, and care nothing for any election or any candidates from president down to a constable."

It is true that Mr. Bennett did take sides in such things as divorce suits, once getting a painful beating for his convictions, and it is true that he and James Watson Webb, the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, rarely passed on the street without clubbing each other over the head, Webb at one time (according to Bennett) getting "a blow in the face which may have knocked down his throat some of his

infernal teeth for anything I know." But aside from these personal derelictions from his code, Bennett adhered fairly well to the keynote of commercial journalism which he had sounded.

The Civil War had been an era of violent partisanship in journalism, and in the post-war shambles the most influential editors the country has ever known—Greeley, Godkin, Dana, Waterson—had their day. Reporters in those days were a nondescript lot, most of whom had come up from the composing room. (College men were generally considered unfit as reporters since they had "lost the common touch.") Yet even while the great editors reigned, the knell of personal journalism was being sounded. The business office, a new and lusty adjunct to the publishing business, was coming to the fore.

This was no isolated phenomenon in the publishing field. Big business was getting into the saddle everywhere. It was the era of the robber barons, a period of capitalistic enterprise beyond the comprehension of ordinary men. Railroad, oil, steel, and packing fortunes were being laid. The drive to whittle production costs to the minimum in order to boost profits to the maximum was sweeping the country. With advertising a fast developing agency to whip up demand and increase consumption, and with the press a superb medium for advertising, could the publishers withstand the spirit of big business? They could not. Newspapers swiftly reflected the new psychology. Personal journalism, with its circumscribed appeal, was supplanted by impersonal flamboyant journalism, with its mass appeal. The price of newspapers was slashed so that all could buy. Hereafter advertisers, not subscribers, would pay the costs. It was not editorial influence but advertising value that counted now. When it appeared that with

two newspapers (or two cigar stores or two grocery stores) you could make more than twice as much money as with one, the chain newspapers appeared. The first chain was established in the late '70's; to-day there are more than sixty newspaper chains in the country.

When it became finally evident to publishers that they could increase profits if they standardized advertising rates, bargained collectively for newsprint, and presented a united front to labor (the printers, having recognized what was happening, had already organized), the American Newspaper Publishers' Association was established. This was in 1887. Its concern was solely with the *business* of newspaper publishing. It is important to remember that.

Profits in the succeeding years increased enormously and, since most newspapers are owned by families or small corporations, the profits have always been fairly highly concentrated. Thus while in 1884 newspaper revenues for the entire country were about \$135,000,000, with subscriptions accounting for half the total, in 1929 they had risen to more than a billion dollars, with subscriptions accounting for less than two-fifths of the whole. "The press," remarked *Editor and Publisher*, newspaper trade journal, "has become a major industry."

It is true that the economic storm hit the publishers but, again quoting *Editor and Publisher*, "through the depression newspaper publishing concerns have shown remarkable stability as compared with all other departments of industry and trade. There have been very few bankruptcies in the newspaper field." And in 1934, while newspaper revenues were only \$490,000,000, or less than half the 1929 high, they were more than 10 per cent above the 1933 revenues and 1.2 per cent ahead of 1932.

Still, as in every other "major industry," when revenues dropped sharply, sharp retrenchments had to be made. They could not be made on equipment costs, because those costs do not fluctuate much. They could not be made in the composing room until every other resource had been exhausted, because the printers with their strong unions would strike if there was a wage cut.

Where, then, to retrench? Ten thousand editorial workers who saw their salaries slashed from ten to fifty per cent, and an untold number who were dismissed outright have reason to know where the retrenchments were made. They saw the mechanical unions stand firm on their high wage scales until the indubitable gravity of the storm forced small concessions, and they saw the printers' wages go back to the 1929 level at the first signs of business upturns. Meanwhile they read in the society columns that the publisher had gone south for a winter vacation or that he had injured his knee in a fox hunt at the club and, gazing at their own meager pay envelopes, they suddenly became thoughtful.

Without laboring this point, let me cite one illustration. A young, experienced, college-trained newspaper-woman working at space rates on a metropolitan daily was assigned (this was in the winter of 1933) to write a series of articles on sweatshops, then rampant in the city. Her instructions were to get a job in a sweatshop, work there four or five days, and write an account of her experiences. This she did. When upon publication of the articles she clipped and turned them in to the cashier, she was offered less for them than she would have received in the sweatshop had she finished the week and collected her money there. Experiences like this are not conducive to a romantic attitude. The reporters

realized the facts at last. It was good-bye to Richard Harding Davis. The American Newspaper Guild was born in December, 1933.

III

It was the National Industrial Recovery Act which gave impetus to formation of the Guild, and specifically Section 7a, which guaranteed the right of workers to join organizations of their own choosing for purposes of collective bargaining.

There had indeed been sporadic attempts at organizing newspapermen before the NIRA, but most of them had died of inanition or were extinguished by sudden and swift executive reprisals against those who had had enough temerity to join. Overtures which were made by some of these organizations toward affiliation with the American Federation of Labor were unsuccessful, and as a result, many newswriters who had joined found themselves jobless.

Not all of those early efforts were failures, however. In Scranton, Pa., a reporters' union had been successfully established more than thirty years ago and, as an affiliate of the International Typographical Union, is to-day a smoothly functioning unit. It secured for its members minimum wages of about \$50 a week, limitation of hours, and various other benefits. Two Yiddish Writers' Clubs, one an affiliate of the A. F. of L., were established some twenty-five years ago in New York City and Philadelphia, guaranteeing a \$60 a week minimum salary to their members and other benefits. Newswriters on the *Milwaukee Leader* have been organized in a union for thirty-six years.

In Great Britain where, as in America, newspaper publishing has become a major industry, British newspaper men and women have been organized

for decades. The British Union of Journalists, founded in 1907, and the British Institute of Journalists, chartered by Queen Victoria in 1890, have made Great Britain's editorial rooms virtually closed shops.

There were, then, sufficient precedents for an American union of newswriters, and more than sufficient justification. When, therefore, the NIRA gave governmental sanction to the formation of workers' groups, news guilds sprang up with simultaneity throughout the country. The first group was organized in Cleveland in August, 1933. The New York Guild had its first meetings in September of that year. In quick succession Guilds were formed in Tulsa, Newark, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Richmond, Hackensack, N. J., and Toledo. By November the formation of a national guild was under way, and in December the first national convention was held in Washington. There were no walking delegates nurturing this sudden growth. It was for the most part a spontaneous uprising against too long endured discrimination.

Heywood Broun, who had led one of the early unsuccessful efforts to organize newswriters, became national president. A columnist with a wide following, and enjoying one of the choicest spots in the New York *World Telegram* for presentation of his views, he was to see before the year was out after his assumption of leadership, one of his brainchildren thrown out of the paper on a charge of triviality and his succeeding columns relegated to an obscure place in the paper's second section. He was to be bitterly attacked by the publishers, as a radical and a playboy and a one-man menace to the freedom of the press; and yet with every attack the membership of the Guild was to grow larger and its support of Broun stronger. The inescapable conclusion is that the Guild is

not a one-man crusade but an inevitable mass movement.

In its formative stages the Guild leaned heavily toward a professional type of organization. Newswriters in general had a distaste amounting to suspicion of union tactics and policies, and resented the rigidity of union regulations, although they admired the unions' strength as bargaining agencies. Also they sincerely cherished the belief that the publishers would meet them half way in their efforts at achieving an improved economic and professional status. Broun himself, announcing his interest in forming a New York guild, spoke of the difficulty of accepting "wholeheartedly the conception of the boss and his wage slave. All my very many bosses have been editors," he said, "and not a single Legree in the lot. But," he added, "the fact that newspaper editors and owners are genial folk should hardly stand in the way of a newspaper writers' union. There should be one."

The aim of the new movement was to be improvement of the newswriters' economic and professional status—in that order. But the reporters had anticipated dealing with newspapermen. They were confronted, instead, by big business.

From the day the Guild's outline became clearly defined up to the present, its relation with the American Newspaper Publishers' Association (the business arm of the industry), the Newspaper Code Authority set up by that association, and the code-created Newspaper Industrial Board has been a history of checks and circumventions, open fights, covert fights, and almost continuous conflict. Thus far the Newspaper Publishers' Association has defeated the Guild at every point where the two organizations have come in contact, thus fulfilling one of its prime purposes which is to "protect

newspaper publishers against labor." In the sole instance where a government board upheld the Guild against the publishers in a controversy over a Guild member, the victory was turned to defeat by a threat on the part of the publishers to withdraw *en masse* from the NRA unless the decision was withdrawn. President Roosevelt himself intervened to save the day for the publishers, in effect advising the board which had handed down the offending ruling (a board he had himself created) to mind its own affairs in the future.

Thus the working newspaper men and women are acquiring a new and firsthand acquaintance with a government of, for, and by the strong: "an education in disillusionment," a Guildsman has called it. This new branch of their education began late in 1933 when the publishers went to Washington with their code. Protesting strongly at first against being codified at all, the publishers finally submitted a document which insured their right to employ child labor, made no arrangements for a shorter work week, established no minimum wages, and provided that no changes could be made in their code without specific consent from the country's twelve hundred assenting publishers, lest the government infringe on the freedom of the press. It is the only code under the NRA with such a provision. And at the risk of repeating, let me emphasize again that it was drawn up not by the country's editorial employees who are the immediate guardians of press freedom, but by the business branch of the newspaper industry which is concerned through collective action with keeping production costs down and profits up. "That isn't a code at all," Paul Y. Anderson wrote in *The Nation*. "It's a charter of expectations!"

But it was not until the spring of

1934 that the Guild had its first taste of direct opposition from the publishers. Representing then some 8000 of the 24,000 eligible editorial employees in the country, the infant organization asked for representation on the Newspaper Industrial Board which had been set up by the A.N.P.A.'s code authority to handle disputes arising under Section 7a. Although the newswriters had had no voice whatever in drawing up the code which was to govern them, or in the establishment of this quasi-judicial board which was to judge them, they felt they deserved a voice at least in its deliberations. Their request precipitated an immediate blizzard of red tape. General Johnson, a man of action rather than diplomacy, sought to weave his way through it by increasing the board members to ten (there were originally eight), adding one publisher to the four publishers already appointed, and a Guildsman to join the four labor union members who had been appointed.

Getting the consent of nine of the ten members of the Newspaper Code Authority—the tenth being unavailable at the time—he announced that it was done. The publishers immediately raised an hysterical cry against this "invasion of the freedom of the press."

Under the sacred terms of their code, they reminded him, all 1200 of the country's publishers had to consent to this change or they wouldn't play ball. Otherwise what would become of the freedom of the press? The General backtracked. The Guild was disgusted and said so.

It was the freedom of the press issue that incensed Guild members as much as the denial of a place on the Industrial Board. For the men and women who write the news, many of them now college-trained, know more, I daresay, about the history of freedom of the

press in this country than do the publishers. Further, they know quite as intimately as the publishers how often that freedom is misused, to tout this advertiser or that faction, this social clique or that one, this organization and that society, at the behest of the executive office. They know that freedom of the press is a right sacred to the editorial rather than the business office. They were accordingly astonished and then outraged at this attempt of big business (for remember, the A.N.P.A. is concerned only with the business side of newspapers) to use a sacred American right as a smokescreen to cover up economic injustice. It was adding intellectual insult to industrial injury.

The Guild was ultimately accorded a place on the Industrial Board through the voluntary withdrawal of one of the labor members. Guildsmen, already harboring a new respect for organized labor, now added gratitude as well.

IV

While the newswriters watched these developments in Washington many of them were getting vivid firsthand knowledge at home of the futility of Section 7a as a protective instrument.

Joining the Guild under its comforting promise, many newswriters found themselves suddenly without jobs. Although the avowed purpose of the NRA and the codes was to increase employment, there was, to judge from the history of the Guildsmen, an unprecedented economy wave sweeping through the country's newspaper offices. And it had a disquieting way of hitting Guild leaders first.

In many cases the newswriters were told flatly that they had been discharged because they had joined the Guild. Generally, however, economy was the reason given for discharge—but a new and interesting kind of economy which

permitted immediate filling of the vacancies thus created, by non-Guildsmen. Nor have all the devices of NRA served to get back for a single Guildsman his lost job.

In the New York area the Guild met these challenges with direct action, going into the picket line in two instances with all the customary accouterments of a labor war. The results were not heartening. It lost one fight and won the other, only to lose it in the end through strictly legal circumvention by the publisher of the agreement which had ended the dispute. The Guild finally took both cases to the Newspaper Industrial Board, with, it must be admitted, more resignation than hope; for this body, created by the publishers to settle their own industrial disputes, had drifted long since into a Sargasso Sea of inaction.

Still the Eastern newswriters' faith in self-reliance has persisted, and when Lucius T. Russell, publisher of the *Newark Ledger*, openly defied the Guild, newswriters once more took to the picket line. Russell flatly declined to meet Guildsmen for purposes of collective bargaining, threatened to make it "very nervous for quite a number" of his staff if they invoked the aid of the NRA's Regional Labor Board, and wound up by firing eight Guildsmen. The *Ledger's* entire Guild membership, consisting of forty-five men and women, met the challenge by walking out on strike. Support of their action poured in from all parts of the country. Thousands of dollars from the traditionally improvident pockets of newswriters were sent to the strike fund. Proceeds from benefit entertainments given by half a dozen Guilds swelled the total. Organized labor voted its support of the newswriters' action. Reporters from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Washington joined the

Newark Guildsmen on the picket line. The *Ledger's* circulation fell off sharply. So also did its advertising. A stockholder finally intervened and as the strike entered its third month the paper was placed in the hands of trustees.

So much for direct action in the East. In the West (this was in the Guild's early days) newswriters believed that Section 7a meant what it said: that if they were discharged because of membership in an organization formed for collective bargaining purposes—in this case the Guild—the government's enforcement agencies, vague though their jurisdictions were, would do right by them.

Dean Jennings, rewrite man on the Hearst-owned San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, became the most famous sacrifice offered up to this theory. Jennings was forced to resign under circumstances which convinced all but four of the *Call-Bulletin's* forty Guild members that they had better relinquish their Guild membership at once. Believing this to be a clear case of violation of Section 7a, the Guild turned to the NRA's enforcement agencies for justice.

These agencies included at that time the Regional Labor Board, a first court of jurisdiction in employer-employee disputes, and the National Labor Board, a court of appeals. There was also the Newspaper Industrial Board to which, as we have seen, Guildsmen in the East ultimately appealed when, in two cases, direct action failed. Newswriters, East and West, however are justly suspicious of the Newspaper Industrial Board. They had no voice in its establishment, nor at the time the Jennings dispute arose did they have any voice in its deliberations. Created by the publishers under the NRA for the settlement of employer-employee disputes, the board reserves to itself the right to decide any and all

such disputes, including those arising out of the NRA—guaranteed right to collective bargaining. It has thus become superior to the law under which it was created, and its jurisdiction is final. Inevitably its history has been one of continuous deadlocks between the four publishers and four labor representatives. So Guildsmen look upon the board with jaundiced eye.

San Francisco Guildsmen took the Jennings case, therefore, to the San Francisco Regional Labor Board. Perhaps that presumably impartial tribunal saw the menacing shadow of Mr. Hearst behind the discharged newswriter. Certainly they treated his complaints like the proverbial hot potato. The case, after innumerable delays and postponements, was routed through no less than four governmental agencies: namely, the Regional Labor Board, the National Labor Board, the Newspaper Industrial Board, the San Francisco Regional Labor Board again, and finally the National Labor Relations Board, this last a body created by President Roosevelt and supplanting the National Labor Board. Apparently as disgusted as the newswriters over this run-around, the National Labor Relations Board, over the protests of the publishers, who insisted it had no jurisdiction, at least heard testimony in the case and handed down a decision for Jennings. He had, it found, indeed been forced to resign because of his Guild affiliation and it, therefore, ordered his reinstatement.

The publishers' reply to this ruling was to threaten to withdraw in a body from NRA. They argued that since their code did not specifically recognize the National Labor Relations Board it could have no jurisdiction in newspaper disputes, and that its assumption of jurisdiction amounted to a dire threat to the freedom of the press. Hastily, Donald Richberg, ex-

ecutive director of the National Emergency Council, "prevailed upon" the National Labor Relations Board to reopen the Jennings case. This it did, but after a second hearing it found again for Jennings. That time the board gave the *Call-Bulletin* ten days in which to reinstate him. After two weeks had passed without a reinstatement the Board recommended that the Compliance Division of the NRA remove the Blue Eagle from Mr. Hearst's paper. Guildsmen who had watched the case at first with dismay and then chagrin rejoiced at last over what appeared to be a victory.

But within a matter of hours the publishers were again threatening a mass withdrawal from NRA. Howard Davis, chairman of the Newspaper Code Authority and President of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, sent out a call for a national convention of publishers to consider abrogation of the newspaper code in the interests of "freedom of the press." The publishers' collective threat stared at the Administration that day and the next from the front pages of almost every newspaper in the country.

It was a murderously big stick to shake at the Recovery program whose very life depends upon favorable publicity. Sensing its full import, Donald Richberg, accused by the Guild of "always tying his shoe where there's a duty to be done," suddenly straightened up and ran for the offices of the nation's chief executive. Out of the ensuing conference there came a letter signed by the President, voiding the Jennings decision, and directing the National Labor Relations Board to keep its hands off newspaper disputes. It was not even to hear them on appeal. The Newspaper Industrial Board's jurisdiction was to be exclusive and final. It was a complete victory of the publishers over the newswriters. It came, however, as no

surprise to the publishers. More than an hour before the President's letter had reached the press Mr. Davis had sent out a statement saying that the convention to repudiate NRA wouldn't be necessary after all. Freedom of the press had been safeguarded.

Broun, the Guild's indefatigable President, lamented bitterly, as did the entire Guild membership. "We contend," said Broun, "that the government of the United States has been held up by the publishers of the United States. The President surrendered at the point of a wooden gun."

The Guild understood at last what organized labor has known long since—that laws are of less use than strength, except to those already in power. Henceforward they were to give more thought to building a strong organization and place less faith in laws.

It would, of course, be unfair and wholly inaccurate to imply that all of the country's publishers have met the Guild in the accepted legalistic spirit of what Joseph Pulitzer called "predatory plutocracy."

Many publishers have met Guildsmen in collective bargaining conferences, and in numerous newspaper offices better economic conditions, including higher wages, dismissal bonuses, and shorter hours, have been granted as a result of those conferences. Five publishers have signed contracts with the Guild, raising their newswriters' economic status very decidedly—and this despite warnings by the American Newspaper Publishers' Association that contracts are "very dangerous." J. David Stern, publisher of the *Philadelphia Record*, signed the first contract a few months after the Guild was formed. The publisher of the two dailies in Madison, Wisconsin, followed suit last September.

In December the *Cleveland News*' publisher signed a contract with the

Guild, and in January the fifth contract was signed by the publisher of the *Reading Times*. A few papers such as the New York *World-Telegram* have restored some of their pay cuts, established a five-day week, and generally provided an improved economic status for their employees, without signing a contract but with the management conceding credit to the Guild for these adjustments. In other newspaper offices raises have been granted with the remark, "You would have got them sooner if you hadn't joined the Guild." And in still others Guild efforts at collective bargaining have been checkmated.

V

Thus the Guild's achievements in its first eighteen months have not been of great magnitude. Most of its time and energy have been taken up in establishing its right to exist and to bargain collectively. In its formative days Guildsmen talked of arranging sick benefits for members, awarding honors for outstanding reporting, establishing schools for copy boys, and providing employment offices for fellow-victims of the storm. But in the succeeding months the newswriters have been almost completely absorbed in establishing a right (which they had naively believed secured to them by the government) to organized existence. Most, though not all, of their other activities have been sidetracked pending the outcome of that fight.

Open warfare has been waged weekly on the infant organization by Marlen Pew, whose trade journal, *Editor and Publisher*, is the voice of the publishing industry. Although himself an honorary member of the Scranton Newswriters Union, an A. F. of L. affiliate, Mr. Pew first deplored and then bitterly attacked the Guild's adoption of trade union tactics, as-

serting that the development of class-consciousness among the country's newswriters would amount to a vicious assault on (I know you're tired of hearing it, and so is the Guild) freedom of the press. Newswriters, he said, could not be union members and impartial reporters at the same time.

Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical Union, commenting on this possibility, observed that even if the formation of a union did make reporters class-conscious, they would be coloring the news in the interests of a much larger portion of the population than they had formerly.

But newswriters in general and Guildsmen in particular do not consciously color the news for anyone (except on orders from their editor or publisher). They record facts in the light of their experience. If their experience in the past year with individual publishers and with the American Newspaper Publishers' Association has provided them with a new understanding of labor's relation to capital in general they should be better newswriters for it. And if publishers are sincerely interested in preserving that freedom of the press which permits full portrayal of our economic problems they should only rejoice at the new development. It is a moral certainty that henceforward the newswriters who have walked in picket lines or otherwise participated in the defense of a government-guaranteed but publisher-flouted principle will surmise that there are two sides to all industrial disputes, and they will seek to report both sides. If that be class-consciousness . . .

Meanwhile tacit support of the Guild's aims has come from some of the country's journalism schools whose directors see in journalism's present low estate a threat to their very existence. After all, a calling which offers

to college-trained beginners a salary of \$437 per year (the minimum proposed by the publishers in an amendment to their newspaper code) is not going to attract many youngsters. And even fewer can be induced to stay in newspaper work when confronted with the Guild's statistics which show that the average newspaperman must work twenty years to attain a salary of \$38 a week.

Active support and increasing friendly relations have developed between the Guild and the American Federation of Labor. It is probable that the question of affiliation with this latter body will be thrashed out at the Guild's next national convention which will be held in Cleveland early in June. There is unquestionably a growing conviction among Guildsmen that they have no other course but affiliation. But there are still conservatives in the membership who cling to the hope of a professional body. Romanticism dies hard even at \$20 a week. There is the national president, Broun, with a large following, believing that the Guild, like Actors Equity, may be both a professional and a labor organization. And there are some left-wingers who feel that the A. F. of L. has more than proved its futility under the Recovery program, and they favor the establishment of vertical unions, which would include all the workers in the newspaper plant.

Which policies will prevail it is too early yet to say. One thing is certain. The Guild will not expire from inanition nor will it be intimidated out of existence. The country's newswriters, after four years of reporting what is right and wrong with our economic system, are conciliatory but not meek.

That the Guild has been impetuous and sometimes impudent no one will deny. Direct action and the slashing of red tape is in the blood of the good newspaperman. Thus it insulted the sensitive General Johnson when, after all his explosive promises, he was unable to provide a place for it on the Newspaper Industrial Board. It insulted Donald Richberg when his intervention in the Jennings case was so patently brought about by the publishers' threat. A group of its representatives startled and doubtless insulted the NRA by walking out on a hearing on editorial wages held immediately after the Labor Board had reopened the Jennings case. It probably nettled if it did not insult the President by charging, in connection with that case, that the "publishers cracked down and the President cracked up." And finally when the President ruled in effect that the publisher-created Newspaper Industrial Board was to be the first, last, and only court of jurisdiction for newspaper industrial disputes, even those involving the NRA-sponsored right to collective bargaining, the Guild insulted that board by agreeing with its representative that his presence there was "tantamount to condoning a fraud on the working newspaper people of this country."

No, it hasn't moved with legalistic stealth or caution or indeed with much diplomacy. And this has been because newspaper men and women do not act that way. A man who has been taught to ask the mayor whether he stole the city's \$50,000 or the latest police prisoner whether he really murdered the little girl after he kidnapped her is a believer both by instinct and training in direct methods.



BOOTLEGGING COAL

A NEW INDUSTRY APPEARS ON THE HORIZON

BY OLIVER CARLSON

NO ONE who has journeyed through the anthracite region of Pennsylvania will ever forget the experience. As you drive along the winding valleys for the first time you feel like the traveler in "The Fall of the House of Usher." The creeks run black with coal dust and when the water strikes a ledge, black spray is thrown up. Mountains, black and blasted, wall you in. Only an occasional stretch of woodland, blackened too, stands as a sort of reminder that once things grew here. The car rounds a bend and below is a little begrimed town, always identified by the tarnished golden crosses, Latin or Russian, on the church steeples. A Roman Catholic church, a Greek Catholic church, and behind the town a colliery or two rising up like giants, brooding over the settlement. You see a prospect like this over and over again. Here was and still is the kingdom of anthracite, a little kingdom of four hundred and eighty-four square miles. Here, ages ago, the earth in volcanic labor folded the coal seams and then scored the seams with faults and contortions. Then the glacial age buried everything in gravel until, after other ages, it grew green and the red men hunted deer in the valleys and the white men came and found the coal.

To people these valleys there first came the Welsh, English, and Irish miners; after them Germans and then

Slavs. Vigorous, independent, and accustomed to danger, they added a powerful and virile strain to American blood. Here in these blackened valleys the anthracite gold was taken out, here occurred some of the fiercest labor wars in our history. Here flourished America's single industrial union, the United Mine Workers, now rent with faction and in decay. Here the coal operators cut one another's throats in price wars and saw their industry become "sick" and begin to "die." Now coal is prostrate. The competition of other fuels—gas, oil, and electricity, the effects of technology in mine equipment and in the utilization of coal, and the crush of the general depression have well nigh obliterated the profits of the industry. Coal is still there and it is still needed, but profit has almost gone. The collieries that you pass—most of them deserted, lifeless, and silent—are monuments to the general desolation.

Stranded in these valleys are thousands of jobless miners, many of whom have not worked for one, two, or three years. Many of them do not know what has happened to their calling. Their gaiety and comparative well-being have been replaced by despair and the blight of hunger and destitution. Marooned in the midst of fabulous riches, they have stared helplessly at the mountains containing this treasure, wondering where their next meal was

coming from. This despair turned to anger as one colliery after another was closed down and flooded by the great coal corporations. Profit came first, so the less profitable mines were abandoned. Miners and merchants alike protested vigorously. In the Shamokin area, where the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company has abandoned all but one of its collieries, over eight thousand miners are without visible means of employment. They had to do something and they did it. They have returned to the hills, not as employed miners, but as individuals, banded together in twos and threes and dozens to sink their own little "mines" and dig and sell coal for themselves. Over-capitalization and the other blunders of the coal companies cannot hinder these men. They undercut the market price of coal and the market becomes their own. "No market for Shamokin coal!" said a blackened picker who had just come out of a makeshift mine. "Why, say, we can't mine enough. There's more coal going out of these holes than could be taken from a good-sized colliery, and the truckers are yelling for more." Blandly ignoring the machinery of law and the claims of property, these men have reverted to the days when the wilderness was unencumbered with deeds and freeholds, when the first who came helped himself. This strange condition has given rise to a completely new industry—the business of bootlegging coal.

II

"Hell's bells, mister, *sure* you can come along and see us workin'! Of course this ain't nothing like a colliery. We work damned hard and ain't got no union hours or conditions, but it's better'n doin' *nothin'* day after day . . . and besides it means I can bring home a little dough every day to the wife to meet our bills with."

A late November sun was breaking through the clouds as I followed Mike McKloskey up the hillside to his coal hole. It was Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, one of the centers of coal-bootlegging activities. Here in the wild and forbidding regions of the anthracite, I was getting a close-up of this new and unique industry which is growing by leaps and bounds.

On the way we passed dozens of other miners, carrying shovels, pick-axes, hand-drills, rope, pulleys, dynamite, and dinner-pails. Clad in their heavy shoes, dirty overalls, and ragged sweaters or coats, they trudged on and up the hills to their respective diggings. Mike informed me that at least a couple of hundred men were picking coal in the general vicinity, "but over yonder it's *lousy* with diggers."

McKloskey's partners were already at the coal hole when we arrived. His brothers, Liam and John, Wheezy Crabtree, and two other men "from the colliery" made up the entire personnel of their co-operative venture. A few minutes were spent in general consultation on the division of work for the day: Mike was to drill, blast, and load; two of the men were to go farther up the hill and cut timber, needed as props to support the roof of their little mine. The remaining three had to repair the tripod, fix ropes and pulleys, set up the screen used for a preliminary cleaning of the coal, etc.

The mine was a hole perhaps thirty or thirty-five feet deep. It did not go straight down, but rather at an angle of sixty or seventy degrees. This, so I was informed, made it a "slope" instead of a "shaft." An old metal tub was rolled to the brink of the slope and filled with tools and dynamite. It was then hooked to the ropes and pulley, which in turn were fastened to the tripod. Mike put one of his legs in the container and shoved it over the

edge. Wheezy and John began letting out the ropes at Mike's signal. In a moment he and the tools were on their way to the bottom of the hole. Mike steered his way down with his free leg and his elbows. The rickety tripod shook and groaned as the ropes were slowly let out. Mike, the tub, and the tools clattered and banged against one another and the sides of the slope. The pulley creaked, the rope whined, and the two sweating partners laughed and swore.

"Do you have to pull up all the coal by hand, with this pulley and in that tub?" I asked.

Wheezy Crabtree replied, "Naw, we's just installed one of the extra automatic elevators which they didn't need at Radio City. Say, we even got a colored boy with brass buttons and everything." This quick comeback by Wheezy kept the three members of the top crew in convulsions for several minutes. Of course it had to be relayed down to Mike, busy drilling a hole in one of the coal pillars preparatory to dynamiting it. I decided to ask no more questions for the time being.

At a signal from below Wheezy and John jumped to the ropes and pulled vigorously. Soon I saw Mike's head and arms emerge. Almost immediately thereafter I heard a dull boom boom followed by several crashes from the bottom of the hole. Mike was again lowered, this time to load coal. In order to speed operations, a second metal tub was produced from behind a nearby clump of bushes.

Up and down, up and down, went the tubs in endless succession. There was no let-up to the clash and clatter of coal and stone and metal. The pulley tripod continued to shake and tremble and groan. I looked for its collapse at any moment. Wheezy, John, and Liam augmented the symphony of discords with shouting,

cursing, and spitting as they pulled up the coal, tub by tub, and gave it its first screening. Never have I seen a more villainous looking group than this hard-working trio of bootleggers, streaked as they were with sweat and coal dust.

Mike told me later that he and his buddies mined about seven tons a day. For this they received three dollars and fifty cents a ton. Of course no scales were available, so they, like the thousands of other coal bootleggers, had to estimate the weight. Twenty galvanized tubs made a ton in bootleg circles. All transactions were strictly cash, the coal sold at the pit mouth to itinerant truckers, often ex-coal miners themselves, who, after it has been cleaned and sized, haul it away to nearby cities where it is sold to retail dealers or from house to house. The men divided the proceeds equally among them after the necessary deductions had been made for tools, rope, fuse, and dynamite.

"I guess we're doing pretty well considering our poor equipment. We can sell more'n we can mine. I've averaged over ten dollars a week now for a year. We're planning to buy an old model T Ford and use it to hoist up the coal. You see, the deeper down we go, the longer it takes to hoist each bucket up and lower it—and besides it takes a hell of a lot of elbow grease to keep working our old pulley."

I agreed thoroughly with the last statement. I was completely fagged out from my own feeble attempts to aid in the work and my hands were a mass of blisters.

"But Mike, isn't this work dangerous?"

"Well, it ain't like workin' in a regular mine, but we gotta live! Sure, it's dangerous. Not our hole especially, but lots of 'em are. We can't timber our holes right and we can't afford good equipment. Say, a couple of dol-

lars look so big to us now that we'll take all kinds of chances with our lives."

McKloskey, as he admitted, is a coal bootlegger "and proud of it." He is a union man and has carried a card in the United Mine Workers for over twenty years. Though he is loyalty itself to the union, he has a supreme contempt for its national leader, John L. Lewis, and the other big shots. "Like our priests, they talk your arm off and use a lot of big words we don't understand. The union heads are always telling us poor coal diggers that we've got to cough up more money so's *they* can save it. Say, those big shots are even talking about stopping us from bootlegging coal! But they can't get away with it, Mister. Damn' near every union miner in this district has been bootlegging coal at one time or another. Those still lucky enough to have jobs at the mines know they may be out on their ear at a moment's notice and then they'll have to bootleg just like the rest of us."

"Tell me," I interrupted, "to whom does the land belong on which you are bootlegging? And haven't the civil authorities or coal companies done anything to stop you? Isn't this illegal?"

"Illegal? Are we supposed to starve to death just 'cause the collieries are closed? These hills are full of coal and there's millions of people who wants it. We're miners, without jobs, and our bellies are empty. We don't know and we don't care who's supposed to own the land. God put that coal there—not the Pennsylvania and Reading Coal Company. Sure they've tried to stop us from digging but they've never got to first base because this whole damn' region lives off the miners. If the miners didn't go out and develop their own pickings most of the business houses around here would be bankrupt."

"But surely the Federal Emergency

Relief provides for the unemployed," I ventured.

"A hell of a lot we get from them! Say, I got a wife and two kids, and what d'ya think they gave me last year: *three and a half bucks a week!* That's supposed to pay rent and buy food and clothing. The lady from the relief office says to me: 'Don't stint on milk for the children!' Christ! was I sore! I don't get anything from the relief any more. If a family of four people have an income of more than five and a half dollars a week, they're supposed to be able to take care of themselves. That's why I'm a coal bootlegger. I don't want nobody's charity, and I guess most of the other boys feel the same way. All we want is a chance to work so's our families can live. If that work is taken away from us we'll just go out and dig coal in these hills till hell freezes over."

Go up and down the southern and central anthracite coal fields from Shamokin to Tamaqua to-day, and you will meet thousands of unemployed miners who have turned to coal bootlegging. With minor variations, their story and their outlook would be found to parallel that of Mike McKloskey.

III

Coal bootlegging has, in the course of less than five years, risen to the status of a powerful industry in the anthracite regions of southeastern Pennsylvania. No one knows exactly how many are employed at it—the estimates range from 20,000 to 30,000 men and boys. Nor does this include the thousands of truckers who haul the coal to the adjacent markets.

Hundreds of towns and villages in the coal fields are wholly dependent upon mining. They are, in the fullest sense of the word, one-industry communities. For over a decade they have witnessed a steady decrease in

hard-coal output. Production has dropped from over 93 million tons in 1923 to less than 50 millions in 1934. To-day less than a hundred thousand men are employed in the industry as against 165,000 as late as 1926. Nor must we forget that output per man has been forced steadily upward. Before the depression miners worked an average of 270 days a year. To-day they average 180.

Despair and sheer economic necessity have driven these miners to coal bootlegging. Amid sliding walls of coal and dirt, working with primitive hand tools, taking great risks to life and limb, these men have gone to the culm banks and abandoned veins to pick coal, first for themselves, then to sell to others. To earn two or three dollars a day—very few will average \$15 per week—they must work half again as long as they did in the mines, and much harder. Since each group is a volunteer unit, stalling on the job by any member is readily apparent to the others who urge him to "snap out of it or get the hell out of here."

The landscape in the bootleg areas is dotted with tripods or shaft towers, which make it look like a miniature oil field. These towers are built from the untrimmed lumber cut in the woods nearby and serve as supporting landing stages for the improvised hoisting buckets, usually empty oil drums. Many groups hoist their coal with a system of pulleys similar to that used by McKloskey. Others have constructed winches or windlasses on which the rope is wound and unwound. I have seen men winding and unwinding these winches as often as two hundred times a day. Some more fortunate groups have been able to rig up an old automobile for hoisting purposes. The rear end of the car is jacked up, one of the wheels is removed, and a homemade drum substituted for it to which the hoisting ropes or cables

are attached. These men, lucky dogs, have left behind the era of hand-labor in at least one phase of the work. The hoisting engineer sits at the steering wheel. As the signals are called to him by the men at the mouth of the pit, he throws the gear-shift in low or reverse, and the erstwhile oil containers move up and down the coal hole with their cargoes of men, tools, coal, and water.

Ventilation has not been neglected as the shafts have been sunk deeper. Fans of every size and description are in use. Some are even made of wood. They are operated by small gas engines or by hand, like forge fans. As for the vent pipes, they beggar description, and range all the way from rain spouts and old stove pipes to rubber hose and old automobile tires!

In regions such as the Shamokin area, where more than 3,500 men eke out their existence by coal bootlegging, small groups have banded together. In this way there have come into being several exceptionally powerful co-operative bootlegging enterprises. They have sunk many shafts, to a depth in some cases of more than 300 feet. They have a more thorough sub-division of labor among themselves than is possible with the smaller groups and have likewise been able to rig up better hoists and breakers. Some of their shafts are well timbered. The men have appointed their own "mine inspectors" as well as special committees whose purpose it is to adjust disputes among the men themselves. A night watchman, paid by the co-operative, patrols the field and guards their tools and "property."

Almost invariably all coal is given a preliminary cleaning at the mouth of the shafts. It is then either hauled to the backyards of the miners, where they clean, screen, and size it, or else (and this practice is becoming more prevalent) they sell it directly to the

breaker specialists, who have become an important cog in this rapidly expanding industry. The breaker-men usually pay from \$3.50 to \$4.00 a ton for run-of-the-mine coal. When they have cleaned and sized it the truckers buy it for from \$5.50 to \$6.00. Like their comrades at the coal holes, they measure it out with galvanized iron tubs.

It is a strange sight to see the modern, million-dollar coalbreakers standing idle while all around them are to be found scores, perhaps hundreds, of the crudely assembled bootleg breakers operating at full force. These odd contrivances dot the hillsides, border the highways, and often fill up the backyards of the miners' homes. Somehow the scene reminds one of Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians. The product of modern science and technology, though it towers high above these little fellows, is for the moment silent and helpless. The cycle of economic development seems to have begun all over again, and the miners, driven by the laws of necessity, have managed to invent and build coalbreakers which look, and sometimes act, like Rube Goldberg inventions. Every conceivable piece of junk in wood or iron has been used in their construction. The amount of labor involved in building and operating them is endless. Most of these small breakers, operated by two or three men, will clean from fifteen to thirty tons a day; some of the larger ones, from fifty to seventy-five tons. But the great steel and concrete breakers which stand idle can clean from 2,000 to 10,000 tons a day.

An incredible amount of hand labor is needed in each stage of mining, cleaning, and trucking the bootleg coal. And at each stage this is supplemented by the danger involved. Water, which is so essential to the men at the breakers for washing the coal

and holding down the dust, is usually available only in trifling quantities if at all. On the other hand, there is all too often too much water in the bootleg shafts and drifts. It seeps into the coal holes after every rainfall. Consequently, a great deal of time must be spent by the miners in hauling water to the surface instead of coal. Days and sometimes weeks must be devoted to this unprofitable but necessary task.

Coal bootlegging to-day is divided into three parts: mining, screening, trucking. These separate lines of activity are manned by different groups of workers. In its small modest beginnings, this industry was pretty much of a family affair. The male members of the household would themselves pick, sort, clean, and haul the coal to near-by markets. But as the demand for bootleg coal increased, and as more and more unemployed miners took to this kind of work, division of labor naturally followed. One group worked at the coal holes. Another concentrated on the job of cleaning, breaking, and sorting the coal. The truckers were the last link in the chain.

The truckers are the gentry of the bootleg-coal traffic. Some of them are actual miners, but not all. They are for the most part those adventurous and enterprising young people of the region who perhaps would have been miners, grocery clerks, filling-station attendants, or purveyors of "moonshine" had not the coal crisis, the depression, and repeal blighted these opportunities. To-day their number is legion. Night and day their fast trucks are rolling in and out of the bootleg areas. From their base of supplies, whether Mount Carmel, Shamokin, Shenandoah, or Pottsville, they have enlarged their scope of operations until bootleg coal pours into almost every city along the Eastern seaboard from New York to Washington, D. C. Take your stand on any main highway

leading into Philadelphia, Wilmington, Baltimore, Trenton, or any other urban center, and you will be amazed at the number of coal trucks entering or leaving these communities. Remember that all non-bootleg coal is shipped to the cities by rail. New York City alone, it is estimated, has been receiving over two thousand five hundred tons of bootleg coal every day during the fall and winter of 1934-35. They come and go in a steady stream by way of the Holland Tunnel, the George Washington Bridge, or the many ferries across the Hudson River.

Legitimate coal dealers are furious. A Brooklyn dealer told me that his own sales have been cut fully 15 per cent. The bootleg truckers sell the coal for from one to two dollars a ton less than the regular price. Many of the bootleg truckers now employ salesmen who make house to house calls for orders. Not long ago I rode with one of the bootleg truckers to his points of delivery. Three different times that day he was stopped by impatient prospective customers. His answer in each case was, "I'd like to give you some coal, sir, but the capacity of my truck is limited, and my regular customers grab it off so fast I don't get a chance to save you any."

Hundreds of these bootleg truckers have been arrested. The authorities have been asked to aid the business men in stamping out this evil—but to no avail. The coal bootleggers have made arrangements with road stands and filling stations along every main highway. The attendants keep the truckers informed of the plans of the highway police and the latest police ordinances. They also serve as excellent points of contact between truckers and prospective customers. In recent months there has been almost a concerted drive to oust the truckers from the larger cities by forcing them to carry bills-of-lading and

weigh-bills, signed and sealed by an official weigh-master. Since the coal scales were entirely in the hands of the legitimate dealers, this move seemed likely to be successful. Not so. Dozens of print shops are now turning out bills-of-lading and weigh-bills for the truckers. Furthermore, scores of filling stations are installing standard coal scales, which entitles them to an official seal as weigh-master. They charge a small sum for the service, and in several instances admit that they make more money weighing coal than they do selling gas and oil.

The latest device to stop the truckers is forcing them to pay an exorbitant license fee for the privilege of delivering coal within a city. Philadelphia now charges \$75, Baltimore \$200, and Wilmington \$200. This is being met by the truckers as follows: they are establishing coal depots just outside the city line, where they dump the coal and resell it to small retailers. Another mode of attack is indicated by the following news dispatch of December 24th:

"Bootleg coal mines in the Pottsville area declared a boycott against Philadelphia yesterday. Protesting against the action of Philadelphia's City Council in imposing a \$75 license fee upon all coal truckers, the Independent (bootleg) Miners Association voted to strike back at Philadelphia by placing a ban upon 'all merchandise manufactured in that city or handled by its jobbers.'

"Committees were formed to call upon Pottsville merchants to-day to urge them not to patronize Philadelphia manufacturers and jobbers. The miners are preparing pamphlets and other types of literature to circularize home owners in the Pottsville area to enlist them in the drive against Philadelphia products."

The bootleg truckers already have a strong organization, their own maga-

zine, *The Trucker*, and able lawyers in every city to which they deliver. Politicians, aware of the size of the vote in the industry, are beginning to climb aboard the bootleg bandwagon. Together with the miners and the breaker-men, they have brought pressure to bear upon many of their local representatives in the State Legislature, and indications are that there will be a bootlegger's lobby functioning in Harrisburg this year.

IV

The coal companies and the Coal and Iron Police—a mounted constabulary maintained by the State—have been helpless in the face of such mass bootlegging. Three or four years ago, while the industry was still comparatively small, they staged a series of arrests. The local magistrates, usually ex-miners themselves, would dismiss the cases in wholesale lots. Somewhat later the arrested men were taken to smaller communities immediately outside the coal area to be tried. Even then most of the men went free. If they were not released by the magistrates, the warden of the county jail would do so.

The next move on the part of the coal companies was to blast out the squatters' holdings. This move came too late. The number of coal holes had multiplied into the thousands, and it would have required a large army to drive the men away and blast shut their pickings. To be sure, some holes were dynamited, but the miners returned and opened them up again the moment the police were out of sight. In many cases the bootleggers put up a stubborn fight with the police, captured their explosives, drove them away, and then used the powder, fuse, and dynamite for further bootlegging operations.

More recently the Coal and Iron

Police have grown wise in the ways of diplomacy. They know they cannot stop the bootlegging, so when they come upon a group of miners engaged in this illegal work they ask one of the crew to volunteer for arrest. He is taken before a local "squire" who duly records the arrest and the names of the officers who did it. The miner then leaves by the back door, and often is taken back to his coal hole by the men who arrested him. Officially at least, the officers have done their duty. The record of the arrest is on the books of the magistrate.

Gifford Pinchot, when governor, was called upon time and again to aid the big coal interests in their drive against bootlegging. He was consistent in his refusal to do so. The problem, he said, was one of great social and economic significance. It could not be solved by driving the men from their one means of livelihood.

Early last December the Stevens Coal Company decided to strip-mine a bootleg territory near Shamokin. A vehement protest arose from the miners, but to no avail. The company began moving a huge steam shovel to the coal tract. Time after time the enraged miners stopped the truck which was conveying the shovel. Finally the truck skidded into a ditch. While the company men were awaiting the arrival of additional help, someone placed sixteen sticks of dynamite around the steam shovel, touched off the fuses, and blew it to bits. The miners cheered and promised that the same thing would be done to any other steam shovels which threatened to take away their bread and butter.

Coal bootlegging has been a godsend to many more than just the miners. About \$30,000,000 in cash has come into these towns and villages as a result of this activity alone. By and large, it means life and at least a small measure of well-being to nearly a quarter of

a million people in the areas involved. The Federal Relief Administration has declared on more than one occasion that fully 40,000 miners will never be able to return to their jobs. Not only the adults, but to an ever increasing degree the younger generation is left without a future means of employment. Thousands of these boys, if they wish to work at all, must turn to coal bootlegging or trucking. To-day a very large percentage of the men engaged in this work are young fellows from fifteen to twenty years of age. There is no discrimination against them because of their youth. They share and share alike with their older companions. "I'm a coal bootlegger, and proud of it," said a seventeen-year-old lad to me, sticking out his chin defiantly, and the dozen other lads in the pool hall echoed him.

Business men admit that the bootleg industry has saved many of them from bankruptcy. The Chief Burgess of Shamokin, Dr. A. G. Shissler, declared wistfully, "This was one of the best little towns in the coal regions. Many of the people owned their own homes. We had seven banks with deposits totaling about \$20,000,000 at one time. To-day you can't borrow a cent on real estate."

Another substantial citizen said, "Half of the business men in this town are out of business right now and don't realize it. If it weren't for the coal-bootlegging business, the other half would be out too."

A local newspaper publisher, when asked if coal bootlegging had helped his business any, replied, "You'd be surprised if you knew the number of subscriptions that are being paid for from that source." He added as an afterthought, "After all, the miners are merely stealing back that which was stolen from the public generations ago." I found this to be a commonplace attitude throughout the region.

A local priest, whom I asked if he didn't think it sinful for most of his parishioners to steal coal from the property of others, countered with, "All I can say is that the men *must* live."

The butcher, the baker, the landlord, all are profiting by bootlegging. Homes have been saved from the sheriff's hammer. The self-help which the miners have created for themselves has saved untold thousands from complete destitution. Even the morale of the population has improved since they have found something to do. Carpenters, plumbers, electricians, railway men, clerks, and teachers have joined the line of march to the coal holes. They too want work and think the miners' self-help scheme the best yet.

Even some of the coal companies admit that coal bootlegging is no "theft" to be fought with arrests and jail sentences. "If we prevent the men from earning money for their support by bootlegging," an official of one coal producing company said, "then our taxes will be increased to care for the increased load on the relief rolls. Of course, we lose business for every ton of bootleg coal carried into Philadelphia, but the whole problem is complex and cannot be solved easily . . . 40,000 of the miners can never hope for work again in the mines."

In such blind ways the tables have been turned. For years the cry has gone up: "Natural resources belong to the people" and now, in a strange fashion, it appears as though it were coming true. The coal companies are caught in a trap; they own the deposits, but in the condition of the industry, many cannot profitably mine the coal. In days when things were otherwise miners were in demand and a large mining population was built up. Now, with most of the collieries shut

down, this population is destitute. A destitute population is both a burden and a danger. Finally, by a freak of nature, the anthracite in southeastern Pennsylvania is very close to the surface. So the rights of property change hands and the wealth is handed over to others who, in the crudest and most handicraft way, make use of it. This is a process of bankruptcy enlarged to a degree never dreamed by our courts. Doubtless there are coal companies today who would welcome nationalization of the mines by purchase, and so rid themselves of a wealth that is crushing them. And this, in turn, is strange, since the union for years demanded nationalization and its members were denounced by the coal operators as incendiaries, agitators, and public enemies for so doing.

But the story is not yet finished. This anthracite wealth is not mined for the people but for individuals, that is, the bootleg miners. Without doubt coal bootlegging is here to stay, though one cannot predict whether it will continue to absorb many more workers. The miners, who took to this work out of dire need, looked upon themselves as the proud owners or partners in a coal hole. They could work as they pleased and were bossed by no one. But the very expansion of their new industry placed them farther and farther away from their customers. Almost before they knew what had happened, they found themselves two steps removed from the consumer. The coal breaker and the trucker stood between

These men, and especially the truckers, have little by little come to occupy the most strategic position in the industry and so can make and enforce upon the bootleg miner demands as to price and quality. By degrees, organization is growing, the tooth and claw appears. The shrewd and the energetic among the bootleggers hire those less capable. The beginnings of wage scales are seen. Small business men enter the field. Such sixpenny employers hire more; they band together and compete with others similarly organized. The whole mechanism of exploitation and oppression begins to move, right beside the wreck of the greater industrial machine which, though still functioning, has slowed down.

Despite and because of the weakened condition of the industry, the coal companies must oppose the bootleggers. This pressure will increase the difficulties of selling the bootleg coal and intensify the present competition among the truckers. So, in little, we see the birth of a new capitalism, observe in little all the features familiar on a grander scale. But the rate of growth is faster than it would have been a hundred years ago; the outlines of maturity are already visible. Strong-arm tactics are next in order—bribery, blackmail, threats, and attempts to muscle in on the markets and customers of rival bootleggers. The era of Al Caponism is almost at hand in this new industry. Then come expansion and consolidation. And what then?



TRIP TO THE MOON

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

THIS was to have been a serious article, something on the state of the nation as observed on a motor trip across the continent, Washington to New Mexico. "I will observe," I said, "some particular phase, political, economic, social, and report on it. I will talk to the people, at filling stations, in tourist camps, to farmers, workmen, business men, in towns and on the road—a cross section of the opinion of the country on the New Deal and the Recovery, and whether this opinion tends to the right or to the left." These conversations would enliven and point the piece. A neat authoritative little article with conclusions patly drawn. I said all this in Washington. For that is the way you think if you live too long and too continuously in Washington.

Two weeks later I sat in a sun-filled garden in New Mexico, and the New Deal and the Depression and the Recovery and the State of the Nation seemed like phrases dimly remembered out of another life.

The trip, the land we had traversed, lay in my memory as clearly as if it had been a brightly colored relief map in a glass case, with, however, few of the important places marked and many of the insignificant ones given unexpected prominence.

From the swinging mountains of Maryland and Pennsylvania, through all the lush green hills and valleys of Ohio, flattening and fading into the complacent farms and villages of Indi-

ana and Illinois, to Missouri starred with its two industrial cities on their great rivers east and west, St. Louis and Kansas City, and between them the rolling foothills of the Ozarks where we first met the drouth; through the long flat reaches of Kansas, and Dodge City where the West begins and the highway cuts across the deep rutted Santa Fe Trail, to the rising Colorado farms, parched and idle under the sun, and south across the vast drouth-stricken and abandoned cattle ranges of the Eastern Colorado plateau, where the desert greets you, first of the arroyos, first of the mesas, first of the buttes; and the desert lifts into mountains at the south, and the highway carries you upward and southward to the sudden flourish and bravura of Raton Pass—the road is flung, not *down* upon the mountains, but before and above and below you, in the air, with all the lovely loops and curls and figure eights of a lariat at the moment of the pull-back—the high aerial welcome of New Mexico to her guests.

All this lay clear and detailed in the map of my memory, with many stars and markings of my own. A little street in Cumberland, Maryland, as odd and delightful, bright and intact as if Utrillo had painted it and hung it on a wall; a marker over St. Louis with the legend reading "Death in St. Louis," which was personal and much less terrifying than it sounds; there was an old man mowing a lawn at the very edge of the highway in Illinois

who would be surprised if he knew how completely his image—the patient lines of his face, the creasings of his old felt hat, the veins of his brown hand and the very blades of grass and the weed he held—existed in the mind of a woman writer in a garden in New Mexico. There was Kansas strangely colored in two colors for the simple reason that, driving into the sun, I wore first blue glasses so that all the land and the trees and the houses were grayed and the people were pallid and wan as if they had no blood, as if they had accepted despair. And losing the blue glasses, I bought light violet ones, and the last half of Kansas was browner, richer, the road tawny, the white paint on the houses rosy white, and people's faces were tanned and strong. Even the dead cornfields, which had seemed to droop so dejectedly the day before, seemed through these violet glasses to be merely abandoned, "Very well, then, corn's out" as if the farmers were too busy to waste any more time on that.

There was a little girl by a lonely gate in Colorado from whose eyes looked my own childhood. . . .

But these were not the things I had come to see. What of the State of the Nation? Surely I had something to report. Come now, be serious, down to business, what about the Recovery Program, how was it working out? How about the Revolution, were there any signs of that? "*What Revolution?*" I asked myself and all but added "Recovery from what?"

I thought of my American Communist friend who last year had come back to the East fresh from a trip across the country by Ford, and who on the night of his arrival, with the air of distances still about him, had been oddly silent at first and then burst out, "O God, I love this country! It's a beauty of a country, a *beauty* of a country—if only" he let his hands fall helplessly,

"if only it weren't for—a few of the people in it." I thought of another radical friend who, coming back from Europe—France, Germany, England, Russia—had said, "There is still more of the good life in the United States than anywhere else in the world."

And I thought of the restaurant proprietor in Indiana who had replied to my questions with, "The country's all right; nobody's kickin' but them crazy Reds."

For that was the way the people of the country talked. But the point was that by the time we had got to Indiana I had begun to believe it myself. They seemed in fact a little bored with my bringing the subject up. Hard times, yes, but that was nothing new, and better than last year anyhow; things picking up right along. Of course that N.R.A. business had raised prices, played hob generally, got everything all messed up; wages hadn't gone up; but people seemed to get along, and they'd soon have that all straightened out; they knew that was a mistake. A lot of people didn't have jobs, but they got the Relief, if the grafters didn't get it all—a lot of graft in that Relief, you'd be surprised, right here in this State, right here in this town. (This was cheery news, all normal in the U.S.A.) That Relief was costing a pile of money; didn't see how they could keep it up; they'd have to begin taxin' them big incomes pretty soon. Well, the farmers were getting their government checks and spending them, and that helped business; and when that new P.W.A. project went through it would give the people jobs and bring a lot of money into this town, and they could use it too; sure, they'd voted the bonds, new waterworks, been needin' them for the last fifteen years.

Even in the drouth areas the responses had been much the same. To be sure we did not go through the worst of the drouth—Iowa, Wyoming,

the Dakotas; but no crop is no crop, and in Missouri where I remarked that "that cornfield over there doesn't seem to be so bad," I received the certainly final answer, "No corn on it. The ears didn't even form." It was there in the foothills of the Ozarks that I talked with a farmer's wife who had a gas station, a sandwich stand, and three neat little cabins for tourists beside the road. She had planted tomatoes three times and they'd all burned up, so she hadn't bothered with them again. "The farmers will have to buy a lot of canned goods this winter," she said; "they haven't had any fruit or a single vegetable this year to put up." This seemed to me doubly serious; that there had been nothing for the markets I knew, but that their cellars were empty too . . . The shelves of Mason jars filled with fruits and vegetables in farmhouse cellars had seemed as permanent as had the gold in banks to cash the checks of the rich. But when I asked her if the farmers weren't complaining pretty bitterly, she said cheerily, "Oh, well, I suppose so; you know, farmers like to complain. It's always too hot or too cold or too wet or too dry. They kick when it don't rain because it's too dry, and they kick when it does rain because it's too wet. Farmers have to have something to kick about." And farther on, a tall be-whiskered old farmer who also had a filling station said, "Say, we ain't had what you'd call a crop for the last four years. But this year of course the farmers are gettin' their checks just the same, and that helps them out." They were used to drouth, but they weren't used to checks "just the same" from the government. By the tone of his voice he might have been telling you that the farmers had played the market and the stock went down to nothing, and the broker in Wall Street sent them a check anyhow.

And the farther we drove into the

semi-arid regions of the Middle West the more I was convinced that it is agriculture and not the stock market that is our national gambling game. The excitement of this game was certainly alive in the young man who, leaning on the door of the car in Dodge City, Kansas, had been telling us how for 21 days this summer it had been 102 in the shade (or for 102 days 121 in the shade), and how when the wind blew for weeks on end the dust in the air was so thick you couldn't see the other side of this street. "But I'll tell you one thing," he said suddenly, and the gleam came into his eye, "this is the best place in the world to make money. Big money, I mean, quick."

"How?" I asked.

"Wheat," he said emphatically. "Yessir, wheat. Why I've seen men, fellows I know personally right here, make fifty thousand on one crop just like that. All you got to do is get a good year, plant your wheat, let her grow, sell it for a dollar and a half a bushel or so; yessir, you can't make money any easier anywhere."

All you got to do, I thought, is get a good horse, or get a good stock and be sure the price is going up, to make money on the races or the stockmarket too. For if anything was apparent it was that to "get a good year" was going to be harder and harder to do unless something was shortly done in the way of flood and drouth control. It became increasingly apparent as we drove in a cloud of alkali dust across the deserted cattle ranges of Eastern Colorado, where no green showed in the sparse dead grass and only now and then the sad scattered remnant of the decimated herds, or a gaunt cow or two turned out to forage for themselves, standing patiently in the dry gullies and ditches along the highway, the deep gullies down which the torrential rains of other years have washed the nourishing top soil of the ranges

away. One remembered how it is said that the Sahara was once a rich and fertile land. It even seemed that, tragic as it was, this year's drouth may have been a good thing since it made so dramatically evident the necessity of a comprehensive Public Works plan and program of erosion control, reforestation, the saving and distribution of water to the land, such as is sponsored by the Administration, and partially at least under way. And this in turn led to the reflection that perhaps in time to come the depression itself would be seen to have been a fortunate thing, since it necessitated the creation of this great Public Works program in order to give work to the unemployed.

This reflection led directly into one of those circling thoughts which have made squirrel cages of our minds these last few years. When the whole land is yielding regularly and bountifully of grains and fruits, herds fattening on green grazing lands, and that element of risk removed from the business of farming, where will the prices of farm products go? Why spend money to increase production when we are already paying the farmers to decrease the yield? It is a problem not of production but of distribution of goods and the money to buy the goods. It would mean a planned and controlled production—which involves socialization; which involves the profit system; which involves the world.

II

But all these problems and urgencies had vanished like smoke rings in the thin bright air of New Mexico. It was as difficult, sitting in that sunny garden, to turn my mind to them as it had been to turn my mind away from them in Washington. I understood why driving over the "Bad Lands" outside Santa Fe the day before my host had said, "You wonder why we should

bother about erosion, don't you, when erosion makes anything as beautiful as this?" And I understood too why in the East last year he had said, "If they don't settle all this pretty soon" (those were the days when the Revolution was just round the corner and we were choosing up for the barricades), "if they keep this up much longer, we're just going to take New Mexico and secede." A remark I had thought a little unfeeling of him at the time, but which I found perfectly understandable now. For New Mexico has so distinct and individual a character of its own that I had constantly to remind myself that it was in the United States.

At first I had wondered if the release of spirit I felt might not be merely the transporting effect of so much natural beauty upon the eyes, or the refreshment of sheer distances, of space, or perhaps simply the altitude of a land where, as Mabel Dodge said, "the climate is a career." Or was it that it had brought back to me the illusion of the simple days of my childhood in Oklahoma, when there were only distances, a few people, nobody starving, nobody rich, Indians, cowboys, and our friends—before the fever and distress had come upon us? But no, it was more than that; for even then every small town was going to be "The Chicago of the West" and everybody was going to grow up and get rich. Here there was no town or village ambitious to be Chicago, or seemed ever to have heard of it.

Santa Fe, the "ancient capital," older than New York or Boston, second, if not the oldest capital in the United States, the "seat of the governors of three nations," is still the capital and still a little native adobe town without a railroad and not quite twelve thousand inhabitants. Albuquerque, the big city of the State, and the only one, has twenty-six thousand. For although New Mexico ranks fourth in size among

the States, it is forty-fifth in population, with sixty per cent Spanish-speaking or "native" citizens, and approximately 35,000 Indians. There are no humming financial and marketing centers, no industrial towns with smoke stacks, trolleys, hurrying crowds of clerks, no lines of jobless hopelessly reading the signs outside employment agencies, no newspapers with screaming headlines announcing disaster every hour, no skyscrapers, no canyons of steel and masonry, no factories. Even automobiles have an "outside" look in these little towns, and much more the air of strangeness than the horses standing patiently, heads drooped, reins over a post, or hitched in pairs to old gray wagons along the plaza or beside the hotel, looking exactly as they did in the little Western town where I grew up. No, there were no "Chicagos of the Future" here. Here, it seemed, was that simple primitive life of my youth, but stable, enduring, contented to be as it was. You could count on it not to change. There was somehow the assurance that it would be there if you left it and came back again, no matter how long you had stayed away.

You could so easily believe that you had gone back in time to the period before the machine age, the power age, the period before the Industrial Era had "created the proletariat." And this perhaps was the most striking absence, the absence of the proletariat. If there is a proletariat in New Mexico it is too small either to be felt or seen. There are first the Indians, wards of the government, living their simple communal lives. And after these there are only the peasants (the native Spanish-Indian-Mexicans, existing on their small plots of ground with a few days' work now and then), the petty bourgeoisie (farmers, ranchers, merchants), and the rich. And the rich are not obtrusively rich, the poor not obtrusively poor.

All alike, they live in low adobe houses made of the colored earth. It is not an affectation. It is the natural building material of the land, simple, substantial, and beautiful. A house of stone or bricks seems an affectation and an oddity here. The visitor feels at once the temptation to begin with his own hands to build himself a house, and immediately decides to have or not to have blue doors and window frames. It seems so easy, so possible, the material so accessible and malleable. You must have had your fill of home, of the security and comfort of your own hearthstone, to resist this instinctive urge. It is as difficult to resist as for a child, looking at other children building mud houses, to resist immediately designing and building one of his own.

Even the houses of the *grandees*, with interiors and patios often as charming and unexpected as play-palaces, are seldom more than one storey, follow the native architecture, and bring no note of ostentation into the landscape; for the material itself imposes simplicity and taste. The delusion of human grandeur is not to be expressed in architecture here. It would be difficult to maintain in the face of mountains that rise like five-mile-long fortresses, stratified storey upon storey, each storey a distinct and separate color of its own—red, blue, pink, violet, clear yellow nearest the sun—the fabulous pueblos of the Indians' gods.

It is said that any land will reject, resist, destroy three passages of human beings over its surface before it can be conquered by man, before it will make friends with him. But from the time of the Conquistadores (and long before, since the Conquistadores found the Indians there, and before the Indians the "Forgotten Ones," the cliff dwellers whose caves are still intact near Santa Fe) to the present day, this land that is New Mexico has refused to

be so much as impressed by the generations of man. It neither makes friends with him nor co-operates. It remains aloof and splendid in its indifference. The mountains, the long flat-topped mesas, the inaccessible forests, the black extinct volcanic land, the scarred and eroded "Bad Lands," all these are as they are. Its changes are of itself. If these small creatures wish to exist in its crevices, move antlike across its valleys, throw up little mounds of earth and live in them, or scratch the surface of its mountains in search for the hidden yellow particles, this land retains its indifference. It hurls down torrents upon them or withholds all rain; its valleys bloom and die; it streaks its mountain sides with deep black shadows, wraps its peaks in snow, or covers them with brilliant yellow aspen, all for its own delight. Man cannot "beautify" this place. Man cannot "make a garden of it." For it is done—a garden and a beauty after its own imperious kind.

Against this background men move in their human stature, reduced (or restored) to their eternal proportions in the universe, brief, impermanent, quick with evanescent life. Their faces are not sodden and covered as are the faces of people in modern cities—they are alive.

Now it is a curious fact, and I had remarked upon it with some amusement, that people are possessed of a passion to "interpret" New Mexico. Artists, poets, novelists, academicians have fallen victim to this urge, and it has produced some strange results. It is the despair of painters; writers are betrayed by it; serious scholars grow adjectival and lyrical. And all these efforts at interpretation are somehow reminiscent of the efforts of rhythmic dancers to interpret Beethoven or such mighty themes as life or death. Yet here apparently am I, also waving the batik scarves.

III

I had heard often enough that life in what one involuntarily speaks of as the "American colonies" in New Mexico is, like the life in the American colonies of Europe, artificial and trivial, and that they take themselves too seriously—invariable paradox. And there were moments during the Fiesta in Santa Fe, moments in the afternoon when with the brilliantly colored costumes (everybody goes into Spanish costume for the whole four days of Fiesta), the local and visiting sophisticates and celebrities, black-garbed native *políticos* (could these be Republicans, Democrats?), Indians in feathered head-dresses dancing to muted drums in the court of La Fonda hotel in sunlight so strong that it resembled artificial flood-lights on a stage, the kaleidoscopic corridors and tables of La Fonda bar, the dark Mexican faces at all the little booths in the Plaza outside, moments when one seemed to be moving in some fantastically bright and foolish Ronald Firbank *décor*s, "Cuna, little city of cocktails, little city of delight."

We had arrived in the midst of Fiesta, an occasion I had not anticipated with too much enthusiasm, since nothing is so sad and disheartening as serious communal festivity. I had foreseen that I should have the religious ceremonials explained to me. I had expected to be shown about, to have things pointed out, to listen to conversations about the culture of the American Indians. But I was wrong. The Fiesta was merely going on, and in half an hour we were part of it; for the people were the Fiesta, and nobody was taking either it or themselves in the least seriously. Even the Indians in the sunlit court danced with a consciously ironical stateliness and style. This I had expected to be the saddest spectacle of all; but to see them moving easily and naturally in this absurd

and heterogeneous milieu, without the slightest loss of their native humor and dignity, recalled to me how for the last three hundred years and more the history of the New Mexican Indians has been their repeated discovery by aliens and the attempted imposition upon them of alien religions and cultures which one has only to visit the pueblos to see how successfully they have withstood. It will take more than a few writers, artists, and tourists to spoil these Indians. As for the Fiesta, it is *their* tradition and not ours; this was an imposition of their culture upon *us*, which, it must be said, we withstand in all but its surface implications as successfully as they withstand ours. It was perhaps the secret of the Fiesta's irresponsible gaiety.

There were to be sure various formal and prearranged events, exhibitions of native handicrafts, the religious procession to the Cross of the Martyrs, rituals, races, a play "The Bad Man" given by local amateurs. But nobody went anywhere they had said they would go; they stayed where they were or went somewhere else, which made a sufficient if unexpected attendance at all the events. And I was so much relieved by this freedom from duty as an observer that I managed to miss them all, except the parade which closes the Fiesta on the fourth day—an absurd, happily amateurish parade, given over entirely to mockery. No elaborate symbolical advertising floats, no attempt at "the beautiful" (there had been the procession to the graves of the Martyrs for authentic beauty and symbolism), but everything as spontaneous as a party thought up yesterday, everybody a little tired but still more than a little gay, and a funny air of the old West about it all. There was a battered old Ford marked "Santa Fe or Bust" with its mechanism so inspirationally deranged that its occupants, a half dozen young natives, were vio-

lently jounced and bounced from the seat and seemed about to fly entirely out with every turn of the wheels. This bit of symbolism and the cheers that greeted it I was to come to appreciate fully within the next few days; for we left the Fiesta to visit friends in the other end of the State.

"Come along, we're going down to see So and So," says your host in New Mexico, and by his casual tone you hardly think it worth while to take your hat; and as a matter of fact you may find yourself going a few doors down the street, or in a car, bags all packed by some legerdemain, and off for a three-hundred-mile jaunt over the incredible back-country roads. These roads seem on first encounter like one of the great unnatural wonders of the civilized world. They are constantly being mended and rebuilt; but no matter how well or expensively made they will not hold. They are every kind of bad road at once, and in addition it is impossible to tell where they are going next. You think there are only two ways a road may curve, to the left or to the right; but these back country roads exhibit the ingenious evasiveness of a snake you are watching in the grass. Look away an instant or turn your mind from it, and when you look back again its length will mysteriously not be lying where it just now was, so that you have the illusion of its having disappeared entirely; it will merely have slithered its length off at another angle, its tail away from you now instead of there by your foot. And in the mountains these roads are coiled to strike. Yet over them the inhabitants hurtle in cars at no less than fifty miles an hour, driving with the universally accepted and rationalized technic by which I shall always know a New Mexican driver anywhere—a technic based on the theory that you've got to keep going to get through and to hesitate is to be lost, but which seems to the un-

initiated to consist of sheer inattention to the wheel, a superstitious belief in the intelligence of machinery, and an equally unfounded belief in the indestructibility of human life. Within a few days, if you live, you are a convert to the theory, and by the time you have driven from end to end of the State and several times from Santa Fe to Taos through Taos canyon and the Pass, you are practicing the technic with the astonished feeling that you have never really known how to manage a car before.

During the Fiesta I had been repeatedly and a little anxiously assured that this was not the real New Mexico, that I was getting an entirely false impression of the life, that people lived quiet, simple, industrious lives. And to be sure this was so. It was pleasant to stop in the little towns and villages with their leisured Old-World air of self-contained and established security, and to find there friends who were quietly painting pictures, writing books and plays, looking forward to selling them, and actually selling them too, planning their futures with confidence.

It was pleasant to find in their libraries no hectic litter of books on economics, finance, government, but instead all those novels, volumes of poetry, the works of what used to be called pure literature, of which I had had time these last few years to read only the reviews, and which restored for me a period grown even remoter than my youth, the period before the depression when a fine novel was of major excitement and interest in our intellectual life. And always on these shelves, at least in Taos, there stood the little row of books about D. H. Lawrence, looking as if his friends, like Lot's wife, had looked back and promptly turned to print. For this was the "Lawrence country"—involuntarily you spoke of it as that. Yonder

in that house lived Brett, and against the mountain was Frieda living; and hidden behind the walls of her patios, Mabel Dodge Luhan (everything in the plural for Mabel Dodge, houses, patios, walls), looking steadily backward and turning her whole life into ten great volumes of print, while round about from blue and pink doors talented young men sped across gardens at the summons of her telephone, saying "Command from the palace" as they went. Mabel Dodge, who for two years "willed" Lawrence to come and interpret New Mexico, and who when he had come and failed her, succeeding only in interpreting her to herself, besought Jeffers, who also failed her, to become the interpreter; and who may one day by the sheer power of her articulate desire come closer than any of them to accomplishing it.

It was pleasant to hear talk of literature and the arts as if they were still an important and respectable part of life, and not mere "luxury trades" which are in a very bad way indeed. If occasionally, but very occasionally, they spoke of the things going on in Washington and Wall Street it was as if they were speaking of happenings in a foreign land, France, Italy, Russia, which had nothing to do with their lives. And if one felt they had eaten the lotus and dwelt in a false security, one felt also that the rest of us had eaten something far more indigestible and certainly less agreeable to the taste.

IV

You will say that I went the wrong places, that I saw the wrong people, that I was on a holiday. And my own conscience troubled me faintly about this; was I to go looking for signs of discontent and distress when I had so lately come from a world in which they could not be escaped? When we

passed on the roads the little native adobe huts, extravagantly plumed from the flat roofs with the great thick strings of blood-red chili peppers hung out to dry, and I thought how contented and idyllic these lives, "They are slaves!" an old ghost cried, "slaves of the land barons, serfs of the feudal lords. They should not be content!"

And when in the lush river valleys and the folds of the foothills we passed great flocks of sheep, thousands diminished to the appearance of hundreds by the immensity of the mountains roundabout, I stated firmly to myself, "Wool is one of the chief products of New Mexico." It is a country of raw materials, wool, hides, lead, copper, silver, gold. What had we heard last year about the tariff and the wool growers of New Mexico? Hadn't we been reading not so long ago of the troubles of the coal miners in New Mexico? Surely wherever there are mines there are labor troubles. Things couldn't be as quiet as they seemed.

We visited a mine—a new gold-mining operation, where we were shown about by a charming young woman, wife of one of the owners, a little white poodle named Mary who took a tremendous and proprietary interest in everything, and the Superintendent, a fine old practical miner who explained the operations of placer mining, which seemed as simple and primitive as in the days of '49—the dams, the big sluice down the mountain side, the big sieves at the end—and told us tales of the old Klondike while he sat on a rock in the stream and for our education and entertainment panned a pan of gravel for us, a business of infinite patience and subtle skill. I have in my purse a tiny glass vial with fine black sand and 31 "colors" of gold floating in water to show for it, the result presented to me with courtly grace. The quality of their interest

and hope for success, their pride in the plant and the neat quarters of the men, the intimacy and simplicity of the scene produced again that sense of older and simpler times. Only their talk of the important stockholder coming from the East next day and who must be met at Albuquerque related it in my mind to the Administration's new gold policy which has stimulated gold mining again in the West.

When my conscience smote me for this *dolce far niente* attitude I went to political meetings, for the campaign was then in progress, hoping to turn my mind again to the burning issues of the day. But this was a great mistake. The campaign is carried on in two languages. Each speaker appears on the stage accompanied by his interpreter who echoes the speech in Spanish, phrase by phrase—quiet speaker, impassioned interpreter, big speaker, little interpreter, and the other way round, the pairs selected, it seemed, for the dramatic contrast and effect. This and the audience—cowboys and ranchers in ten-gallon hats and high-heeled boots, native *politicos* in groups or haunting the doors with an air of dark conspiracy and intrigue, local merchants, landowners, fine ladies, pretty Mexican girls—all giving it an authentic air not of politics but of jollity and comic opera. And you followed the words but not the sense of what the speakers said because you were waiting to hear how it would sound an instant later in Spanish. "El Presidente Roosevelt" was suddenly endowed with mustachios, uniform, medals, shining boots and sword, and a guarded *palacio* off-stage. "El Senator Cutting," because he could be seen, was the blue-eyed Americano of the piece.

The repeated speeches take twice as long to make, and one marvelled at the patience of the crowd. "Do they really enjoy it?" I asked. "Oh, yes,

they like it. They'll have a dance afterward."

It was impossible to take it seriously. Impossible to believe that upon such meetings as these depended the return to the United States Senate of one of its most valuable and distinguished members.

I gave it up—gave up serious thinking for the rest of my stay in New Mexico. I sat in the sun, and stored up the beauty of far distant mountains against that time when I should be shut in by walls of masonry again; stored up space and solitude against the time when I should be oppressed by city crowds. A month later we stopped the car at the top of Raton Pass, and waved good-by to New Mexico. We were in America again.

I am writing this in a hotel room in New York. On the table beside me lies a newspaper with huge headlines: CITY'S RELIEF FUNDS EXHAUSTED. Three Million Dollars Advanced to Tide Over Week. I have just been reading that one out of every four persons in New York is on relief. In these last few days I have seen more strike picketers on the streets of New York than in all my twelve or fifteen years of living here before. In these few days I have talked with men sitting at imposing mahogany desks who, in spite of their ten-thousand-dollar salaries still going on, gave every evidence of nearing the edge of a nervous break. The phrase "nervous breakdown" is respectable again. I inquire for an acquaintance, and am told that he, poor fellow, has had a "complete nervous break" and has had to go away. No one seems to know where he is. I hesitate to ask for my friends. Few answer to their last year's telephones. Of one pair I am told "They've had to go on relief. At least I hope they're getting it. They don't see anybody any more." And some are unexpectedly and a little deliri-

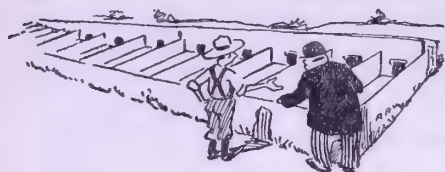
ously affluent. I have dined with affluent friends in a gay and brilliant uptown restaurant, dined on delicate and expensive foods with laughter, witty trivialities, and champagne, and come back to my modest hotel past the darkened square where men lay sleeping on park benches, clutching their ragged coats about them against the bitter wind—the same men I had seen sleeping there for three nights before, their huddled figures already as familiar as the figures of friends, particularly the ingenious one who had progressed from newspapers wrapping his feet and hands on the first night to a cardboard box for his feet and a carton for his middle on the second night, but to-night lay stretched straight and snug as in a coffin, encased in a long thin cardboard carton, a hole with a flap cut out for his face.

Voices speak out of the silence of this park at night, the audible thoughts of those who are a little mad. Last night as I passed along the walk a deep disembodied voice from the darkness said, "I have suffered for you," and again a moment later, "I have suffered for you." And to-night as a man came out of an apartment house across the street, leading a little dog on a leash, the voice of an old woman said quietly to no one but herself, "Goddammit, they feed their dogs."

From my window. I lean out to look at the city, the city I used to love. The tall buildings I used to think so beautiful and liken to all manner of lovely and magical things are no longer magical. They are Capital Investment, they are profit and loss, they are taxes, mortgages, tenants, landlords, the building trades, they are the President's new housing plan.

"I hear you've been to New Mexico," say my friends, demanding to know about my trip. But already it is as unreal to me as if I had been to the moon.

The Lion's Mouth



FARMER OLSEN AND THE NEW DEAL

BY CHARLES D. MADSEN

LAST summer I dropped round to see my old friend John Olsen. John used to be in the hog-raising business but now he is in two businesses, the hog-raising business and the not-raising-hog business. The first of these is an old and established business which has been followed by the farmers of this county for some time. The not-raising-hog business, on the other hand, is an innovation. While most of the farmers who are in the hog-raising business have also gone into the not-raising-hog business, none of them has been in it before.

This new business, John said, was quite different from the old one. There was only one condition necessary to get into it. A farmer had to have been in the hog-raising business in 1933. If he had been in the hog-raising business, Uncle Sam did everything possible to persuade him to go into the not-raising-hog business. The county agent called meetings of all the farmers in the county who were in the hog-raising business and said, "In years past I have told you how to raise more and better hogs. Now I will tell you how not to raise hogs. Everyone in this county who is raising hogs is urged to go into this new business. I have corn-hog contracts which I want every man in this room to sign."

"Most of us signed up," said John, "but a few did not. Some farmers were not there. Others preferred to raise hogs. The county agent visited all these and told them that they had better get into this because the government would put a tax on hogs and set the price so low that they would be driven out of the hog-raising business if they did not go into the new not-raising-hog business. Then even most of those who preferred to raise hogs rather than be paid for not raising hogs signed up and the new business got started."

I inquired what kinds of hogs Farmer Olsen did not raise and he replied that he did not know. In fact the government was not interested in what kinds of hogs he did not raise but was merely interested in the fact that he did not raise hogs.

John and I went to the fields to see how he did not raise hogs. The details of this business rather interested me. "First," he said, "we do not raise corn for the hogs we do not raise not to eat."

I looked over the corn fields. Several fields were covered with growing corn but here and there was a field which had been plowed and not planted. These, I was told, were the fields where John did not raise corn not to feed hogs which he did not raise. The fields were plowed because it improved the quality of the land on which he did not raise corn to let it lie fallow. The corn on the rest of the farm looked unusually good. I asked John whether this was not extra fine corn and he replied that it was.

"That is some of the high-bred corn

which is put out by Secretary Wallace and it is guaranteed to produce as much on the acreage I have under cultivation now as I grew before on the whole area."

When I asked him if the government objected to this, he looked at me in surprise. Didn't I know that Secretary Wallace who sold this seed corn was the head of the A.A.A. which was the organization which paid him for not raising hogs? He was fulfilling the terms of the contract by not raising corn on some land, and by raising as much as he could have raised on all, on part of the land. The A.A.A. was satisfied so long as a certain number of fields lay fallow.

To the right were some hay fields on which were piles of a white-appearing substance. I asked John about this. "Oh, yes," he answered, "that is marl. If we are to raise the biggest possible crop of alfalfa we have to add lime to the soil. Marl is rich in lime and is found in bogs. I can get this marl at the pit for ten cents a load. The government is selling it that cheap to aid us farmers to improve the land so that we shall be able to raise more and better crops. In fact the government is very much interested in this project. You see the FERA has a great many men who are on relief in this county and these men are put to work by the government in the marl pits to dig marl. Then they sell it to us farmers for ten cents a load. It is really wonderful all the government is doing for us poor farmers helping us to raise more and less at the same time."

Farmer Olsen then took me to the hog pens. In some of them were large fat hogs almost ready for market. In others were several old sows and in still another was a fine stag. Everything was in good condition but John shook his head. "These do not sell for what they should. When I sell these to the packers I have to pay a processing tax

on each one. When that is paid I have very little left."

"But," I said, "the price seems to be a lot better than it was."

"So it may seem," said John, "but you don't know it all." He took out a check for forty-one dollars and thirty-six cents. "That represents five two-hundred-pound hogs which I shipped last week. That is what I got after the tax, the shipping charges, and the commission had been paid—four cents a pound." I thought of pork chops at thirty but I am not one to question the steps which our benevolent government has taken to get the farmer out of the depression.

"But come and see the best paying business on the farm," said John. He led the way to another set of pens. "Here is where I don't raise hogs and the government pays me for it. You will notice that these pens are a little run down, but then you cannot expect me to keep them up. There is no danger of the hogs I do not raise getting away from the pen and me finding myself in a private Fourth of July celebration chasing the greased pig. These hogs I don't raise are the best paying investment on the farm. I am glad I went into the business and I will vote to continue it."

John waxed enthusiastic about this new deal. He proceeded to tell me at great length that the trouble with the not-raising-hog business was that there was a limitation which permitted a farmer to not raise only twenty-five per cent as many hogs as he had raised in 1933. The real solution to the farmer's problem was to take this little limitation off and let him not raise as many hogs as possible. John himself intended to drop the hog-raising business, the dairy business, and the rest of the farm business if this were done, and go into the not-raising-hog business in a big way.

"I think," he said, "that if they let

us do this next year I will not raise one hundred thousand hogs. This would put me in the same class with all the big executives and I should be a rich man. I should not need to hire anyone to help me not raise hogs and there would be no expenses. There would not be any processing tax to pay on the hogs which I did not raise and nothing to pay for shipping them to the packers. No commission merchant collects anything on hogs which have not been raised."

But John grew gloomy again. "Probably all the farmers in the country would go into the business. That has been the ruination of the farmer. This county is a dairy county, and the milk and cream checks used to amount to two and three hundred dollars a month. But the county agents all over the country urged their farmers to go into the business, pointing out how much we were making here. Texas used to buy our butter and cheese, but now that State exports dairy products. If the limitation is taken off, every county agent in the country will have his farmers go into the not-raising-hog business and we shall all be just as bad off as before, as there will not be any farmers paying a processing tax and, therefore, no money to pay benefits."

The other day I saw John Olsen again. "How is the not-raising-hog business coming on?" I asked.

"Not so good," he replied. "The government has gone and spoiled it. We shall not be allowed to not raise as many hogs as we did not raise last year. I had hoped to not raise more hogs than I did not raise last year. Moreover there was a flunky from the Department of Agriculture out here to say that I had lied about how many hogs I had not raised, although who should know better than I how many hogs I had not raised? Why, the

young cub didn't even know the difference between a pasture and a hay field."

"How was the pay in the not-raising-hog business?" I asked.

"That was only fair," replied John. "I got one check just before the primary and one just before the election, so I voted a straight Democratic ticket; but I don't know when I shall get the last payment. I suppose that I shall have to wait until another election comes."

"You got two payments anyhow," I remarked.

"You don't know the half of it," he said. "When I bought the high-bred corn seed from Secretary Wallace I had to get a loan from the government, and they made me give them a plaster on everything I own. When the check came it was made in the name of the Regional Loan Board as well as my own name. There was a letter telling me to endorse it and send it to the Regional for endorsement. The letter said that there was an old law compelling me to do this. I endorsed the checks and sent them to the Regional and that was the last I ever saw of them."

I tried to comfort him but it was not to be. He had been in the best business which he had ever been in and then the government had played him dirt. I left him bemoaning the lost fortune.

Yesterday he dropped into my office with a broad smile on his face. "Why the look of happiness?" I asked.

"I have got that gang," he said. "The county agent came round with a new scheme this month. He said that I had better have my cattle tested for Bang's disease. The test was simple and the government would pay the costs. Moreover, they would value my herd and pay me up to twenty dollars for grades and fifty dollars for purebreds over the price I get from the

packer. I find that I was lucky that the Regional took my corn-hog checks. I do not owe them anything now. Ole Anderson has a loan with them and they have made him sign an agreement to replace all condemned cattle with cattle from a tested herd. The reason for all this is that on one hand the government is trying to reduce the size of the herds due to the feed shortage caused by the drought, and on the other hand the government is trying to keep the size of the herds intact to protect the loans with the Regional."

"But how does all this help you?" I asked.

"I had a talk with the vet," he explained, "and he says that he can give the cattle an injection so that they will

all have a positive reaction to the test, and the government will have to buy the whole herd. I am short of feed and I can sell the feed I have in the barn, leave my son and daughter-in-law to take care of the place, and go to the city for the winter. In the spring I can buy a new herd and start in all over again. The new herd can be bought with the money I get for the old one, and the price I get for the feed will cover the cost of a winter in the city."

He left the office and walked down the street with a distant look in his eyes. I knew he was thinking of a steam-heated room in which he could lie in bed in the morning until half-past six or even seven o'clock.





TRIAL AND ERROR

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THIS is and will continue to be a year full of adventures, disorders, apprehensions, and experiments. Trial and error is the process by which it stumbles along. Discussion increases, which is a good sign, and it is still free. Unemployment still furnishes the great problem of caring for its victims. Congress seems willing to vote the money, but it seems to be generally accepted that the executive branch of the government is to spend it, thereby avoiding the inevitable solicitude of Congressmen to secure disbursements for their own districts.

Our effort to join the World Court fell through, thanks immediately to the Hearst newspapers and the radio discourses of Father Coughlin. It got a majority of the Senate but not two-thirds. There are not so many mourners as might be expected because the state of Continental Europe does not commend it to observers as inviting partnership. Every nation for itself is a bad rule for saving the world, but it is to that rule that Continental Europe inclines, as does indeed the rest of the world. Great Britain and France, it is true, have made an agreement for mutual protection by airplanes, which is encouraging; but the idea of the human race as a whole—a machine in which the component nations must all work together—though acceptable to the mind, still lags in practical applica-

tion, and what keeps the peace is the fear of war. We read about the Continental Europeans as full of fears of their neighbors, and the Asiatic nations are not much better. Japan practices and maneuvers to put across ambitious schemes of control while the rest of the world is too busy to interfere. It seems to aspire just now to dominate China. Great Britain is an island; so is Japan. Great Britain has profited by being offshore and for centuries, being comparatively safe from invasion at home, she has been able to assemble and exercise extraordinary powers in the rest of the world. Japan seems disposed to profit by Britain's example, but there are objections. The British got many of their holdings more by luck than by set purpose. So it happened in the case of Gibraltar, so considerably came its control of the Suez Canal, so very largely came its domination of India. It got Canada as an incident of war with France; it got the Transvaal dearly bought after a very serious dispute with Kruger's Dutchmen, but it has held these possessions and many others, considerably for the reason that, with one exception, the English Colonials have been satisfied with their condition and not desirous to change it. The British are the greatest colonizers because, learning by experience and especially by the great experience of 1776, they

seem to know better than anybody else how to make Colonials happy. Having a great deal to give, they give it. Having a great deal to get, they seem by way of reinvigorating their power to get it.

It is offered in the papers as a bit of statistical information that somebody is killed in the United States every 45 minutes. Since that would mean 32 persons every 24 hours, it must include the motor-car killing. The murder rate is high, the highest at present of any civilized country, but not so high as that. The effort to reduce it is earnest and seems to be effective. These murders outside of the motor-car killing are partly a legacy from the Eighteenth Amendment but largely incidental to the depression. Many people used to earning money and spending it cannot get it lawfully except as it is given to them, and a proportion of these turn to get it by stealth or violence. Some of them develop into very dangerous killers and have to be hunted down, as is being done, as said, with increasing success. In Kentucky is Clay County where we read ten per cent of the population is bad and terrorizes the rest of it. Something like martial law has been declared in Clay County. The proceedings there have been very animated.

The United States Secret Service gets a free hand now in bandit cases and State lines are no longer any hindrance to hunting down dangerous criminals. The States of our Union, be it noted, do not fight one another. Sometimes they have differences of opinion but they settle them peacefully. The country is not divided on State lines and that is the great advantage we have over the Continent of Europe.

One State however, Louisiana, may call for attention from the Federal

government because of the style of government now being operated there by Senator Huey Long. As Mr. Lippmann has pointed out, the Constitution guarantees a Republican form of government in every State. Mr. Lippmann suggests that that form is not now operative in Louisiana, that Huey Long's government is not Republican even though it has behind it a contrived majority of the voters. Mr. Lippmann holds that rule by a majority of the voters does not necessarily constitute Republican government, and he thinks it is not doing so in Louisiana.

That is an interesting thought. The impression is very prevalent that Senator Long's proceedings are out of order, but just how they can be regulated and by whom has not yet been much discussed. The hope no doubt has been that Louisiana would cleanse itself from within.

WHAT most engages the minds of readers and listeners at this moment of writing is the Hauptmann trial for stealing the Lindbergh baby, and the efforts of the United States Supreme Court to reach a conclusion as to whether gold bonds so-called must be paid in the dollars of their date or in the diminished dollars in current use. Shall we rise or fall according as Hauptmann is convicted or acquitted? Shall we prosper or suffer according to the conclusion that the Supreme Court reaches?

Oh, no! The vast interest in the Hauptmann trial merely gives basis for the hope that the incidents of it may work out for improvement in criminal procedure, and as for the gold-dollar decision, if it does not suit the times something will be done to offset it. Congress could do that perhaps by a moratorium or in some other way.

Of course what the Supreme Court decides is important. That the Su-

preme Court should exist unimpaired in power and dignity is important, but it really does not possess the power of life or death over American prosperity. It's a man-made body contrived by human intellects, endowed with powers by the American people, useful, helpful, successful, but that is all. It does not make us good or bad nor aim to do so. What we seem to need is something that can.

A Protestant Minister from the Middle West writes to the Easy Chair to suggest that the Protestant ministry is played out. He gives his reasons for thinking so—the collapse of Prohibition was one of them. He thinks the Protestant churches took a wrong course and that their failure in it hurt their prestige. No doubt it did; it should have hurt it. Possibly in the Middle West the Protestant churches seem to be dwindling. He says they are. Here in this city some of them look very prosperous. It depends a good deal on the ministers. But it is with the churches whether they are Protestant or Catholic as it is with the Supreme Court of the United States, that they are organizations contrived by the minds of men, and whether they live or die we shall go on living.

What matters is whether we are good or bad. There are people who think that religion makes us bad. They are the enemies of religion because they think it is opposed to what they want. There are plenty of such persons in Russia, some very powerful; quite a lot in Germany; more or less others in scattered lots in all countries. There are rows with churches in many governments, the latest in Mexico, where the present government is giving the present church strong medicine.

But perhaps it needs it! Persecution has ranked as a valuable stimulant to religion. The curious Christian doctrine of nonresistance comes in somewhere there; but if any particular

church organization seems to be enfeebled that is not a killing matter. Some of them need to be poked up and set right about many things.

For religion itself—the Christian religion—there never was a greater demand than there is now. Any individual who seems to understand it and can put it across gets a hearing, and what organization he belongs to does not matter as much as one might think. That is not only true in this country but it is true all over the world. The organization of religion is largely man-made; the great spirit that runs through it or should run through it is something else.

The great thing the world needs is something that will make enough men good enough to live together. The Labor Union rows are largely selfish quarrels. One group tries to get the better of another group. All quarrels and jealousies between nations are the same—one group of nations trying to beat some other group of nations. They all fear one another, they all take measures for safety and security; but what they all need is simply to love one's neighbor. Their quarrels are folly, ruinous folly. They have got to come through them and out of them, and many people think they are on the way to do it.

WHEN the spirit fails in a religious organization its decline begins. The word inspiration means the presence of the spirit and that, in a religious organization at least, is indispensable. "Where there is no vision the people perish." As we all know and are often reminded, the worst disease that organizations are subject to is oversolicitude for self-preservation. Organizations—church organizations quite as much as others—tend to confuse the welfare and power of the organization which is largely material with the spiritual power that it should

stand for. When that happens, as it does so often, the drift begins toward collapse. The natural remedy is that some hostile power comes along which is able to put the defective organization out of business. That happened in Russia to the Greek Church. The Russian Church was corrupt and doubtless needed the discipline that it has received. What we may hope and indeed expect is that in due time it will come back purified.

Some process of that sort may be going on in Germany. The Lutheran Church is a Protestant organization of high standing, so is the Catholic Church in Bavaria; but nowadays the best people in both those German organizations are expected to bow to the will of a Dictator with a strong leaning toward oldtime German paganism. All over the world there are fights with religious organizations that have lost their true inspiration and set their hand to jobs they ought to let alone. The Methodists, an organization of great power and usefulness, set up a citadel in Washington and went too far in the effort to impose their ideas of Christian living on their neighbors by ruthless political organization in which the Baptists and Presbyterians and others co-operated with them. They won a remarkable temporary success and did a lot of harm and they did it all in the name of a great Preacher who came "eating and drinking," was tolerant of sinners, and was censured by critics of his time for not setting a more strict example.

And it is not only the religious organizations that see the organization bigger than the purpose for which it is made, but political and economic organizations do the same. Tammany Hall is an example of one, and see the Labor Unions—useful in their real purpose to uphold the workman's claim to what the employer ought to

do for him—to secure fair wages, fair hours, all such necessary and desirable things—but what happens? One sees them running off into fights for power, for domination of the industries that they work in, quarrelling between themselves, one group interfering by force with the rights of other groups to work under conditions that satisfy them as the best they can expect for the time being.

So it goes in our current world and constrains the observers to feel that the great thing the world needs is something that will make men good; good enough, at least, to live together.

MR. FARLEY, the Postmaster General, gave away sheets of stamps unperforated which were philatelic curiosities. Perhaps he did not know that they were marketable at a high price, but that came out and made some scandal. His remedy was to supply such stamps at their face value in sufficient quantities to break the market.

Nobody thinks of the Postmaster General as unduly lacking in guile but it is doubtless true that he gave those stamps in the same spirit that we give playthings to children, not thinking of their market value but merely as something that would give pleasure to someone he wanted to please. The incident brings to attention the vast extension of stamp collecting, its importance on its commercial side, the willingness of various governments, including our own, to trade on it, issuing stamps not so much to carry letters as to sell to collectors. The stamp craze is running the oldtime fame of the tulip mania pretty hard. Of course all collectors are a bit unbalanced, as should be recognized, whether it applies to postage stamps, books, coins, or something else; but the stamp and book collectors are the leaders.



Harpers *Magazine*

NEW WORLD SYMPHONY

WITH A FEW SOUR NOTES

BY ELMER DAVIS

PEOPLE who last winter visited the southernmost tip of the United States, the island city of Key West, saw something going on which was a summary of current history, and just possibly a preview of the future. Nothing quite like it will ever be seen again, for some of the factors that gave to life in Key West last winter a fourth-dimensional flavor can never recur, even in Key West; but if the experiment being conducted there works out it may be repeated with variations elsewhere. An entire community had found its occupation gone—the various occupations by which it had lived for a hundred years. City and county had surrendered their powers, via the Governor, to experts from Washington backed by Federal funds, who were undertaking a job of vocational rehabilitation, teaching a destitute town how to make a living by a new trade.

Key West, with the finest winter climate and the finest fishing in the country, had always had some winter visitors; but it takes a somewhat unusual tourist to appreciate the peculiar charm of the town, and so long as it was prospering as a seaport, a naval base, a center of the cigar industry, the community never made much effort to attract visitors or to entertain them. Now the government—the Florida Emergency Relief Administration, nominally a State but actually a Federal agency—was operating the town as a tourist resort: renting houses and training servants, building beach cabañas, and hiring mural painters to decorate barrooms. But even this somewhat surprising spectacle was less strange, and less stimulating, than the fact that the trained and disinterested intelligence of outsiders had been mobilized and applied to the problems of

a community which had proved unable to save itself.

So the visitor felt almost as if he were in Pasteur's laboratory, watching the beginnings of a new scientific technic. The social sciences are pretty largely textbook sciences because it is hard to create laboratory conditions for social experiment. In Key West, a small town on an island miles away from anywhere—a town which in climate and vegetation, in population and culture, is neither Florida nor Cuba, neither American nor Caribbean, but simply Key West—in such a place the laboratory conditions created themselves. In that isolated microcosm you could study the whole issue of disinterested collective planning versus interested private enterprise, with all the factors present on both sides—including, conspicuously, human nature. It was the New Deal in miniature—high intentions and bold beginnings, hampered and bedeviled by the need of respecting vested interests and laggard public opinion, by the ease of compromise and the difficulty of cutting Gordian knots; by the unhappy American tendency to regard a thing announced in the newspapers as a thing done. It was certainly accomplishing something—something much better than what had been there before, but falling short of the original vision and perhaps of the possibilities. One almost felt that it was all history in miniature, an apologue of the aspirations and the shortcomings of man.

That may sound like nonsense; but it was the effect Key West produced last winter on a visitor who observed it against a background of five previous visits. Words are poor tools to convey the feeling created by the experiment, and the atmosphere of continuous intellectual excitement it engendered in a small town on a remote tropical island, where life had the isolation and surcharged intensity

of life on a round-the-world cruise. Only music could express it, and such music as no composer now living is competent to write. Music of the future, a New World symphony—but a new world corrupted and confused, as new worlds are apt to be, by stubbornly persistent survivals of the old world; not to mention the flesh and the devil. Perhaps it might sound something like the Grail music from "Lohengrin" and the Valhalla music from the "Ring," played simultaneously with the "Tannhäuser" bacchanale; or perhaps a collaborative composition by Wagner, Stravinsky, and George Gershwin, to a libretto by Paul Morand, Noel Coward, and Edgar Allan Poe.

But to go on, and try what may be done with words.

II

Key West, it must be repeated, is not Florida, not United States—and not Cuba either; though of the town's eleven thousand inhabitants (there used to be twice as many) Cubans are the largest single group. You hear as much Spanish as English on the streets; and the Cubans, lounging about cafés, living outdoors as much as possible, serve notice on the visitor that this town is not for people in a hurry. For those who like warmth and ease, who are capable of generating their own excitement and do not have to go out and buy it at a race track or a night club, Key West has an irresistible charm; but such persons are a minority, and most of the tourists who came to Key West in the old days came to fish.

You can like Key West and like Miami Beach too, because they are so different; but most people who must have what they can get at Miami take one look at Key West and go away in disgust. Instead of the ornate near-Spanish architecture of the East Coast

they see a town with no architectural pretensions at all. The homes of the more prosperous citizens look like the more prosperous homes in any small town anywhere, except for the tropic gardens round them; and most of the residences in Key West are cigar-makers' cottages—simple one-storey cabins weathered to a silver gray, with no chimneys, because you need no heat and cooking is done in the back yard. Not till government architects studied the town last summer was it realized that some of the old residences and business buildings contained magnificent examples of carpentry and iron-work; not till government artists began to paint Key West scenes was it perceived that the town might become another Provincetown or St. Malo.

So long as there was war or danger of war in the Caribbean, Key West was chiefly important as a naval base. It was a great cigarmaking town too, and at one time the busiest port in Florida. The late Henry M. Flagler spent fifty million dollars extending the Florida East Coast Railway down the Keys; but he did that, not to promote tourism, but partly for the freight traffic, and mostly because the feat challenged his imagination. With the coming of prohibition the railroad built a first-class hotel, the Casa Marina, at the edge of town, to provide a stopping-off place for people on their way to Havana to get a drink; but presently it turned out that people could get a drink without going to Havana for it, so the Casa Marina never did a very lively business. It has always had a sort of extra-territorial status in Key West, like the foreign settlements in Chinese ports; its guests come down to fish, to play golf, or to recover from operations; they seldom have much to do with the town except as purchasers of rum.

A little of the Florida boom of 1925 spilled over on Key West; but the in-

terest of those days was in selling real estate, not in attracting tourists. (Last winter, when the government attempted to make a park out of one of the downtown blocks, the whole project was halted because the tumble-down shack on one corner belonged to a nobleman with one of the greatest names in Europe, who stubbornly refused to sell. He had never seen Key West; but he had bought that corner at the boom price, and he was going to hang on till he got his money back.) What Key West got out of the boom was the Concha Hotel downtown, small but comfortable; a couple of new schoolhouses, a boulevard round the island, a motor road down the Keys, and a lot of headaches.

For the city borrowed a million and a half to build the boulevard, the county borrowed four million to build the Overseas Highway; and then the boom blew up. The result was that two long stretches where the road would have had to be carried over deep water had to be covered by ferries, because the county could not raise the eight or ten million dollars that would have been needed to build bridges. Failure to build those bridges was the luckiest thing that ever happened to Key West. If they had been there when the road was opened in 1928 the town would have attracted swarms of motor tourists; and the civic boosters of those days were all set to make the place over into what the ordinary tourist wants—a small and unconvincing imitation of Miami—forgetting that Key West always has been and always will be a place for the extraordinary tourist. But the long, slow ferry trip cut the tourist traffic down to a trickle—and thus provided Key West with a priceless excuse. When hard times came knocking at the door most of the citizens simply sat back and said that everything would be all right if only the State or the Federal govern-

ment would build their bridges for them. It was a good deal easier than trying to think their way out.

The general depression supervened on particular depressions that beset Key West. The cigar factories that once supported ten thousand people had had labor troubles, and moved to Tampa or the North; Key West sponge fishers were unable to meet the competition of the Greeks of Tarpon Springs; the collapse of the Cuban sugar boom ended the heavy exports of machinery and imports of sugar which had made up most of the business of the port. The navy yard and submarine base, and the forts that protected them, lost their relevance when the center of international tension shifted to the Pacific, and were reduced to skeleton maintenance garrisons. Suddenly Key West discovered that most of its industries were gone, and that there was small likelihood of their ever coming back.

So ambitious citizens mostly moved away; those who stayed were either people who had some capital (though not much income) and kept hoping that something would turn up, or Cuban cigarmakers who knew no other trade and had small hope of getting jobs in Tampa even if they could afford to move there. Taxes were unpaid, bonds in default; business buildings stood empty and dilapidated, rubbish accumulated, garbage was collected only once in a while; with thousands of people half fed, physicians began to be afraid of the outbreak of an epidemic. When I saw the town in March, 1934, half the population was living on the CWA—but living, as the old hymn puts it, at a poor dying rate; and of the jobs they were working at only one, the building of an aquarium, had any civic utility. As for citizens not on relief, they seemed to be living mostly by selling rum to one another. The Casa Marina

was closed; the Concha had some tourists, but they could only drink rum and enjoy the climate. A town with miles of ocean front and the finest of sea bathing had no bathhouses, no equipped bathing beach. Key West not only was broke but, as one of its eventual rescuers put it, had lapsed into a state of mass melancholia. By May two-thirds of the population were on relief; whereupon Julius F. Stone, Jr., Florida Emergency Relief Administrator, who had never seen Key West before, decided to go down there and see what could be done about it.

III

Stone happened to be one of the people who can appreciate Key West, and he fell in love with the place at sight. People will tell you that he has made this mistake and that; but if he had not fallen in love with it—and if Governor Dave Sholtz, who served there in the army during the War, had not shared his feeling—Key West might by this time have been as deserted as one of the ghost towns of the old Western mining country.

For one of three things might have been done. Relief—more adequate relief—could have been continued until (if ever) "prosperity" returned to the nation; which would have cost half a million dollars a year and left Key West no better off. For the return of prosperity everywhere else would never have brought back the cigar factories or reopened the navy yard. Or (and this was seriously considered) Key West might simply be given up as hopeless and relief cut off altogether. That would have solved the problem of the town but not the problem of its inhabitants; they would have had to migrate (how, God only knows) to Miami or Tampa, to be added to the relief rolls there—a solution for which nobody was enthusi-

astic, especially the people of Miami and Tampa. The third possibility was to find Key West a job; and I believe Stone was absolutely right in deciding that the best chance to make the town self-supporting was to build it up as a tourist resort. That may not take care of the whole population, but it will come nearer doing it than anything else.

Stone, who had all Florida to look after, deputed two of his subordinates—Donald Corley, architect, and Harold Ballou, former university professor and newspaperman—to study the situation; and their report was a blueprint of what might have been done in a crisis which was as acute locally as the crisis of March, 1933 was nationally. Observing that the Florida Keys are hardly more a part of the continental United States than are the Virgin Islands, they recommended the replacement of the cumbrous and costly dualism of city and county governments by a single appointive authority. Since the town was being reorganized like a corporation in bankruptcy, let it be recapitalized—operated as a unit, with every citizen a stockholder. Property was recognized; the former owners would get more stock than the former proletariat; but the poor would hold senior securities, bonds that would pay enough from the start to support their holders (provided they were willing to work) while the rich would receive, at first, a much lower return.

That would have been a highly instructive experiment, and Key West would have had to accept it; it had to accept whatever Stone decided, as the country in March, 1933 had to accept whatever Roosevelt decided. But even Roosevelt, when he might have done anything, chose only to save the immediate situation and let it go at that; and Stone was not a President. He was a man under authority, responsible

both to Governor Sholtz and to Harry Hopkins in Washington; and it seemed to him that the best that could be done was to try to set up Key West as a tourist town in the hope that private enterprise would be attracted after the government had shown the way. But the pump had to be primed with Federal taxpayers' money, and nobody who had seen how things were run in Key West would have turned that money over to the short-sighted political-economic oligarchy that dominated the local governments. So there were conferences with officials and a mass meeting of citizens; and in July the news went out that city and county officials had abdicated in favor of the Governor, who had turned the town over to the FERA to be fed, rehabilitated, and governed.

That story made the front page all over the country, and no wonder; it seemed to portend the collapse of local self-government, the administration of any community that found itself in difficulties by prefects sent out from Washington. As a matter of fact, it was found that city and county could not legally abdicate, so Key West is governed by a sort of polite fiction. When the FERA wants something that requires a local ordinance it sends word to the City Hall or the Courthouse, and the statute is passed. Conservatives may shudder at this spectacle, but there are few city halls and courthouses in the country that do not take orders from somebody. If the people who give the orders in Key West are out-of-town experts, they are at any rate more intelligent and more disinterested than Tammany Hall or its equivalents in a thousand other cities.

Nevertheless, that story made the front page; it had to make the front page. Since most of Key West was already on relief, living on the taxpayers' money, it was reasonable

enough to spend a little more money, intelligently directed to the end of getting the town off relief, even if that meant putting the government into the tourist business. But you could hardly use taxpayers' money to advertise one tourist resort at the expense of others, and Key West needed a lot of advertising. Stone and M. E. Gilfond, then his director of publicity and now the active head of the Key West administration, realized that they would have to get their advertising free by making news.

They got it with that story and they got more later with announcement of the "volunteer work" plan. If the government was to spend money on Key West it was only fair for the citizens to meet that contribution. Those who had any money promised to repair their houses, do what they could to make the town more attractive to visitors; and those who had only work to give promised to give that. Thousands of people on work relief, putting in three days a week at two dollars and forty cents a day, volunteered to work two days a week for nothing as their contribution to the restoration of their city. That was an inspiring gesture and a good news story; unfortunately, for months it was nothing more.

Another branch of the government got the town more publicity. Edward Bruce, director of the Public Works of Art Project, sent two water-colorists down to Key West to see what they could find there; and encouraged by their discoveries, he sent more artists—eventually a dozen all told. Some of their paintings were reproduced on post cards; the government sold fifty thousand of the post cards and used the proceeds to prepare what was probably the most attractive publicity booklet that any Florida resort ever sent out. Last winter an art gallery was opened in the town, with a very creditable

show; this year you will see Key West pictures in exhibitions all over the country, and there could be no better advertisement of the town, to the only sort of people who are capable of enjoying it.

IV

The FERA took charge in July; and carefully avoided the initial mistakes that might have been made, of filling the town with carpetbaggers and wasting money on overhead. Altogether eleven administrators (plus twelve artists) came in from outside; the rest of the office staff, some seventy men and women, was chosen from local residents. The large government plant at the navy yard was almost unused, so the Navy permitted the FERA to use the yard administration building for its offices and to house most of its executives and artists in unoccupied officers' quarters. Later, it even turned over the empty submarine base for use as a yacht basin. (The Army, which owns the best bathing beach in town, was less co-operative.)

The first thing to do was to clean up the town—remove the garbage that imperiled health, the rubbish that befouled the landscape; to tear down old shacks falling into ruin that were eyesores to the passer-by. Luckily there was plenty of common labor available, and by midwinter Key West was as well manicured a town as you could find anywhere. "The achievements of the Administration," wrote a possibly somewhat cynical publicity man, "range from the painting of 169 water colors to the demolition of hundreds of unsanitary outhouses." Not the least of those achievements was the exercise of eminent domain over Big Annie, who had to remove her house of joy from its preferred position downtown, where political influence had long kept her to the scandal of respect-

able citizens, and go to join the rest of the girls down in the District.

The Administration also built some really good bathing beaches, with cabañas that paid for themselves in the first season, and brightened up the principal bars and restaurants of the town with murals painted by PWA artists. (Whether that was an improvement or not is open to serious question; and this without any reflection on the merit of the paintings.) But the primary problems—granted that tourists could be attracted—were how to get them into Key West and where to put them after they got there. The chief obstacle to getting them in was the Florida East Coast Railway. Flagler, building the railroad across the Keys, had displayed private enterprise at its best; but Flagler was dead and his road was in receivership, and his successors could think of nothing better to do with the Overseas Extension that had been his pride than to run it so badly that maybe they would be allowed to abandon it altogether. With by far the heaviest investment in Key West, the road still stubbornly refused to run more than one train a day into town; and that one leaves Miami at the unappetizing hour of 7:20 A.M. Service on the motor highway could have been immensely speeded up if cars had been carried across the ferry gap on a shuttle train; but the railroad refused to help people get into Key West even if it got paid for carrying them. The Administration had to do what it could by improving the ferry service and by subsidizing an airplane service from Miami, after traveling on which you will never want to ride on the train again.

As for housing, the Concha Hotel was small and the Casa Marina was closed. It was not really a part of Key West, but it had to be reopened; boarded up, it was crêpe hung on the door of the town. The railroad re-

fused to open it without a government guarantee against operating loss; so the guarantee was given and turned out to be unnecessary. Another small hotel, the Overseas, was renovated and leased to an operator. But the great surprise was the discovery of so many houses and apartments available for winter rental in a town that had had almost none. Most Key Westers were broke, and were perfectly willing to move in with friends or relatives and rent their homes for a little cash. These were not ornate Spanish-style bungalows such as you would rent in Miami; they were ordinary small-town houses, but good enough in a climate where you can do most of your living outdoors. And rentals last winter were set low—lower, probably, than they will ever average again; mostly they ran from thirty-five to fifty dollars a month, with seventy-five, I believe, the absolute top. At those prices, nearly two hundred houses and apartments were rented in a town that had never rented two dozen before.

Just how many tourists Key West drew last winter nobody knows; but the ferries, month after month, brought in three times as many people as in the previous winter; the Concha, which had had virtually all the tourist traffic previously, had only a small part of it now and still was doing a fifty-per-cent better business; the Casa Marina, giving far better food and service than in the old days, and at lower prices, was making money; and about ten times as many houses and apartments had been rented as in the past—all this under government operation, where private initiative had conspicuously fallen down. Last winter for the first time in its history Key West drew a crowd.

And for possibly the last time in its history, it drew exactly the right crowd; by some unexplained freak of chance virtually all the permanent winter

residents were people who could appreciate not only the town but what was going on there. For the administrative experiment, with its successes and its failures, fomented a continuous intellectual excitement that enveloped the whole town. That was something new in Key West. Other brands of excitement had always flourished luxuriantly in a climate where the delighted Northern visitor finds that he can hold twice as much liquor and get along with half as much sleep as at home—a climate, said one of the winter residents, which feels as mild as a side-car cocktail, and has the same calorific and explosive effect. All those native intoxicants were liberally present last winter, but it was the intellectual excitement that predominated; when groups of people got together at Pena's bar or Ramonin's restaurant the things they debated, hotly and endlessly, were intellectual problems, and problems with a specific local application. You felt that life in a Greek city-state might have been like that—one of the smaller island cities, Paros perhaps or Naxos—if there had ever been a Greek city-state where women shared in the politics.

It was the administrators who set the tune, of course—the administrators and the artists, and their families; not more than fifty people all told, but mostly young and all intellectuals, in the technical sense of the word. They set the tune and the winter residents were able to follow it, with the upper circles of the natives doing their best to chime in. To this general harmony most of the Casa Marina guests were an exception; they were skeptical or (more often) uninterested, and the administrators and the winter residents were inclined to snoot them as Babbitts. But on the whole the town was dominated by this intellectual excitement, without the exclusion of other excitements—a small town, remember, where everything that hap-

pened or failed to happen was all over the place in half an hour; where teapot tempests were constantly arising and subsiding; where at a single bar, between five and seven in the evening (or between ten thirty A.M. and noon, for that matter) you would meet everybody you wanted to see and some that you didn't. A town so much like a club that the departing visitor felt that he ought to send back the customary acknowledgments to the president and members for having accorded him the courtesy of a guest card. It was Greenwich Village, Montparnasse, Provincetown—on a little tropical island. Listening and looking on, I felt alternately that mine eyes had seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, and that I was observing a slightly less cock-eyed replica of the Ford Peace Party.

Possibly it affected me that way because I regard Key West against a background of intermittent memories several layers deep, the principal strata dating from 1926 and 1928. In 1926 the boom psychology still prevailed and the dominant interest was money. In 1928 the Florida boom had exploded but the stock-market boom was rising toward its peak; money ran the country, money was what everybody was thinking about; money had generated its own philosophy and religion which for the moment was the Established Church of the United States. Key West, of course, never attracted ostentatious money; that preferred Palm Beach or Miami Beach. But all the people you met at the Casa Marina in those days were men of achievement, the only kind of achievement that mattered much; they had made money and were going to make still more. Choicest flower of the epoch, there was present that winter the great Engineer of Human Happiness, Herbert Hoover himself; destined, as everybody knew, to be not only the next President, but

probably the most efficient and successful President the country had ever had.

To suggest, in the quiet, rather stuffy Key West of 1928, that in the Key West of 1935 one would meet a duke, an anarchist, and a fan dancer; that in 1935 the government of the United States would be decorating the bars which in 1928 it was trying to suppress—that would have been fantastic but not utterly inconceivable. What the wildest visionary could not have imagined in the Key West of 1928 was that seven years later a group of men and women who had intended to make the rounds of the night clubs would stay at home instead, sitting up till two A.M. discussing problems of administrative technic, and having as good a time as they would have had at the night clubs. (To be sure, we visited the night clubs the next night.) That dramatized the changed America with a stark clarity that you never see in the familiar day-to-day life of your home town; the dominant interest was no longer getting and spending money, but the application—however hampered and unsuccessful—of the trained and disinterested intelligence to problems of collective welfare.

It seemed too good to be true, and to some extent it was.

V

It is too soon to attempt to assay the success or failure of the Key West experiment; this first year had to be only a beginning, and whether there will be a second year depends on the fate of relief bills in Congress and above all on the state of mind of Julius Stone. The emotional impact that Key West made on him started all this; if he ever becomes discouraged—and there is plenty to discourage him—the experiment may be washed out, and very likely Key West too.

In one respect success is obvious; Key West has had its first real tourist season, and it ought to have twice as big a season next year if the administration can get enough livable houses ready for winter visitors. The cost? From July to the beginning of March it had cost just about half a million dollars; but it would have cost three hundred thousand to go on giving relief on the old system of "made work" that accomplished nothing. A good deal of money has been spent in the town by tourists—how much nobody knows, not enough to pay back the investment yet; but what commercial enterprise would expect to get back its whole investment in the first year? Key West is better fed, there has been an infinite improvement in the general morale; and about twenty or twenty-five per cent of the people who were on relief last summer are self-supporting now. The rest (except the old and sick, of course) are all doing work which, eventually, may make the whole town self-supporting.

For the debit items, the administration itself is not much to blame. I have heard no accusations against the probity and disinterestedness of the experts, however much their judgment may sometimes be questioned; nor, so far as I could discover, is there much petty jealousy or office politics in the organization. There are cleavages, deep and serious; but on questions of principle and basic policy. On the other hand, for some months the active direction was in the hands of State engineers sent down by the Governor, who displayed the traditional inability of engineers to understand people and managed to get things into a tangle that was only cleared up when Stone, operating through Gilfond, again took charge.

One thing that went wrong in those days was the volunteer-work plan—originally an inspiring idea of great

value to public morale. But nothing was done about it till February; and then people who had forgotten their promises of last summer were suddenly reminded of them—by which time, of course, it looked like compulsion to do five days' work for three days' pay. If that program had got started early, the rehabilitation of Key West would have been a really collective enterprise; now it cannot help looking to many people like something imposed by outside authority.

A more fundamental criticism is that while Stone's program is certainly the best way—perhaps the only way—to save Key West as a town, it is not going to save all the people. There are those who think that Key West, with its mild summer climate (every breeze a sea breeze) could be made an all-year resort except for the hurricane months; but I do not see why it should get summer tourists from the Cotton States when the mountains and the Gulf Coast are so much nearer. Others hold that the answer is to make the town a free port. Key West has the dubious distinction of being passed by more ships that do not stop than any other seaport in the country; but I am not sure that so many of them would stop even if they could transship goods without payment of duty. Next summer it will still be possible to keep everybody employed polishing the town up for next winter's tourists; but neither that job nor the relief funds that pay for it will last forever. J. Gerry Curtis, the engineer who was largely responsible for the Bay Front Park in Miami, believes that the town might be kept alive between tourist seasons by subsistence gardens and truck farms; and the Corley-Ballou report went deeply into the possibility of better agriculture on the Keys. The one thing that seems fairly sure is that simply as a winter resort Key West cannot support all its people all the

year round. Jessie Porter Kirke, who operates a gift shop, has started teaching cottage industries and the making of souvenirs to local women; which will help, but will by no means do all that is needed.

Last winter certainly epitomized the whole New Deal in that the poor got subsistence but it was the comparatively rich who got any real relief—the people who had such houses as Northerners would want to rent, the business men of the town who at last saw outside cash coming in, property owners who can hope to recoup on sour investments. If several blocks of cigarmakers' cottages are remodeled for next season into inexpensive tourist bungalows it will help the looks of the town, the tourist business, and the owners of the property; but what will become of the unemployed cigarmakers who now live in those cottages virtually rent free? And suppose the town, as a community, is set back on its feet; suppose the unclean spirit of greed and short-sightedness finds its house empty, swept, and garnished, it might collect seven other devils like unto itself and move back in, and the last state of that town would be worse than the first. The private enterprise which was expected to come in after the government had primed the pump failed to appear last winter—unless you count a couple of night clubs which would have been all right in Miami Beach but were distinctly out of place in Key West, and several roulette games: a bastard variety of roulette, in which the odds in favor of the house are about five times as heavy as usual. It is my guess that private capital will never be much interested in Key West so long as the place is governed by disinterested outsiders. There is talk of replacing the old city and county by a three-man commission—one locally elected, one appointed by the Governor, one appointed from Washing-

ton; but the more successfully the town is rehabilitated, the less chance of that reform ever going over.

Meanwhile somebody is making money out of the rehabilitation—definitely not the men who are doing the work; the rumors going about Key West and Miami have touched none of them. But city bonds that sold as low as 12, county bonds that sold as low as 25, have almost doubled in price; as Key West approaches solvency they will be refunded, and somebody will make a neat profit. Before the FERA took charge it was proposed that the government buy up the bonds to prevent that; but if the government once started buying the bonds of bankrupt municipalities, the Treasury would run dry in a week. People who can hold those bonds will get some of their money back; as for the distressed sellers, they are simply out of luck. *Absumet heres Caecuba dignior*—an observation which applies to more than one aspect of life in Key West.

VI

It has been quite a strain on the inhabitants, all this hullabaloo—greatest strain of all, perhaps, the impact of new ideas; for while Key West in many ways is unique, in some ways it is like any other small town. One of the night clubs entertained its customers with a very inferior floor show, including a fan dancer whose fans (this is Mildred Harris's line, not my own) were only an off-stage noise. Obscenity is a matter of opinion, but if that act was not obscene it certainly missed its intention. Most of the solid citizens of Key West—not so different from the solid citizens of Kokomo or Kankakee—were there with their wives, a little goggle-eyed but doing their best to live up to this new sophistication; and when the dance was over one of them observed, "Well, the way you

gotta look at a thing like that is, it's Art."

He was prepared to believe that because Key West had to swallow a good deal as Art last winter that it had never seen before. Painters at work got used to having passers-by ask them, "Why do you want to paint a picture of that old ruin? Why not paint one of our beautiful buildings—the high school, or the courthouse?" On the walls of the Delmonico restaurant there had hung for years some really atrocious murals of domestic manufacture; a new set painted by one of the imported artists was presented to Mr. Aquilino Lopez, the proprietor, by a benevolent Uncle Sam. Mr. Lopez meekly accepted the gift; but he moved his old murals into his liquor store next door, where he could look at them himself all the time. Mr. Antonio Pena Morales, whose bar is to Key West what the Brevoort is to Greenwich Village, agreed to accept some murals on the supposition that they would be little ones; when one morning the government sent him a whole truckload of art he went into eruption and sent it back, not without the hearty applause of some of the oldtimers who felt that, however good those paintings may have been, Pena's overlaid with art was no longer Pena's.

So with the problem of shorts, which was an agitated issue all winter. Julius Stone, observing that shorts were the most sensible and comfortable costume in that climate, issued not indeed an edict but a request that all administration employees should wear them. But local girls in the office, who had to deal with negro or Cuban relief applicants, did not like the idea; and any Southerner will understand their feelings. Beyond that, shorts never had been worn in Key West; they were not part of the traditional atmosphere; to any habitual visitor—still more to any native—they look out

of place, even though they might seem perfectly natural in Miami or on Long Island. But next year, in all likelihood, Key West will be wearing shorts; and so will be a little less like Key West, a little more like Juan-les-Pins.

Julius Stone's experiment is likely to be measurably successful; and a measurable success is perhaps as much as can be hoped for any human undertaking. It was lucky that the town fell into the hands of a perceptive man; the ordinary administrator, seeing only the relief problem, might have tried to make it over into another Miami Beach. Stone appreciated Key West for what it was, and so did Ned Bruce who herded the artists down there. Last winter they gave the town invaluable publicity, but next winter—? The danger, the almost inescapable danger, is that the success of this first season will turn Key West into an artists' and writers' colony. And what happens to every artists' and writers' colony everywhere? Why, people swarm in who want to live near artists and writers; and presently the artists and writers have to move out, and hunt for some place as yet undiscovered by the public where they can get some work done.

The more the FERA succeeds in putting Key West over as a tourist town, the more surely it will lose some of the quality that originally attracted tourists. You cannot ask people to starve for the sake of being quaint; but an old devotee of Key West cannot help shuddering at the prospect that a few years from now the surviving unemployed cigarmakers may be hired by some tourist agency to sit in the Duval Street cafés, being quaint at so much a week. This whole enterprise

began because Julius Stone fell in love with Key West—the old Key West, as it was; and it may prove that Oscar Wilde was right when he said that each man kills the thing he loves.

VII

To come back from Key West to Miami, especially by air, is like returning to the earth from Mars. In Key West you have stopped reading the newspapers because they deal with happenings on another planet; but once you are within sight of the pink stucco palaces and blue-tiled swimming pools of Cocoanut Grove you have come back from the fourth dimension; and presently you find yourself in a Miami hotel, surrounded by people who look as if they could never appreciate Key West, old or new; and you buy an evening paper to see who won the sixth race at Hialeah, and whether the Administration is holding the Senate in line at Washington. . . .

But when memory of coral sands and tropic seas has faded, and the surcharged centripetal excitement of Key West already seems a little incredible in retrospect, one thing remains—the picture of a group of intelligent men and women applying their intelligence (under whatever handicaps, with however limited success) to the problems of a community which could not save itself—people who get not much more than a maintenance wage, most of whom can hope for no personal glory from success; whose only incentive is a disinterested desire to do as well as possible a job that needs doing. For all the disappointments and half-successes at Key West, you cannot help finding hope for the future in that spectacle.



MIRACLE AT CHOLULA

A STORY

BY GRIFFITH BEEMS

"YOUR admirers are going," Gail Morton said, glancing from time to time across the patio. She was paring a mango. Her husband sat with his back deliberately to the party of American women in the hotel *portales*. "Their tour director is stowing them in the cars. There—one looked back—several did. The one you called potato-puss looked. You treated them very badly last night. You might have at least smiled."

"I didn't dare smile," he gibed. "If I had relaxed sufficiently to smile I should have lost control and roared in their faces. They were the scrubbiest herd of females we've encountered yet." The demands of an assistant professorship in history had made W. Pierce Morton's voice capable of bite; he was forthright and scorning. "They come down here entirely unprepared—never crack a book—and try to understand Mexico with terms like 'color,'" he inflated the word with his contempt, "'romance.' The female of *boobus Americanus* is a maniac on the subject of romance. Then they travel about in shiny new cars, leaving the tour director to manage everything, and achieve the sensation of enjoying themselves by going gaga and googoo and slopslop and drip-drip over everything. It's disgusting."

"The poor things. You're too hard. They probably hadn't seen a nice virile blond young American male in weeks."

Pierce was laughing at his own invective. He had a cloven muscular dimple on each side of his mouth, and these lines when he laughed, with his size, assured shoulders, lean chin, and closely brushed blond hair, gave him an air of impudence and force. He maintained his set laughing expression—"going handsome" Gail called it when she teased him—and she smiled, indulgently because he belonged to her, moderately because the ramifications of his scorn no longer surprised her.

"Exactly," he announced with force. "I haven't any patience with jittery women. They can take it out on their tour director. He's paid for it. I want the people about me to be intelligent. It's nauseating," he beamed, "to think of the hashed-up blah about Indians, volcanoes, et cetera that's sloshing round in those women's minds. When Gruening says that in Mexico you have a primitive religion, a Pretorian army, a medieval church, handicraft folkways, fifty languages, all complicated with twentieth-century intrusions, and that the time element is the transcendent factor in understanding the country, he gives you formulæ for reducing Mexico to assimilable proportions. But do those women know that? Of course not." He tore a sugared bun in halves for emphasis and licked his fingers. "I'm going at Mexico in the right way. I prepared myself beforehand and now

I'm trying to be born over again a Mexican, to identify myself with the Mexican, to eat, live, think, believe Mexican, to understand Mexico from within. That's the one true way to knowledge. That's why we're eating mangoes and drinking chocolate frothed with cinnamon this morning. And that's why—"

Gail wished that he would not so often make her feel like an audience. Consequently she interrupted per-versely, "I like Mexican chocolate."

"I'm serious. That's why we're walking. We'll learn more about the Mexican countryside this morning in three hours afoot on the back roads between here and Cholula than those biddies will in three weeks in their shining motorcade. Cholula will be exciting. Call it a sociological field trip if you like. Are you up on Cholula? Want me to tell you about it?"

Gail sat up, folded her hands in her lap, and blinked her eyes like a bright pupil whose moment has come. "The great pyramid or teocalli is there," she recited. "It's pre-Aztec and so old that no one knows who built it and it was dedicated to Quetzalcoatl, who lived there for twenty years after fleeing the valley of Mexico and before embarking on the eastern sea in a skiff of serpent skins." Ignoring Pierce's dismay, she seized fresh breath. "When Cortes came he feasted with the Cholulans for two days and on the third he massacred six thousand. For every Cholulan temple, hundreds of them, the Spaniards built a church, hundreds of them—there's one on top of the great pyramid—so when the Indians went on worshipping their god at the old stand they worshipped ours too, willy-nilly. It seems like a fraud, doesn't it?"

"Where did you learn all that?" Pierce demanded disapprovingly, the cloven dimples distorting his face.

"Have you been reading the guide-book?"

"I peeked."

"You didn't need to. I read it. I'd have told you."

"I'm sure you would, darling."

"How high is Puebla above sea level?"

"I don't know, darling."

"The principal thing to-day is going to be a view of Popocatepetl," said Pierce in a tone which disparaged the great pyramid. "Puebla, as you ought to know, is 7,100 feet above sea level and Popo is exactly 17,794 feet, so Popo will rise high before us in full view from stem to stern."

"Unless—" Gail put in defiantly. She did not believe in knuckling under entirely and there always had been clouds.

"There will not be clouds," Pierce asserted firmly.

Immediately after breakfast they started. Pierce wore a pink-and-lilac sombrero, checked Norfolk jacket, slacks, and plaited leather shoes. Gail called him a sartorial halfbreed. She knew the points on which he would accept teasing. Over his left shoulder, slung Indian fashion, he bore a red-and-violet maguey bag containing their lunch: chicken sandwiches, mangoes, bananas, and two bottles of beer. Gail carried the guidebook. The hardworn, much scuffed yellow camion for Cholula was standing in the market. In twenty minutes it had filled; the helper cranked, and it went off with a lurch, jolt, and rattle.

Pierce gave up his seat to an Indian woman. She had a baby slung in her rebozo, an olla of coarse meal, and a boy who sat on the floor by Pierce's feet, peeling and chewing a stick of sugarcane. The baby sucked a roasted ear of dark green corn and down over his head, past eyes and ears, hung a man's cap. Gail lifted the cap and smiled at the baby. She wished that

she could speak Spanish, like Pierce. "*Niño*," she said, fluttering her fingers at the baby, "*niño*." The mother tightened her rebozo and smiled; the baby stared and stopped eating and almost at once fell asleep; the cap fell over his eyes again, and the ear of corn rolled across Gail's lap to the camion floor.

At the side road to San Francisco Acatepec they got down from the camion. Passing beyond a cement factory they came out on the plain of Cholula. Pierce reached in his pocket and put on his sunglasses. In the immense convexity of cloud-rimmed morning sky the sun burned, paling the mesa to a gray-green dryness like that of adobe and hardy corn. Gail slowly turned once round in the beaten clay road. It makes one feel like nothing at all, she thought. In every direction the plain reached to cloud-white, distance-blue mountains. In the near distance, six miles away, they saw the steep green pyramidal hill of Cholula, like an unerodible crag in the flat plain, and on the green crag the white gleam of the church of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios. Beyond the pyramid, thirty miles farther, heaped a quarter of the way to the meridian, stayed the clouds, great ponderous cumuli, solid and slow and white as glaciers. Underneath the clouds they recognized the long lavender-shaded bases of Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl.

Pierce squinted encouragingly through his glasses at the high sun and changed the maguey bag to his other shoulder. "The clouds will move away from Popo when the sun gets at them," he insisted.

By the time they came to the church at Tlaxcalantzingo it was noon and they had walked three miles. Across the fields, several miles to the west, rose the hill of Cholula, and they were near enough now to make out the

poblano domes and pointed belfries of the church. Pierce complained that lugging two bottles of beer was heroic, considering the altitude, and they decided to give up the church at San Francisco Acatepec and by leaving the road to come more shortly to the great pyramid. The country was divided into rectangles by wide lanes through the corn and they struck down the nearest lane westward. They passed farms and villages of adobe, with melons set to ripen on the red tiled roofs, orchards of sweet lime and *ciruela*, and dahlia gardens fenced with wattled cornstalks. A white turkey-cock came out of the cornfield followed by three hens. He stopped and swelled, his head drew back like a charmed snake, he ruffled his wings and spread his tail and strutted along the magueys, seeking an opening large enough for him to reenter the corn with undiminished dignity. His hens, following after, poked in the weeds and ate.

"The male," Gail cried, seizing on Pierce and giggling. She hardly came to his shoulder.

"Illustrating how splendid the sex may become when not frustrated and inhibited by monogamy."

"Rubbish. Did you notice that splendid Mexican baby in the camion? Wasn't he fine?"

"Probably illegitimate. Seventy per cent—"

"I don't want to hear," Gail said. "What's that?" Dashing across the lane she picked up a burro's shoe. The shoe was worn thin, the caulks worn away and, compared to a horse-shoe, it looked fragile and tiny and reminded Gail of the burros' small delicate legs following one after another under burdens with a patience like water drip-drip-dripping. "Good luck," she cried and tossed the shoe over her left shoulder. "I'm making a wish but I'm not telling you what it is."

"The babies down here are weaned on pulque," Pierce said, ignoring her actions, "which makes for drunkenness."

"The trouble is that a baby non-pluses you. I've seen it."

"Not at all. Unlike most people, I remain intelligent when confronted with a baby, as well as with everything else. They are all very well, but anyone can have them. The difficult thing is not to have them. That requires intelligence. They're valuable, I should say, to people who have no hope of accomplishing anything else in the world—consolation prizes, so to speak, for the unambitious and the failures."

"Rubbish," Gail said. "Don't try to tell me that that is being intelligent. People have babies because they want them. And they want them because there's a certain us-ness about having a baby, and as people mature they want to be involved in something greater than themselves."

"Now, now," Pierce objected sarcastically. "Please don't go mystical on me. That Mexican woman didn't have her baby out of a feeling of 'us-ness.' She had it just as a cow drops her calf."

"I don't call that being sympathetic with the Mexicans. You aren't identifying yourself with them very much right now."

"You mean I'm not identifying myself with you," Pierce said. "I understand you too, you know. At the sight of a baby you're as full of maternity as a pear is of juice."

"I suppose that's disgusting."

"Not at all. I like you for it. You needn't worry as to that." Gail forbore answering him. After a while Pierce touched her arm. "Look," he pointed. "Look there. What did I tell you?"

High above the plain, twice as high as Gail had expected, a minor rift had

opened in the clouds and across the rift, uncertain as a mirage, they saw a straight acutely slanting line. The line was of a straightness impossible to clouds, and the rift drifting and opening farther, excitedly they recognized the south arête of Popocatepetl. Without a word they crossed the road and sat down on the bank of an irrigation ditch. The massy wall of cloud that overhung the mountain to its base and cast broad shadows outward on the plain had not changed; it stayed, invincibly hiding the magnitude of the mountain; but as they watched, the rift, opening higher, uncovered the peak and then the northern slope, and in the dissolving aperture of cloud, like another cloud of forceful azure delineations, appeared the snowcapped cone of the volcano. It rose icily pure and serene in its ethereal vantage, and as Gail watched her annoyance with Pierce died and she was subdued by an awed peace. The cone became more distinct; they saw radial crevasses scoring the snowcap; neither smoke nor steam issued from the crater; the volcano rose icebound two miles above the plain. Ixtacihuatl remained hidden in the clouds.

"It's like a dream," Gail said, "so high and blue and pointing and impossible."

"You can see the crater. It looks small enough but actually it's two and one-half miles in circumference. The sulphur fumes that come up ruin an ordinary photographic plate."

"It makes you feel very solemn, doesn't it? It makes you want to wonder about heaven and life after death and all that sort of thing."

"I hope not," Pierce said. "Life after death is no problem any more. Look there. You see those black specks circling against the lower clouds? They're *zopilotes*—carrion buzzards—and they're the answer to that. Anyone who isn't a throwback to the dark

ages has the courage nowadays to recognize that there never seriously was a problem as to personal immortality. The serious problems for a truly modern man center around the control and direction of the course of history."

"Let's not talk," Gail said, annoyed to find herself staring at the blackening maguey leaves which had been slashed and left to rot by the roadside in order to further the extraction of the fibers. "I want to look at Popo."

"I think I'll climb it," Pierce said. She no longer listened. She lay with her hands beneath her head, comparing the volcano to an inverted morning-glory and closing her eyes in order to open them again on the amazing reality. So unapproachable, she thought, so pure—

Gail started. With a maguey spike Pierce had pricked her through her sweater. "Come out of it. Do you want to climb Popo?"

"This afternoon?"

"Certainly not, little doodlehead. It takes two days and you start from the other side of the mountain at Amecameca."

"Climbing the pyramid at Cholula will do me."

"Popo would be an adventure and I could report on it at the faculty club." Pierce lay back, impressively large and lazy, and closed his eyes. "Just think," he said, "what applied agrobiolology would do for this valley. Modern irrigation . . ."

While they rested there came on the wind a brief booming sound followed immediately by another, and looking in the direction of the sound they saw two white puffs disintegrating in the air above the pyramid. Six more rockets followed. The smoke lingered in the air like shaken handkerchiefs. Occasionally and faintly on the wind they heard band music.

"This crazy country," Pierce grum-

bled. "Come on. A fiesta has broken loose."

He resumed the weight of the two bottles of beer without a word of further complaint, and they hurried toward the pyramid. They saw Indians straggling down the hill and soon met them in the field lanes. The rockets had been the climax; the fiesta was ending. They raced up the grassgrown bank of the pyramid to the first terrace, but the second bank was high and steep. Bushes and pepper trees grew over the hill. They climbed up a rain-washed path that came out by an old ash tree on the paved ramp leading up from the city of Cholula. The descending Indians were in holiday clothes. While the two rested under the tree eight musicians passed, carrying their instruments.

The paved ramp ended in a cherimoya thicket at the foot of a flight of steep black stairs. Gail and Pierce were panting from exertion and they leaned on the broken parapet to rest before the final ascent.

"I'm puffing like an old man," Pierce said. "No, *gracias*, no, no, no," he insisted to an Indian boy in a pink shirt. The boy's fleshy nose was shaped like a parrot's. "*Absolutamente*, no." The boy exhibited successively an obsidian arrowhead, a handful of tiny clay heads, and a pack of post cards. "No," he said to a second smaller boy in overalls who begged to wear his sunglasses. "Veree beautiful," the parrot-nosed boy said, running over his post cards admiringly. "*Excavaciones?* Mummies?" "No," Pierce said. The boy took a rag from inside his blouse and, untying it, held up to Gail three raw fledgling birds. Another boy, still smaller, climbed down the stairs, one at a time, with a bottle of *tepache* in his hand. "No," Pierce said.

The steps were narrow and built of black sharp-edged basalt and at the

stairs' head, on a pedestal, stood a stone cross. Beyond the stairs appeared the belfries of the church, the bells lodged over-joyously upright at the top of their swing, and still higher, a steel framework, raised above church and hill and countryside, supported an electrically lighted steel cross. Pierce and Gail went up the steep stairs sideways, a step at a time.

A middle-aged Indian woman sat motionlessly, her hands in her rebozo, at a table in the shade beside the church door. From the edge of the table bunches of consecrated candles dangled by their wicks. The white walls of the church shone in the intense afternoon sunlight, and in the paved courtyard, in an evenly spaced row in front of the church, were four cypresses, a crooked lime tree, a dead stump. Gail and Pierce sat down on a stone bench by the balustrade and ate their lunch. From the plain below came up the faint sweet pealing of church bells.

Pierce put down his empty beer bottle. "I've still got a touch of altitude," he remarked. "The sights can go hang. I'm going to lie down and take a nap."

"Aren't you going to look inside the church?"

"Bother the church. The guidebook says the interior isn't worth looking at. Probably a crucified Christ, half a dozen painted saints with cobwebs growing between their uplifted palms, and at least fifty collection boxes. Superstition always disgusts me and I'm too tired to risk being disgusted. My heart is going like a triphammer as it is. You like such things. You go look at them. I'm going to stretch out and digest."

Gail looked at the panorama, west, north, east, and south, gazing in turn from the balustrade on each side. The teocalli rose like an island in an aerial sea. In every direction at the hori-

zon were the mountains like greater islands. Popocatepetl now was naked of clouds down to the saddle of Ahualco. Between the teocalli and the mountains, underneath the waste of mesa air, stretched the gray-green plain like the bottom of a sea in which, transparently maintained, lay the squares and *azoteas* of Cholula, the rectangles of the *milpas*, the long line of trees that were roads, the red tile and adobe of the farther villages, and, scattered everywhere like shells, the campaniles and domes of churches from which recurred faintly again and again the chiming of bells. On the balustrade on which she leaned tourists had scratched their names, and not far from her a gray lizard cocked his head and clung to the walls.

"The lion and the lizard keep the court where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep," she whispered, acknowledging her own insignificance in the turning of the centuries. How appropriate it was, she thought, the ancient belief that the god of the air had for twenty years abided in this high place. Leaning on the balustrade, she recalled a story that Pierce had told her that morning: four hundred years before, while Cortes was massacring the Cholulans and the Spaniards were storming the very pyramid underneath her feet, the priests of Quetzalcoatl in their extremity wrenched stones from the top of the teocalli, expecting the god to issue forth as an inundation and overwhelm the invaders. Nothing had come forth from the dislocated stones save dust. If only, she thought, there were some correspondence between splendid and majestic things and a power in men's lives. If only the pyramid, or even more, Popo, when men besought them, would reply as became them, instead of answering no more than did the commonest stones.

The immobile woman at the church door did not look up from her table of

rosaries, scapulars, ex-votos, and prayers as Gail passed and entered the church. The interior was decorated with light-blue streamers in celebration of the Assumption. Across the floor flower petals from the fiesta had fallen and the sacristan, in a black shirt and blue military breeches dragging round his bare heels, was sweeping. Methodically he whipped a long dampened rag tied to a stick across the floor. Gail walked to the front of the church and amused herself by examining the silver arms, legs, heads, hearts, babies, pigs, and burros pinned as ex-votos on a red velvet curtain. The image of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios, no larger than a doll, with tiny white Spanish face and the conically disposed embroidered vestments of a seventeenth-century infanta, was above the altar. She stood in a golden bowl with the crescent moon at her feet and beneath her a serpent engirdling a sphere.

When Gail came out, Pierce was lying on the stone seat with the maguëy bag and the two beer bottles under his head. He looked very large and foreign lying there. The Indian boys, sitting in a row in the long slender shade laid by the cypress, were watching him. The pink-and-lilac sombrero had fallen on the flagging.

"Here you are." Pierce brought the words out on successive breaths. His calmness, contrasting with the strenuousness of his breathing, alarmed Gail. She squeezed onto the bench beside him. The dark glasses over his eyes made him seem withdrawn and hidden from her. The dimples lay inanimate like scars. His mouth stayed open.

"I shouldn't—have eaten—without resting," he panted, and after several breaths, "It's altitude."

Gail fought against her alarm. "Let's see," she said cheerfully, taking his wrist. The pulse raced so fast and strong that she had the sensation of

hearing the pulse beats. She dropped the wrist, startled.

"Like horses going to a fire," Pierce brought out, smiling mirthlessly. "I tried it myself."

"It's nothing," she said, frightened, looking around her. The children had come closer and stood a few feet away, watching. A dog came after them and lay down in the shadow of the balustrade. "*El señor está enfermo,*" the parrot-nosed boy said gravely. Pierce moved but made no answer; Gail did not understand. The foreignness of the words seemed to draw a tight ring about them. Imperturbably the woman by the church door watched. Kneeling, Gail laid her head on Pierce's breast and listened to her husband's heart. It beat by her ear like a mawl striking blow after blow in rough mechanic labor, and she could feel the ribs lifting, expanding, reaching and reaching as if to grow large, larger with every gasp.

The laboring of his heart and lungs held her. They lived for themselves, laboring powerfully, as though the Pierce that she knew had been discarded and did not matter. She was alone with the heart and lungs and she listened for what seemed a long time because she was afraid to let Pierce see her face. Then she stood up hurriedly and stood beyond him out of reach of his eyes. Below her a camion lurched out of Cholula on its way to Puebla. A running man swung himself onto the camion. She tried to become hard and purposeful, to do something, to act. Under the dark glasses Pierce's eyes were closed. She beckoned to the Indian woman.

"My husband is sick. Help. Understand? Help. How can I—"

The woman slipped her rebozo half back from her gray thick hair and listened attentively. "*Si,*" she said shaking her head. "*Si.*"

Gail seized the woman angrily and

pulled her to Pierce. "Listen," she ordered, pointing to the woman's ear and tipping her own head in a hearkening attitude. She laid her head on Pierce's breast. "Listen," she ordered. "Heart," Gail gestured with her hands over her own frightened one. "Heart." The Indian woman bent over Pierce, laid her red glass earring against his shirt and listened.

"*Muy rapido*," she said, more to the three boys than to Gail. "*Muy rapido*."

"*El señor tiene el pelo blanco*," the youngest boy said, picking up Pierce's sombrero from the pavement and holding it respectfully.

Pierce by an effort sat up. His head and shoulders swayed forward with every gasp. "Send her away," he scowled. He swung his hand in a weak pettish gesture. "I don't want her. I want to get down off this damned place. I want to get away from here. I don't like it. Bring the things," he said, pushing away Gail's arm. "Leave me alone."

He stood up stiffly and walked stiffly to the head of the stairs. He looked down the steep flight, hesitated, looked round him on every side and, putting out his hand, sidled to the pedestal which upheld the stone cross at the stairs' head. He held himself steady and upright beside the cross and stared down at the cruel black edges of the precipitous steps. They waited, step below step, edge below edge and, turning away, he leaned for several minutes on the pedestal. Then by a shambling sidewise run he turned back to the bench. He stumbled over the dog lying in the shade of the balustrade, which yelped sharply, and Gail caught and helped him as he sank down on the bench.

"Get a doctor," he whispered. "Get a doctor." The dog lay down again with a long whine. Unexpectedly Pierce jerked his hand to his throat

and tore loose his necktie and the top button of his shirt. Gail screamed and trembled. Under the skin of his throat the jugular throbbed like a stick beating against the neck from within. She wanted to grasp the jugular and press it firmly into place and she prayed for it to be still, and as she besought him, she saw the fear flood into his eyes; he was trying to escape, he was struggling. As in a nightmare she watched him, saw the chipped balustrade, the contorted eyes, behind him the miles of blue air and the mountains. She broke from the nightmare and held him fiercely in her arms.

"I can't breathe. I'm choking. Gail!" He struggled with her. "I'm afraid," he sobbed, "I'm afraid. Get a doctor. I want a doctor. I want a doctor. A doctor."

"Get a doctor," Gail screamed at the Indian woman. "Get a doctor," she screamed, beating the woman on the shoulders. "Telephone. Get a doctor." Suddenly she remembered a Spanish word by which Pierce had said to call for help if they were ever attacked by bandits. "*Socorro*," she cried, "*socorro*."

"*Si*," the woman said, "*si*." She turned and walked quickly into the church. Gail doubted painfully whether the woman understood. The oppression of helplessness and an implacable remoteness dragged at her like an undertow.

"Do something," Pierce sobbed. "Something." Half erect, he lurched with every gasp.

The woman had disappeared. Searching over the face of the church, Gail's eyes came to the uplifted steel cross. She recognized the row of electric-light bulbs. The recognition was like a firmly spoken reassuring word.

"Look," she cried, gripping Pierce's head and turning it, turning the eyes, "look," she pointed. "Don't you see. The cross." Tears started and she no

longer doubted the woman. "Electric lights. Don't you see? It's all right. Don't be afraid. Don't be afraid any more. They have electric lights. There'll be a telephone. She's gone to telephone. We'll have a doctor here as fast as one can come from Puebla. Everything is going to be all right." She forced him to lie down and she leaned close over him looking into his face, crying and smiling. "Lie quiet. Don't be afraid. There's a telephone. He'll come. Don't be afraid any more." She removed her sweater and placed it underneath his head and, stroking his hands, she compelled him to lie quietly and went on talking to him as if he were a child.

She was no longer afraid. She knew that the doctor would come and that Pierce would not die. She was calm and assured and she looked down on the limp white face beside her with aching tenderness and a strength that every moment became stronger. The strength within her was great enough to sustain him until the doctor came. She spoke to him, saying over and over again the same soothing words and reflecting, even as she spoke, that they had met the first major experience of their united lives. They had met death together. She had seen Pierce open and revealed and quivering, and she was glad that he had been afraid. She had seen beneath his arrogance, his air of force, his delight in himself, and seen so closely that he could never deny the part of him that she had seen, the terrified true self, and she was tender because he had been afraid and they were bound together by it. This was the experience for which, vaguely and with no certain insight, she had longed, an experience that would mature Pierce, would melt away his insulating egotisms and unite them to each other. She was happy as she stroked his hand and said over and

over again, "The doctor will come. Don't be afraid. The doctor will come soon."

Pierce's breathing became more even. He lay with his eyes closed, breathing deeply and regularly. Beyond the balustrade Popocatepetl established itself, solid and almost familiarly everlasting, above the changing clouds, and far off underneath the clouds the *zopilotes* still were circling and blowing like dead sparks. Half an hour went by.

Against the silence, Pierce finally spoke. "I ought to have a son," he said, the words rising out of the hidden flowing of his thoughts, "I might have died just now."

She was startled and stopped stroking his hands. She looked at the dark glasses hiding his eyes, the lax dimples, and at his hands which lay as she had abandoned them, impassive, and without a gesture of awareness that she had stroked or ceased to stroke them.

"We," she said softly.

"I couldn't get my breath. Something happens to the air. You breathe and breathe and nothing comes of it." She could see that he was better. "You just about scared me to death, let me tell you—I mean that literally—the way you carried on."

"I didn't mean to."

Pierce sat up and tested his body. The rest had restored him. He got carefully to his feet and took several steps. "I can make it if I have to," he said, sitting down again. "I never knew I had a heart before. What's become of that woman? We can't wait too long for the doctor; it's going to rain."

To the north the afternoon storm-clouds were advancing, already loosening from their black level edges a violent mist of rain across far Tlaxcala. They were perhaps an hour away. Pierce sent the parrot-nosed boy after the woman. The woman and the

boy came out of the church together smiling.

"*El señor está mejor,*" the woman said, her face beaming with pride. "*Es un milagro.*"

Pierce abruptly demanded of her when the doctor would arrive. The woman shrugged and smiled. "*El medico?*" she shook her hands, palms outward, despitefully. "*No, señor. Es un milagro.*"

"*Teléfono?*" he persisted. "*Hay teléfono en la iglesia? Si?*"

"*Teléfono?*" the woman repeated puzzled. "*No teléfono.*"

"She's too stupid to live. What have you been doing in there?" he demanded in Spanish.

The tone of his voice informed the woman. She suddenly understood. The gleam of pride vanished from her face and she spoke rapidly, vehemently, volubly. "Slowly," Pierce interrupted, "*despacio,*" but she gave no heed to him. Her words rushed on with accumulating resentment and, ending, she whipped her rebozo more tightly about her head, turned abruptly away and left them.

"*Cuidense,*" she said violently to the three boys. "*Son animales. Son ateos. Son gringos. Gringos brutos,*" crossing herself protestingly.

"The useless old fool. As near as I can make out there isn't any telephone, she didn't know we wanted a doctor, and all the time we were depending on her to get one she was in there praying on her knees before the most blessed Virgin of the Remedies, and her prayers have been answered and she isn't at all surprised because this is a very holy place and most powerful in miracles, and apparently we are the worst kind of blackhearted ignorant heathen gringos if we didn't know all the time that the Virgin was interceding for me. Imagine."

"But she is angry," Gail said, "she is offended."

Pierce jeered. "Naturally," he cried, scorning. "She wants to call it a miracle and I won't. Superstitious old fool. I might have died while she was in there on her knees, but that would have meant nothing to her. There you have Mexico. Still medieval. They depend on the Virgin for everything. Not even sense enough to call the doctor."

He got to his feet. "There's no use waiting. Go slip the old girl a peso. I'll start." He walked across the platform and began the descent.

The woman regarded Gail stolidly, resistingly. Gail was resolute. She seized the woman's hand and pulled it to her and pressed it. "*Muchas gracias,*" she said, over and over, "*muchas gracias,*" until the woman smiled, embarrassed. They laughed together. Gail bought a diminutive silver heart, and entering the church she pinned it on the red velvet curtain with the other ex-votos.

When she came out, the three boys were hanging over the balustrade, shouting names down after Pierce. In the distance the afternoon stormclouds, neither late nor early in their season, advancing, had hidden Popocatepetl from the plain. The boys ran when they saw Gail. Below her Pierce made his way slowly. He seemed foreshortened, smaller, his pink-and-lilac sombrero tilted, the assured shoulders bowed, as he watched the stones under his feet, descending alone. "Gringos," the boys shouted, peeking from the portales, laughing and shoving each other. "Gringos." The smallest boy, shoved into view, fell, and Gail saw that he was frightened that her eyes touched him. "Gringos." The word lodged painfully in her heart. She saw, interminably descending before her, Pierce, forever alien, forever apart, and she turned on the boys. "Don't," she cried. "Oh, please don't," and fled after Pierce.



HUEY LONG AND HIS BACKGROUND

BY HAMILTON BASSO

IT WAS after midnight, and the last extras were being cried through the streets; but the lobby of New Orleans' largest hotel was still crowded and full of noise. In one of the many recesses of the colonnaded hall, its area of carpet littered with cigarette stubs and cigar bands and torn scraps of paper, a radio sent out the last of the parish returns. Surrounded all evening, an instrument of jubilation or despair, it was now forgotten. Felician's final tabulation was lost in a tumult of cowbells and singing and blaring tin horns. What happened in Felician, or in St. James or Lafourche no longer mattered. The 1928 election for governor was over. Huey was in. Louisiana, for better or for worse, had taken unto herself a new head man.

I was a reporter on a New Orleans newspaper then and had been sent to get a story about him, the successful candidate on the night of his victory. My paper had not supported him—had fought him very bitterly, in fact; but Mr. Long had not yet taken to the habit of having reporters from opposition newspapers thrown from his rooms. That was to come later, when the struggle for power in Louisiana began to gain its present bitterness; when Long, surrounding himself with bodyguards, set out to become monarch of all he could possibly survey. He was younger then, just thirty-five, and less experienced in dictatorial tactics. Besides, on this occasion he

could afford to talk to his enemies—even if only to crow.

But though I came from the tents of the thoroughly licked, I was glad he had won. I had no liking or any admiration for either of his opponents. One of them, the incumbent Governor, was an opportunist politician whose term of office had been distinguished only by its apathy and several minor scandals. The other, the nominee of the New Orleans ring, was a veteran Democrat who had been embalmed in the House of Representatives for fourteen years. And I was sick, having grown up in New Orleans and having worked on a ring newspaper, of the stupidity and rottenness and the cheap crookedness of the New Orleans gang. We had our own Boss Tweed, a swart and clever barroom statesman named Martin Behrman, and the Tammany he built up had collected tribute from the city for over thirty years.

I had heard Long speak to the country people many times. I remember one meeting in a little town in the Teche country. It was late fall, but the long bayou summer had lingered and the evening was hot and still. There were patches of perspiration on the blue shirts of the fishermen and the women stirred the air with slow palmetto fans. Huey, his shirt plastered to his back with sweat, was speaking from the rear seat of a Ford; pouring, as they say in that part of the world, acid in their eyes. He attacked the utilities and corporations and the New

Orleans ring. He promised us paved roads, free ferries and bridges, lower gas and electric rates, free schoolbooks—and most important of all—a government divorced from crookedness and graft. It was possible to believe what he said, to think that he was earnest and sincere, because as Public Service Commissioner, an office to which he was elected at the age of twenty-five, he had actually opposed the forces he now was baiting—winning, in several cases, important victories for the people. He was young too and spoke American instead of bombast, and I liked his similes and metaphors derived from the barnyard and the cornfield. I liked the stories he told and I joined the others in laughing. They understood and liked him. I liked him too. I had just become awakened politically, beginning to take an interest in such things, and I thought that here was a young and forceful radical it would be well to support. He was such a relief after the ignorant and dull-witted ring masters in New Orleans, outstanding among whom was our Mayor, a tea and coffee merchant now deceased who, in answer to a group of women who came to him asking that the proposed municipal auditorium be built in the form of a Greek theater, said that there were not enough Greeks in New Orleans to support such a theater. So I was glad, as I made my way through the celebrants which crowded his campaign headquarters, that this wild young mustang from the hills of Winn Parish had been elected.

At the particular moment I reached his desk, littered with folders and circulars that already had the appearance of belonging to the past, he happened to be talking to several of his lieutenants. His face, naturally florid, was flushed a purplish red. His shirt was open at the throat and his eyes, set deep in his fleshy face, were heavy

and bloodshot. Tousled reddish curls tumbled upon his forehead. He held out his hands, clasping those of his comrades.

"Thank you, Gus," he said. "Thank you, Oscar. You fellers stick to me. We're just getting started. This is only the beginning. We'll show this New Orleans gang who is boss. From now on I'm the Kingfish. I'm gonna be President some day."

I have heard many such declarations since and have come to understand his driving mania for power; but at that time I was less informed. I could not reconcile these words with those of the man I had heard in the bayou country. I felt, not without a smoldering of rebellion, that I had somehow been betrayed.

II

It is an axiom among newspapermen that a politician who does not get his name into the newspapers is a dead politician. Mr. Long, if only by the terms of this axiom, is very much alive. There is no man in public office, with the exception of President Roosevelt, about whom so much has been written and who is more widely known. During the past few years I have lived in various parts of the country, both in the North and in the South. Wherever I go when it is learned I am from Louisiana I am immediately asked about Huey Long. People want to know about him. They may admire or distrust him, or even fear him, but he has impressed himself upon their imaginations. They seek an explanation for his being.

Many such explanations have been attempted. He has been called a clown, a paranoiac, a superman. He is most generally described, however, as a product of the depression: a demagogue who has captured the attention of thousands of persons bewildered and desperate after five years of suffering

and confusion. But this may be said, with equal truth, of Upton Sinclair and Father Coughlin. The explanation of Huey Long goes farther back into the past. He is a product, not of depression, but of the Civil War. His career rests, not so much on the crash of 1929 as upon Grant's hammering in Virginia and Sherman's march through Georgia. He is the result—I think the inevitable result—of a political and economic tendency that has been developing in the South for over seventy years.

The pattern of society in the South before the Civil War is best thought of as a pyramid. The foundation of the structure, upon which it rested its continuance and security, was the dark base of the slaves. At its apex, representing only a small minority of the population, were the aristocrats, the landed overlords who imparted to ante-bellum society those romantic and feudal characteristics which give the popular conception of the old plantation its ideal coloring. Between the masters and slaves, composing the bulk of the white citizenry, was the lower middle class—the forgotten men and women of the Old South.

This class, containing roughly all those persons who did not fall within the aristocratic category, was composed principally of small farmers who, because of the economic caste system, had been driven to those parts of the various Southern States where the land was too poor to be cultivated by the plantation owners. Out of touch with even provincial centers of civilization, isolated in the hollows and hills, they led lives of varying degrees of misery. They were ignorant and superstitious. They lived in mud-plastered shacks which sometimes served as both home and stable. Pellagra, hookworm, and malaria were common diseases. Their women were broken at thirty and, to the horror of more than one traveler,

their children often ate clay. They had little or no voice in the affairs of government. To hold office, because of the property requirements prevailing in many sections, was practically impossible. To enter the professions was equally difficult. They could not, because of the slaves, even hire themselves out as laborers. Their only outlets were sex, corn whiskey, and religion.

Those a little higher in the social scale were not much better off. Poverty, illiteracy, and a curious resentment toward learning were widespread. Sidney Andrews, a Bostonian traveling through the South in the '60's, wrote in his notebook:

In the important town of Charlotte, North Carolina, I found a white man who owned the comfortable house in which he lived, who had a wife and three children, and yet had never taken a newspaper in his life. He thought they were handy for wrapping purposes, but he couldn't see why anybody wanted to bother with the reading of them. He knew some folks spent money for them, but he also knew "a-many" a house where none had ever been seen. I also met several persons—whites, and not of the clay-eater class either—who had never been inside a schoolhouse and who didn't mean to 'low their children to go inside one. . . .

In the upper part of South Carolina I stopped one night at the house of a moderately well-to-do farmer who had never owned any book but a Testament, and that was given to him. When I expressed some surprise at this fact, he assured me that he was as well off as some other people thereabouts. . . .

Between Augusta and Milledgeville, I rode in a stagecoach in which were two of the delegates of the Georgia Convention. When I said that I hoped the day would soon come in which schoolhouses would be as numerous in Georgia as in Massachusetts, one of them answered, "Well, I hope it'll never come; popular education is all a damn humbug, in my opinion"; whereupon the other responded, "That's my opinion, too."

Mr. Andrews, obviously a person of no great tact, was a fairly accurate reporter. His testimony is substantiated

by the accounts of many other travelers—all of whom returned to their own people with a feeling of amazement at the ignorance of poor white Southerners and a consoling sense of superiority. It was these poor white Southerners, however, these men who did not read newspapers and distrusted education, who made up the bulk of the armies of the Confederacy. It has always seemed to me, especially when I have chanced upon the labored and misspelled letters they sent back home, that in a way they were fighting against their own advancement . . . that independence had to be thrust upon them against their will. The Civil War, as has been observed, did not free the Negro. But it did free the Southern middle class.

III

What happened in the South after the Civil War, the disintegration of a civilization, is indicated by a simple statement of figures. In 1860, in the State of Georgia, there were 21,000 registered landowners. Ten years later, in 1870, the number of landowners had increased to 53,000, and the size of the average farm had fallen from 488 to 223 acres. What happened in Georgia happened in all the other Southern States. The great plantations, unable to be operated because of the poverty of their owners and the disorganized labor situation, fell to pieces. The hill-farmers acquired larger and more fertile plots of land. Not dependent upon slave labor, used to a grilling routine of hard work, they were able to operate their newly acquired farms at a profit. The war was followed, because of the breakdown of the plantation economy and a consequent decrease in production, by a substantial rise in cotton prices. This rise continued for several years. The newly liberated middle class, after years of

poverty and suppression, began to gain in power and importance. It began to reach out, cautiously and timidly at first, for some of the advantages and privileges reserved for the aristocracy.

A new mercantile class also came into being. Formerly on the all-sufficient plantations the commissary was the source of distribution for all the food, clothing, and supplies needed by the community. There were stores and markets in the city, but in the country, at some crossroads or in some dusty town, a general store provided for the wants of the neighborhood. After the war, however, thousands of persons went into shopkeeping—that favorite occupation of the middle class. "I found Georgia full of runners from the North," wrote one traveler in 1866. "They represented all branches of trade and generally reported that they were getting many orders. . . . Everybody seems to have a passion for keeping store and hundreds of men are going into trade who should go into agriculture."

Faced with these fundamental changes, all resulting from the collapse of the social system they believed imperishable, the aristocrats began to retreat from life. Some of them, such as Wade Hampton and Senator Ben Hill, attempted to follow the old order of their ways, but even they were eventually forced to surrender. Any Southerner whose family history goes back to the war remembers stories of grandfathers or great-grandfathers who withdrew completely from the Yankee-inspired civilization, who never lost their hatred and resentment of the order erected upon the ruins of the one they knew and loved. It is hardly possible for us, looking from a point forward in time, to understand that hatred and resentment; to comprehend the passion that caused one Confederate soldier, in his last will and testament, to bequeath to his children and

grandchildren "and their descendants throughout all generations, that bitter and everlasting malignity of all my heart and soul against the Yankees, including all the people north of the Mason and Dixon Line." It is equally difficult for us to understand, remembering their full and active lives, the retreat of the former leaders of the South into a half-world of memory and bitterness and contempt. One sees them in their days of moment and glory, in great and determined pride, and one sees them, later, living like hermits in the woods. "I would not care," wrote Admiral Raphael Semmes in 1869, "if I never saw a human being again." And General Beauregard, out of work and growing old, confessed in a letter to his son, "I feel like an old pea that has dried in its pod."

Slowly, year by year, the social and economic pattern of the South was rearranged. By 1880 the rearrangement was complete. The middle class, consolidating its gains, had firmly established its position. There was no immediate displacement, however, of the old aristocratic leadership, no sudden denial of former authority. The devotion of the white masses to those who had led them in the battles of war and a fear that division among the whites might involve a return to Negro or Carpetbag rule, was sufficient to keep them loyal, for a time, to their traditional leaders. But as they continued to grow in importance as a class, as individual ambitions grew greater, the fast diminishing leadership of the aristocrats began to be challenged. Then, toward the latter part of the century, after several years of depression that followed an era of post-war expansion like our own, their first leader arose. The Southern middle class, inarticulate so long, found its voice. It was the voice, roaring and blasphemous, of Benjamin Ryan Tillman—later to be known, after he declared his inten-

tion of running his pitchfork into "that old bag of fat, President Cleveland," as Pitchfork Ben, the Plowboy from Edgefield.

Even yet in Edgefield County the Tillmans are remembered as violent men. They have become, with the passage of time, almost fabulous for their strength and fury and quickness with a gun. Ben was one of four sons. Two of his brothers were killed in shooting scrapes and a third, a lawyer named George, had to flee the country after he settled a gambling dispute with a bullet. He managed—and this is but one of the many untold stories of the South—to escape to Nicaragua where he joined the famous Walker filibustering expedition. Finally he was captured and sent back to Edgefield, where he was sentenced to a term in prison.

Ben, then a gangling boy in his early teens, used to visit him in jail. Often he spent the night in his cell. George, who had spent two years at Harvard, was fond of reading and had seen the world. Often, so the stories say, he would read to his younger brother, bending his heavy shoulders and serious face to the light of a candle, booming out in his tremendous voice the words of Jonson, Scott, Shakespeare, and Swift. "Whatever learning I have," Ben was to declare later on, "I got from my brother George." And those evenings in the county jail, those candle-lit sessions with the classics explain the curious Elizabethan strain which runs through nearly all his oratory; as when, addressing an aristocratic gathering in Charleston, he shouted: "You are the most arrant set of cowards that ever drew the fresh air of heaven."

The Tillmans, despite their long American history, belonged definitely to the middle class. They were innkeepers, operating a hostelry that drew its trade from the travelers going from

Augusta to Columbia. Ben, the youngest of the sons, was born in 1847. He grew to manhood in Edgefield, spending his days as did most of the young men of his time, hunting or fishing or riding his horse about the country. At the age of seventeen, in 1864, he suffered an injury to his eye which developed into an abscess of the socket. The infection spread and the boy, running a terrific fever, was seized with convulsions. It was expected that he would die, but an army officer, stopping at the Tillman inn on his way to the front, removed the eyeball and lanced the abscess. Ben's life was saved but it took him two years to recover from the operation.

After the war, in which he did not see service, Ben moved to a four-hundred-acre farm purchased by his mother when she sold the inn. From that time until 1886 he lived the uneventful life of a Southern dirt farmer. In the beginning, carried along by the rise in cotton prices, he prospered. Then, in 1873, came one of the severest panics this country has known; and in the wake of the panic, a period of depression, crop failures, and drought. The farmers, sinking farther and farther into debt, their farms mortgaged and their savings swept away, began to grow resentful toward the aristocratic leadership of the State. In their simple and direct fashion, knowing nothing of economics and caring less, they blamed all their misfortunes on those who were in power. Tillman, who had become interested in politics several years before, sensed their temper, and in 1890 decided to run for Governor of South Carolina.

He made his campaign on a single issue: *Turn Out the Aristocrats*. "Say, you men who own the soil," he cried, "how do you like this wet-nursing, this patronizing, this insufferable insolence? How do you like being ruled by imbeciles and Bourbons? The

State is in the hands of drones and vagabonds, aristocrats and lawyers in the pay of high finance. This state of affairs leads straight to hell."

Politics in the South have always been taken like moonshine corn, but Tillman's first race for governor was one of the bitterest and most acrimonious struggles the South had even seen. The *Charleston News and Courier* called him "the leader of a people who carry pistols in their pockets, expectorate on the floor, have no tooth-brushes, and comb their hair with their fingers." His enemies said he was an agricultural Moses and a slacker. The latter charge always sent him into rages of blasphemous fury. He poured out all the invective at his command—classical and colloquial. And the farmers, hearing him say all the things they wanted to say themselves, all the anger and resentment that had been bottled up in them, flocked to his support. He was elected by an overwhelming majority.

In his inaugural address, Tillman called his election a revolution. "Democracy," he orated, "the rule of the people, has won. It has achieved a victory unparalleled in its magnitude and importance, and those who watched the abject surrender of our statesmen to the power of corporate money and class interests—all such must sing out with joyful hearts."

After two terms as Governor, during which a few minor reforms were effected, including the limitation of hours of labor in cotton-mills to sixty-six hours a week, Tillman was elevated to the Senate. It was during his senatorial campaign that he threatened the person of President Cleveland and gained the name by which he is popularly remembered. As a senator, an office he retained until his death, he became almost unrecognizably docile. Sometimes he roared, as he had in his early days, but in time even his roaring

ceased. One is tempted to believe he was investigating his own psychology when, after a drink in the fashionable Columbia Club, he remarked sarcastically, "It's a monstrous nice place. No wonder the cornbread and bacon fellows like it."

He died in 1918, in the month of July. It was a dark time then, and the world was at war, and the newspapers had little room for him. He was an old man and his battles were behind him, and he belonged to an almost forgotten time. In any political history of the South, however, he must be given a place of great importance. He was parochial and of no great depth, but he introduced a new type of Southern politician, and, more significantly, he marked the beginning of a wave that has just now reached its crest. On that crest, the perfection of the type he brought into being, rides Huey Long.

IV

Looking at the deep South to-day, that part of the United States which has most successfully resisted the assaults of modernity, one is struck by the fact that nearly all the persons in places of political importance have been carried to their positions by the upsurge of the lower middle class. These men, one and all, are demagogues, appealing to the passions and prejudices of the underprivileged, making promises they know they cannot fulfill, beating their breasts and tearing their hair and crying, with all the power of their considerable lungs, that they are friends of the common people. In Georgia, busily engaged in creating his own little fascist state, is Governor Eugene Talmadge. In Mississippi, from which went Jefferson Davis to become President of the Confederacy, is Theodore G. Bilbo. In South Carolina, recently elected governor over Coleman Blease, who was the direct inheritor of Till-

man's mantle, is Olin D. Johnson. In Alabama, which gave to the nation Thomas J. Heflin, we again find as governor that oldtime Klansman and "prosperity maker," Bibb Graves. From North Carolina comes Senator Robert L. Reynolds, and in Kentucky, turning out colonels at a prodigious rate, is Governor Ruby Lafoon.

They compose an interesting, though hardly inspiring, array of statesmen. It has been my privilege, not unmixed with pleasure, to hear all of them, with the exception of Mr. Heflin and Governor Lafoon, enunciate their political philosophy. Some of them have been good enough to grant me personal interviews. They have all impressed me, though it is possible that I suffer from the prejudice engendered by provincial patriotism, as inferior imitations of Huey Long. They have his instincts but not his intelligence. They have his manner but not his perfection. It is inconceivable that any of them, unless we are visited by a succession of miracles, can ever attain any great national eminence. Mr. Long already possesses that eminence. His name is known to more people than that of the Vice-President. He belongs, not to Louisiana or the South, but to the United States. If he carries out his threats—and it seems likely that he will—we shall find his name on the presidential ballots of 1936.

I do not intend, partly for lack of space and partly because I dislike to recross ground I have already traveled, to write a detailed account of Mr. Long's career. The essential facts are already known. He was born in a four-room log house in an upstate Louisiana parish in 1893; he was a book peddler, soap salesman, furniture salesman, patent-medicine salesman, and a cooking-contest organizer for the manufacturer of a lard substitute; he studied for a time at the University of Oklahoma and Tulane; he passed his

bar examinations and became a lawyer at twenty-one; was elected four years later to the Louisiana Public Service Commission; defeated for governor in 1924, when he was squeezed between a Klan and a Catholic candidate; elected governor in 1928 and, before the expiration of his term, named to the Senate in 1930.

The people of Louisiana when he took office anticipated an unusual and unconventional regime, but their anticipations were in no way commensurate with reality. What Huey did, in effect, was to stride into the Governor's office, take off his coat, put his feet on the desk, and spit tobacco juice on the walls. The office of Governor until that time had always been considered one of importance, to be accorded at least a show of outward respect, and the antics of the Kingfish (an appellation taken, despite all the fables undertaken to explain it, out of the blackface radio program) left them shocked and aghast. Nor did Huey give them time to recover. He applied shock after shock, adding confoundment to confusion, until they, and his political opponents, were reduced to a state of impotent rage, and the rest of the country was laughing its head off.

There was not a tradition or a ceremony he did not violate. He conducted the affairs of state from the bed in his hotel room. He engaged in brawls and fist-fights—always, it so happened, coming out second best. He had reporters thrown from his room and was hit in the eye. (It is his eye, for some curious reason, that always gets in the way.) He surrounded himself with bodyguards, including one gentleman who would have gone far with Al Capone, and began to turn the National Guard into his private army of storm troopers. He created an international incident by receiving in a pair of green pajamas the Commander of a German battleship, and was show-

ered with pajamas from admirers all over the country. He tore down the old Executive Mansion, one of the most beautiful examples of plantation architecture in the State, and supplanted it with a stone edifice that resembles a cross between a museum and a post office. When impeachment proceedings were started against him, he contrived to get fifteen State senators to sign a round robin that they would not vote for his impeachment no matter what evidence was presented. When he was elected Senator, the Lieutenant Governor of the State, a dentist named Paul N. Cyr, claimed that he had abandoned the office of Governor, and took the oath of office. Huey, in New Orleans at the time, rushed back to Baton Rouge, threw a cordon of guards round the Executive Mansion and ordered that Cyr be arrested as an impostor. He appointed one of his underlings, then President *pro tempore* of the Senate, Lieutenant-Governor and then defeated Cyr in a lawsuit over the Governor's office. Not once, though they tried time after time, did any of his political enemies succeed in outwitting him. He seemed to have good reason to boast, as he did on one memorable occasion when he did not appear to be extremely sober, "There may be smarter guys than Huey Long, but they ain't in Louisiana!"

His attacks on the corporations and the vested wealth of the country continued—despite charges, made by his own brother, that he had been involved in dubious transactions with some of his sworn enemies. He interspersed these attacks with tirades against the "aristocrats" and "society people" of the State. He hammered away at the idea that up until nine years ago Louisiana was a feudal State ruled by the money barons in New Orleans and on the big plantations. And he declared that he was going to write a new blue book of New Orleans society.

His adventures became more and more fantastic. Some of his closest associates advised him that he was carrying things too far. And it seemed, not long ago, when he was again punched in the eye (this time for committing a nuisance on a man's trouser-leg), that they were right. The battle of the Sands Point washroom was a crucial moment in Mr. Long's career. It was a pretty disgusting performance and it seemed he might be through—even in Louisiana. I, for one, did not think he would survive the incident. It was just that slight, unexpected accident that would break him. Instead of being broken, however, he has tightened his hold on the State. His rubber-stamp legislature, which follows his orders as meekly as though its members belonged to the retinue of an Oriental potentate, has handed him more power than even he knows what to do with.

The question arises naturally why the people of Louisiana tolerate such a state of affairs. The answer is simple: Huey is a possible good against a positive evil. It is a choice between Huey and the New Orleans gang, and Huey is simply the better choice to make.

It is important to remember in this connection that he has made good on many of his campaign promises. He has built thousands of miles of paved roads; principally in parts of the State loyal to him, it is true, but the roads are an improvement over the cow-pastures and gravel-pits one had to travel before. Free textbooks have been provided for the schoolchildren of the State. Telephone, gas, and electric rates have been cut—not much, not nearly so much as Huey promised, but a reduction is a reduction, no matter how small. The State penitentiary has been made somewhat less barbaric, free school buses introduced, and recently poll taxes have been abolished, giving the franchise to thousands of persons who never had voted before.

It is true that the condition of the agricultural and industrial workers is as bad as ever, perhaps worse, that Huey is absolute dictator of the State, that Louisiana's public debt of nearly one hundred fifty million dollars is the third greatest in the Union. But against free schoolbooks, the abolition of the poll tax, and reduced power rates, these things make poor political ammunition. You might try to convince a native farmer of Winn Parish that he is living under a fascist regime; you might tell him that Huey can't possibly make good on his share-the-wealth promises; but he will not pay any attention. In the first place, the word fascism is not in his vocabulary, and in the second place, he knows that there is a paved highway where the old pike used to be and that his four children get all their schoolbooks free. So he may smile at you, for it is a friendly and hospitable land, and possibly nod his head in what you might take for agreement and then go down to the polls and vote for Huey again. It may be annoying, but that is the way he feels. And, at the moment, I don't see how anything can be done about it.

V

During the past few days, in the early part of March, the air has been heavy with billingsgate, recriminations, brick-bats, and dead cats. Mr. Long, Father Coughlin, and General Hugh S. Johnson have been speaking their minds about one another. It is hard to tell who won the vituperation contest, but it would appear that the General, probably because he was outnumbered, came out second best. The various implications of their quarrel lie beyond the field of this essay; but as far as Mr. Long is concerned, it is significant of his cunning and ambition that he took the first chance given him to address the nation at a "fa-

vored" hour to make his first out-and-out bid for the Presidency.

That bid, it plainly appears, is to be made on the basis of his Share Our Wealth movement. He explained that movement over the radio in detail for the first time, and we now have an opportunity to examine it and see what it means. We are not to imagine, however, that the plan is not subject to alterations. As announced over the radio, it bore but little resemblance to the original plan proposed in Mr. Long's autobiography, and we may logically expect it to be modified or elaborated as time goes on. The only consistent thing about Mr. Long is his ambition.

The plan proposes, first of all, to liquidate all fortunes of more than "three or four million" dollars. The possessors of such fortunes will be required, not to sell their holdings, but to transfer ownership to the United States Treasury. Long declares that this will return to the government some \$170,000,000,000.

It next proposes (with considerable vagueness as to how it is to be done) to give every family in the United States a home, an automobile, and a radio; representing an approximate value of \$5,000. To do this, according to Mr. Long, it is necessary to spend about \$100,000,000,000.

The plan further proposes a minimum wage intended to give each family a cash income of not less than \$2,500 a year. As an attack on unemployment, it is suggested that the working week be lengthened or reduced each year in order to maintain a balance between production and consumption. When reduced, the industrial and agricultural workers thus freed would be employed upon governmental projects.

With the \$70,000,000,000 left over from the liquidation of the great fortunes, the plan proposes to give every child in the country (provided he can

show he deserves it by passing an intelligence test) a college education; the government, if necessary, supporting the student through college. Old-age pensions will also be provided for every United States citizen, beginning at the age of sixty-five, and the soldiers' bonus will be paid in full.

This, stripped to its essentials, is the Share Our Wealth plan. This is Mr. Long's presidential platform. That it is full of holes, and that its planks would make a leaky ship of state, is almost an obvious conclusion. Mr. Long is an economic ignoramus, still thinking of the nation's wealth as so many poker chips which are to be piled on the table and redistributed among the players. He takes no cognizance of the instruments of production—mines, railroads, factories—by which wealth is produced. It is highly doubtful, furthermore, even if the great American fortunes were dissolved, that we should all be able to have \$5,000 and a minimum wage of \$2,500 a year. And, as has already been asked, what would the government do with its part ownership of industry? Would industry be operated as part of a planned economy, producing necessary goods, or would the present chaotic condition prevail? If so, people's real incomes would still be insufficient. The problem is not one of merely redistributing the poker chips which symbolize dollars and cents but of producing income. This, it seems, has never occurred to Mr. Long.

It will not occur, most likely, to the millions of persons to whom Mr. Long looks for support. I have just seen a picture in a New York newspaper showing him standing beside what looks like a ton of mail—the national response to his radio address. It is too much to ask that the senders of these messages stop and consider whether or not his plan is feasible. Its very

naïveté makes it sound plausible, and plausibility goes farther in politics than economics.

All of this leads directly to the question of the moment: What chance has Huey Long of becoming President? I am not a political prophet, and I hesitate to guess; but there are, according to *The American Progress*, Long's weekly newspaper, five million members of the Share Our Wealth clubs. Divide this figure by half, or even a quarter, and you still have enough votes left to give any presidential candidate a running start. The Share Our Wealth clubs, incidentally, cost nothing to join. It is a program of almost irresistible appeal.

I do not mean to say that I believe Huey will become President in 1936. I do not believe, furthermore, that Huey himself thinks he will win. His only purpose in running will be to bring about, if possible, the defeat of Mr. Roosevelt. What Huey thinks of Mr. Roosevelt is no secret; even the semblance of friendship that existed up to the opening of the present session of Congress is gone. He labored hard for Mr. Roosevelt's election; he made speeches and carried the torch of the New Deal; and now the agents of the Treasury Department are indicting his political comrades for evading the income tax and have even delved into his own affairs. Other things have served to alienate his affections—the inquiry into the election of Senator Overton, the withholding of P.W.A. funds from Louisiana, the fight over Farley—and Huey would derive considerable satisfaction from Mr. Roosevelt's defeat.

If Huey runs in 1936, then, it will be with this in mind, and not with any hope of victory. He is really too clever a politician for that. He can feel reasonably sure of carrying Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas, and perhaps Georgia and Alabama, but that is all.

It is also said in Washington that the disgruntled Northwestern Progressives, disillusioned with Roosevelt, will either put forward their own candidate or throw their support to Huey. In either case the Democratic vote will be split, and it is conceivable that a fairly strong Republican candidate (if the Republicans can find one) might possibly slip in. This, I doubt, remembering the enormous personal popularity that Mr. Roosevelt still enjoys; but if Huey runs, it will be the motive behind his candidacy.

In 1940, however, the entire political picture will be changed. The Democratic candidate will not be Mr. Roosevelt and, if the depression continues, the Democrats will be in the same position as were the Republicans in 1932. Huey, meanwhile, will have had four more years to rant and rage and to build up, with his Share Our Wealth clubs, a national political organization. He would have, under those circumstances, more than an even chance. I would be tempted to get as close as possible to the Mexican border and wait for the returns.

Once Mr. Long reaches the White House we shall, of course, be living under a dictatorship. Even if elected in a legal manner, he would begin to act the Dictator the moment he took the oath of office. If this sounds like an alarmist statement, I ask only that you remember the way democratic processes have been flouted in Louisiana; the attempt to gag and muzzle the press; the fiasco of the legislature which passed forty-four laws in just about as many minutes; the use of the courts and civil authorities to break the longshoremen's strike; the way in which any citizen known to be opposed to Long may be deprived of the right to vote. Mr. Long, in his own little sphere, has power equal to that of Hitler's. It is a power, I assure you, he is not reluctant to employ.



THE INTELLIGENCE OF CATS

BY MICHAEL JOSEPH

IN THIS scientific age even animals must submit to scientific tests of ability. Scientists claim that they can assess the intelligence of any living creature, from the earthworm to man, by applying a series of laboratory tests. Dr. Reid Blair, director of the New York Zoo, who is, I believe, a considerable authority on animal psychology, has rated animal intelligence in this order: chimpanzee, orangoutang, elephant, gorilla, dog, beaver, horse, sea lion, bear, with the cat tenth on the list.

Dr. Blair's experiments with cats, dogs, and monkeys revealed the superiority of monkeys in adapting themselves to new situations. Dogs and cats showed plodding ability in learning new tricks by repetition. (I am tempted to italicize the words "new tricks" for reasons which I will give presently.) The dog, according to Dr. Blair, has a high capacity for training, but a cat can seldom be relied on. It is obvious that the cat has failed to satisfy scientific requirements.

It is easy of course to dispute an individual scientist's assessment of intelligence. In the first place, there is the notorious fallibility of examinations. Every schoolmaster knows that the student who excels in the examination room is not necessarily superior to others who are mentally or temperamentally unable to do themselves justice in written papers. Dr. Blair's inclusion of the horse, for example, is surprising to anyone like myself who

has worked with both horses and mules. True, the mule is a refractory creature and no amount of force or persuasion will induce him to gallop half a mile with a man on his back if he doesn't want to. This may in itself be evidence of the mule's superiority in intelligence over the horse, but I won't press the point. I claim that the mule reveals his superiority in a score of different ways. To take one example, if you lead a horse into a stable through a low entrance, so that he has to duck his head to follow you in, it is unnecessary to tie him up, for it will not occur to him that he can walk out by simply lowering his head. But a mule knows how it's done.

However, I am not concerned with mules and horses, nor even with Dr. Blair. My point is that scientists generally are on the wrong track and that the cat, in particular, cannot be classified by scientific experiments.

The cat is a peculiarly sensitive and, if you like, temperamental animal. You can learn nothing about him unless you first establish friendly relations, and that takes time, sympathy, and patience. He is easily frightened and cannot be intimidated. Everyone who has made a close study of cats knows how a cat will isolate himself if there is any attempt at arbitrary procedure. For this reason it is rarely possible to teach a cat even the elementary repetitive tricks which monkeys, dogs, and some other animals learn with ease and sometimes with rel-

ish. To my mind, this merely proves that the cat is unwilling to obey. The assumption that he does not *understand* what is required of him seems to me quite untenable.

Before we go any farther, let us consider the nature of the scientific tests from which the cat emerges so discreditably in the eyes of the professors. A favorite method is the maze. A cat (or other animal) is put in the maze and left to find his way out. Usually a reward of food is placed at the exit. The maze can be fairly simple, with only one blind alley, or more intricate with many turnings. Another instrument is the puzzle-box. This is a kind of cage from which the imprisoned animal can escape only by manipulating latches and similar contrivances. The animal's (I nearly wrote "the victim's") intelligence is measured by the speed with which it overcomes mechanical obstacles and the faculty it shows for recognizing and memorizing such artificial devices as a white card placed over the correct exit from a maze.

To test an animal's "intelligence" by such methods as these is surely absurd. A maze is chiefly a test of sense of direction. Fish can manage mazes with four or five turnings; monkeys and even rats can negotiate a labyrinth. Cats and dogs, however, make a relatively poor showing. They make wild attempts to extricate themselves. Dogs, as one would expect, are more persistent than cats and go on trying until they find their way out.

Such experiments are presumably based on the assumption that the captive wishes to escape as quickly as possible. The food placed at the exit may be a magnet for some animals, but to try to induce a cat to perform any sort of evolution for the sake of food betrays a complete misunderstanding of feline nature. Fear has a stronger influence over cats than hunger; and every cat lover knows that a fright-

ened or even an offended cat cannot be tempted by food.

The fallacy underlying these "scientific" experiments is quite plain, except to the scientists. Their idea appears to be to test animals by human standards. Up to a point such a test probably is illuminating provided it is applied only to animals like the chimpanzee which are physically capable of imitating human actions and to which such imitations are plainly congenial. Nothing could be more uncongenial to a cat, on the other hand, than imitations of human beings.

I like to imagine a new Gulliver in Cat-Land, put through his paces by inquisitive cats. What an unhappy and unsuccessful time this Gulliver would have! In Cat-Land he would cut a sorry figure. He would be made to jump "blind," to judge distance to the fraction of an inch, to climb, to move adroitly, to fend for himself in primitive surroundings, to catch fish with his hands, to defend himself against the aggression of menacing creatures much heavier and stronger than himself. By cat standards poor Gulliver would fail as miserably as the cat in the hands of the human investigators.

What would constitute a fair test of the cat's intelligence? Before attempting to answer the question let me first offer some general observations. It is impossible to understand cats on the strength of superficial acquaintance. They are shy, unobtrusive creatures who prefer solitude to uncongenial company. Unlike dogs, they are not anxious to make a good impression. In the cat's personality there is aloofness, pride, and a profound dignity. Even the most ordinary cat has a touch of the aristocrat.

The cat does not ask to be understood. The blandishments of other more sociable animals are not in his line. If human beings are so foolish as to regard him as the social inferior

of the dog, as a convenient mouse-trap and nothing else, the cat's philosophy is proof against such injustice. He goes his own way, blandly indifferent to human folly. It is not his business to correct it.

Above all, the cat is independent. If he chooses he will follow you around, play with you, demonstrate his affection; but try to exact obedience from a cat and you will immediately find it is not forthcoming. Even Siamese cats, which are more responsive than other breeds, will refuse to do what they are told. If I say to my dog, "Come here" he comes. I have not the slightest doubt that my cat understands me but, unless he feels like it, I can summon him in vain.

This reluctance to obey—call it perversity if you will—is responsible for the common lack of appreciation of the cat. His disregard of us and our wishes is disagreeably unflattering. The trouble is that we human beings are so vain that we look upon the habits of any domestic animal (of course the cat is not truly domesticated) as being specially developed for our benefit. The dog or monkey that will learn mechanical tricks for the reward of a pat on the head or a piece of sugar is acclaimed for his skill. And this ability to understand *and obey* is applauded as a sign of intelligence.

The cat, on the other hand, applies his skill and intelligence to his own purposes. There is truth in Bernard Shaw's remark that footballers' brains are in their feet. The cat reveals his braininess by incredibly skilful feats of jumping and balancing, but it is useless commanding him to perform. The rarity of performing cats is significant.

Anyone who has an intimate experience of cats will agree that the cat is temperamentally incapable of obedience.

II

That is my view of the cat. It may be "unscientific" to consider temperament first and intelligence afterward, but without an understanding of the one I fail to see how any estimate can be made of the other.

Now we have to be quite clear what we mean by intelligence. If an animal is coaxed or coerced into performing various actions for our pleasure or profit is the result a true criterion of intelligence? I think not. Every sergeant knows how to teach recruits on the parade ground. Some, more stupid than others, take longer to learn; but when the men can drill efficiently, it would surely be overstepping the mark to praise them for intelligence. Intelligence is something more than the ability to understand.

To be logical, it is not truly intelligent of the horse to carry loads or to pull a heavy cart; nor is it intelligent of the monkey to ape human mannerisms; or of the dog to fetch and carry, or perform clownish antics for his owner's satisfaction. It may be very amusing but it is typical of human vanity that we should so often hail as intelligence what is merely gratifying—and unreasoning—obedience to our whims.

Here is the definition I offer of animal intelligence: an animal's ability to reason and act for itself, in any situation which may arise in its experience, without human interference.

Judged by this standard, the cat, as I hope to satisfy the reader, passes with distinction. If there is one opportunist in the animal world, it is our friend the cat. He is independent, resourceful, even cunning. He lives on his wits. But I am going too fast. A few true stories of the cat's intelligence will illustrate my point more effectively.

The late W. H. Hudson, a keen student of animal psychology, related

many stories about cats. One, which is typical, concerns a cat who, like so many of his kind, was fastidious about food. Invariably he had his meal from a particular plate set down in the corner by the kitchen range. One day he came in, sat down before the plate, but declined to eat. The housekeeper, guessing what was in his mind, told him sharply that he would get nothing more until he had eaten what was on his plate. The cat evidently knew what was in *her* mind, for presently he trotted out of the room, to return a few minutes later, followed by the cat from next door, an underfed animal glad to devour anything he could get. The visitor quickly licked the plate clean and his host was then rewarded with the more delicate fare his nose had detected. On no other occasion did he ever permit this neighbor to enter the house.

Writing to the London *Times* on the intelligence of cats an English lady tells this charming story:

"I owned two attractive Persian brothers—Adonis and Jinks. The latter was very delicate, and we encouraged him to sharpen his claws against a tree trunk, thinking the exercise beneficial. 'Good Jinky, clever Jinky!' we would say, and his brother Adonis looked on, doubtless wondering why an ordinary feat should win so much applause while his own trick of dying for the King was less commended. One day he could stand it no longer—he scratched at the tree trunk also, and looked round for the applause that, needless to say, we gave. Jinks was not pleased. This scratching of the tree trunk was copyright—his prerogative. One saw bewilderment on his little face, and then solution! 'If my brother does my trick,' thought he, 'I'll jolly well do his!' and, coming in front of us, he 'died for the King,' a thing he had never done before. Deductive reasoning!"

Cats are often, with justification, I admit, accused of selfishness—a trait which frequently reveals intelligence. The choicest morsels of food, the cosiest place by the fireside, liberty to come and go when he likes—all these are signs of intelligent appreciation at least. The following story, which illustrates intelligence combined with unselfishness, was sent to me by a lady in Lancashire.

"All my early life I lived in East Anglia, in a delightful country house with gardens and stables. I had two cats. Timmie, the house cat, was a half-Persian; Sally, the stable cat, was a well marked tabby. They were quite good friends. Timmie, however, though condescending to pursue her prey among the jungle growth of the asparagus bed in the company of Sally, the stable cat, never trespassed in the back yard. Sally would approach the back door, but never attempted to cross the threshold.

"After a time, Timmie had the misfortune to be lamed for life by crushing her front feet in a door. Her hunting days over, she took to spending much time in the kitchen, making love to the cook.

"One morning Sally's voice was heard at the open back door, uttering a most peculiar cry. Timmie gathered herself up and was across the kitchen quicker than I could have thought possible in her lame condition. Outside the door stood Sally, head erect, and in her mouth a large live bird. The quarry was delivered to Timmie, and Sally returned to her own department.

"This happened several times while the asparagus overgrowth lasted. I watched and found that the *first* catch was always brought to the back door, a distance of a hundred yards from the asparagus bed, the same peculiar cry called Timmie post haste from her cushion, and by this means she continued to enjoy the spoils of the chase."

These are not exceptional cases. I have chosen them almost at random from a collection of many hundreds of authentic stories illustrating the cat's intelligence. And every experienced cat lover can add his quota. Cat lovers, however, are in a minority and there must be many people to whom the cat is merely a self-contained, insignificant animal.

Sentiment and tradition play a curiously important part in the popular conception of animals. The lion is universally hailed as the King of Beasts, whereas he is in fact inferior in courage, strength, and skill to other animals. But he looks the part. The intelligence of the horse is overrated because he is a handsome and willing creature. The dog is by tradition the friend of man and deserves his popularity; but I suspect he is often credited with more intelligence than he really possesses. The squirrel is a pretty little thing, but he does far more damage than the rat and is infinitely more cruel and destructive to bird life than the cat.

Yet the cat is more unpopular, and it is not difficult to see why. The very qualities which excite the admiration of his few friends cause him to be disliked by others. Few people will take the trouble to insinuate themselves into friendship with a cat. And why should they? If all they want is an affectionate, uncritical, obedient companion, there is always a dog to be had. It is only the true cat lover who can understand the subtlety of the cat's character.

It is obvious that the cat lover may overestimate his favorite's intelligence. Parents are notoriously proud, gardeners may boast of their blooms, anglers exaggerate their captures; and the animal lover is apt in his enthusiasm to endow his pet with qualities it does not really possess. It is dangerously easy to endow an intelligent-looking animal

with human motives and reasoning powers. Cat lovers are fallible like the rest.

Yet I maintain that it is possible to distinguish the cat's intelligence by careful observation. An incident I related in my book, *Cat's Company*, will serve as an example. My tortoiseshell tabby, Minna Minna Mowbray, was playing one day with her kittens by the door of a balcony which overlooked my garden. I noticed she was dragging along a piece of meat, brought from the kitchen downstairs. She was quite obviously using it as a plaything and, as it was covered with hairs from the carpet, I took it from her without thinking, opened the door leading on to the balcony, and threw it out into the garden below. I saw—but Minna did not—that it landed in a clump of bushes. She looked up at me reproachfully, then without hesitation ran downstairs. In a few seconds she was out in the garden, hunting for the meat. Now to get into the garden she had to go down two flights of stairs, through a basement and scullery and out of a door at the back of the house.

What would a less intelligent animal have done? A dog, I suspect, would have barked protestingly and jumped up to look over the balcony railing but I doubt if it would have immediately occurred to him that there was only one way to recover his property and that was to go down to the garden and search for it. It took my cat only a few minutes to find the meat and bring it upstairs again.

I had another cat who used to open a garden door by jumping up and pressing down a latch. He discovered the process for himself and regularly let himself into the house by this means. (I make no boast of this; opening doors and rattling letter-boxes is a fairly common feline accomplishment.) One night my cat found the door locked on the inside, but instead of crying for

admittance, he made a tour of the windows on the ground floor. All the curtains were drawn but he found out which room was occupied and tapped at the window with his claws outstretched until I went to see what was making such a curious noise.

It does not take a cat long to discover how to deal with a bottle of milk provided it has only a cardboard lid. Claws soon lift the lid and then there are two ways to get at the milk: one to knock over the bottle and drink from the resulting puddle; and the other, more refined, is to dip a paw into the bottle and lick off its milky coating. I have seen this done many times.

One of the most ingenious cat exploits I ever heard of was described to me by a lady whose word cannot be doubted.

"A cat who was attached to the farm belonging to my grandfather's house in the eighteen-sixties used regularly to accompany a cowman when he went milking. The cat would sit close to him in order to have a jet of milk directed into his mouth straight from the cow. If the milk went to the right or left the cat would put up his paws to guide the milk into his mouth. This amusing and original habit was well known to the villagers, who would often stop their carts to look over the hedge in the summer time when the cows were milked in the fields."

There are innumerable stories of cats who have mysteriously found their

way back to their homes across many miles of unfamiliar country but, astonishing as these feats are, they reveal instinct rather than intelligence.

One more story illustrating the cat's deductive powers and I have done. A cat whose owner (if one may use the word) lived on the edge of some cliffs used to go down to the sea at low tide and fish in the pools. When she caught a fish she did not eat it raw. She invariably brought it home, dropped it in front of one of the family and by loud mewing clearly indicated her wish to have it cooked. And until it was cooked she gave them no peace. The joke was not appreciated, however, when the cat took to fishing at night, bringing her catch home and sitting under the bedroom windows loudly demanding culinary assistance!

There can be no doubt that animals exhibit activities which are obviously not mechanical, and that the cat is one of the animals which can learn and profit by experience. The extent of the cat's intelligence can only be gaged, in my opinion, by close observation allied to a peculiar sympathy with the cat's character. That is why I think the scientists go wrong. A detached and objective attitude toward cats is likely to yield very misleading results; and although I admit that allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the cat lover, I am convinced that the cat cannot be understood nor appreciated except by his friends.



FROM CRISIS TO CONVERSATION

THE NEW PHASE IN EUROPE

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

THE first two months of 1935 witnessed a striking change in the outward aspect of European events. For at least two years before this crisis had been succeeding crisis and war scare following war scare, while political assassination had become a familiar detail of the day's news. Then, almost abruptly, with the visit of French statesmen first to Rome and then to London in January and February, conversation replaced crisis, and all over Europe there spread the impression that after prolonged tempest a time of truce had arrived.

It would be manifestly equally simple to exaggerate and to underestimate the implications of this change. Nevertheless no one can mistake the gain, even though it be but temporary, disclosed by the fact that, whereas as recently as last year Europe was talking of "the next war" in terms of months, if not indeed of weeks, to-day the most pessimistic prophets see conflict postponed until 1937 or even 1940. For this means that, barring accidents to-day unforeseen and always unpredictable, European statesmanship is to have a fresh breathing-spell.

To appraise the uses to which this breathing-spell may be put it is necessary to turn back for a moment and consider the events which have preceded its arrival. Above all, it is essential to perceive that twice since March, 1933, when Hitler mounted to

complete control in the Reich, Europe has been on the very edge of another general conflict. The first time was during the weeks following immediately upon Germany's violent eruption from the League in the autumn of 1933, when Hitler proclaimed the purpose to rearm in open defiance of the restrictions imposed by the Treaty of Versailles. At that moment, and for many weeks thereafter, a war of prevention precipitated by France and her allies seemed not merely a possibility, but even a probability. And, in the same way, for a briefer span of time after the Putsch in Vienna in July, 1934, a war of adventure consequent upon German purpose to overthrow the existing regime in Austria seemed equally unavoidable.

In these two crises are discoverable also the clues which alone make intelligible the present situation. In the earlier, the allies of France, Poland, and the states of the Little Entente, supported by certain influential elements in France itself, clamored for a new operation like the occupation of the Ruhr in 1923. In their eyes such an operation seemed justifiable legally, morally, and materially; legally, because German rearmament constituted a flagrant violation of the Treaty of Versailles which was still the public law of Europe; morally, because Hitler's program foreshadowed the destruction of the unity of some countries

and the security of others; materially, because, at the moment, the military superiority of France and her allies was decisive.

Had there been a Nationalist Government in office in France in 1933 as there was in 1923, it is not impossible that French troops would have moved again, supported by Polish and Czech forces and, because this time German resistance was assured, war would have resulted. In fact, however, the French Left, which was in power—and also unmistakably representative of the will of the majority of the nation—was unwilling to follow the example of Poincaré, which it had so frequently condemned.

While this Left hesitated and temporized, moreover, the Stavisky Scandal broke and, after the February riots in Paris, France was confronted by a crisis of regime which rendered impossible all vigorous action abroad. By the time that crisis had been surmounted the face of things in Europe had changed so completely that a war of prevention had ceased to be a possibility.

II

The danger of war resulting from the murder of Dollfuss and the Putsch in Vienna, if of shorter duration than that arising from the armament question in the previous autumn, was also more acute. For, at the moment when Hitler seemed ready to risk a war of adventure in order to realize his dearest dream, the union of his native Austria with the German Reich in which he now ruled, Europe was in such a state of disarray and division as to give the impression that concerted action to meet the challenge was impossible.

Thus in Great Britain, although the German "Blood Bath" of June had already produced a revulsion of feeling destined to have far-reaching conse-

quences, public opinion was still critical of France and resolved to avoid Continental involvements. In the British mind the fall of the German Republic and the triumph of Hitler were both chargeable to French intransigence during all of the post-war years and, in particular, to the uncompromising spirit France had displayed in the recent Disarmament Conference.

In France, by contrast, the triumph of Hitler and the tragedy of the "Blood Bath" were identified as complete confirmation of French policy and point of view and as a final indictment of British hesitations and compromises. For years the British had been trying to persuade the French to reduce their means of defense in order to placate the Germans, and now, at last, the true Germany was disclosed. Under the surface, forces on both sides of the Channel were making for reconciliation but their influence was hardly yet apparent in this moment of crisis.

Precisely in the same fashion Franco-Italian differences had steadily developed and awakened ever-growing resentments throughout the post-war years. The Italians felt that the French had deserted them at the Paris Peace Conference, betrayed them subsequently by allying themselves with the Yugoslavs, Italy's arch-enemies, and finally, had sought consistently by the policy pursued alike at Geneva and in the Danubian Basin to reduce Italy to the rank of a second-class power.

As a consequence, French and Italian purposes had constantly been in collision in Central Europe, and early in his dictatorship Mussolini had sought to establish a common front with Germany against France. Even as recently as June, 1934, a few weeks before the Putsch in Vienna, Hitler had visited Mussolini in Venice and all Europe had rocked with the forecasts of an alliance between the Duce and

the Reichsführer. And before that, Italy had supported German armament demands in the Geneva Conference and German claims to territorial revision by the voice of the Duce himself.

The June "Blood Bath," following closely upon the meeting in Venice, had, to be sure, evoked misgivings in Rome; for none saw more clearly than Mussolini that the eventual effects of this savagery must be to compromise the German case all over the world and particularly in Great Britain. There was also plainly disclosed in the Italian press, a note of doubt as to the sanity of Hitler and his chief associates. Nevertheless, Germany remained the single counterpoise to France and, when the Austrian crisis broke, Berlin and Rome were at least nominally friends, and Paris and Rome undisguised opponents.

As for the Soviet Union, if the coming of Hitler, attended as that arrival was by violent assaults upon the domestic Communists, had put an end to that rather shadowy Russo-German entente which had taken form at Rapallo in 1922, nevertheless, Moscow had not yet abandoned its attitude of equal hostility to all capitalistic countries. Thus France, Great Britain, Italy, and the Soviets were divided by recent and by long-standing differences. And, in addition, Poland had already deserted France and made a non-aggression pact with Germany, while the cohesion of the Little Entente was at least open to question.

At no moment since the close of the World War, therefore, had the victors been so divided as on that July afternoon when the news of the Putsch in Vienna swept over Europe, spreading alarm almost as great as the report of the return of Napoleon from Elba had aroused twelve decades before. For Hitler, as for Napoleon, moreover, success or failure in his gamble must

now turn upon the capacity of Europe to take united action in the face of a common peril.

Proof of that capacity was not long lacking. First Mussolini met the German challenge implicit in Austrian events by mobilization. That was the first and, as it turned out, the decisive gesture. By killing Dollfuss the followers of Hitler had struck down a personal friend as well as a political ally of the Duce. They had called into question not only the prestige of the dictator but also the security of his country. The result was a riposte which instantaneously presented to Hitler the choice between war and surrender.

Immediately, too, Italian mobilization evoked endorsement from London and promise of unhesitating support from France. Now, at last, in Great Britain the butchery in Vienna in July suddenly produced a crystallization of the emotion awakened by the slaughter in Berlin in June. Not since the invasion of Belgium twenty years earlier had there been such a sudden and united move of British public sentiment. Whatever mistakes the French had made in the past, in the British mind they did at least constitute a civilized and democratic nation and, in the face of the re-emergence of the old German peril in a new form, the British had no choice but to return to the pre-war alignment.

Italian mobilization aroused enthusiastic approbation in France. No longer was there any chance if war came from this crisis that France would have to stand alone or even to depend upon the doubtful aid of some at least of her Danubian allies, themselves menaced by Italian and Hungarian attacks in the rear. On the contrary, while France moved into the Rhine valley, Italy and Czechoslovakia would march along the Danube and the Main. Finally, even if the British refused to

march, their moral support was now assured to their former ally.

Europe was then rising; even in Moscow there were unmistakable signs that, so far from seizing upon this crisis in the west to exploit it to Red profit, the Kremlin, mindful that what Hitler was now attempting in Austria he also purposed to achieve eventually in the Ukraine, was also making up its mind to seek a common front with the other nations great and small for whom the program of National Socialist Germany constituted an undisguised peril.

Faced by this sudden and surprising rally of a Continent, one day chaotic beyond exaggeration and the next disclosing a unity whose implications were not to be mistaken, Hitler surrendered. The Austrian Crisis descended from a question of world peace to a problem of domestic order. But now the effects of the crisis began to disclose themselves. In Great Britain, Stanley Baldwin announced that henceforth the Rhine and not the Cliffs of Dover constituted the frontier of Britain and promised that British air forces should be doubled, while the government in which he served permitted British and French officers to meet with almost ostentatious publicity.

Simultaneously Moscow knocked on the door of the League for admittance and at the same time applied in Paris for a new entente between France and Red Russia like that which had once bound the Republic and the Romanoff Empire. And while Barthou and Litvinov talked at Geneva, in Paris a French deputy announced in the Chamber that again, as in 1914, an invasion of France by Germany would be accompanied by a forward movement of Russian forces against the Reich. Thus, if Poland had deserted, the Soviet Union now took the Polish place.

Not less important were the develop-

ments in Rome. There, the Duce at last clearly perceived that the hope of German-Italian co-operation was vain. Hitler was resolved to have Austria, and the security of Italy was locked up with the independence of that state. There was, then, nothing to do but to turn to France, and there was no mistaking the fact that France was at least ready to meet the Duce half way. As a result, the next six months were marked by steady discussions between Rome and Paris.

In October these discussions were briefly interrupted by the latest of the long list of assassinations. King Alexander of Yugoslavia had journeyed to France to meet Barthou, the French Foreign Minister, and to find some solution of the Yugoslav-Italian problem. Yugoslavia had become the ally of France when both were menaced by Italian hostility; but if France were now to make friends with Italy, how could Yugoslav interests be protected and Belgrade thus prevented from turning to Berlin?

In Marseilles, however, both monarch and minister were murdered with their common problem unsolved. A few weeks later this crime precipitated a furious controversy between Hungary and Yugoslavia at Geneva, the latter alleging that the former had given asylum to the intending assassins. Wrongly appraised in America as a threat to European peace, which it was not, this crisis did for a moment threaten to arrest the conversations now proceeding between Rome and Paris; for Yugoslavia was an ally of France, and Hungary of Italy. But common fear of Germany had now become too powerful and the crisis was resolved without harm to Franco-Italian relations.

III

Six months after the Putsch in Vienna, therefore, that combination of

forces which had rallied spontaneously to arrest German operations in Austria and proved too strong for Hitler to challenge was beginning to assume a permanent aspect. In the East the Soviets, now backed by the French, were pressing for a Locarno, binding all the Baltic powers, including Germany and Poland, to agree to respect the territorial *status quo* and to pledge themselves to common action against any aggressor.

In January also, Franco-Italian discussions bore fruit in the Accords of Rome. In addition to the renewal of friendship between the two Latin states and the removal of colonial disputes, these accords bound both countries to common action to defend the independence of Austria and sketched another Locarno, this time of the Danube, committing Germany and all other Central European states to respect and defend the *status quo* from Bavaria to the Balkans.

The Continental circle was thus closed about the Reich. Aggression in the west would insure common action by the signatories of the original Locarno of 1925, that is by Britain and Italy as well as France. Aggression in the east would bring in Russia, backed by the French and Czechoslovaks. Aggression on the Danube would encounter the common resistance of Italy and France as well as the nations of the Little Entente. Furthermore, Germany was now called upon to choose between participation in the new pacts and being confronted by Franco-Italian and Franco-Soviet alliances. And she was also asked to return to the League and to submit her claims to parity in armaments to a reconvened Disarmament Conference.

In substance, therefore, Hitler was summoned to renounce both his Austrian and Ukrainian projects of expansion and to return to the "good European" policy of Stresemann. He was

now confronted also by a combination of forces beyond all present hope of defeating. For the immediate future, his war of adventure must be adjourned. But while the Continental encirclement was now complete, the British attitude was still undisclosed, and it was to discover this that Flandin and Laval set out for London early in February.

As a practical matter the French statesmen carried to the British capital three concrete interrogations. They sought to know what position Britain would now take alike on the question of extending the original Locarno and on that of backing the new projects in the East and the Danube. They desired also to be enlightened upon the British position regarding German rearmament in the light of recent events. Finally, they asked British views as to German return to the League.

The British response was characteristic. As to the original Locarno, that of the Rhine, Britain would now agree to extend it to cover air attacks. Guaranteeing on her part to come to the aid of any signatory power wantonly assailed, she in turn asked similar guarantees from them. Here too was an enormous concession to France, because hitherto, while Britain was pledged to act, no definition of aggression existed, so that freedom to decide remained with Britain. Henceforth, however, she would be bound to act if the fact of a raid were established. Again, London left no doubt that if Berlin rejected these proposals France and Britain, with Italian approval, would make an agreement of their own which would emphasize German isolation and Anglo-French solidarity.

As to the other Locarnos, Britain blessed both and renewed her promise to come to council in case of an attack upon Austria; but beyond this point she refused to go. She agreed to urge upon Germany acceptance of both, to

communicate to Berlin the view that Germany must seek solution of the rearmament question by common and not by unilateral action, and renewed her insistence that Germany return to Geneva. If, moreover, British policy failed to reach the limits hoped for in Rome and Moscow, it awakened enthusiasm in Paris and provided Berlin with no proof of the survival of the still recent difference in opinion between London and Paris. Still resolved not to undertake responsibility for the maintenance of the *status quo* save in the Rhineland, the British plainly withdrew their support from German proposals of revision either in Eastern or Central Europe.

Since the British agreed also to communicate the results of the London Conversations to Berlin and to urge the Germans to agree to all three departments of these agreements—the Locarnos, rearmament, and the League—it was plain that they now undertook to act as a mediatory up to a point between the Continental Coalition and Germany; but it was, nevertheless, perfectly clear that, while the British were still ready to give sympathetic hearing to reasonable demands on the part of the Reich, they were not undertaking to play the old balance-of-power game.

The development of air craft had in fact indissolubly joined French and British security. In addition, if the British were still convinced of the unreasonableness of certain details of French policy vis-à-vis Germany in the past, they were thoroughly satisfied that it was without aggressive intent either in respect of Germany or Britain, itself. The events of the previous summer, the butchery in Berlin, and the assassinations in Vienna had destroyed British sympathy for Germany; the threat of German air force had revived an old community of interest with France.

Even in February, however, Britain

was not prepared to join in a Continental alliance against Germany, nor was she eager to see the European situation harden into a grand coalition against the Reich, inevitably accompanied by a new race in armaments. But the British were at pains to make it clear that Germany had nothing to look for from England so long as she pursued policies of violence by methods which were disruptive of European peace and order. The London Conversations, therefore, emphasized rather than lessened German isolation, although they plainly did fall far short of satisfying French hopes or Soviet demands.

IV

After London, then, in what situation did National Socialist Germany find itself? Originally Hitler's Revolution had proclaimed two purposes: first, to abolish the continuing details of the Treaty of Versailles; second, to promote the extension of German frontiers eastward toward the Dnieper and southward down the Danube. Annexation of the Ukraine and union with Austria, these were the ultimate goals of the country once it should be freed from the military restraints of the Paris Settlement.

Hitler's dream was thus a strange compound of the mystic and the material. On the one hand it set out to restore the grandeur of the original German Reich whose frontiers were those of the Holy Roman Empire, on the other, it envisaged the creation of a *zollverein* extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Against Red Russia he proposed to march as the soldier of Western Europe. By uniting the German-speaking populations of Austria and Czechoslovakia, he planned to make himself the heir of the tradition of Barbarossa and Otto the Great.

Having mounted to power, he had, by sweeping Germany out of the

League and launching her upon a career of rearmament, abolished the last restraint of the Treaty of Versailles. Armies of occupation were gone and reparations were already dead when he arrived; only the military restrictions remained, and he had scrapped these with impunity. Since he had promptly made a non-aggression pact with Poland and reaffirmed Stresemann's renunciation of all design to retake Alsace-Lorraine, he believed that he had thus freed his hands to undertake the great expansive program.

In Austria, in July, however, the events of the Putsch had taught him that there was still in Europe a capacity for unity which he had not suspected and also that, so far from enlisting British moral support for Germany, he had alienated it alike by butchery in the Reich and assassination in Austria. Thus by the close of last year, the National Socialist offensive—like so many attacks in the World War—after initial gains had been halted; there had been no breakthrough, and the front again had been stabilized.

Three courses were now open to the Reichsführer. He could persist; but this meant war under the most unfavorable of circumstances. He might surrender; but that meant the abandonment of his whole vision of a new Germany at once politically great and economically prosperous. Both of these courses being impossible for obvious reasons, there remained only the third possibility, which was to maneuver. While he was arming at home, the progress of events abroad might produce a reshuffling of cards which at the moment were so unfavorable to himself.

The German response to the British Note disclosed the whole strategy of maneuver. The portion of the London Agreements most vital to British

interests, namely the Air Locarno, the Germans accepted with enthusiasm. On the subject of limitation of armaments their note was silent, but inspired press comment disclosed them not intransigent. As to the return to the League, again official silence was accompanied by officious intimation that, once parity in armaments were conceded, reunion in Geneva was not impossible.

Having thus bowed to the British, however, the inspired Nazi press proceeded to strike down the idea of a Danubian Locarno by substituting the idea of an Austrian plebiscite and disposing of the Eastern Locarno by citing the notorious Polish veto. In the matter of an Austrian plebiscite the fact was cited that this method had but recently served to prove the German loyalty of the Saarlanders. Who could dispute the right of the Austrians to self-determination or know their will until they had spoken? But for the Italians the question of the Danube was not an issue of Austrian rights but of Italian security. And for the Soviets, Polish desires constituted a thin disguise for German designs.

Since the Germans had accepted in principle the air detail of the London Note, while rejecting all else, the way to further discussion remained open. They had passed the ball back to the British; but while frankly resigning all opportunity to employ violence to disturb the *status quo* on the Rhine—an undertaking beyond all present possibility—they had just as plainly evaded all renunciation of their major objectives, Austria and the Ukraine.

V

What, then, is the outlook for the immediate future in Europe? In considering that question it is essential first of all to perceive that in order to repulse the National Socialist offensive,

Continental Europe has discarded the technic of Geneva and returned to its own tradition, substituting the old practice of coalition for the new theory of collective action. It has done that because, as the events in Manchuria demonstrated, nations will not act either to prevent war or to punish an aggressor save as their own interests are immediately and directly at stake. The lesson of Manchuria was that the League was equally without moral authority and coercive power.

In the face of this lesson Europe turned to the effort to construct regional combinations between states which lay across the several pathways of possible and projected German expansion. As early as 1925 the original Locarno had erected such a barrier in the west, where British and French interests were identical, that is, at the Rhine. Now it was proposed to frame new Locarnos insuring the security of nations menaced by German plans to thrust eastward to the Dnieper and southward down the Danube. All of these programs were outlined before the London Conference, and in that meeting the British not merely approved them but consented to an extension of the original agreement.

From the Continental point of view, however, European peace could not be assured until there had been an integration of all three of these Locarnos. For, once Germany had completed her rearmament, she would patently be strong enough to crush the Soviets if the French and Italians stood aside, and to push her advance down the Danube if the French and Soviets declined to intervene. Thus the objective of Continental statesmanship was the consolidation of the various regional pacts into one general alliance. The success of such an undertaking was, moreover, patently contingent upon what the British were prepared to do.

Following the Paris Peace Conference, British public opinion and policy had obviously evolved to a certain extent. Then, under the spell of the memories of the still recent conflict, there had been a reaction to the old ideal of isolation. By 1925, however, the events incident to the occupation of the Ruhr had led the British to perceive that peace and order on the Continent were contingent upon French security. As a result they had made the original Locarno and become guarantors of the *status quo* on the Rhine. In February of the present year they had shown themselves ready to extend the terms but not the territorial limits of that agreement.

Nevertheless, the British were not yet ready to share in the consolidation of the several pacts into a single alliance or undertake specific responsibilities for those of the East and the Danube. Thus a fundamental divergence existed—and persists—between the Continental and the British point of view. The French, Soviets, Italians, and other smaller peoples are satisfied that only close and continuing co-operation between all nations can permanently prevent Germany from resorting to violence to achieve empire. They see Hitler, like Napoleon, as a dictator whose purposes constitute a permanent threat to European peace and order. For them, not only strength but also safety lies in unity.

The British will not accept this thesis, because if it were to be accepted, then obviously they would have to throw their lot in with the Continental powers. Upon the question of the reality of the German danger, British opinion is divided; statesmen of the experience of Austen Chamberlain and Winston Churchill concur in the Continental view and hold that the German phenomenon constitutes a direct threat alike to Western civilization and democratic institutions which will

eventually have to be destroyed upon the battlefield. But neither of these statesmen is yet ready to prescribe alliance with Communism to conquer National Socialism.

So far, however, the majority in Britain hold either to the idea that England can escape participation in a new Continental struggle or that it can be averted by other means than alliance. Voices like that of Lord Lothian are not lacking to assert that even Hitler can be led to abandon his program of violence by concession and conciliation. Actually, therefore, a large fraction of British opinion still clings to the notion prevalent in Liberal circles just before 1914, which is that German purposes are not immutable; that, in fact, the realities in the Reich to-day are at once different and less menacing than those of even a year ago.

In a word, the British refuse to accept German words or Continental appraisal of those words at their face value. Imperturbably if illogically, they reject the idea of inevitable war and cling to the belief that while there is talk there is hope. This fundamental divergence between British and Continental opinion thus offers Hitler and his advisers a patent chance to maneuver between Paris and London and between London and Moscow. To placate the British, to be reasonable with the French where Anglo-French interests are identical, to confuse the issue as to Austria, and to exploit Western distrust of Communism, that must be German strategy.

Always the double objective must be to avoid fresh displays of violence which would push Britain reluctantly but inescapably toward the Continental Coalition and to evade effective renunciation of the purpose to expand in the east and south. That is what Hitler must do so long as the forces arrayed against him are too strong to challenge and he and his followers

are unwilling to renounce those expansive designs which can only be accomplished by conflict. By contrast, the strategy of his opponents must be to preserve their cohesion and press ever more insistently upon Hitler specific programs of organized peace, his rejection of which will constitute a confession of aggressive intentions.

Wars of prevention and adventure being equally out of the reckoning for the present, only diplomatic weapons remain. Conceivably, also, war long postponed may thus be prevented. Nevertheless, it is essential for Americans to perceive what are the actual conditions of the present truce.

As I read the proofs of this article in mid-March the cables are still busy reporting the consequences of the postponement of the projected visit of Sir John Simon to Berlin to talk with Adolf Hitler, a postponement due to the publication of a White Paper by the Foreign Office. As this Paper with engaging frankness assigned to German policy full responsibility for the expansion of British armaments which it forecast, surprise in London over its effect is a little unconvincing.

Nevertheless the "incident" is illuminating rather than important in itself. And since conversations are the sole remaining resource of statesmanship, they will doubtless continue. They have become its sole resource too, because war being outside the purpose of any country to-day, all desire to avoid crises which might precipitate conflict. To that end international conferences must be forsworn, for, as recent experience has demonstrated, they invariably produce crises. The dogs of peace, like those of war, being thus muzzled, possibly with equal profit to mankind, all that remains is the technic of the traveling salesman. Accordingly, when the present flurry is over we shall see statesmen functioning as bag-men again.



THE CONCEPT OF RACE

IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN GENETICS

BY JULIAN HUXLEY

RACE and its problems are playing an important role on the world's political stage at the present time. But the race concept as employed by the politician, or even in most cases by the anthropologist, is a product of the pre-Mendelian era. How does it look to that infant prodigy of biological science, modern genetics? Does it stay as it was, does it alter its lineaments, or does it tend to fade away into nothingness? Should we perhaps banish the very word *race* from any scientific or accurate vocabulary? These are questions of the utmost urgency in national and international affairs.

The fundamental thesis of modern genetics is that the hereditary constitution of any organism (man, animal, or plant) consists of a large number of discrete units or genes, which normally perpetuate themselves *ad infinitum* by self-reproduction. When different gene outfits are mixed in a cross, while there may be blending of visible characters, there is no blending or modification of the genes themselves. The only alteration of the genes is due to a rare and infrequent process of mutation.

The gene outfit of an organism is double, one set from the father, one from the mother. When the time comes for the formation of reproductive cells, the two members of each genes pair separate in a clean-cut way from each other, so that each reproduc-

tive cell has one or the other member of each pair. This is what we call segregation. With certain minor restrictions, each pair of genes segregates independently of every other. The result is that when a cross is made involving differences in several pairs of genes, in the second and later generations every possible combination of the different genes will occur. This is the principle of independent assortment.

In the third place, we are coming to a more exact comprehension of the role played by environment. Genes remain unaltered but their expression will change according to the circumstances. In other words, any character is the product of an interaction between heredity and environment.

Most important for our purpose perhaps, modern genetics clears up our ideas on the subject of variation. Variation merely implies difference, and the differences between two individuals or strains of men or other organisms may be due to three essentially distinct factors:

First: to differences in environment, as when differences in exposure to sunlight tan one child and leave the other bleached and pallid.

Second: to differences caused by mutation of genes, as between bearded and beardless varieties of grain; cumulative mutations are responsible for most differences brought about in evolution.

Third: to recombination—*i.e.* to reshuffling of old genes in new constellations owing to independent assortment after a cross. This accounts for most of the differences observed between brothers and sisters in the same family.

Man, owing to crossing of different stocks, shows an unusual degree of recombinative variation; further, owing to the plasticity of his mind, he shows an unusual degree of environmentally produced variation. Let us, in the light of these facts, consider some human characteristics. Stature will serve as an excellent example.

In man, as in other animals, various degrees of stunting can be produced by various degrees of underfeeding and other unfavorable conditions (disease, lack of exercise or sunlight, etc.). The effect will also vary according to the time at which the unfavorable conditions were operative. As shown by recent experiments in which the growth of healthy boys was still further increased by the addition of milk to an abundant and varied diet, "underfeeding" is a relative term, and apparently normal conditions may not provide the optimum.

This provides an excellent example of the interaction of genetic and environmental factors, and is also important from the standpoint of so-called "racial" differences. The fact that stature can be altered by feeding and other environmental conditions does not mean that it cannot also be altered by change in genetic make-up, or vice versa. To believe that one alternative excludes the other (as many popular writers appear to do) is to fall into an elementary logical and biological error.

As a matter of fact, marked genetic differences in stature do occur in man. No amount of extra feeding could raise the stature of a pigmy to that of a normal European. The average height of Scots is considerably higher than

that of, say, southern Frenchmen, and the difference is almost wholly due to differences in genetic make-up. The Scotch possess genes which make for height; the pigmies, genes which keep them small; but the height of both races could be considerably modified by feeding and other environmental conditions.

This will show the complexity of even such an apparently simple question as that of human stature. Let me illustrate this complexity by two particular problems in this field. In the first place, it is known that the average stature of various industrial nations has increased quite definitely within the last half-century or so: does this mean an alteration in the character of the "race" (national stock), as has been frequently asserted? In the second place, it is a fact that the average stature of different social-economic classes in most nations of Western civilization is different, being highest in the upper social classes: is this because the upper classes contain genetically different stock from the others?

With regard to the first question—concerning the increase in average national stature—the answer is fairly clear. The increase is due in the main to better food and better conditions of life, and not to any permanent change in the constitution. In other words, the national stock has not altered appreciably. Put it back in the old conditions, and it would once more shrink to its old stature, as our red-flowered Chinese primrose would produce white flowers on being transferred to a hot-house.

The second question is harder to answer. It is clear that much of the difference must be due to the better conditions enjoyed by the children of the richer classes. But it is quite possible that there also exists an average genetic difference between different classes; *e.g.* in Britain there may be

more genetically short stock in the lower classes, derived from the early Mediterranean-type inhabitants of the country, or selection may have been at work favoring tall types in the upper classes (*e.g.* by sexual selection of tall women), or short types in the proletariat (*e.g.* short types may be better suited to town life or factory conditions and, therefore, be favored in an urban-industrial civilization). It is probable that both sets of causes, genetic and environmental, are at work. At the moment, however, it is impossible to evaluate the exact share of one or the other in producing the observed result.

II

What is true of stature applies with far greater force to psychological characters—of intelligence, special aptitude, temperament, and character. In the first place, such characters are far more susceptible to changes in environment (here of course predominatingly social environment) than are physical characters. Second, the social environment shows a greater range of difference than the physical environment. High innate mathematical ability would be unable to express itself in paleolithic society or among present-day savages. The most consummate artistic gifts would find little scope on a desert island. The temperament which gives its possessor the capacity for going into a trance or seeing visions is in our "modern" Western world likely to land its possessor in an asylum, whereas in various Australian and Asiatic tribes it will further his attainment of power and practicing as a medicine man or Shaman. A warlike temperament which would have expressed itself adequately in the early days of Jewish history would have been at a discount during the Captivity. The same capacities, of inventiveness and initiative, which would be expressed to the

full in a pioneer country tend to remain latent in conditions of unskilled factory labor. Certain economic and social conditions favor the expression of the tendencies to individualism and self-assertion, other conditions favor the reverse; we can think of early industrialism on the one hand, the Authoritarian State on the other.

In general, the expression of temperamental tendencies seems to be determined mostly in the very early years of life, so that changes affecting the atmosphere of the home and the theories and practice of children's upbringing will have large effects.

Similarly, the sweeping assertion often made as regards the differences of women's aptitudes and character from men's undoubtedly refer in the main to differences brought about by differences in the upbringing of boys and girls and by the different social and economic status of the sexes. An amusing example is the exclamation of the third-century Greek gossip-writer Athenaeus, "Who ever heard of a woman cook?"

While it is clear that individuals endowed with exceptional combinations of genes will often rise superior to all obstacles, it is equally clear that the quantity of innate talent which a person possesses depends for its realization and expression upon adequate facilities for its cultivation; and that these again depend upon environmental factors such as financial resources, social outlook, and existing educational systems. The chief reason why children from the upper social classes obtain proportionately more scholarships than those from the lower classes is because they have better educational opportunities, not because they are better endowed by heredity.

The bearing of such facts upon problems of race and nationality is obvious. With the best will in the world it is, in the present state of knowledge, im-

possible to disentangle the genetic from the environmental factors in matters of "racial traits," "national character," and the like. Such phrases are glibly used. In fact they are all but meaningless, since they are not properly definable. Further, in so far as they are capable of definition, the common presupposition that they are entirely or mainly of a permanent or genetic nature is unwarranted.

Do not let me be misunderstood. It is clear that there must exist innate genetic differences between human groups in regard to intelligence, temperament, and other psychological traits. There do exist genetic differences in physical characters; there is every reason to believe that similar differences in psychical characters also exist. However, in the first place this need not mean that the mental differences are highly correlated with the physical—that a dark skin, for instance, automatically connotes a tendency toward low intelligence or irresponsible temperament. Second, the mental differences must be expected to be like the physical, mere matters of general averages and proportions of types—in every social class or ethnic group there will be a great quantitative range and a great qualitative diversity of mental characters, and different groups will very largely overlap one another. Finally, and perhaps most important of all, there exist as yet no means for assigning the shares of genetic constitution and of environment in producing the observed difference of type.

All the evidence we possess goes to show that the expression of such mental characters is to a very high degree dependent on the social environment. Let us first take so-called "national character." There was a time when England was called "merry"; during the 19th century that epithet was not applicable. In Elizabethan times the English were among the most musical

of the European nations; the reverse is generally held to have been true in late Victorian times. Again, as Hume shrewdly notes in his *Essay on National Characters*, the Spaniards were in earlier times restless and warlike; whereas in his day and the period immediately preceding it the reverse was the case.

Were these changes due to alteration in the genes or to such influences as the difference between the social atmosphere of the Renaissance and that of early industrialism? The social answer is here far the more likely. In other cases it is manifestly the correct one. For instance, in Carlyle's time, the German "national character" was supposed to be peaceable, philosophic, musical, and individualist. After the Franco-Prussian War it became arrogant and militarist. Now we are witnessing the blossoming of tendencies to state-worship, mass-enthusiasm, and the like, which we are once more assured are inherent in it. But it would be inconceivable on any biological theory whatsoever, let alone on that of modern genetics, to believe that the inherent constitution of the German people could change so rapidly. We are, therefore, driven to believe that the change, where it has not been merely an apparent one, due to the bias of the recorder, has been brought about by changes in social atmosphere and institutions.

Let us now examine the problem from a different angle, "racial" rather than "national." It is often asserted that the Nordic "race" is gifted above all others with initiative, originality, and that all the great advances in civilization have been due to the Nordic genius.

What are the facts? The fundamental discoveries on which civilization is built are the art of writing, agriculture, the wheel, and building in stone. All these appear to have originated in

the Near East, among people who by no stretch of imagination could be called Nordic or presumed to have but the faintest admixture of genes from Nordic or even Proto-Nordic germplasm.

In the classical period, Aristotle (*Politics VII*) gave what appeared even to that great thinker cogent reasons for believing the Nordic barbarians as well as the Asiatic peoples inherently incapable of rising to the level of Greek achievements. The inhabitants of Northern climates, he says, though endowed with plenty of spirit, are wanting in intelligence and skill, while the reverse is true of the Asiatics. The Greeks, on the other hand, are endowed with both sets of qualities. The attitude of the Roman invaders of this island toward the ancient Britons must have been very similar to that of the British and Dutch invaders of South and Central Africa toward the Bantu. We have as yet no means of learning whether this latter attitude will be any more justified than that of the dominant peoples of classical times to the barbarian tribes which they subdued.

When we come to matters of detail, facts are equally hostile to the myth of Nordic superiority. For instance, exploration certainly demands initiative. But far from Nordic types being pre-eminent in that domain, Havelock Ellis, in his *Study of British Genius*, has shown that hardly any of the great British explorers were fair-haired or in other ways of Nordic type.

The Nordic myth has many upholders in the United States; but, as Hrdlicka has shown in his book *The Old Americans*, the early colonists were mostly round-headed and dark or medium in complexion.

Again, the orthodox Nazi view is that Germany owes her chief achievements to the "Aryan" or Nordic elements in her population. As we shall

see later, the Nordic type, besides being fair and tall, is long-headed. But as Weidenreich has shown, the greatest Germans, including Beethoven, Kant, Schiller, Leibnitz, and Goethe, were all moderately or extremely round-headed (cephalic indices 84 to 92)! Already the difficulties in the way of a simple Nordic explanation are apparent to the Nazi "intelligentsia" and they are now introducing such terms as *Nordic-Dinaric* and *Baltic-Nordic* to denote certain very numerous Germans of obviously mixed type,—a procedure which at once robs the "pure race" concept of its meaning. The influential German anthropologist Kossina, in his *Ursprung der Germanen*, says that "Nordic souls may often be combined with un-Nordic bodies, and a decidedly un-Nordic soul may lurk in a perfectly good Nordic body." This may be a convenient method of disposing of certain awkward facts, but it assuredly has no point of contact with biological science: the implication that the genes responsible for "the soul" segregate *en bloc* from those responsible for "the body" is more medieval than Mendelian.

One final example, and I have done. In so far as the Jews constitute a "racial type," they should be long-headed, since this is a distinctive Semite character. But Einstein is, like a large proportion of Jews, extremely broad-headed. The Jewish problem indeed is, from the standpoint of biology, a particularly illuminating one. The ancient Jews were formed as the result of crossing between several groups of markedly distinct type. Later there has always been a certain amount of crossing between the Jews and the non-Jewish inhabitants of the countries where they settled, the most striking example being the black Jews of Northern Africa and the famous historical case of the Chazars of South Russia. The result is that the Jews

of different areas are not genetically equivalent, and that in each country the Jewish group overlaps with the non-Jewish in every conceivable character. The word *Jew* is valid more as a socio-religious or pseudo-national description than as an ethnic term in any genetic sense. Many "Jewish" characteristics are without doubt much more the product of Jewish tradition and up-bringing, and especially of reaction against extreme pressure and persecution, than of heredity.

III

Man is unique in the extent to which the expression of the characteristics most important to him as a species—intelligence, mentality, and temperament—can be influenced by the character of his environment. He is also unique in respect of his purely biological variation. The nature of such biological variation we must briefly consider.

In most wild species of animals, especially those with wide distribution, two types of genetic phenomena are found. In the first place, a population from any one locality presents relatively little range of variability. Of this, some is non-genetic, due to environmental and nutritional differences; but a large amount is due to differences in genetic composition between different individuals. Usually this genetic variability is continuous, because of gene-differences with slight and quantitative effects—so that some individuals are slightly darker, others slightly lighter than the mean; some slightly bigger, others slightly smaller; and so on. Occasionally, however, larger or more definite individual differences occur, as for instance between the blue and the white types of Arctic fox, or between the normal and so-called bridled variety of the guillemot, which latter has a white spectacle-mark round the eye. Such differences usually de-

pend on differences in very few genes, and often involve only one.

Beside differences of this kind, there are differences distinguishing populations from different localities. These are often quite marked, and constitute the diagnostic characters of "geographical races," or, as they are now usually and more satisfactorily called, *sub-species*. Well-marked sub-species may be connected with one another by every gradation or they may be sharply distinct. Gradation is usually found when the range of the two is continuous, discontinuity when the ranges are isolated. The latter is most clearly manifested in island races, for instance the St. Kilda Wren, or the British Pied Wagtail.

A third kind of variation may sometimes be recognized, as when markedly different sub-species (or mutually fertile species) have overlapping ranges. Then, while the two types present constant and characteristic differences over most of the ranges along the region of overlap, individuals are found with every possible combination of these characters. Classical examples of this are the Eastern and Western Flickers of North America, and the Hoodie and Carrion Crows of Northern Europe. This effect seems to be produced when considerable differentiation has taken place in the two types while isolated, and when after this they extend their ranges so as to meet. Interbreeding then produces every variety of Mendelian recombination. This type of variation, due to the wholesale crossing of distinct and differentiated types, is much rarer in animals than the geographical variation due to the divergent differentiation of groups wholly or largely isolated from one another geographically.

In man conditions are quite different. In this as in numerous other respects, man is a unique animal. In the first place, his tendency to migrate

from one more or less permanent habitat to another* is much stronger than in any other animal and has become progressively more manifest in the later stages of his history. In the second place, for reasons which are not wholly clear, physical differentiation of local types has been able to go much farther than in almost any other wild species without leading to the development of mutual sterility—*i.e.* to fully differentiated species, sterile *inter se*. An African pigmy, a Chinese, and a typical Scandinavian Nordic, in spite of their striking differences, are mutually fertile.

The result is that crossing of types with the production of much variation by recombination is incomparably more frequent in man than in any other species. This crossing has occurred between the major as well as the minor subdivisions of man, between groups that show large physical differences as well as between those that approximate in type. The great majority of native Africans, the reader may be surprised to learn, are not pure negroes, but have an admixture of Caucasian genes from crosses with Hamitic stocks. India is more of a racial melting-pot than the United States. Mongolian invasions from the East have left their physical traces in Eastern Europe: there is an increasing gradient of mongol genes, from Prussia eastward across European Russia into Central Asia. How the major subdivisions of man may have originated is a large problem which I have no space to discuss here. But however they originated and whatever degree of difference they may show, they have been intercrossing for tens of thousands of years, and this fact has had various important results.

On simple Mendelian principles, the first result of a cross between groups

differing in average physical type will be to increase variability by producing a large number of hitherto non-existent recombinations, quite different from either of the original types or from the intermediate between them.

Next, it should be remembered that after crossing, selection may play a very important role. For instance it appears that after the irruption of light-skinned conquerors from temperate latitudes into more tropical areas inhabited by darker-skinned peoples, natural selection has seen to it that combinations with darker skins survive the excessive intensity of the sunlight,* while those with fair skin tend to die out, for instance in Greece and in India. In India especially, the social selection brought about via the caste system seems to have exerted pressure for the retention in the highest castes of the general features of the conquering group—"Aryan," as they used to be called—and perhaps rightly in that particular land; but there seems little doubt that the genes for these are now associated with a different set of pigmentation-genes from those present in the original invaders. Similarly, in Greece to-day the average distribution of genes and the most frequent types of gene-combination must be very different not only from those found either in the Achæans or in the indigenous Pelasgian population before the irruption of the former in the second millennium B.C., but also from those characteristic of the mixed population in early classical times.

It must further be emphasized that, after crossing, the various gene-combinations will, in the absence of selection, automatically maintain themselves in proportions which depend on the proportions of the different genes

* As contrasted with the *seasonal* migration found in birds or the *reproductive* migration of various fish.

* This is so even when there has been counter-selection of a social nature against dark skin, *e.g.* in the higher castes of India. These are on the average much lighter in skin-color than the lower castes, but are clearly darker than the original stock from which they trace descent.

originally contributed to the cross. There will not be a uniform mixed type, but the same general tendency to form recombinations will occur, generation after generation. Those who have been to Sicily know how types immediately classifiable as "Greek," "Moorish," and "Norman," and those with certain negroid characters, still crop up strikingly in the more mixed general population after centuries of crossing. The same phenomenon occurs in Britain, where we still find men of well-marked Mediterranean type, dark and small and swarthy. In Germany too men with dark and fair hair, round and long head, tall and stumpy stature regularly recur as segregation-types from the mixture of Nordic, Eurasiatic (Alpine), and numerous other stocks, which constitutes the general population. There is no sign of a tendency towards a uniform blend.

In addition to the variation produced by the crossing of already differentiated groups, which in man thus appears to be basic and not merely of the secondary importance that it assumes in other species, the general variability inherent in most animal populations is also to be found in *Homo sapiens*. For instance, some, at all events, of the variation in stature, proportions, pigmentation, intelligence, etc., which are to be found in all human groups must be ascribed to this type of variation. I may stress the fact that the main types of body-build and temperament recur in all ethnic groups, black, white, brown, or yellow.

It will thus be clear that the picture of the hereditary constitution of human groups which can now be drawn in the light of modern genetics is very different from any which could be framed in the pre-Mendelian era. Populations differ from one another with respect to the genes which they possess. Sometimes certain genes are wholly absent from a group—e.g. that

for light eye-color among Central African tribes, or for frizzy hair among the Eskimos. Most frequently, however, the difference is a quantitative one, in regard to the proportions of genes present and in the frequency of certain main types of gene-combinations. This is eminently characteristic of the populations of Western Europe.

Crossing between moderately or strikingly differentiated types is frequent as the aftermath of large-scale migration and gives rise to many previously unrealized gene-combinations. Infiltrative individual migration also takes place very frequently and leads to the steady diffusion of genes from one region to another. There is no such thing as blending inheritance, which would cause gene-recombinations to disappear gradually after crossing; in the absence of selection, the various types of combination will tend to recur in the same proportion, generation after generation.

IV

It follows that practically all human groups are of decidedly mixed origin. Within any one group we should, therefore, expect the variation due to recombination to be great. This last point is of great importance. The expectation of the anthropologist of the Darwinian era, when the *a priori* idea of blending inheritance was in fashion, was of groups with well-marked characteristics, and a not large range of chiefly quantitative variation; the expectation of the Mendelian geneticist, knowing the facts of inheritance and the migratory habits of man, is of groups possessing a large range of variation, often of striking extent, and only capable of being distinguished by statistical methods. In such groups the *mean values* for characters, though still useful, no longer have the same theoretical importance. The *range of*

variation of characters is of far greater practical importance, as is also the range of qualitatively different recombination-types. The two resultant race-concepts are fundamentally dissimilar.

To these considerations derived from the modern study of inheritance may be added others due to the historical progress of ethnology. The modern outlook had its beginnings in the Renaissance. In its growth the exploration of the planet, first geographical and then scientific, went hand in hand with the liberation of thought and the transformation of social and economic structure. In the earliest part of this modern period the voyages of the great explorers and of the traders and colonizers who succeeded them brought home to man a new realization of the variety of the human race and the marked distinction between its types. The red man of the New World, the black man of Africa, the yellow man of the Far East, the brown man of the East Indies—it was the *differences* between human types which impressed themselves upon general thought.

The patient labors of anthropological science during the last hundred years or so, however, have given us a wholly different picture. The different main types exist, but they are vaguer and less well-defined than was at first thought. Within each main type there are geographical trends of variation and there are connecting links even between the most distinct major types. Quite apart from the results of very recent crossings, every gradation exists between the negro and the European along several different lines, via Hamite, Semite, and Mediterranean; every gradation exists between the white man and the yellow, through East Central Europe, across Russia, to Mongolia and China; every gradation exists between the yellow man and the already mixed dark-brown Asiatic. Even among the

Eskimos and the Pigmies we find evidence of crossing with other types. The same process of course is continuing to-day and at an increasing rate. New links, often along new racial lines, are yearly being forged between negro and white in countries like the United States, Brazil, Portugal, and Africa; new links between yellow and white and between brown and white in various parts of the world; new links between yellow and brown all over the East.

We can thus no longer think of common ancestry, a single original stock, as the essential badge of a "race." What residuum of truth there is in this idea is purely quantitative. Two Englishmen, for instance, are almost certain to have more ancestors in common than an Englishman and a negro. For the sharply defined qualitative notion of common ancestry we must substitute the statistical idea of the probable number of common ancestors which two members of a group may be expected to share in going back a certain period of time. Being quantitative and statistical, this concept cannot provide any sharp definition of race, nor do justice to the results of recombination. If, however, concrete values for the probability could be obtained for various groups (which would be a matter of great practical difficulty) it would provide a "coefficient of common ancestry" which could serve as the only possible measure of their biological relationship.

The result is that the popular and the scientific views of "race" no longer coincide. The word "race" as applied scientifically to human groupings has lost any sharpness of meaning. To-day it is hardly definable in scientific terms, except as an abstract concept which may under certain conditions, very different from those now prevalent, have been realized approximately in the past, and might, under certain

other but equally different conditions, be again realized in the distant future.

In spite of the work of the geneticist and anthropologist there is still a lamentable confusion between the ideas of *race*, *culture*, and *nation*. In this respect anthropologists themselves have not been blameless and, therefore, the formidable amount of loose thinking on the part of writers, politicians, and the general public is not surprising. In the circumstances, it is very desirable that the term *race* as applied to human groups should be dropped from the vocabulary of science. Its employment as a scientific term had a dual origin. In part, it represents merely the taking over of a popular term, in part, the attempt to apply the biological concept of variety or geographical race to man. But the popular term is so loose that it turns out to be unworkable, and the scientific analysis of human populations shows that the variation of man has taken place on quite other lines than those characteristic of other animals. In other animals the term *subspecies* has been substituted for *race*. In man migration and crossing have produced such a fluid state of affairs that no such clear-cut term, as applied to existing conditions, is permissible. What we observe is the relative isolation of groups, their migration and their crossing.

Scientifically, there are only two methods of treatment which can be used for the genetic definition of human groups. One is to define them by means of the characters which they exhibit, the other to define them by means of the genes which they contain. In both cases the procedure must be primarily quantitative. In any group certain characters or genes may be totally absent, and when this is so we can make a qualitative distinction. More generally the distinction will be quantitative. The characters or genes which are present will be present in dif-

ferent proportions in different groups: their most frequent combinations will also differ from one group to the next. It is only by means of this quantitative difference in representation that, in the main, we can hope to define the difference between one group and another.

The method of characters and the method of genes differ in their scientific value and in their practicability. It is much easier to attempt a classification in terms of characters, and indeed this is the only method that is immediately practicable (as well as providing a necessary first step towards the classification in terms of genes).

But it is less satisfactory from the scientific point of view. This is partly because apparently similar characters may be determined by different genes and, conversely, because the same gene in combination with different constellations of other genes may produce very different characters. It is also less satisfactory because a character is always the result of an interaction between constitution and environment. To disentangle the genetically unimportant effects of environment from the genetically essential action of genes is difficult in all organisms and especially so in man, where the social and cultural environment—that unique character of the human species—plays a predominant part. Until we have invented a method for distinguishing the effects of social environment from those of genetic constitutions we shall be unable to say anything of scientific value on such vital topics as the possible genetic differences in intelligence, initiative, and aptitude which may distinguish different human groups.

It would be highly desirable if we could banish the question-begging term "race" from all discussions of human affairs and substitute the noncommittal phrase "ethnic group." That would be a first step toward rational consideration of the problem at issue.



THE TENNESSEE VALLEY EXPERIMENT

BY DREW AND LEON PEARSON

IF YOU have seen in some commercial museum a display of little mechanical men plying pick and shovel with slow jerks, then you know how diminutive and how silent seems the work at Norris Dam, when viewed from a bench-cut in the hillside. The drill crew attacking a hillside of dolomite rock look like puppets in a pantomime. A monkey-wrench dropped on the floor of your garage makes more noise than all TVA's jack-hammers and stone crushers put together. A heavy-duty truck storming a winding grade in low gear looks like a clever scenic effect on a back-drop. All the superlatives that may so fittingly be applied to the job—mammoth, superhuman, spectacular—and all the impressive figures which tell the number of barrels of cement and the distance between the cable towers and the weight of the buckets that swing upon the cableways—all these become insignificant in their actual setting. They are less impressive than the complacent hills, rising serene above the whirl of mechanical activity.

But drop down to the quarry on the west bank and stand at the edge of the gyratory crusher. All sense of serenity vanishes. A giant mortar and pestle, it grinds dolomite boulders with the slow force of some prehistoric monster masticating. With its unhurried pace and inexorable power, it is a symbol of the construction job which the Tennessee Valley Authority is doing at the point where Cove Creek

flows into the River Clinch. The TVA is three months ahead of schedule at Norris, but not from impetuous haste. The pace of the trucks is slow. The conveyor belt, the tilting buckets, the sand washer—all function with the same urgent slowness of the gyratory crusher. Hour after hour passes, one shift relieves another, and twenty times in every hour the steel buckets pour thirteen tons of concrete. Thirteen tons every three minutes for two years, then the wall will be built.

Only rarely does excitement disturb the automatic placidity of the scene; rarely does danger, ever present, quicken the pulses of the men.

Here at the heart of the job, midway between the two sheer banks of the River Clinch, is a crew spreading concrete. Gripping the handles of a vibrator, two men plunge its point into the cold lava and administer a series of earthquake shocks to settle it. The air compressor's erratic storm makes speech impossible. The signal man communicates by telephone with the control tower, high and far away.

"Hold it. . . . Lower slow. . . . Drop it. . . . Hoist away."

The puddling crew have backed off while the fresh load drops and spills. Now they swarm in over the soft surge of gray to give it strength and form. In three minutes the next bucketful will be upon them. They are working in a confined area, with a fence of reinforcing on one side and that great

sloping cylinder, the pennstock, on the other.

The bucket hums across the cableway to a point three hundred feet above them. It pauses, descends. Withdrawing the vibrators, straightening their backs, the men step aside to give right of way to thirteen tons of concrete held within five tons of steel.

"Shorty, get in under the pennstock," shouts the foreman.

"Did he say me?"

"He said 'Shorty.'"

Shorty Gordon wades through the gray mire with his puddling stick to thrust concrete into the angle where the curving pennstock meets its base.

The swaying bucket slows its descent at a point twenty feet above him and stops. The signal man is waiting until Shorty gets out of the way. Then suddenly, as if the cables had snapped, the loaded bucket drops upon the bent figure below. The bucket itself is buried in the wet concrete, and somewhere beneath lies the body of a man.

Like archæologists excavating in the ruins of an ancient city, the puddling crew digs in the soft concrete. After fifteen minutes the body is recovered. Some of the men are nauseated and withdraw to the banks of the stream, but the work goes on. Freshly filled, the bucket hums across the cableway, pauses, descends.

"Hold it. . . . Lower slow. . . . Drop it. . . . Hoist away."

On the west bank the folk of the Tennessee Valley watch the display of awesome, ruthless strength. On any "pretty" Sunday their numbers grow to thousands after church time, and more and more will come throughout the afternoon to see for themselves what the big dam is like which will flood their valley. Some stay until nightfall, when the third shift has taken over the job, to see the bright lights stretching

across the canyon, cutting the darkness with a strange, almost magic brilliance. In awe they stand, holding children in their arms and exchanging speechless glances. They have seen strength before—one man holding three upon his shoulders at the county fair; but this is a new kind of strength, impersonal, devastating, changing beyond recognition the spot which a few short months ago was so deserted, so still that you could hear the bark of a dog from Cherry Bottom, five miles away.

Midnight comes. There are no visitors to watch the graveyard shift take up its tools, watch the relentless work proceed, insensible to darkness, storm, and death.

II

Squire John Keck is not one of those who has stood on the west bank and stared down into the canyon of the Clinch. From his home in the hills of the ridge country he has heard about the TVA and the dam and the big lake; but he is stoutly skeptical, assured within his soul that man cannot with impunity so despoil the Lord's work.

"This TVA is like the seven-headed monster that rose up out of the sea and had dominion over man and beast. . . . Genesis, eight, twenty-one. . . . The Lord made a covenant with Noah never again to destroy the earth with water."

Squire John's proclamation is made before the stove in the crossroads store of his cousin Tom Keck.

"Sit down, John, and cool yourself off," remonstrates one of the group. "The Bible don't hold with a thing like this. Have a Coca Cola."

"The Bible holds for all things and for all time," retorts John, scorning both the nail keg and the bottle. "Them TVA men is all guilty alike; for he who is guilty of the part is guilty of the whole. Their punishment shall be a violent storm or earth-

quake that'll engulf them all, them and the dam, and all their wilful malefactions."

"Hold on here, John." One of the men pushes his hat back from his brow. "Ain't Esker Wells kin to you?"

"My sister's boy."

"He's a-workin' with the forestry fellers. Is he to be swep' away by your storm?"

Another breaks in, "You're pretty hard on us, John. They ain't one of us here but has some kinfolk a-workin' at Norris. What's more, I hire out my team of mules for plowin' up gullies and get four dollars a day for it. Am I guilty of the whole?"

Amos Wilson comes to his defense.

"You're all right, John. Don't you listen to 'em." And he brings his tilted chair, as additional emphasis, to the floor. "Let them sell out as has a mind to—body and soul together. But I'm not one to be snared by fancy notions. I hain't never changed from what I told the TVA first time they set foot inside of my gate. Wanted to improve my land, they did. Said my gullies was lettin' soil wash down into the creek. 'What's that to you?' I says. 'This piece of land is mine,' I says. 'I bought it and I've worked it and it's mine, and I hain't a-goin' to sign no paper full of words that might mean God knows what!'"

"You're makin' trouble for yourself, Amos."

"Let trouble come. Won't be the first time I've seen trouble."

"Them gullies gits worse 'n' worse. Somebody's got to fix 'em sooner or later. That land of yours is steep as a cow's face."

"I'd a sight rather have gullies on my place than lawyers. I ain't forgettin' what happened to Homer Snoderly when he signed a paper onct lettin' them *pros*-pectors onto his land."

"Aw, that's been twenty-five years ago."

"No matter. Lawyers ain't a-gettin' any less slick."

The door opens and a twelve-year-old girl comes in. She selects a plug of chewing tobacco and, holding it in her hand, goes to Tom Keck seated by the stove. With the other hand she reaches into the pocket of her shabby coat and brings forth two eggs, which she proffers to Tom.

"All right, sister, put 'em in my hat there on the counter, like a good girl. . . . How's your pappy?"

"Hain't no better, thanks." And she goes out.

Tom Keck's shelves are stocked with everything a mountaineer may need, from bolts of cheap cotton prints to Gattis Dead Shot Worm Oil "Guaranteed To Bring Round Worms From Children Or Grown Persons If They Have Them"; and from Penetro Mutton Suet Salve to Chamberlain's Colic and Diarrhoea Remedy. Steel traps hang by their chains from a nail in the wall. Near the door is tacked up a paper advertising a farm for sale, while a gun—not for sale—stands as a quiet warning in the corner.

The commodity most sought at Tom Keck's store, however, may be had free of charge—companionship. If every man who entered the store made a purchase Tom would have been wealthy long ago. Although the cotton goods cost half as much again as they did a short time ago, and the bags of flour twice as much, the store has been increasingly popular, for with the coming of TVA there has been much to talk about. There is no phase of the President's experiment in finding a utility "yardstick" which has not been aired before Keck's friendly stove and in scores of similar crossroads meeting places throughout the Tennessee Valley.

Bufus Dodd, a round-faced man with a corpulence rarely seen in the hills, picks up the conversation:

"I ain't sorry for the signin' I did." And he grins.

"I reckon not. How much did you get for that hilltop, Bufus?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars."

"How many acre?"

"Twenty-two."

"'Tain't but mediocum soil nohow, is it?"

"Hit's worse than mediocum. That land's so full of rocks they can't hardly find room for the dead bodies."

"They're buryin' in it; I seen 'em yesterday."

"Got more'n a hundred bodies moved, they tell me."

This theme is another sore point with Squire John. "They'll be punished!" he declares, his eyes gleaming. "It's profanation to dig from the Lord's holy ground the bodies that's been given to His care. There's not a man among us would do so much as tread upon a human grave, and here's the TVA with picks and shovels turnin' up the bones of the dead and leavin' graves yawnin' like the Judgment Day."

"No, Squire, they fill 'em up again."

"You wouldn't want to leave 'em at the bottom of the lake, would you, John?"

"I wouldn't have no lake. If the Lord had wanted a lake He would have created it in His own way."

"Some of the bones they dug had honeysuckle roots growin' out of 'em, like hair on a dog's leg."

"Hit's a pretty place they're movin' 'em to."

"Yes, I'll say that much for your hilltop, Bufus. Hit's got a right pretty view."

"I reckon a man don't think about the view when he's six foot underground."

The door opens, and two young men walk in dressed in leather coats and high boots.

Tom Keck, intending to be heard,

remarks, "Here comes the man that can talk any of us out of our dead."

John Barksdale, TVA engineer, strides up to the group. "You don't mean me, do you, Tom?"

"I do."

"Hello, Jeff, howdy folks. . . . Tom, I could take offense at that if I weren't such a good-natured cuss."

"Have you signed up Hattie Cloud yet?"

"Not only signed her up, but the job is done."

"You haven't moved him already?"

"Yes. And Hattie's happy too." Barksdale trundles a spare nail-keg across the floor to provide himself a seat with the group. His companion, Iliff Conger, has drawn Jeff Treece aside to talk over a Coca Cola.

"You should have seen her at the cemetery. The boys had dug down a ways where she told them to, when all of a sudden she calls out, 'No, that ain't the place. I just remembered,' she says, 'It was yonder under that pine, that's where John lies.' So the boys shifted and began digging there. Well when they got down deep I began to be worried, and I said, 'Now Mrs. Cloud, you're sure this is the right place?' Just then the boys uncovered the skull, and she says, 'Here, let me have a look at that skull.' Then she says, 'That's John, all right. I'd know that skull anywheres. I didn't live with him twenty years, for nothin'."

There is a round of laughter. Then someone calls out, "Don't you listen to him, Jeff Treece. He'll skin you out of your eye teeth."

The remark passes unheeded. Jeff Treece of High Dry Ridge is himself doing the talking.

"No, I hain't a-goin' to sign no contract, and I'll tell you why. I'm a Baptist and I been one all my life, and I don't figger on changin' my faith, not if the President himself was to beg me to."

"Nobody's askin' you to, Mr. Treece. This has got nothing to do with religion."

"That's easy to say, but I've been told different."

"Then whoever told you was cockeyed, that's all. What has religion got to do with building check dams in your gullies?"

"I dunno. But it's what I've been told. You got to turn Catholic if you sign with the TVA."

Conger laughs. "Who told you that?"

"Hit's been a-goin' 'round. And it makes sense too."

"How does it make sense?"

"Well, these TVA people is all Democrats to begin with."

"That's not so, but go on."

"An' Democrats has been Catholics ever since twenty-eight, hain't they?"

"Oh, I see. Al Smith! . . . Look here, Mr. Treece. I'm going to write a statement on this contract to say your religious faith will not be questioned in any way. Then will you sign?"

"Well, I reckon so, yes."

III

In undertaking to experiment not only with kilowatt hours but the habits of human beings the Tennessee Valley Authority collides with an individualism no less rugged than that of the man who carved on one of these trees that supremely gratifying expression of his ego: "D. Boone Kild a Bar." There is not a Heatherly, a Snoderly, a Hutchinson, a Hatmaker, or a Stooksbury who, no matter how wretchedly sparse is his growth of corn or how lean his hogs, does not prefer a life in which he supposes himself to be the master of his fate to one in which he must look to another authority.

Yet the TVA is committed to doing vastly more than merely pouring concrete into forms until the Norris

and Wheeler dams have risen. When, shortly after his inauguration, President Roosevelt summoned President Arthur E. Morgan of Antioch College to the White House and asked him to undertake direction of the new Authority there was scarcely a word said about power. He talked chiefly about a designed and planned social and economic order. He revealed that he was thinking less in terms of the Tennessee River and its wasted electric energy than in terms of the Tennessee Valley and its wasted human energy. The latter ideals have lost no fervor in being passed from the one mind to the other. Though Chairman Morgan in his discussion of the work reveals that he was an engineer before he became a college president, he is interested not so much in the material manifestations of TVA, so largely publicized, as in "lives that are rusting away, the hopes that are fading."

In short, he commits himself and the Authority to a program for changing the lives of people who want to be let alone.

If this "uplift" work were merely a charitable afterthought that could be dropped by the wayside if it did not work, the independent spirit of the Valley folk would be little cause for concern. But it is not. It is the nubbin of the problem of TVA. The capacity of generating facilities which exist in this area already exceeds by more than one hundred per cent the present demand and consumption. Therefore, without a revolution in the lives of the people of the Tennessee Valley, the South faces a flood of kilowatt hours even less useful than the bales of cotton with which it once depressed the world market.

An easy escape from this impasse would be to lure existing industries with cheap power and cheap labor to leave Northern communities, which would create worker unemployment in

one place and worker exploitation in another. But TVA directors close that avenue of escape, undertaking not to steal an existing market but to build a new one. They are rubbing hard on a modern sixty-watt Aladdin's lamp to make miracles happen in the Valley. They have assigned to themselves the stupendous task of introducing not only electric lights but also electric appliances to people who scratch their fields with handmade plows, card their cotton for homemade quilts, and sit in the sunny doorway making tobacco "twisties."

Already the campaign is on. Rural mail carriers have grown accustomed to the sight of the big brown envelope from the Chattanooga office, which they know contains the bright colored folder telling about Electric Home and Farm Authority and its wares. For the first time in the history of the United States Government, advertisements are going out in franked envelopes. Uncle Sam is a drummer with a commercial line to sell. He has sold Liberty Bonds before, but never refrigerators. And in the settled communities of the South he has been making sales.

In the northeast corner of Mississippi is a little town whose name has been on the front page of every newspaper; for the President went there to congratulate the citizens of Tupelo for leading the way in taking TVA power. It was in Tupelo that, when the contract was signed, citizens paraded through the streets with banners reading:

"When the moon shines over the
cow-shed,
There will be a light inside."

It is in Tupelo also that the city clerk proudly fondles his yellow account sheets and proclaims: "The people are burning 82 per cent more electricity and paying half as much for it. The rate has dropped from ten cents

per kilowatt hour to three cents. And for this power the city, which owns the distributing system, pays TVA only 5½ mills. It pockets the profits between this and three cents; and as a result our income has skyrocketed."

But Tupelo, however obscure it may once have been, is a thriving metropolis in comparison with the remote settlements of the "ridge country." Tupelo's citizens were consumers of electricity prior to the creation of the TVA. Their conversion was merely from a privately owned utility company to the Tennessee Valley Authority, and the success of their experiment does not mean that David E. Lilienthal, director of power distribution, will be able to put "juice" into the lives of the people of Heavenly Hollow, Poor Land Valley, Sweetenin' Spring Hollow, Do Help Me Hollow, or Licks Skillet.

In these, TVA has undertaken to remake the lives of people who are individualistic to the point of perversity, who have known no more regimentation than the efforts of a timid revenue officer hunting for moonshine stills among their rugged slopes of pine.

On Pine Ridge in Campbell County a church has just been built with TVA funds. There are no homes near it. There are no people far or near who will attend services, no pastor to conduct those services, and no sexton to dust its pews or ring its bell. Once, as Old Indian Creek Baptist Church, it did have members, pastor, and sexton. But the Indian Creek community, soon to be inundated by the water of Norris Reservoir, is now scattered among half a dozen counties. TVA bought the property and proposed to demolish the church before the waters rose. But the people of Indian Creek demanded as a condition of sale that the building be reconstructed on a site above the water line. And there it stands to-day,

safely locked and barred against the intrusion of all save the Pine Ridge squirrels.

TVA agents cannot, no matter how tactful, how deferential, take the pain out of the impact with which the new social order strikes the old. A heritage of individualism cries out against the inexorable new force, cries out either in a wilful or pathetic strain.

On good bottom land in Elbow Hollow, Widow Ridenour stands in the doorway of her log house. The neatness of the place, the dignity of her speech and bearing suggest a refinement rare in the ridge country.

"This has been my home for a long time now," she says sadly. "And it's been a good home too. I've educated all my children, school and college, and I'd aimed to round out my life here. I declare it hurts worse than death to move."

Several miles beyond, Hester Robins is carrying pieces of wood from her partly demolished woodshed. "My mammy used to stock wood in this building," she laments, "and now I'm tearin' it down piece by piece."

Wells Hatmaker declares that the hearth is the symbol of the home, that he will be content to move from his cabin in the reservoir area if he can carry live coals from the old hearth to the new.

The widow of Murel Nelson stands at his open grave in Baker's Forge Cemetery, where he has lain for thirteen years, watching TVA workmen raise the walnut coffin. Dressed in a poke bonnet and a gingham apron, with an old fur coat to shield her from the light rain, she wipes her eyes with a corner of the apron as the coffin is placed in a new box for reburial at the top of the hill.

Sherman Hill sold his store when he heard that his land, near the town of Loyston, was to be flooded. Later, depressed from inactivity and physically

ill, he went out to his barn one night and hanged himself.

On Cedar Creek lives Isabel Brantley.

"I was born in this house and so was my pappy before me, and here I've lived and here I'll die, even if I have to bolt the door and let the flood come—but there hain't a-goin' to be no flood!"

This was her greeting to the TVA appraiser, prepared to offer twelve hundred dollars for her log cabin and eroded acres. In the end she was won over by the generosity of TVA's laborers, who offered to move the house in their spare time, without cost to her, to a site below the dam. Persuaded but not softened, she declared, "You got to find me a place with a spring or a well. I don't want none of this new-fangled pipe water runnin' into my house."

Such is the sales resistance encountered by Government agents.

When Ezra Hill saw the plans for the home which was to replace his old one in the flood area, he pointed to the place on the print showing the circles and oval of bathroom fixtures. "What's all this? . . . I won't have it! I guess a privy is still good enough for me."

It is not poverty alone that resists progress. Charley Russell's linoleum rug is worn and the paper torn from the walls not because he can't afford improvements, but because he doesn't care. The wealthiest man in Claiborne County, Charley Russell is reputed to be worth a quarter of a million dollars.

It is a common sight in the hill country to see a barrel standing under the eaves of a house, a plank slanting outward from the top. This device for collecting rain water saves many a trip to the spring and is a fitting part of a picture where sticks are used for plaster in piling field stone together for a chimney, where sweet fennel tea is fed

to a hog that is "down at the loins," and where the women folks sit by the hearth chewing snuff, plucking seeds from raw cotton, and spitting into the fire. While the passing of recent years has revolutionized other communities, the homes on Lost Creek and Clear Creek and Big Barren Creek have remained the same. Even the sites of haystacks seldom vary, as TVA surveyors found out when called upon to appraise one property. County records described the boundary as follows: "Beginning at a white oak across the Clear Creek road; thence a direct line to a fodder-stack in the field; thence to the angle in the rail fence, and with the same to the creek; thence down the yan side of the creek to opposite where the house stood in 1853." One farmer when shown an aerial map of his place, stood in open-mouthed wonder before its accuracy of detail. Then pointing to a dark spot in the corner, he exclaimed, "Why, if there ain't the thickest where I shot Tom Bailey!"

Lost Creek and Clear Creek and Big Barren do not comprise all of the Tennessee Valley; but the people of the rural sections differ little in standards of living throughout the whole region whether they be of Tennessee or any of the other six States embraced by the sweep of that great waterway. Moving westward with the river, one sees changes. The hills are left behind, and the land flattens out into cotton fields cultivated by negroes, a rarity in the eastern counties. There is a different culture, but not a superior one. Within a five-minute walk of the great Wheeler Dam on the upper stretch of Muscle Shoals is an abandoned schoolhouse, which upon certain days gives forth sounds of human misery so frightful that one is at a loss to understand the complacency of loiterers in an adjacent store. A child runs out of the schoolhouse screaming, falls upon the ground, rises, and runs

in again. Within, passing up and down the aisles, are wailing negroes, whose voices and bodies give frenzied expression to the zeal of their religion. Swaying, stamping, choking, throwing back their heads, stretching forth their arms, they have taken from the hands of the leader the service which he began; until now the only limit to their orgy is the limit of their endurance. A little black boy of nine or ten stumbles out of the building, choking with sobs. Blindly he takes the path toward a cluster of negro cabins. If he followed that path a little farther it would lead him to the site of an engineering project which will create navigable waters for miles upstream, which will propel eight giant generators having an individual capacity of thirty-five thousand kilowatts, and which is part of one of the greatest social experiments in the history of the nation.

IV

TVA's soundest hope lies in what is going on at Norris. Here a new social order has sprung from an uncut tract of oak and pine, an order which may spread its beneficent contagion even to the older homes of the Valley. The homes that have grown at Norris are new; those who live within them are young. Old social habits have largely been left behind. Four miles from the site of the dam, this community is the antithesis of what it might have been—a construction camp.

Art Lipscomb drops from the rear end of a truck which has brought him and a score of others from the "graveyard shift" to the community center. The sun is just rising over the hills, and his "day" of work is done. For five and a half hours he and his "bulldozer" have been scraping stone into handy piles for the big jaw of the electric shovel. In his dormitory room he pulls off his work clothes, goes down

the hall for a shower, and returns to dress for breakfast. At the cafeteria he gets a generous *table d'hôte* meal for a quarter, with seconds thrown in. He sits with his hat on his head and has no compunction about the toothpick at the end of the meal. Strolling out, he stops at the bulletin board. Movies. . . . Wrestling match. . . . A notice: "If the party that found that black kid glove with the rabbit skin lining for the right hand will call at Room 227 Dormitory 5, I will gladly give them the one for the left hand to make a pair." . . . There are courses in shorthand, English, parliamentary government; trades training in wood-working; automotive, general metal, electrical, radio courses; vocational courses, dairying, poultry farming, farm management, bee culture.

Work is over for the day. He has earned five dollars and a half. He faces ten waking hours of leisure. Shying at English and shorthand, he thinks radio might be worthwhile. It doesn't cost anything. He draws some money from the credit union, buys a chocolate bar, and signs up.

Art Lipscomb is one of thirty-eight thousand men who competed under civil service for jobs under the new "Authority"; one of five thousand who left their homes to take those jobs, left their habits of work, habits of diet, habits of leisure. They are the potential leaders of the new Valley, the men whom A. E. Morgan is urging to be the stockholders of the future.

"If you fellows put something aside,"

he says, "you can be the owners; you can stay on living here, building up after the dam is finished. The country is working toward a decentralization of industry. There are many articles that can be made—better made—in the small independent shop; and industry is better off if its workers can live on the land, making a living partly from the soil, partly from the pay check."

It is in the soil of the Tennessee Valley lowlands that the seeds of the new social order may grow. The ridge country will not change. Its mountaineers will hire their teams to the Government, send their sons to pour concrete, sell their land when they can get sufficient price; but the underlying sentiment will continue to be approximately that of the farmer on Big Barren Creek who warned, "I'll take my hog rifle, and the first one of them TVA fellers come onto my land, I'll shoot him before he can show his hind quarters."

It is in the open country that the dream of the President and Chairman Morgan may come true. Driving a car here with a TVA license, one is greeted with friendly gestures on every hand. Here a forester can win converts for his gospel of taking an eroded hillside out of corn to replant with fruit-bearing trees and bushes. And here youth's achievements and spirits may slowly, year by year, take the irony out of the headlines of a Tennessee newspaper which announced:

"BRIGHT FUTURE FOR CAREYVILLE—
WILL BE FLOODED WITH WATER."



VULNERABLE

A STORY

BY SUSAN ERTZ

THE Pemborough Post Office and general shop were in a small one-storied cottage adjoining the little two-storied cottage in which Mrs. Lupton and her two nieces, Beryl and Gracie Fuller, lived. The two girls shared a bedroom next to their aunt's room, and below were a living room and a kitchen. From any part of the cottage the light tinkle of the opening shop door could easily be heard, or the far more frequent shrilling of the telephone, which, with its switch-board, was in the passageway, and readily accessible from dwelling or shop.

One or another of the three women could be heard answering it at frequent intervals during the day and often late into the night.

"Hello! Hello! Colfant 21? Hold on, please. You're through."

"Hello! Hello! Telegram for Mrs. Broom? Righto. I'll take it down."

"Hello! Hello! Bell's Fruit Salts? Yes, we've just got in a fresh supply. If the little boy will call I'll have it ready."

Pemborough was on the quiet road between Colfant and Orton. Though the last two were hardly more than villages, Pemborough was smaller than either, and its tiny population was scattered over a fairly wide area.

Mrs. Lupton was a cautious, dependable woman with an almost prophetic insight into the require-

ments of her neighbors. When she handled the bottles of Marmite, the lung tonic, the sugar candy, the dog biscuits, the cigarettes, and all the hundred and one articles of village trade she thought of them as Beryl's trousseau, Gracie's winter coat, the comfortable armchair she had for so long been wanting.

She was a widow and, though kindly and capable, was limited in imagination and interests. She had taken her two motherless nieces to live with her when their father, her only brother, went to Tasmania, from which far place he decided never to return. Although she was genuinely fond of them, she made no attempt to understand them or to interest herself in their widely different natures or to modify them in any way. She noticed that Beryl was adventurous like her father—though happily with a stronger sense of duty, and that Gracie was timid like her mother; but so long as they behaved themselves and were "good" girls she did not concern herself further.

Beryl was big and fair, with a ready laugh and an easy, bantering way with admirers. She was on friendlier terms with a man in ten minutes than Gracie would be in as many months. She feared only one thing in the world, and that was spinsterhood, and was now, at twenty-five, engaged to a young electrical engineer in Orton.

Gracie was a year and a half older, and resembled her sister in nothing. She was thin, small-boned, dark, excitable, nervous and, above all, excessively feminine in that she had none of the stabilizing, sturdier characteristics usually associated with the male. She brooded over her own physical states. Her body and its workings were a shameful mystery to her, a dark mystery unlit by a single ray of candor or of knowledge. She shrank from Beryl's occasional outbursts of boisterous frankness, shocked and affronted, so that Beryl learned to keep her jokes and her lively humors for her friends. She looked at men—who were inclined to dislike or ignore her—with troubled, indirect, apprehensive glances. She never forgot for an instant that they were men, and when they were about, thought of herself as darkly present to their thoughts as they were darkly present to hers. Her eyes were large and brown, the whites not very clear. Though discontented, she clung to the things and the ways she knew, and whatever it was that she secretly desired for herself, had neither the wit nor the courage to obtain it. For the greater part of the time she was as frightened as a bird under a strawberry net, and any approach from a stranger or a male acquaintance caused panic flutterings.

It was Beryl who delivered the letters after dark, tramping down the dark lanes and across fields with her lantern, cheerful and unafraid. Such was Gracie's mistrust of the world that she would only go the rounds in the mornings when people were busy about their work, when delivery vans rattled briskly up and down the lanes, children hurried to school, and housewives beat carpets and hung washing on the line. Even then she approached front doors with reluctance, and her knock, that double rat-tat, had no confidence in it. And under no

circumstances would she be left in the Post Office by herself.

Sometimes when Beryl and her aunt were with her, and she felt safe and protected, she would throw a furtively provocative look at a man; but should he try to follow this up he would at once drive her into one of her panic flutters, her whole being in scared retreat and revolt.

She longed for some charm or weapon that would make her as strong as the strongest. She would have liked a lethal booby trap at the shop door, so that if ever a menacing stranger appeared there, she could pull a string and fell him. She would have liked to keep a loaded pistol under the counter and under her pillow, but knew she would be too frightened of the thing herself. She often wished for a great, savage, devoted dog which would be ready at a word from her to spring at the throat of anyone who might try to molest her. Timidity was the main, the central trait in her character, and it dominated all her thoughts and actions.

One day in November the road below Pemborough was under repair and closed to all vehicles, the traffic being diverted through Briding to the Colfant-Orton roads beyond. Only the mail carriers on their motor cycles could approach the Post Office and people on bicycles or on foot. The swift crescendo and de-crescendo of passing cars ceased; no horns sounded; a silence fell on the place that seemed to Gracie brooding and sinister. Cut off from the stream of busy, everyday life, her fears increased tenfold and gave her no peace. Her own weakness, her own vulnerability seemed to her so obvious to all the world as to constitute an invitation to it. At night no friendly headlights wavered briefly across her ceiling, no longer was she comforted by the brusque sound of horns. The owls had the

darkness to themselves and never before, it seemed to her, had so many of them gathered spectrally about the house, calling to one another evilly from tree to tree.

She envied passionately all those fortunate people who lived in towns where lights persisted in friendly fashion until the day. Even Beryl's regular breathing beside her failed to reassure her or the light, occasional snores of her aunt in the next room. Only those two women between her and all the dangers that threatened her. It was no security at all.

"You'll go balmy if you keep worrying about yourself the whole time," said Beryl one night, knowing that a faint creak from below was keeping her sister rigid with terror under the bedclothes.

There came a Saturday, while the road was still under repair, when Mrs. Lupton went to see a friend in Colfant who was lying ill. As soon as she returned, Beryl was to catch the five o'clock bus and go to Orton to meet her fiancé, the electrical engineer. It was a raw and misty evening and dark at four, and though it was not raining, the roof, the hedges, the branches of the trees were all dripping; not with the honest, steady drip of raindrops, but with the whispering, furtive drip of water slowly condensing. Before the daylight faded the girls could barely see the low fence in front of the shop. When the lights were lit they were reflected blankly back again by the gathering fog.

"It'll take three-quarters of an hour to get to Orton to-night," said Beryl, unfastening her work-apron. "The bus'll probably be late too, but I daren't count on it. I got left that way last time there was a fog."

"Perhaps Aunt Bessie'll be late too," said Gracie, frightened. "You can't go off and leave me till she gets back."

"If she catches the 4.15 from Colfant

it'll be all right," said Beryl. "She'll be back about the time I ought to start."

"Well, you can't go and leave me alone," Gracie insisted, her voice shrill with anxiety.

"Now, now, don't begin getting the wind up, silly! What if you are alone for a few minutes? Who's going to eat you?"

"I won't stay here!" cried Gracie. "I won't stay. I'll come with you. I won't stay here alone."

"Leave the place empty? How can you think of such a thing?"

But that was a consideration that meant nothing to Gracie in comparison to her own safety, and she said so with vehemence. Beryl saw, with wonder and an affectionate contempt, her tense, frightened face, her nervous fluttering hands, her scared, open mouth.

"Oh, all right, all right," she said. "I'll wait till Aunt Bessie gets back. But if I miss the bus Fred'll have something to say, I can tell you."

She got ready and kept craning her blond head out of the door to see if Mrs. Lupton were near at hand. There was no knowing which way she would come. She might get off at Three Oaks Corner, in Briding, and walk down the lane, or stay on the bus as far as The Green Man and walk back by the footpath. Beryl preferred going by way of The Green Man and waiting there, where she was almost sure to find someone she knew to chat with.

Gracie remonstrated with her for keeping the door open, so she went outside and stood with her back against the glass, while Gracie bent, shivering, over the stove.

Suddenly Beryl opened the door and shouted in:

"Hooray! Here she comes. She's walked down from Three Oaks Corner. Good-by! I'm off." And

Gracie heard her call out, "I'm just off, Aunt Bessie. I'll miss my bus if I don't run."

Much relieved, Gracie was about to open the door for her aunt when the telephone rang. She went to the switchboard.

"Yes, Pemborough. Hello. Who is it? A message from Mrs. Lupton? But she's here. She's coming in at the door now. Wait a second."

She ran back into the shop as the door-bell tinkled and there stood a Mrs. Reed, a small woman about the size and shape of her Aunt Bessie. She was smiling and wiping the moisture from her face.

"Beryl mistook me for your aunt," she said. "It's the first time anyone ever did that, but it's terrible dark and foggy out. I called out to her that it was Mrs. Reed but she didn't stop to listen."

With a scared look and without speaking, Gracie hurried back to the telephone. "It wasn't Mrs. Lupton," she said. "What's the message? Missed the bus? But there isn't another one till six fifteen!"

She hung up the telephone and came back into the shop, her eyes staring and frightened.

"I'm all alone," she said to Mrs. Reed excitedly. "Beryl and Aunt Bessie are both out. Aunt Bessie won't be back for two hours, and I'll be all alone in the shop."

"Well, I won't trouble you much, my dear," said Mrs. Reed, fumbling for her purse. "I just want to buy some liniment for Benny's chest. He's bad to-night and worries me to death with his coughing."

"But I can't stay here alone!" said Gracie. "It isn't right for me to be alone in the shop. Anything might happen."

"I'd stay with you for a bit," said Mrs. Reed kindly, "only I can't leave Benny. He's got a temperature and

he's that restless I don't know what to do. I got Mrs. Stobart to sit with him while I was out. Maybe she'd come and sit with you for a bit."

"You must make her come. You don't know how frightened I am in the shop alone. Make her come."

She looked so like a hunted, frightened hare that Mrs. Reed was sorry for her.

"I'll send her along if she'll come," she said. "She's got old Grandfather Stobart on her hands with his bad legs. He can't do a thing for himself, poor old man."

"It isn't right for me to be here alone," Gracie insisted. "She must come."

Mrs. Reed paid for the liniment. "I can't promise anything," she said, "but I'll see what I can do. You've always got the telephone handy," she reminded her.

"What's the good of the telephone? By the time someone got here I might be dead."

"You do worry, don't you, Gracie?" said Mrs. Reed, looking at her with mixed sympathy and curiosity. "Maybe if you was married and had a family you'd take things a bit easier. Anyway a telephone must be company, I always think."

At that moment it rang again and Gracie went to it and took down a telegram for Doctor Tomlin. While she was telephoning it to its destination, Mrs. Reed slipped out, so that when Gracie came back she saw that the thing she had for so long dreaded and feared was at hand. She was alone in the shop.

She stood by the stove, staring at the front door. It would take Mrs. Reed nearly ten minutes to walk home, and Mrs. Stobart, if she came at all, another ten to reach the Post Office. She rubbed her cold fingers and listened, and there was nothing to be heard but the humming of the oil stove and, out-

side, the faint sound of the moisture dripping sibilantly and secretly from the trees about the house. For years and years she had dreaded this. Ever since leaving school she had known it was bound to happen to her some day. And nobody cared. Nobody cared if she were murdered or not; they hadn't taken the trouble to see that she was protected in any way. They'd just callously left her to her fate. She began to shake and tears rushed into her eyes. She prayed as a child prays, "Oh, God, please don't let anything happen to me. Please don't let anything happen to me." Aunt Bessie had often told her that she ought to trust in God, and she'd tried; but old Mrs. Treadwell at Silmer had trusted in God and gone regularly to church, and she'd been murdered by her own nephew for the money in her mattress. And then people said, "The ways of the Lord are past finding out." That's what they'd say if she were found murdered in the Post Office. And that would be the end, before she'd even begun to live, before she'd experienced the things other, luckier girls experienced.

She thought of calling up the Police Station in Orton but was afraid of what P. C. Wardle would say to her if he came on his bicycle and found nothing wrong. Still, she thought, she might say that there was a man, a suspicious-looking character, hanging about the Post Office, and that she was all alone and ought to have some sort of protection. It would give P. C. Wardle something to do. And when he got there she could say that the man had been frightened away and would describe him.

"Poor girl," people would say when they heard of it. "She oughtn't to be left all alone like that in the Post Office. It's a shame."

She went to the telephone and stood irresolutely in front of it. It was

daring. It would be the most daring thing she had ever done. But, oh, the relief, to know that P. C. Wardle was on his way to her, with his blue uniform and his helmet and his masculine voice and all that he stood for! Before her timidity could paralyze her, before she could be caught, helpless, between two fears, she succumbed to the greater and rang up the Police Station.

P. C. Wardle himself answered. Could he come at once on his bicycle, she asked? There was a suspicious-looking man hanging about the Post Office and peering in. She was all alone there, and she was frightened about the money. The man was a stranger and she didn't like the look of him. P. C. Wardle said that he'd come at once and meanwhile if she were nervous she'd better lock the door.

Just as she hung up the telephone she heard the door-bell tinkle and footsteps in the shop. Too late to lock it now. Someone was already inside. Praying that it might be a neighbor, she went to look, and her heart leaped with fear when she saw a man she had never seen before, a dark man with a three days' growth of beard and a cap pulled down over one eye. A red cotton handkerchief was knotted about his neck and his clothes were muddy. Not only had the moment she had dreaded come, but the man as well. She tried to hide her fear and looked at him without speaking.

"Nasty foggy evening, Miss," he said.

She ignored this opening. "What do you want?" she asked.

He had the end of a cigarette in his mouth, and before replying he went to the door, opened it a few inches, tossed it out, and closed the door again. If only she could have shut it on him then, she thought! But he gave her no chance. He moved toward the counter and she slipped behind it. Putting his hand into his pocket,

slowly and with deliberation he drew out some change.

"What is it you want?" she asked again, more sharply.

"Easy, Miss, easy. Ninepence, tenpence ha'penny, one and tenpence ha'penny. Lor, where does the money go to? Eh?"

"What do you want?" she demanded, for the third time.

"What's your hurry, Miss? What's your hurry? Can't a chap stop to think a bit?" He looked up and eyed her in a puzzled fashion from under his cap. Then he pushed it on one side and scratched his head. Once more he examined the money in his hand. "Sixpence and fivepence makes elevenpence," he said. "And elevenpence from one and tenpence ha'penny leaves elevenpence ha'penny. Whereas, sixpence and twopence ha'penny from one and tenpence ha'penny leaves . . . what would you say it leaves, Miss? Leaves a man hungry, don't it? Leaves a man without a bed."

"Will you please say what it is you want?" she asked in a high, strained voice. "I can't stand here all night waiting for you. I'm in a hurry."

Oh, to get him out and get that door locked!

He looked at her with tolerant amiability.

"In a hurry, are you, Miss? Well, that's where we're different. Now, I could stay here all night, here by this stove. No offense meant, Miss. Nice warm place, that's all. See? That's how it strikes me on a nasty, cold, wet night. Got a roof over your head and a warm place to sleep in, ain't you, Miss? You're lucky, you are. Well now, let me see. About this purchase I'm a-going to make."

She could hardly keep from screaming. As he looked about the shop she put a hand over her mouth and her eyes were staring. How to get rid of him? How to get rid of him?

Suddenly he leaned over the counter, looking at the shelves just behind her. She backed away as far as she could go.

"You tell me what you want or I'll call my aunt. She's just in the next room there. She'll make you say what you want quick enough."

He looked reproachfully at her out of a pair of dark, troubled eyes which, however, had a spark of amusement in them.

"Oh, Miss, you wouldn't call your *aunt*, would you? Oh, Miss, not your *aunt*! Well, if that ain't just my luck! Just as I was getting a bit warm in here you want to go and call your *aunt*. Well, if you won't let a chap think and warm himself up a bit, you won't, I dare say. Lor, you got a heart like a coconut, Miss. You know, got the milk of human kindness inside it all right, but what's the good if you can't get at it? It's a terrible thing to have a heart like that, Miss. You take my word it is."

He was crafty. He was thinking out what he had better do. He was finding out whether she were alone there or not, if, as she had said, her aunt was in the next room.

"If you don't want anything," she said, tense and trembling, "just you get out. Do you hear me? Just you get out."

"Well, who said I didn't want anything? Eh? What's this money for that I've got here? Eh, Miss? I'll tell you what I want then as you're in such a hurry. I'll have a sixpennyworth of Sailors' Cut and a bar of nut chocolate for twopence ha'penny. There you are now. What's wrong with that?"

There was a large box on the counter with different kinds of cigarettes and pipe tobacco in it. She selected a small packet of Sailors' Cut and handed it to him, receiving his sixpence and taking care not to touch his *hand*. But the chocolate was behind her on a shelf, and not for anything

in the world would she have turned her back on him. He didn't want the chocolate, she was sure. He wanted her to turn round, and then his hands would be at her throat. He would drag her backward over the counter and strangle her.

"The chocolate isn't here," she said, breathing quickly. "It isn't here, I tell you. I'll show you where to get it. It isn't here."

He saw her rolling, frightened eyes and stared at her with droll surprise.

"Lor, Miss. What's the matter? Can't a chap come into a Post Office and warm himself a bit and ask for a bar of chocolate without a person getting excited about it?"

"I tell you the chocolate isn't here. It's over there, in that cupboard. I can't reach it. You'll have to get it yourself. You reach up and get it."

"All right, Miss. All right. You've only got to mention it, like. I'll get it for you, Miss. Don't you worry."

He moved toward the cupboard and she followed him.

"Up there," she said, pointing. "Right up on the top shelf, as far as you can reach."

"All right, Miss. I'll get it."

It was a fairly deep cupboard, deep enough and high enough for a tall man to stand upright in. He went inside and reached up, as he was asked to do, and felt about on the top shelf for a packet that wasn't there. She slammed the door on him and turned the key. Then with one hand clutched against her side, she leaned, almost ready to faint, against the counter and steadied herself.

"Here, here!" cried the man inside, knocking and banging. "Here, Miss, Miss! Is this a joke? Let me out of this. Miss! Miss!"

Her terror of him, from the first moment he came in, had been extreme, but now that she had got him locked up in the cupboard it increased a

hundredfold. A horror, a kind of frenzy, was added to her fear. It was the same as when big spiders got into her room at night, as they sometimes did in the summer. She didn't know for certain whether they would bite her or not but she feared them and struck at them with her shoe. And if she wounded one and saw it running wildly, maimed, her horror of it increased. Then she would strike and strike again until it bore no resemblance to a living thing and no longer reproached her with its broken body. Now she felt something of this extreme horror toward the man in the cupboard. She had to make herself safe from him, and from his fury at what she had done to him. She had to still that urgent, insistent voice, with its "Miss! Miss! What's the idea? Let me out! Miss!" She looked wildly about her, searching for some idea to seize upon.

Under the portable oil stove there was a square of metal to keep the heat from the floor. She lifted this up and laid it down close to the door of the cupboard. There was a crack under this door about an inch wide, and she saw how it might help her to make herself safe from him till P. C. Wardle came. She took a candle and lighted it and put it down on the metal sheet. Then she brought from under the counter a box full of paper and old rags. These she lighted, tearing the paper into pieces and twisting them and pushing them just under the door, not far enough for him to be able to stamp on them, but far enough so that the smoke went curling up inside the cupboard. The metal sheet kept the floor from catching fire. She knelt there, like a priestess before an altar, while the banging and shouting of the man inside grew more and more violent.

"Miss! Miss! What in hell are you doing out there? What's the

idea? I never done you any harm. Miss! Let me out? Are you crazy? I'll suffocate in here. Let me out!"

He began to choke. She went on with her burning, redoubling her efforts. If he should get out now!

He kicked the door, he beat on it; but there was not room enough for him to throw his weight against it, and his efforts were ineffectual. Presently, after a fit of choking, he tried to be jocular, which added to her horror of him and made her work yet faster.

"Miss! I give in! I'll marry you to-morrow. Miss! Let me out and we'll get married to-morrow. Miss!" A fit of choking once more quieted him for a while. Then he began again, "Miss! I'll make you a good husband. I swear I will." He coughed again, and as soon as he could speak began to plead with her in a different way. "Miss, I've got a young brother down in Hampshire. I'm all he's got. It's the truth, Miss. I'm all he's got in the world. Stop it, Miss. A joke's a joke. Let me out."

Her horror increased. As his choking grew worse, the faster she worked, the more bits of burning cloth and paper she pushed under the crack. It was as though she were killing a mad dog who yet looked at her from time to time with friendly, pleading eyes. The smoke made her choke too, and she ran to a window and opened it and saw that the draft drew the smoke still more thickly under the crack of the door.

He began tearing at the shelves in the cupboard. One came down with a crash and with it medicine bottles, cough mixtures, liniments, and tonics. There was a great crashing and tinkling of glass. Then he pulled down a second shelf, and used it as a weapon for battering down the door. Now that he had more space to work in his attacks grew more powerful, and the door gave a little and the lock be-

gan to loosen. He was choking and cursing and gasping, and when he could get breath enough, telling her what he would do to her if he got out.

She began praying, "Oh, God, let someone come in time. Oh, God, let them come in time!" Suddenly the banging ceased and she could hear little movements inside the cupboard. He was dipping his handkerchief in some of the fluid that was now beginning to run out under the door, and she guessed that he was tying it over his nose and mouth, for when he coughed again it was with a muffled sound, and his attack on the door strengthened. Her terror was such that she could barely control the trembling of her hands. The paper in the candle-flame shook and wavered. He was going to get out! In a moment the lock would give, and she would be helpless and defenseless in his hands. At her wits' end she ran to a table and dragged it against the door. He rammed at the lock again and again; it gave suddenly and the door burst outward. As the table crashed over she shrieked and ran to the shop door and, flinging it open, rushed out into the fog screaming "Help! Help!" her prisoner close behind her. He was a terrible sight, with his red handkerchief over his face, his eyes wild and streaming, and blood from his cut hands smeared on his face and clothing. Fleet though she was, he was fleetest. He caught her just inside the gate, and as she felt his hands upon her she went limp, opening her arms to him and crying out imploring words. She tried to hold him, tried to seize his hands in hers. There was no struggle; she seemed to have no fight in her. It was as though she were offering herself to him to do with what he would. He struck her once, hard, on her upraised chin, and as she reeled, caught her, and dropped her, not un-

gently, in the doorway of the shop. For one second he hesitated, then he turned, vaulted the gate, and disappeared into the night.

P. C. Wardle reached the Post Office ten minutes later. He was much puzzled. In fact the thing was beyond his unravelling, and he telephoned to Colfant for the Inspector.

If the assailant had come to rob the Post Office, how had Gracie got him into the cupboard, and how was it that nothing had been taken? Even after Doctor Tomlin had been and gone, and Gracie was sitting up by the stove with her aching, suffering head bandaged, waiting for the Inspector to come, her story seemed to P. C. Wardle

a funny, muddled business. A murderer and robber wouldn't be likely, it seemed to him, to go into a cupboard to oblige a lady and hunt for chocolates. Chocolates! But when they caught him they'd know a bit more. The police all over the county had been warned, and it wasn't likely he'd get away. He had noted down her description of him carefully.

"A small, fair man with a fair mustache and blue eyes, wearing a light overcoat and a soft hat. The third finger of his right hand missing and a mole or wen on one cheek."

"Lucky thing you had a good look at him," P. C. Wardle said, snapping the rubber band round his notebook.





SOME HARD WORDS ABOUT CONFUCIUS

BY LIN YUTANG

THE Chinese are a nation of individualists. They are family-minded, and not social-minded, and the family mind is only a form of magnified selfishness. It is curious that the word "society" does not exist as an idea in Chinese thought, and in the Confucian social and political philosophy we see a direct transition from the family, *chia*, to the state, *kuo*, as successive stages of human organization, as may be seen in such a saying, "When the family is orderly, then the state is peaceful," or "put the family in order and rule the state in peace." The nearest equivalent to the notion of society is then a compound of the two words, *kuochia*, or "state-family," in accordance with the rule for forming Chinese abstract terms. "Public spirit" is a new term, so is "civic consciousness," and so is "social service." There weren't any such commodities in China. To be sure, there are "social affairs" like weddings, funerals, and birthday celebrations and Buddhist processions and annual festivals. But the things which make up English social life, *viz.*, sport, politics, and religion, are conspicuously absent. There is no church and church community. The Chinese religiously abstain from talking politics; they don't cast votes and return M.P.'s, and they have no clubhouse debates on politics. They don't indulge in sport, which binds human beings together, and which is the essence of English social

life. They play games, to be sure, but these games are characteristic of Chinese individualism. Chinese games don't divide the players into two parties, as in cricket, with one team playing against the other. Team work is unknown. In Chinese card games each man plays for himself. The Chinese like poker, and don't like bridge. They have always played *mahjong*, which is nearer to poker than to bridge. In this philosophy of *mahjong* may be seen the essence of Chinese individualism.

As an illustration of Chinese individualism, we may study the organization of a Chinese paper. The Chinese run their papers as they play their *mahjong*. I have seen Chinese daily papers so edited as to require no editor-in-chief, whose business is but to write editorials. The man in charge of domestic news has his page; the man in charge of international cables has his, and the man in charge of city news again has his own ground. These four men handle their respective departments like the four hands at a *mahjong* table, each trying to guess what the others have got. Each tries to make up his set and throws out the unwanted bamboo to the next man. If there is too much domestic news, it can conveniently flow over (without warning, as far as the reader is concerned) to the page for city news; and if this again has too much copy, it can conveniently flow over to the murders

and conflagrations. There is no necessity for front-page make-up, no selection, no co-ordination, no subordination. Each editor can retire at his own blessed hour. The scheme is simplicity itself. Moreover, both the editors and the readers are born individualists. It is the editor's business to publish the news, and the reader's business to look for it. They don't interfere with each other. This is the journalistic technic of some of the oldest, biggest, and most popular daily papers in China to this day. If you ask why there is no co-ordination, the answer is, there's no social mind. For if the editor-in-chief tried to initiate reforms and fire the city editor for obstruction, he would run up against the family system. What did he mean by interfering with other people's business? Did he mean to throw the city editor out and break his rice-bowl, starving all the people dependent upon him? And if the city editor's wife was the proprietor's niece, *could* he throw him out? If the editor-in-chief had any Chinese social consciousness, he would not attempt such a thing; but if he were a raw American returned graduate of the Missouri School of Journalism he would soon get out. Another man who knew Chinese social ways would get in; the old scheme would go on working; the readers would go on hunting for their news, and the paper would go on increasing its circulation and making money.

Some such psychology is hidden behind all Chinese social intercourse, and it would be easy to multiply examples showing a lack of the social mind truly bewildering to the twentieth-century Western man. I say twentieth-century man because he has received the benefits of nineteenth-century humanitarianism, with a broadened social outlook. . . . For the family system is the root of Chinese society, from which all Chinese social characteristics derive.

The family system and the village system, which is the family raised to a higher exponent, account for all there is to explain in the Chinese social life. Face, favor, privilege, gratitude, courtesy, official corruption, public institutions, the school, the guild, philanthropy, hospitality, justice, and finally the whole government of China—all spring from the family and village system, all borrow from it their peculiar tenor and complexion, and all find in it enlightening explanations for their peculiar characteristics.

II

There are actually only two social classes in China—the *yamen*, or official class, who long antedated the Europeans in enjoying extraterritorial rights without consular jurisdiction in China, and the non-*yamen* class, who pay the taxes and obey the law. I sometimes think of the *yamen* families as banyan trees, whose roots cross, recross, and spread fanwise, and think of Chinese society as a banyan forest on a hill. The trees live at peace but all struggle for a place in the sun. Some stand at points of vantage and fare better than others; but they all protect one another—"officials protect officials," as the current Chinese saying goes. The common people are the soil that nourishes these trees. As Mencius said, "Without the gentleman there would be no one to rule the common people, and without the common people there would be no one to feed the gentleman." So, between the sunshine from above and the sap of the earth from below, the trees prosper. Some are more vigorous than others and draw more sap; and people who sit under their shade and admire their green leaves may not know the secret of their sustenance. From of old, however, the officials have known it. Candidates for magistracy awaiting

their chances in Peking had learned by heart and knew from constant conversation which district was "fat" and which was "thin." They too, with a literary flourish, speak of the national revenue as "the people's fat and the people's marrow." A good chemist, I am told, can convert beetroot into sugar, and a really good one can draw hydrogen and make fertilizer out of air. Chinese officialdom has nothing to lose by comparison.

The redeeming feature of the system is the absence of caste in China. The yamen class is not, like the landed aristocracy in Europe, a hereditary institution, and it cannot be permanently identified with any group. No family in China can boast that its ancestors have not worked for the past five hundred years, like some aristocrats in France or the Hapsburgs in Austria, except Confucius' own, which has not worked for the past two thousand years. But the descendants of the Manchu army which conquered China in 1644 may be said not to have worked for the past three hundred years, and now, after the fall of the Manchu Dynasty, the majority of them still refuse to work. They are the true "leisure class" in China, and they offer socialists an interesting case to study, as showing what can happen to a class of people fed by the nation for three centuries. They are, however, the exception. For the family, rather than any hereditary class, is the Chinese social unit.

Every man past forty has seen with his own eyes how some families rise and others go down. Social democracy is maintained in the West, or in China, not by any constitution, but by our prodigal sons, who, through their prodigality, bring low the families that riches have exalted and allow others to mount. The civil examinations too always made it possible in China in the old days for ambitious and able men to

move upward on the social or economic scale. From such examinations none was excluded except the son of a beggar or a prostitute. Nor was education costly in excess. Learning, though a privilege of talent, was never the privilege of wealth. In this sense it may be said that equality of opportunity existed.

Traditionally, the Chinese classify the population of their country as scholars, farmers, artisans, and merchants. In a society so primitively agricultural as China there was no class antagonism. The spirit was essentially democratic, and intercourse among the classes, except the yamen class, was not marred by snobbery. In the best Chinese social tradition a rich merchant or a high official may ask a woodcutter to have a cup of tea and may chat sociably with him, perhaps with less condescension than the inmates of the Hall show in speaking to the English farm hand. The farmers, artisans, and merchants, being all part of the sap of the earth, are humble, quiet, self-respecting citizens. The farmers, to whom the rice-conscious Chinese feel ever grateful, are placed by Confucian theory at the head of the three classes, and they, together with the merchants and the artisans, look up to the scholars as a class entitled to privilege and extra courtesy.

But do the scholars deserve this respect? By most standards, it is true, mental labor ranks higher than manual labor, and the conquest of the animal kingdom by mankind was based on man's greater cerebral development. But of course one can ask whether, *from the animals' point of view*, man had a right to take the mountain forests from the lions and tigers and to steal the prairies from the buffalo. The dog might agree, but the wolf might think otherwise. Man based his right merely on his greater cunning, and so too did the scholar in

China. He alone knew history and the law, and he alone, with his superior understanding of written characters, knew how to murder a man by the dexterous use of one word in a legal brief. He and his kind form the so-called "gentry class" in China.

The gentry are parasites—in the botanical sense, like the plants that attach themselves to trees and can reach the top of the highest, or (if you will) in the etymological sense, like hangers-on at the tables of the rich in Greek antiquity. These parasites are always to be found associated with the Chinese banyans. They convey to the tree a kind word for the sap of the earth, incidentally pocketing a commission. More than that, they often undertake from the tree the duty of draining the sap of the earth. This is known as the "tax-monopoly system," and under the Republic it has grown increasingly evil. A tax monopoly bought out from the city government at thirty thousand dollars a year actually yields two to three times its price, though without benefit to the government or to society—the sap goes to nourish the parasites. But the parasites are so thickly intrenched in their local ground that any regime, even a new one, almost has to work with them and through them. They parcel out the butchery tax, the prostitution tax, and the gambling tax, and from their investments they naturally expect "the greatest returns." There is no limit to their rapacity; for no definition of "the greatest returns" is possible.

Every new official has a few gentry friends connected officially or unofficially with his yamen. One of these friends may come for a visit and, between the sippings of tea, may utter a sigh: "Ah, now that I think of it, there are at least fifteen thousand troughs for feeding pigs in every *hsien* hereabout and one hundred and fifty thousand troughs in every district of ten *hsien*.

A dollar per trough would net a very handsome sum, very handsome indeed." Down goes another gulp of fine *lungching* tea. When there have been many such sighs and many such flashes of insight, the grateful official begins to learn the A B C of extracting human fat and human marrow. Soon after the pig-trough tax the gentry scholar discovers the coffin tax and then the wedding-sedan tax.

I connect these scholar gentry in my thought with the divinely beautiful white cranes in Chinese paintings. They are so pure, so white, so un-earthly—that is why they symbolize the Taoist recluse and fairies go up to heaven on their backs. One would think they were fed on ether. But they are fed on frogs and earthworms. What if their plumes are so white and smooth and their steps so stately! The trouble is that they must feed on something. The gentry, who know all the good things of life, must live and, in order to live, must have money, and thus they are forced to work with the rich.

III

Here we come to the real inequality in China—economic inequality. In Chinese towns there was always a male Triad—magistrate, gentry, and local rich, besides the female Triad of face, fate, and favor. The male Triad worked more or less together. A good magistrate had to fight his way out and reach the people over the shoulders of the other two; he had a hard time and had to attend to the administration personally without the usual paraphernalia of yamendom. Such a one was, for instance, Yuan Mei, and there were many others who, with no ulterior motive, were good to the people. In modern times, in some parts of the country, we have, instead of a Triad, four monsters working hand in hand—magistrate, gentry, local rich, and

bandit. Sometimes the local rich get out, and there remain only three. No wonder the fat of the land is running dry! No wonder Communism grows! Communism, without Russian doctrine, could not find a more ideal growing ground. It must be looked upon as an economic rebellion: ruthlessly opposed to the gentry and the local rich, it grows among the dislocated population—human beings now homeless, fatless, and marrowless and obliged to hear themselves called “bandits.” And all this because Confucius, in outlining his Doctrine of Social Status, or “every man in his place,” defined the relationship between king and subjects and the four relationships involving the members of a family with one another and with the family friends, but forgot to define the relationship between man and the “stranger.”

As a result of Communism, however, the sense of new privilege has become so deep-rooted that in territories recovered from the Communist area the magistrate can no longer keep to the yamen style but must let the peasant speak with him, man to man, as he used to speak with the Communist officials. Nevertheless, certain things in rural life are still wrong, grievously wrong. The Kuomintang had on its literary program such ameliorative measures as lightening of tenants' contribution of crops to landlords, establishment of rural banks, forbidding of usury; and some day it will be forced to put these measures into effect. Meanwhile Shanghai pawnshops still proclaim their generosity with the words in big characters outside their doors: “Monthly interest eighteen per cent”!

Pursuant to the Confucian Doctrine of Social Status, with its conception of stratified equality—that is, the equality of each with others belonging to its class—there arise certain laws of Chi-

nese social behavior. They are the three immutable laws of the Chinese universe, more eternal than a Roman Catholic dogma, and more authoritative than the English constitution. These laws are in fact the Three Graces ruling over China, rather than General Chiang Kai-shek or Wang Ching-wei. The only revolution that is real and that is worth while is a revolution against this female Triad—face, fate, and favor. But they corrupt and demoralize even the revolutionary camp—they are so human and so charming. Had they been tyrannical or had they been ugly like the Furies, their reign might not have endured so long. But their voices are soft, their ways are gentle, their feet tread noiselessly over the law courts, and their fingers expertly put the machinery of justice out of order while they caress the judge's cheeks.

In order to understand the idea of favor it is necessary to bear in mind the aversion of the Chinese, especially the agricultural population, to laws and lawyers. Also it is necessary to remember that they are a people left, without constitutional protection, at the mercy of the district magistrate and that, for this very reason, they receive his kindness gratefully and look upon it not as justice but as something more personal—namely favor. Hence when a Chinese is arrested, perhaps wrongly, his relatives, instead of preparing to fight the case out in a law court, try to find some man who knows the magistrate personally and will intercede for his favor. If the “face” of the intercessor is “big” enough the boon is always obtainable. In this way inequality comes about in the sphere of social justice.

For example several years ago in Anhui two college professors were arrested and imprisoned for having made some incautious remarks, and their relatives could do nothing better

than to go to the provincial capital and plead with the military chief of the province for favor. On the other hand, certain young men in the same province were arrested for gambling. They had been taken in the act but, being connected with a powerful political party, they went to the capital after being released and demanded the dismissal of the offending police. Again, the police searched an opium house in a city on the Yangtze two years ago and confiscated the store of opium; but, when an influential local person telephoned, the Bureau of Public Safety had not only to apologize for the slip in manners but also to send the opium back with police guards. And so on *ad infinitum*.

What makes such apparent inequality endurable is that oppressor and oppressed take turns. We Chinese believe that "Heaven's way always goes round." Who can tell? A bean-curd-seller's daughter may catch the eyes of a powerful official or a colonel, or his son may become the doorkeeper of a city magistrate. Who can tell? Or a butcher's son-in-law, who may be a middle-aged poor village schoolmaster, may suddenly pass the official examinations and, overnight, as we are told in the novel *Julinwaishih*, one gentry scholar from the city asks him to come and stay in his mansion, another comes to "exchange certificates" of sworn brotherhood with him, a third man—a rich merchant—presents him with rolls of silk and bags of silver, and the city magistrate himself sends him two maid-servants and a cook to relieve his peasant wife of her kitchen labor. His day has come. We envy him, but we do not think that anything unfair has happened. For we call it "fate" or "his luck."

The fatalism here implied is not only a Chinese mental habit and a part of the conscious Confucian tradition but a great source of personal strength

and contentment. It enables a man to submit to inequality as something perfectly natural. And if, through luck or ability, he rises from the unprivileged to the privileged class, why, it is his turn. But, once in the privileged class, he no longer merely submits to the inequality; he begins to love it and all its privileges. Practically, this change has been noticed in every modern Chinese successful revolutionist. He may clamp down his iron heels on the freedom of the press more energetically than the militarist he denounced while in his revolutionary apprenticeship. For he has now got a "big face." He stands above the law and the constitution, not to speak of traffic rules and museum regulations.

"Face" is the English rendering of a Chinese term that cannot be translated or defined. It is not what the West calls "honor," though it resembles honor. It is invisible and without material substance, and yet by definition it exists through being shown to the public and heard by the public as a sound respectable and solid. It is the most delicate standard by which social intercourse is regulated, and it is not subject to reason. It cannot be purchased with money, but it gives man or woman a material pride. It can make a man out of a renegade who has been insulted by his fellow-townsmen, and it is valued above all earthly possessions. It protracts lawsuits, breaks up family fortunes, causes murders and suicides. It often decides a military victory or defeat on the basis not of military tactics but of honorable titles. It can demolish a whole government ministry to save one member of it from dismissal. It is that hollow thing—more powerful than fate and favor—which men in China live by.

To confuse face with Western "honor" is to make a grievous error.

Chinese girls used to die for face when their bodies had been accidentally exposed to a man, as some Western women were willing to drown themselves for having an illegitimate child. And yet in the West the man who is slapped on the cheek and does not offer a challenge for a duel is losing "honor" but not losing face. On the other hand, the ugly son of a *taot'ai* who goes to a sing-song girls' house, is insulted, and returns to order the arrest of the sing-song girl and closing down of the house with a company of police behind him is getting "face"; but we should hardly say he is guarding his "honor." Battles have been lost and empires have been sacrificed because the generals must be bargaining for some honorific titles or some inoffensive way of accepting defeat rather than proceeding according to military tactics. Hot controversies have raged and protracted legal battles have been fought, in which the wise arbiter knows that all the time nothing really prevents the parties from coming together except a nice way of getting out of it, or probably the proper wording of an apology. A general split a political party and changed the whole course of a revolution because he was publicly insulted by a fellow-worker. Men and women are willing to sweat all summer for three or four months in order to keep a funeral celebration going appropriate to the standing or face of the family, and old families on the decline are willing to go bankrupt and stay in debt for life for the same reason. Not to give a man face is the utmost height of rudeness and is like throwing down a gauntlet to him in the West. Many officials run between three and four dinners in a night and injure all their chances of a normal digestive system rather than make one of their intended hosts lose face. Many defeated generals who ought to be beheaded or rot in prison are sent

on tours of "industrial" or "educational inspection" to Europe as a price for their surrender, which saves their face and which explains the periodic recrudescence of civil wars in China. A whole government ministry was abolished four or five years ago in order to avoid the word "dismissal" and save the face of the minister who ought to have been told in plain terms to get off and perhaps sit in jail besides. (A dismissal would make the minister lose face, because there was no change of cabinet at the time.) Human, all too human, this face of ours. And yet, it is the goad of ambition and can overcome the Chinese love of money. It has caused a school-teacher infinite misery because the foreign principal insisted on increasing his salary from eighteen dollars to nineteen dollars. He would rather take eighteen dollars or twenty or die than be called a nineteen-dollar man. A father-in-law, by refusing to ask his unworthy son-in-law to stay for supper and thus making him lose face, is probably only wanting to make a man out of him, and very possibly the solitary walk on his way home may be the beginning of his making good.

However impossible it may be to define face, the fact is, nevertheless, certain that until every one of us in China loses his face the country will not become truly democratic. The people of course do not have much face. The question is how soon the officials will be willing to lose theirs. When face is lost at the police courts we have safe traffic. When face is lost at the law courts we have justice. When face is lost in the ministries and government by face gives way to government by law—then we have a true republic.

IV

The real government of China may be described as a village socialism; for

the "central government" is known only by its harassing tax collectors and its soldiers. The village (what applies to the village holds true in general spirit for the town also) is governed by the elders, in virtue of their age, and by the gentry scholars, in virtue of their knowledge of law and history. Fundamentally, it is governed by custom and usage, the unwritten law. In case of a dispute the elders are invited to decide the matter according to "human nature and eternal reason." Thus justice is made possible; for when there are no lawyers it is always easy to find out, especially among parties well known to each other and living under the same social tradition, who is right and who is wrong. Although the parasitic nature of the gentry scholars is economically determined, there are some upright scholars who do not make it their profession to handle lawsuits and who share the respect of the village with the elders. Under these elders and scholars the people carry on. If disputes cannot be settled by the elders and the scholars, as in cases of crime and division of property, or if there is a determination to fight for "face," then the parties go to the yamen. But it is only when both are prepared to ruin themselves; ordinarily they avoid the yamen like a plague, wishing only to be let alone by the thing called "government."

As the Chinese conceive of it, the thing called "government" is, however, in theory a "parental government" or "government by gentlemen." The "gentlemen" are supposed to look after the people's interests as parents look after their children's interests, and we give them a free hand and place in them an unbounded confidence. There could be no more acute criticism of this government by gentlemen than what was written of it twenty-one hundred years ago by Hanfei, last and greatest philosopher of the "legalist

school"—*fachia*—who lived about three centuries after Confucius. Now, according to Hanfei, the beginning of political wisdom lies in rejecting all moral platitudes and shunning all efforts at moral reforms. I agree with him. The fact that so many people persist in talking of moral reforms as a solution for political evils shows their inability to grasp political problems as in truth political. They should see that we have been talking moral platitudes three hundred and sixty-five days a year for the past two thousand years without improving the country morally or giving it a cleaner and better government. They should see that, if moralizing would do any good China should be a paradise of saints and angels today. In fact, I have a shrewd suspicion that the reason why moral reform talks are so popular, especially with our officials, is that such talks change nothing. I find that men who, like General Chang Tsung-ch'ang and others, want to restore Confucianism and uplift people's morals, generally keep from five to fifteen wives and are adepts at seducing young girls. We say, "Benevolence is a good thing," and they echo, "Benevolence is indeed a good thing." Thus no harm is done to anybody. But I do not hear our officials talking about government by law, because the people would reply: "All right; we will prosecute you by law and send you to prison." The sooner we stop talking about morality, therefore, and switch to the subject of strict enforcement of law the sooner we make it impossible for these officials to dodge the issue and pretend to read the Confucian classics in the foreign settlements.

The Confucian system assumes every ruler to be a gentleman. The legalist system, which represents the view of Hanfei, as also that of the West, has a quite different basis. We should not expect people to be good, Hanfei

says, but we should make it impossible for them to be bad. In China, however, we have done the reverse. In the good old Confucian way we expect rulers to love the people as their own sons, and we say to them: "Go ahead; spend what you like out of the public funds, and we will not demand a public budget or a rendering of public accounts." We say to our militarists: "Go ahead; we trust your benevolence so much that we will let you tax us according to your consciences." We say to our diplomats: "Go ahead; we have implicit faith in your patriotism and will allow you to contract any and every sort of international treaty without having to submit it to us for approval." And to all our officials we say: "In case you turn out to be gentlemen, we will erect stone *pailou* in your honor, but in case you turn out to be crooks, we will not put you in prison."

Now Hanfei would have condemned all this as taking too many chances with the moral endowments of men. To present his attitude more specifically, I will quote a passage from him, in a rather free rendering. He says: "You can expect generally about ten honest men in a country"—which is a pretty good average—"but there are, on the other hand, probably a hundred offices. Hence there will be more likelihood of misrule, with nine-tenths of the offices necessarily filled by crooks, than of good government. Therefore the wise king believes in a system and not in personal talents, in a method and not in personal honesty." Hanfei denied that a "parental government" would ever work, because, he pointed out, even parents do not always succeed in governing their children, and rulers could not be expected to love the people more than parents love their children. He coldly and humorously asked how many disciples Confucius got with all his be-

nevolence, and inquired whether his failure to obtain more than seventy disciples was not clear proof of the futility of virtue? Was it not unreasonable to expect all rulers to walk in virtue like Confucius and all their subjects to love virtue like his seventy disciples? There was a kind of pleasing cynicism, dry humor and sound sense in those words.

Hanfei traced the corruption of officials in China and the apathy of the people to the want of a "public or just law"—a law that would protect civil rights and punish corruption. He called the Confucianists a pack of gabbling fools—a description that might fittingly be applied to many of our "long-gown patriots" to-day. Of the officials of his time he said, in these very words: "Although their national territory is sacrificed, their families have got rich. If they succeed, they will be powerful, and, if they fail, they can retire in wealth and comfort"—words that might have been written for a great part of the villadom that at present thrives in the retirement of Dairen or the Shanghai settlements. He said that, because of the lack of a system of law, "People are promoted according to their party connections and are obliged to divert their attention to social entertainments rather than the fulfillment of the law." How true these words are to-day only officials and official candidates themselves know.

Hanfei believed in the establishment of a supreme, "inviolable law," which should apply to ruler and ruled alike and should take the place of personal preferences and connections. In contrast to the Confucian dictum that "Courtesy should not be extended to the commoners, and punishments should not be served up to the lords," we have here the idea of a law "before which the high and the low, the clever and the stupid shall stand equal."

Hanfei pushed his concept of the functioning of the law so far that he believed it would not be necessary to have wise and able rulers—a mechanistic notion that is totally un-Chinese. Hence the Taoistic element—that “the king should do nothing”—in his system. In any case, kings, he saw, could not do anything, as the average of them goes, and there should be a machinery of government running so justly and perfectly that the king becomes a figurehead, as in modern constitutional states. The English people have a king to lay foundation stones and christen ships and confer knighthood, but it is unimportant to the nation whether he is good or bad, intelligent or comparatively mediocre. The system should run of itself. That, in essence, is the theory of do-nothingism concerning the king, as interpreted by Hanfei and practiced with great success in England.

V

It is by a queer irony of fate that the good old schoolteacher Confucius should ever have been called a “political thinker” and that the mollicoddle idealism of his moral system should ever have been honored with the name of “political theory.” What China needs is not more morals but more prisons for politicians. It is futile to talk of establishing a clean and irreproachable government when unclean and reproachable officials can safely

book a first-class berth for Yokohama or Seattle. What China needs is neither benevolence, nor righteousness, nor honor, but simple justice, or the courage to shoot those officials who are neither benevolent nor righteous nor honorable. The idea of government by virtue and by benevolent rulers is just as fantastic to contemplate as the idea of motor-traffic regulation on Broadway by the spontaneous courtesy of drivers instead of by a system of red and green lights. Any thinking student of Chinese history should have observed that the Chinese government on Confucian principles, with its tremendous moralizing, has always been one of the most corrupt in the world. The reason is not that Chinese officials are more dishonest than Western officials. The plain, inexorable political and historical truth is that, when you treat officials like gentlemen, as we have been doing in China, one-tenth of them will be gentlemen and nine-tenths of them will turn out to be crooks; but, when you treat them like crooks, with prisons and threats of prisons, as they do in the West, considerably less than one-tenth succeed in being crooks and fully nine-tenths succeed in pretending to be gentlemen. This legalist view of human nature is the one that China should have adopted and acted on long since, and such was Hanfei's advice two thousand years ago, before he was made to quaff poison.



HERCULANEUM YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY E. V. LUCAS

OF THE many lessons frequently being brought to our consciousness, but seldom wholly learned, none in my experience recurs more often than that which says that we must accept nothing on the evidence of others but see things with our own eyes. In spite of advancing age and the accumulation of warnings, we still catch ourselves talking with assured authority about places we have not visited, plays we have not seen, books we have not read, and people we have not met; and for years I have been assisting to spread the legend that, whereas Pompeii was destroyed by the ashes from Vesuvius, Herculaneum was submerged by boiling lava which, when cold, turned to solid rock, and hence the difficulty of excavating there as compared with the ease with which the treasures of Pompeii have been disclosed.

A little thought would have made it clear that if, within the walls of Herculaneum's houses and shops and villas and public buildings, the lava had become as hard as that, Herculaneum would still lie undisturbed. But now that I have used my own eyes there is no problem at all. I now know that the material which in 79 A.D. overwhelmed the little crowded seaside town and its environs was not lava, now rock, but a mixture of earth and ashes which, borne and diluted by mountain torrents, descended in a muddy avalanche and not only filled up every interstice that was fillable but de-

posited débris above the roofs to the height of many yards.

Had it the igneous solidity of tradition, it could be dealt with only by means so violent that a new destruction would result. As it is, being, although very closely packed, soft, very like the *pisé*, or rammed earth, of which French cottage walls and floors are made, a pickaxe and shovel are all that are necessary. I know this because the other day I watched the workmen and crumbled the stuff in my fingers. No doubt flaming cataracts of lava rushed down the sides of Vesuvius on that terrible night, but their course was diverted from Herculaneum, just as it was again in the latest of the great eruptions, in 1631.

The history of Herculaneum may be briefly told. Beginning as a fishing village on the shore of the Bay of Naples, it had grown sufficiently and was so naturally attractive in its site, between two streams, and in its climate and vineyards, as to be coveted by the Romans, who, a century or so before Christ, captured it from the Samnites, as the Southern Italians were called. It remained Roman, growing in prosperity and size and repute as a pleasure resort and becoming an excellent example of a successful watering-place, with a fine theater peculiarly rich in adornment, two or three temples, a fishing population, public baths, and, both within and without its walls, wealthy residents with not a little civic

pride. In fact, save for higher artistic standards, Herculaneum was a Newport or Eastbourne of Italy.

But there was always Vesuvius; and the proverbial phrase about the danger of living on the edge of a volcano may have originated then. Vesuvius, although now all these years later never without its smoke and steam, was then, and had been for many years, so quiet as to be thought extinct. None the less, it was a volcano, and not only was the crater perilously near to Herculaneum, but the town lay all exposed on the side where the monster's feet met the sea.

And here let me state that if the sea no longer washes up to the walls, and if the streets no longer give directly on to the shore, it is because the intervening banks are a product of the eruption. The millions of tons of liquid mud that slid down the mountain and covered the town passed on also to slide into the bay and make soil of that. So that while we see to-day the streets going down hill to their shore exits where the fishermen used to join their boats, and up which in the afternoon they staggered under their baskets, the sea is distant, with a high intervening barrier of earth.

But I am anticipating. The first calamity that befell Herculaneum was the earthquake of 63 A.D., which tumbled its masonry and statuary so roughly that rebuilding was necessary. How swiftly these Italians—always the best of builders and roadmakers—reconstructed can be learned by the magnificence of certain relics in the Naples Museum, particularly those from the theater and basilica, both of which had been destroyed, and by the condition of the excavated houses. Masons and artists had only sixteen years to labor in before the second and conclusive disaster of August, 79. Whether Vesuvius was responsible for

the earthquake of 63 is not definitely known. Probably, for volcanoes have strange underground communications, and even to-day, several miles on the other side of Naples, you can visit a hot sulphurous quagmire, always smoking and ominous, which is related to the distant crater.

The earthquake may have been a separate and independent convulsion and it may not; but what is certain is that the ultimate extinction of Herculaneum was the work of Vesuvius, who suddenly, after his long repose, awoke into terrible and unexampled activity. It is conjectured that many people may have escaped, the first excretæ being only stones and sparks and embers with no concentration of attack; but when the storms and waterspouts and other meteorological phenomena set in and the mountain sides became a Niagara there was no hope. The city was submerged beneath a landslide sixty-five feet in height.

That was in 79 A.D. To-day, in 1935, all round the base of the volcano there are new houses, with new populations who appear to be as sure in their minds as those ancient inhabitants were that Vesuvius has nothing up his sleeve. Time alone can show. When I saw him in January of this year he had a hood of snow, very like Fujiyama, and against the blue sky and in the evening glow was indescribably unreal and beautiful. But smoke was pouring upward all the time and, although it took exquisitely fantastic shapes and hues, suggesting nothing more than idle caprice, I was conscious of no sense of security. Volcanoes are volcanoes even when railways are run up their sides; and what has happened will happen.

II

The classic account of the great eruption is in two letters written to Tacitus the historian by the Younger

Pliny, so called to distinguish him from his uncle the Admiral, one of the victims; but I imagine that Lytton's romance *The Last Days of Pompeii* is the more popular authority. The Admiral at this time was at Misenum, another port in the Bay of Naples, in command of the fleet, but spending much time on shore with his sister-in-law and nephew, at their Misenum villa. The nephew was then a youth of seventeen (or nineteen), and in reading his account of the tragedy it must be borne in mind that he did not commit it to writing until more than twenty years had passed. In the main, however, I should call it acceptable; it certainly reads like a faithful and minute record. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, he writes (in Jebb's translation), his mother called his uncle's attention "to a cloud of extraordinary size and appearance. He had taken a turn in the sunshine, and then a cold bath—had lunched leisurely, and was reading. He calls for his shoes and goes up to the place from which the marvel could be best observed. A cloud was rising (from what mountain was doubtful in a distant view; it was afterward ascertained to be Vesuvius); a pine tree will perhaps give you the best notion of its character and form. It rose into the air with what may be called a trunk of enormous length, and then parted into several branches: I fancy, because it had been sent up by a momentary breeze, and then, forsaken by the falling wind, or possibly borne down by its own weight, was dissolving laterally: one minute it was white, the next it was dirty and stained, as if it had carried up earth or ashes. Thorough lover of knowledge as he was, he thought that it was important and ought to be examined at closer quarters. He ordered a cutter to be got ready and gave me leave to accompany him if I liked. I answered that I would rather study;

in fact, as it happened, he had himself given me something to write.

"As he was leaving the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Cæsius Bassus, terrified by the imminent danger—his villa was just below us, and there was no way of escape but by sea; she begged him to deliver her from such great danger. He changed his plan, and turned the impulse of a student to the duty of a hero. He had large galleys launched, and went on board one of them himself, with the purpose of helping not only Rectina, but many others too, as the pleasant shore was thickly inhabited. He hastened to the point from which others were flying, and steered a straight course for the place of peril, himself so free from fear that, as he observed with his own eyes each movement, each phase of the terrible portent, he caused it to be noted down in detail. By this time ashes were falling on the ship—hotter and thicker the nearer it came; then pieces of pumice too, with stones blackened and scorched and seamed with fire; then suddenly they were in shallow water, while in front the shore was choked with the discharges from the mountain."

The account goes on to describe the futile efforts of the galleys to be of any practical use and how the Admiral landed at Stabiæ to call on, and, if possible, comfort, his friend Pomponianus. As night drew on and there was no abatement of the shower of pumice stones, and the house of Pomponianus was filling and shaking, they decided it would be better to cover their heads with cushions and for greater safety go into the open. "They resolved to go down to the shore, and to see from close at hand whether the sea now gave them any chance:—no; it was still, as before, wild, and against them. There, lying down on an old sail, he [the Admiral] called repeatedly for cold water and drank it. Presently

flames, and the smell of sulphur announcing their approach, turned the others to flight: him they only roused. Leaning on a couple of slaves, he rose to his feet, but immediately fell—an unusually dense vapor, as I understand, having stopped his respiration and closed the windpipe, an organ in him naturally weak as well as narrow, and frequently inflamed. When day returned his body was found, undefiled and unhurt, with all the clothes upon it; its look suggested sleep rather than death."

That is from the first of the two letters. I now quote from the second. "You say that the letter describing my uncle's death which I wrote to you at your request has made you anxious for an account of my experiences, as well as fears, when I was left at Misenum—for that was the point at which I broke off.

Though my soul shudders at the memory, I will begin.

After my uncle's departure, I spent the rest of the day in study—the purpose for which I had stayed at home. Then came the bath, dinner, a short and broken sleep. For several days before, an earthquake had been felt, but had caused the less alarm because it is so frequent in Campania. That night, however, it became so violent as to suggest that all things were being not shaken merely but turned upside down. My mother rushed into my room; I was getting up, intending on my part to rouse her if she was asleep. We sat down in front of the house in the court which parted it by a short interval from the sea. I hardly know whether to call it intrepidity or inexperience—I was in my eighteenth year—but I called for a volume of Livy, and began reading as if nothing were happening; indeed, I continued the extracts which I had begun to make. Enter a friend of my uncle's, who had

just come to him from Spain; when he sees that my mother and I are sitting there, and that I am actually reading, he comments sharply on her patience and my apathy; I pore over my book as intently as ever.

"It was now about 5 A.M.—the daylight still uncertain and weak. Shocks having now been given to the walls about us, the danger of their falling became serious and certain, as the court, though open to the sky, was narrow. Then it was that we decided to leave the town. A mob crazy with terror follows us, preferring their neighbors' counsel to their own—a point in which panic resembles prudence—and driving us forward by the pressure of the throng at our heels. Once outside the houses, we halt. Many strange and fearful sights meet us there. The carriages which we had ordered out, though on perfectly level ground, were swaying to and fro, and would not remain stationary even when stones were put against the wheels. Then we saw the sea sucked back and, as it were, repulsed from the quaking land. Unquestionably the shore-line had advanced, and now held many sea-creatures prisoners on the dry sands. On the other side of us, a black and appalling cloud, rent by forked and quivering flashes of gusty fire, yawned asunder from time to time and disclosed long shapes of flame, like sheet-lightning, but on a vaster scale."

Pliny and his mother then left the house to join in the universal exodus. "You could hear the shrieks of the women, the wailing of children, the shouts of men. Parent, child, husband, wife were being sought, and recognized by the voice. One was making lamentation for himself, another for his friends. Some were so afraid to die that they prayed for death. Many lifted their hands to the gods; a larger number conceived that there were now no gods anywhere—that this

was the world's final and everlasting night."

If such was the frenzied state of affairs at Misenum, several miles from the volcano, think of what Pompeii and Herculaneum, so near, suffered; but in the case of Pompeii, extermination must have been almost instantaneous. The human beings in the Museum tell us that.

According to Cassius Dio, another contemporary writer, "some thought that the giants were rising up (for then also many phantoms of them kept looming through the smoke, and moreover a sound as of trumpets was continually heard), but others thought that the whole universe was consuming into Chaos, or into fire." Dio adds that the ashes reached Rome and overshadowed the sun; also Africa, Syria, and Egypt.

III

The history of the official excavation of Herculaneum—or Ercolano, as the Italians call it—covers a number of episodes, and has been most sketchily narrated. So far as I can ascertain, the first really organized effort was in 1738 and the latest, begun in 1927, is now drawing to a close—not because the work is complete but because the living are more important than the dead. In other words, the operations must cease until the houses now in occupation on the land at Resina, above the buried city, can be acquired and compensation made to their tenants. And as the area is extensive and Italy is not too rich and Italians in possession are probably as tenacious of their rights as anyone else, if not more so, it must be long before the great task is completed.

As it is, at the moment, the two principal streets running uphill from the seaside end abruptly at a perpendicular wall of brown earth, like a cliff, on the top of which are many dwellings. The streets below, for all their signs of civili-

zation, their baths and gymnasia, their exquisite architectural detail, their wine shops and oil shops, their delicate frescoes and intricate mosaic floors, date from the second and first centuries B.C.; the houses above are of yesterday, and this time, even without personal ocular proof, I think it safe to assert that there is not a single object in any one of them which, in the distant future, would be worth any archæologist's efforts to bring to light. A strange experience to reside in the twentieth century amid trumpery furniture and cheap crockery, telephones and radio-sets, and to know that in the dark earth far below are annihilated homes where, although civilization as we think of it did not exist, everything is beautiful!

When the time comes for these subterranean homes to be revealed, at first, no doubt, the excavators of the new territory will find very much what there is in the exposed area to-day: houses and shops as inhabited by ordinary folks. But as they ascend to the outskirts, to what were once, before they were overwhelmed, the sunny slopes which could be described by estate-agents to-day as "desirable sites," it is expected that they will uncover the summer residences of the rich, and then the real discoveries will begin again: bronzes and statues comparable to those which are now the glory of the Naples Museum and possibly more papyri.

It was not until 1927, under the patronage of the Duce, that the first scientific or rightly ordered excavating work at Herculaneum began. All previous efforts may be described as tentative and in the earliest instances as purely predatory. They were initiated as long ago as 1709 by Prince Elboeuf, who, having fixed upon Portici (beneath which part of Herculaneum lies buried) as the place for a villa, was told by the peasants that ex-

cellent blocks of white marble often came to light, and, digging, his workmen discovered, in addition to building material, the series of superb statues of women or muses of which two are in the Dresden Museum and one in Naples. That was in 1709. Soon after Charles III, Bourbon prince and King of Spain, made himself in 1734 King also of the Two Sicilies, he decided that he too would have a villa at Portici, and directed his chief of the works, Colonel Rocco de Alcubierre, to continue where Elboeuf had left off. In 1738, therefore, tunnels, vertical and horizontal, were made, when it was ascertained that the building so rich in treasure was the theater. From this time until 1779 desultory work was carried on, almost entirely in the theater, varied by the constant necessity to underpin the houses above, which were being rendered insecure. Nothing was laid bare, the unique works of art which now make the Naples Museum one of the most remarkable treasurehouses in the world all being brought to the surface through shafts.

After 1779 there was a lull until 1828, Pompeii coming in for attention in the interval; but from 1828 until 1875 there was sporadic activity. Nothing, however, that came to light in the nineteenth century or that has been found since 1927 equals in artistic importance the early yields from the theater and from the Casa dei Papyri, or Villa Suburbana, outside the town, both of which were fully exploited under Charles III. This villa which, after exploration, was again filled in, is on the northwest and was discovered while the stables of the royal palace at Portici were being constructed; and from it came, in addition to eight hundred papyri, which have not yet all been unrolled and deciphered, whatever Herculaneum works of art the Naples Museum possesses that did not

belong either to the theater or basilica. The loveliest wall paintings were in this Casa, the best pavements, the bronze heads of Seneca (so like Ruskin) and other philosophers, the Mercury seated, the Hermes in repose, the Theseus with inlaid eyes, the ideal head, the glorious bust of Dionysius, the marble statues of Æschines, Homer, and an orator, the dancing maidens and the praying maiden, the sleeping fauns, and the wrestlers alert for an opening, of whom we have a reproduction in the Embankment Gardens in London, while at the British Museum other relics may be found.

It is because of these Casa dei Papyri trouvailles that such high hopes are entertained of other villas belonging to wealthy Roman scholars and connoisseurs being also situated in the, as yet, uncovered districts.

Not only has the Casa gone, but the basilica also was again filled in—the basilica (so called) which provided the Naples Museum with the wall paintings of Theseus and the slain minotaur, of Cheiron with Achilles, and the Childhood of Telephus, and such statues as the two Balbuses, father and son, on horseback, Marcus Nonius Balbus having, as an inscription records, built or restored the basilica, the gates, and the wall at his own expense. Whether Christianity had reached Herculaneum with sufficient force to establish a stronghold of such magnificence as the basilica, we have no proof. What is, however, known is that among the old gods there worshipped was Hercules, who gave the town its name.

"Few people," a guide at Herculaneum complained to me the other day, "come Ercolano. They all go Pompeii." Pompeii has the réclame and I think deserves it, for considered as a whole, as a piece of evidence of the past, it is more interesting, while its Museum makes it more interesting still. The decision having been reached to

leave *in situ* everything discovered in Herculaneum, it has no separate museum: as indeed has been the rule at Pompeii in the past few years, everything found in the recently explored buildings being left where it was. Pompeii is also more open; not so open as Timgad, in Algeria, which, being on a hillside, affords to the eye a complete and sudden prospect, and is, in fact, the perfect example of a ruined city; but Pompeii is open enough, with streets running into the country. Were only one of these Vesuvian relics to remain, Pompeii would, I take it, be selected.

But Herculaneum has claims to be considered first, and we must remember that of the works of sculpture in the Naples Museum those from Herculaneum are far finer than those from Pompeii, whose "Dancing Faun" is easily its best contribution. Whether the picks and spades of the future are destined to uncover anything as splendid as some of the more famous figures only time can tell; but at Herculaneum certain vestiges of the past have been preserved by the overwhelming mud which the smoldering ashes of Pompeii at once incinerated. There is, for example, in one of the houses of Herculaneum a wooden bed which, had it been at Pompeii, would instantly have perished. Yet here it is, damaged it is true, but sufficiently intact for any designer to make a replica. The wood of beams and stairs has equally resisted the ages and now, enclosed by glass, will probably for many years to come testify to the excellence of the old carpentry. Marble and bronze naturally suffer less—if indeed at all—for the bronze at any rate acquires with the centuries a richer patina, and you will see in the new-old rooms at Herculaneum beautiful work in both mediums. I call to mind in particular the two marble tripod tables in the villa by the sea and the two marble hunting

groups, one with such realistic treatment of the hounds' claws; while there are several tall bronze candlesticks standing just where they stood when the turbid overwhelming flood was loosed. But, as I have said, marble and bronze are expected to endure. More remarkable are the little stores of food, such as lentils, bread, and biscuits, which were to have been eaten that day.

IV

As has been indicated, the present period of activity is nearly at an end, unless it is decided to proceed toward the shore and remove the artificial cliffs between the Casa dei Cervi and the Bay, which the eruption threw up. From the balcony of this house, recently uncovered and partially restored, where the two marble tables are, its owner before the dread day of August, 79 had an uninterrupted view of the sea immediately below him. In conversation with Professor Amedeo Maiuri, of the Naples Museum, who has been placed at the head of the excavations not only here but at Pompeii and elsewhere in Italy, I gathered that this may be the next objective; and in this connection let me say that the Professor's great book, *Herculaneum*, published in 1932 in Italian and French and illustrated lavishly and partly in color, is the one authoritative record of what, in the latest phase, has been accomplished. There you will find described in full what I have only lightly mentioned.

But it is important to make a personal visit to the cities of the dead, even though when one is there one learns nothing but the old, old lesson that whatever else changes, man does not. For that is the teaching of the past, whether at Herculaneum, at Pompeii, at Timgad, at Luxor, or at Ur. Whatever the century, B.C. or A.D., life had to be lived and there were certainly

elemental things that had to be arranged for. The divergences between the routine of a Roman family summing at Herculaneum or Pompeii and that of holiday-makers in America and England were trifling, with the advantage chiefly with the Romans, because indoors their eyes could rest on things of greater beauty. Equally they enjoyed the sun, the bathing, the siesta, the garden, the table; while equally, in their own way, the inhabitants who ministered to them went about their avocations, with intervals for leisure and amusement as to-day. A trifling difference in the recipient of prayers might be mentioned, but without undue emphasis.

Of Pompeii I have said nothing, but much has been done there too, and all the time is being done, including the further openings up of the *Via dell'Abbondanza* toward the *Porta Urbulana*, where some of the richer houses stood: such as that of *Paquius Proculus* with its election propaganda; and that of *Trebuis Valens*, next door to the *Collegium Juventates Pompeianæ* or, shall I say, the *Racquet Club* of the city; and the sumptuous villa of *L. Loreius Tiburtinus*, nearest the gate, with its garden and its mural scenes of the Trojan War; and next it the house

of *Epidius Hymenæus*, who very prudently reminded himself of his duties as a respectable citizen by mural warnings, one of which adjured him not to look covetously on the wife of another and one urging him to return straight home at night. These (together with the *Fullonica*, or laundry, of *Stephanus*) are all in the *Via dell'Abbondanza*, and in all are preserved whatever the excavators found there, even to dead bodies. New also to travelers who have not been to Pompeii since the recent methods set in are the house of *Menander* with its silver treasure; the *Villa of the Mysteries*, outside the *Porta Ercolanese*, at the end of the *Via dei Sepolcri*, with its *Dionysian* paintings; the very impressive *Sepulchre of the Istadi* with its fallen columns replaced, and one of the reconstructed towers of the fortifications.

Finally let me say that the Duce, whose imaginative energy is unquenchable, has constructed a new broad road, or by-pass, enabling the motorist from Naples to drive in luxury to Herculaneum, Pompeii, and almost to Amalfi, and no longer have to thread his way among the crowded streets of the seaside towns. It is true that the motorist has to pay for this privilege; but whatever the toll it is worth it.



IS FEMINISM DEAD?

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

Not long ago I attended a convention of several thousand women who had gathered together to hear from the lips of those who spoke with authority about the change which has taken place the world over in the status of women during the last precarious years. The challenge of the day was issued by two Americans. One, a successful lawyer and a figure in feminist activities, told of the plight of our wage-earning women. She predicted that if heed were not taken, by some compulsion or another, they would be faced with the tepid alternatives of eking out a dwindling existence or of having to return to the home, notwithstanding that the only homes they might have were those they were able to earn for themselves. The other, a journalist of international distinction, used as her premise the statement that during the past fifteen years the women in our western world had lost more than they had gained; that indeed, instead of having progressed, they had retrogressed legally, politically, and economically. She pointed up her declaration with a compact sketch of what had happened abroad, placing a special emphasis on conditions in Germany, and concluded with "to-day the feminist movement is as dead as last week's newspaper."

Not infrequently of late I have heard similar statements among those who are aware of what is going on in the world. In this convention they bore a deeper significance as they were made

to so large an audience, most of the members of which are active in one or more of those national and international organizations composed of millions of women in whom is vested the bulk of power in the feminist movement. It was a message they needed to hear, since it looks very much as if they had fallen down on their job of being their sisters' keepers.

This is not to say that they have been wholly without zeal, or that they have not made valuable contributions to the cause. Nor does it imply that they are responsible for all of the ills which have overtaken women during the depression. In any such widespread economic collapse it is inevitable that only the few can escape. But it need not follow, as it has, that they should be made to suffer in undue proportion by being deprived of their hard-won rights as human beings, discriminated against in matters of work and pay, and denied access to the same avenues of recovery as men. And herein lies the culpability of the women's organizations. Had they been awake to the real issues at stake in the woman movement or, being awake, if they could have come to some agreement on principles and procedure; had their leadership been such as to inspire their followers to concerted action, they could have built a stronghold so impregnable that the prevailing injustices of to-day would have been as spray dashing against a rock. Instead of this, with slight exception, they lost

sight of their basic need and, unable to agree on processes, they worked at fruitless and often destructive cross-purposes. Their leaders, for the most part, have been uninspiring and lacking in vision. The women whose guardian angels they should have been, have remained indifferent and inert.

In order to arrive at a valid estimate of the present and to predict what the future of women may be it is necessary to go back fifteen years and retrace their line of march, checking up on their gains, marking their losses, and noting the reasons for them. In doing this I shall chiefly concern myself with the American scene, mentioning only those situations abroad which give accent to conditions at home and serve as an example or a warning.

In 1920 it looked as if the first paragraph of a happy ending to the century-long struggle for equal suffrage had been written. In all of the English-speaking countries, and in all of Western Europe except France, Italy, and Spain, women had been granted the franchise. This did not signify that they had gained absolute equality with men. In several countries, including the United States, there were still in effect numerous laws discriminating against them in relation to property and inheritance rights, to the guardianship of children, to compensation insurance and the collection of accident indemnity, and to choice of occupation. It was believed, however, that through the persuasion of their concentrated vote they could prevail upon their legislators to remove these discriminations from the statutes, thereby establishing equality with men within the law.

But as we look at the feminist map to-day we find that of all the countries in which women have been given the vote the only ones where they enjoy the same civil, legal, and economic rights

as men are Norway, Sweden, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Czechoslovakia. All professions and occupations except underground work in mines are open to them there. They may attend the universities on the same basis as men. Wives may hold and administer property independent of their husbands. They have equal guardianship rights over their children. They occupy key positions in the public service. They receive equal pay for equal work. They sit in parliament where they serve on important committees and have a real voice in government. Especially is this true in Norway where they have maintained a fine balance in government and have worked with the men for much of that admirable legislation which stands as a model for advanced groups throughout the world—such laws as those permitting and regulating birth control, forbidding child labor, providing for social insurance, declaring the equal responsibility of both parents of children born out of wedlock and establishing the legitimacy of these children. The most notable point about their progress is that during the last four years they have lost none of their intrinsic gains. When they have suffered through unemployment it has been as men have suffered, no more, and perhaps a little less because of the provisions made for old age and for widowed mothers.

At an international conference of women a year or so ago I met the Scandinavian delegates. From them I learned of a concept of feminism that had not developed on the lines of a sex-war, but on the ideal of mutual co-operation between men and women. The delegate from Norway, replying to my questions, said, "We wanted the vote, of course—but only as a step to something much bigger. We wanted security for the entire population. In order to secure this there was need for

much legislation. Because of the reactionaries the forward-looking men had to have our help. Before we could help them we had to be established on a solid basis ourselves. We knew that if we were to be constantly occupied with trying to remove a discrepancy in the law here and another there we should have no time for other things. So we educated our women and we stood together in a concentrated voting mass and asked for a complete sex-disqualification removal act. And we got it. So now we work not as women but as citizens. Our people are generally progressive, and we are not indifferent to the problems of the various groups, for we realize that a nation is no stronger than its weakest spot."

II

In all other Occidental nations the women have taken their losses in varying degrees, German womanhood being the greatest losers. That this is so is all the more startling since for twelve years before the rise of Hitler the German women were the marvel of the feminist estate. Prior to 1918 no women had been more subservient to their men than they. The surface of their activities outside of the home was so thinly spread as to be negligible. But among them there were an advanced number who worked under cover in the councils of the revolutionary party. Immediately following the revolution they stepped to the front and took a definite part in drafting the constitution of Weimar. It was largely through their influence that complete and unrestricted equality was given women in the following articles: "All Germans are equal before the law." . . . "Men and women have fundamentally the same civil rights and duties." . . . "All citizens without distinction are eligible for public office in accordance with the laws and according to

ability and service." . . . "All discriminations against women in the civil service are abolished." And to safeguard the Reichstag's power to pass welfare enactments an enabling clause covering the protection of motherhood, the care of the child, and the regulation of labor was included. From the first election after the Republic was established until 1933 never fewer than thirty women sat in the Reichstag. In 1919 there were forty-five. They came from all walks of life and from all parties, teachers, lawyers, working women, doctors of medicine, of science, of philosophy, of letters and of political economy. Personalities in their own right, they had conviction and courage and keen, incisive intellects. So high was the esteem in which they were held by their colleagues that they were appointed to such important commissions as those of Foreign Affairs and of International Treaties of Commerce on which they were deferred to as authorities.

On the floor of the Reichstag they constituted what was virtually a woman's bloc. While they belonged to various parties, as a group they had their own private clique to which they were bound by ironclad principles. They were disgusted with militarism. They felt deeply the disrespect into which Germany had fallen. They were determined to have peace, to regain their high place in the respect of the world, and to work for better economic and health measures both in the home and out of it. Their pledge, therefore, was that in all measures touching upon this three-point program they were to stand together irrespective of party. Before every session they held a caucus, going over prospective legislation, discussing it, and deciding which way their unified vote should be cast. Any member who betrayed her trust became automatically an outcast. This, I understand, occurred but once when the

member in question was given the silence treatment throughout the remainder of the session. When she came up for re-election the whole committee took to the platform against her, with the result that she met an overwhelming defeat.

To-day the women of Germany are completely without power. All they have left is the vote, which under a dictator means nothing. There is not a woman in the Reichstag. Only a few, who were found indispensable, occupy public positions. They are being dropped from the schools, from hospital staffs, from all forms of employment. Whereas in 1925 eleven and a half million women were employed in gainful work, the number last May was six million, and there was the promise that it was to be reduced to three million. Women and girls turned out of industry and the professions are in concentration camps, where they are being trained as domestics or farm hands, or to perform the minor duties of auxiliary war-work. Thousands of girls are being sent into homes to act as servants without pay.

In 1926 I met in Berlin some of the women who were then members of the Reichstag. At their invitation I had occasion to watch them in action on the floor, where it was to be seen that they were dominant figures. When I was abroad last year I renewed my friendship with one who was considered outstanding for her brilliancy of mind and purpose. Of an old Hanoverian family which for generations had held a high place in the cultural life of Germany, she was a self-exile. "It seems incredible to me," I said, "that you should have given up without a struggle. What happened to all of you women?"

"Some of us are here," she answered, "some are in London or in Switzerland, some in concentration camps. The others went over."

I ventured to say that under the circumstances I supposed there was nothing they could do.

"Quite the contrary," she replied. "We could have done much. We did nothing—except on the wrong side. At one time the women could have defeated Hitler. He had no funds with which to go on. Women financed him—they raised an enormous sum of money for him. Even then we might have done something if we who were at the top had stood together to mobilize and marshal the woman vote. One by one we defected, and the whole structure was shattered to its foundation. Those of us who remained firm are exiles or prisoners." She paused to give an emphatic nod. "Yes," she went on, "the women of Germany betrayed themselves."

A word now about England. Legally speaking, when one considers the obstacles they have overcome, her women may be said to have run a marathon. They had to contend not only with the body of the Common Law, in which women are rated little higher than chattels, but with the stolid Anglo-Saxon tradition of male superiority. In their favor were several factors. They were adroit politicians; they had well organized groups in the Labor Party; and when thoroughly aroused they were good fighters.

Since 1918 when, with the voting age set at thirty and over, they were granted the franchise, they have made deliberate and assured strides forward. Through a series of reform bills they have acquired the right to be elected to the House of Commons, to hold public office without regard to whether they are married or single, to enter all professions and types of business and industry, to serve on juries, to attend the universities and receive degrees therefrom. Married women may now secure divorce on the same grounds as men and they may hold and admin-

ister property on the same terms as spinsters. In 1928 the franchise was extended to all women of twenty-one or over.

With the barriers removed they have broadened their acreages in many fertile areas. They have been successful in the trades and professions. They have been admitted in good number to the civil service. They occupy public positions, such as magistrates, judges, teachers, and they have served on the County Councils where they have given fair account of themselves. They sit in Parliament, although here they have not accomplished a great deal, as there have never been more than six at one time, and only one or two of these have been articulate and effective.

In spite of this advance they are at the present moment threatened with disaster. In mercantile and manufacturing establishments women have been let out of their jobs to make place for men. Boards of Education have closed their doors to them as teachers. When they took their cases to the courts the judges decided against them. In industries engaged in fabricating materials for the government women have been refused work. Only the civil service has thus far remained undisturbed. But now there is a movement, gaining impetus, to get rid of the million married women who constitute one-sixth of the wage-earning women of Great Britain and who are engaged in all branches of employment, including government and civil service. And a powerful industrialist with an immense political influence has declared that if all women were to be put in their place—that is in the home—there would be no unemployment situation in England.

This omen of ill-will is directly traceable to two defects in the feminist organization: the cleavage at the top and the indifference of the rank and file. This rift began immediately after their

enfranchisement in 1918. On one side were the militants who wanted absolute equality and nothing else. On the other were the reactionaries who wished special legislation for women and feared that if equality were to be realized their aims would be frustrated. The result of their deadlock was that they did nothing. Practically all of the worthwhile legislation for women enacted in England during the last fifteen years has been through the persuasion of the Labor Party. Their neglect to protest against the insertion of what was tantamount to a disability clause in the Sex Disqualification Removal Act of 1923 which, while appearing to give women parity in government service, provided that in certain circumstances His Majesty the King could by order of council authorize regulations as to their admission to the civil service and conditions of appointment . . . was their greatest mistake. So far this clause has not been invoked. In the present situation it remains a menace.

III

Here in the United States the drive to defeat women is no longer a menace; it is a condition in fact.

To those who have had occasion, as I have had, to observe maneuvers at close range over a period of years, there is little of the unexpected in the present situation. It has been brought about by the same errors which precipitated the defeat of the German women and are now threatening those of England—errors which have been only slightly mitigated by the virtues which have rendered the Scandinavian women triumphant.

These flaws have been the cleavage in the women's organizations, their acute inaction as a whole, their indifference to the needs of the great body of wage-earning women, a dearth of inspiring and inspired leaders, too great

a variety of self-interests, and the inability to stand together on matters of vital importance.

The conflict dates back to pre-suffrage days. On the one side was the conservative element which felt that the franchise could better be obtained through State action. On the other were the militants who favored enfranchisement by constitutional amendment. They reasoned that because of the reactionary attitude toward women in those States where they most needed emancipation, it would take generations of waiting for dead men's shoes to attain their purpose. After years of disheartening effort in legislatures only four Western States had admitted women to citizenship. Then under the able and animating leadership of such women as Anna Howard Shaw, Alice Stone Blackwell, Carrie Chapman Catt, and Alice Paul they came to agreement on the nineteenth amendment which was passed and ratified in 1920.

No sooner was it written into the Constitution than a deeper and wider rift occurred. In every State there were laws which worked great injustice to women. These were hand-me-downs from the old English Common Law, the Napoleonic Code, or the medieval Spanish mores. While both sides were agreed that these disqualifications should be removed, they split on principles and procedure. On the one hand, we had the equalitarians who stood for absolute equality untouched by what they termed advantages in the way of protective laws for women. And to remove all disqualifications from the State laws they advocated a "Blanket Amendment" which would with one stroke of the pen write their definition of equality into the Constitution. Opposing them were the "equalitarians in principle." They maintained that women were at a natural disadvantage because of their biologi-

cal function and that, this being so, their interests, for the sake of the race, must be safeguarded by protective laws. They reasoned further that if such an amendment were to be passed it would deny the right of the States, and Congress as well, to make laws or appropriations to enforce them which would regulate the condition of women in industry or provide for the care of mother and child.

The Equalitarians played a lone hand. Supporting their opponents was an alliance of women's organizations, with a combined membership of ten million and over, which maintained a Congressional Lobby in Washington and in the State capitals. In spite of their interests in common, they, too, were often a house divided. The welfare groups were interested only in welfare. The reformers were not at all concerned with the progress of women but entirely with the promotion of sumptuary legislation. The housewives were largely occupied with questions affecting their own prerogatives such as community property rights, maternity and infant measures. As a considerable group within all of the groups—and I should say they preponderated—were the "Joiners" who had a facility for getting their names on as many lists as possible and then sitting back and doing nothing whatsoever.

Entirely outside of the alliance were the unorganized factions. They included the women of wealth and leisure, the comfortably placed middle class who had never taken part in the suffrage campaign, were indifferent or opposed to the progress of women, and those outside the home who had reached the higher brackets of business and the professions. Safely entrenched in their positions, they were concerned only with their own affairs, or they were complacent and inert. Many of those included in this paragraph would

not even take the trouble to go to the polls. Many joined the regular political parties, voting as their men directed. A few, proving amenable, were elected or appointed to subordinate office, as a sop to the woman vote, where they obeyed the mandates of the bosses whether for better or for worse.

Ground between these forces were the eleven million and more women in the middle and lower brackets who must work in order to survive. Inarticulate, or too preoccupied to look after their own well-being, they relied upon the organizations to do this for them.

Out of this *mêlée* of maladjustment much good might have accrued if we had had enough compelling leaders to effect a compromise—leaders like those doughty old generals of the suffrage campaign—who could have come to an agreement on an amendment which, while removing all legal and economic discriminations from the statutes, would have included a clause enabling Congress and the States to enact such necessary measures as mothers' and widows' pensions, an eight-hour day and minimum wage for women in industries. But most of the old leaders were gone. Those who remained were tired or disappointed and had turned their attention to other things. A few of those who have taken their places are able and inspiring, especially those with labor affiliations. They are drawn largely from the leisured who have no conception of what it means for women to compete with men in a man's world.

As a consequence, after fifteen years' growth the family tree is far from robust—a meager efflorescence at the top, roots too feeble to draw sustenance from the soil, and a trunk suffering from malnutrition.

Starting from the top, we find a few who have attained political distinction. There are Miss Frances Perkins, Secretary of Labor; Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen,

Minister to Denmark; Mrs. Nellie Tayloe Ross, former Governor of Wyoming and now Director of the United States Mint; Miss Florence E. Allen, Judge of the Circuit Court of Appeals, Sixth Judicial District; and Miss Genevieve Cline, Judge of the United States Customs Court. In our legations abroad there are women under-secretaries and two trade commissioners. In all departments of the Federal Government there are a few women executives.

All told, since 1920 we have had seventeen women in the House of Representatives and one in the Senate. They were mostly elected to fill the seats of their husbands who had died. Two or three have done distinguished work. All of them, in ratio of conduct and intelligence, have exceeded the average congressman.

In the legislatures the number of women totaled 29 in 1921. In 1929 it had increased to 149. At present it is 135. We have had two women governors, several State superintendents of schools, one or two attorney generals and treasurers. And there have been a small number of women in high places, in all branches of county and municipal government, including judges, magistrates, mayors, and public health officials.

In national legislation the influence of the women's organizations has been nominal. To their credit is the Cable Act of 1922 establishing the nationality of women irrespective of their marital status. As constructed, it was a source of trying complications. Emended in 1928, it still has its weak spots. They also sponsored and put through the Sheppard-Towner Act with its appropriation for maternity and infant care in the remote districts. Just as it was giving results by lowering mortality, the appropriation ran out and the Act was automatically suspended. Thus far it has failed in reenactment. They had something, not all, to do with the

passage of the Child Labor Resolution, but at present writing they have not succeeded in State ratification. One group had a hand in the Eighteenth Amendment, another entirely different alignment helped to bring about its repeal. In the States they have been instrumental in removing from the books injustices relating to community property and the guardianship of children. But what is noticeable is that they have so far made no progress in sections where these laws were most discriminative. And save for a scattering, here and there, in the way of eight-hour and minimum-wage laws and the prohibition of night-work for women, some of which are now proving abortive, they have done practically nothing for the great mass of women at the bottom and in the middle, who have never been so badly off as they are to-day.

IV

Ever since 1929 it has become an increasing practice with employers when economizing on labor to begin with the women workers, retaining only those whose places cannot be taken by men. Throughout the country, in State after State, married women, without regard to their responsibilities, have been discharged from their jobs in State and municipal institutions and offices. They have been stricken from the rolls of teachers in schools and colleges. They have been removed from the staffs in hospitals. And their cue for this came from the government service in Washington where the "marital status clause," known as Article 213 in the Economy Act of 1932, has been taken advantage of by officials who interpreted it according to their own prejudices. This article provides that when reducing personnel in any branch of the service, married persons, living with husband or wife also employed by the government, must be the

first to be dismissed. When the Economy Act was submitted to Congress it was seen that the clause could easily be made subversive to women's interests. A number of fair-minded senators rallied to the support of the married couples who would be affected by it. The House, which was already New Deal, passed it. To save the Act in its entirety, the Senate, after a valiant fight to eliminate 213, finally voted the whole bill. When signing it President Hoover protested against the clause and recommended that it should be repealed. The Civil Service Commission did likewise, declaring that it was an attack on the merit system and suggesting that the same amount of money could be saved by granting payless furloughs of a month to all employees. It was hoped that President Roosevelt on creating the Economy Act of March 1933 would delete Article 213. The Act, as submitted, bore no mention of it, and as many of the specific provisions of the former enactment were specifically retained, the question arose as to whether or not it would die a natural death at the end of the fiscal year. A group of women who would suffer if it remained a law called upon Mrs. Roosevelt, who referred them to the Secretary of Labor. She, in turn, sent them to the Budget Director, who said the decision was up to the President. The President said the decision was up to the Attorney General who ruled that the "marital status clause" was permanent legislation.

The first to put it into action was the Adjutant General who immediately let out forty-five women, all of whom had high efficiency records over an average of fifteen years and all of whom had dependents. In addition to their jobs they lost the right to reappointment and to the pension toward which they had been contributing.

During the past two years the Civil

and other Federal Services have discharged thousands of married women. On the surface there might be some reason in this if those discharged were in the higher brackets or if the reason were purely economic. But it did not apply to executives nor, curiously enough, to the wives of congressmen who are acting as their husbands' secretaries on a government wage of \$5000 a year. According to a recent survey made by the Women's Bureau of the Department of Labor, nine out of ten of those discharged were in real need of their jobs. Either their husbands' earnings were not equal to maintaining a home on a "health-and-decency basis" or they were taking care of their parents and other dependent relatives. In one department where many wives had been let out, the husbands' individual pay was \$720 a year or less and that of the wives \$600. Mortgages on homes have been foreclosed and the life savings which have gone into them have been lost. Insurance policies have lapsed. Standards of living have been lowered beyond actual health requirements. The wives and children of enlisted men in the Army or Navy are on relief. In some cases where the husband was earning less than his wife, the husband gave up his job. An example of this was a married woman in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing whose wage is seventy dollars a month. She has six dependents—a mother and a sister with four young children. Her husband, who had worked in the Navy Yard for fifteen years, was receiving only \$48 a month. He resigned in order to save his wife's place. Recently when fifteen hundred men were to be taken on he applied for reinstatement. He was told that he could not be taken back unless his wife resigned or he secured a divorce. Several couples are on record who, by this compulsion, have been divorced and are going on together as

if nothing had happened. One woman who was obliged to resign for her husband's sake was let out three months before she was fifty-five, at which time she would have been entitled to retire on a pension. Another who had been in the Government Printing Office for seventeen years and who received a salary of \$1800 a year had no alternative but resignation, as her husband's enlistment in the Navy had two years to run. She had the highest efficiency rating in her group and in a year would have been credited with a deferred annuity. They have three children. Her husband draws \$55 a month. The places of many of those who were let out have been filled by inexperienced and inefficient followers of political henchmen, sometimes two or three members of the same family, and not infrequently they are the sons and daughters of men of means and property.

It would appear that clauses have become women's chief source of tribulation. When the National Recovery Act was in the making it was promised that there would be a single wage standard for all workers, but again a clause emerged, stating that "when females do *substantially* the same work as males they shall receive the same pay." Realizing that this was a subtle evasion, a group from the women's organizations took the issue to General Johnson. He had nothing to say. They wrote to the White House asking to be heard. The request was denied. The Act was signed. To-day there are seventy-one codes—some of them for industries entirely dependent upon women for patronage—which set a lower wage for women than for men employed in the same kind of work. These differences run from five cents to twenty-five cents an hour in a forty-hour week.

In 1933, when the C.C.C. was set up for the young men who were roaming

the country in search of work, nothing was done to alleviate the condition of the hundred and forty-odd thousand homeless girls who were wandering from city to city. Mary Anderson, Chief of the Federal Women's Bureau, then pleaded that something definite be done for them and for the four million unemployed women. After eight months' delay a conference was held at the White House where Mr. Harry Hopkins, Federal Relief Administrator, acknowledged the government's recalcitrance. "Women," he said, "have had less attention than any other employed group. . . . The government now has the money and the determination to care for them. It has the power to give, but it has not done what it should and it feels pretty humble about it."

Representative Edith Rogers of Massachusetts then advanced the plea that since no P.W.A. had been set up for women and the C.W.A. gave them but scant opportunity for work, twenty per cent of the money allotted to the States for relief work should be set aside for women. Mr. Hopkins appeared to approve. That is as far as it went. Although relief measures have been set going there has as yet been no adequate program of relief work for them. In parts of the country they have been entirely overlooked. Of the 1,600,000 workers now engaged on government projects only 142,000 are women. Where they have been thus employed their wages have been three dollars a day in contrast to the five dollars a day paid to men. Women with dependents and widows with families are receiving thirty cents an hour while unmarried boys are getting fifty cents an hour.

A new danger signal looms. I have just talked with one of a group of women who called upon a congressman a few days ago to speak about the repeal of Article 213 in the Economy Act.

When they went into his office a man was leaving. "Did you notice that man?" he asked them. "It is a coincidence that you should be coming in just now. He has been talking to me for an hour, trying to persuade me that women are to blame for the depression. He is one of an influential lobby which is starting a movement to repeal the Nineteenth Amendment. He did not get very far with me. And I don't think there is much chance of his succeeding in getting such a bill into Congress. Still you cannot tell in times like these. A few flakes of snow have been known to start an avalanche."

V

Bleak as the picture may appear, there is yet light on the horizon. And it is, I think, going too far to declare that the feminist movement is dead or that to-day the condition of women in the whole Western world is no better than it was fifteen years ago. We *have* been asleep. We *have* lost a good deal of what we had gained. And the wage-earning woman has come to a point where she *is* eking out a dwindling existence. But in some directions new strides have been taken and they have held some ground. Where we have done this it was because the women in power were aroused to concerted and effective protest. This leads one to believe that if, as a whole, women will face reality they may yet achieve their ideal of emancipation and progress.

Since 1920 the franchise has been extended to the women of Spain, Brazil, Uruguay, Turkey, certain provinces in Mexico, and the Argentine, and in Peru they may vote in municipal elections. Last year, through the efforts of the Inter-Allied Commission of Women, twenty-two countries, including our own, signed the Equal Rights Nationality Treaty and it is now on the agenda of the League of Nations. In

every part of the world, with the exception of the Fascist countries, wider avenues of preferred occupations are opening up. In France, where there has been a cleavage between the two groups of women seeking enfranchisement, it has now been healed and, working together in harmony, they have received the promise that the Senate, which has always stood out against them, will come into line with the Chamber of Deputies which has on several occasions registered a majority vote in favor of suffrage. In England the two opposing groups of feminists have for the moment forgotten their differences, and the conservatives and progressives are working together to overcome the defects in the Sex Disqualification Removal Act.

Here at home the cleavage is still extant. But within the opposing organizations some of the women have awakened to the need of the hour and are co-operating with the labor groups to bring about the nullification of Article 213 by a Civil Service bill which reads, "And no person shall be discriminated against in any case because of his or her marital status in examination, appointment, reappointment, reinstatement, reemployment, promotion, transfer, retransfer, demotion, removal, or retirement. All Acts or parts of Acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed."

In a number of cities and States new organizations are being formed to take care of group interests and they have recorded some victories. An instance of what may be done when women stand together under able leadership occurred in a recent election in Los Angeles. An official in high office up for reelection had proposed that all married women teachers should be dropped from the schools. An unmarried teacher, taking the lead, mobilized ten thousand teachers in a fighting unit against him. Dividing their number

into districts, they went from house to house, ringing door-bells, stating their case, and recording the number of those who promised to vote for the other candidate. The official whom they were opposing had heretofore polled a large majority. Now he was defeated for the first time in his political career, the margin against him corresponding, district by district, to the aggregate votes of the teachers and their converts.

What one can do so may another. Considering the trend of events, it is time for the women everywhere to get together within their organizations and come to some agreement on a federal act which will render unconstitutional any attempt to place them in the underprivileged class. Had we possessed any such guaranty of security as the Sex Disqualification Removal Acts in effect in the Scandinavian countries, our women wage-earners could not have been so ruthlessly discriminated against as they have been in the present emergency. They could not have been penalized because of marriage. They would have had in all forms of government service the same pay as men. All relief measures would have had to apply to them in the same proportion as to men. And it would have removed from the sphere of their activities the necessity for constant nagging bits of legislation which now deter them from directing their energies toward the many problems to be solved if to-day's confusion is not to resolve into utter darkness.

The field for to-morrow is rich and inexhaustible. It can be tapped only by the co-operation of men and women with vision and stamina. Are the women of America going to realize the destiny marked out for them when they began their long march of emancipation? Or are they, like the women of Germany, to stand accused of having betrayed themselves?



THE DEPRESSION COMES TO THE JUNGLE

BY EARL HANSON

AS COLONIZERS we white men are handicapped by the fact that we cannot burn our bridges behind us. Having conquered some foreign world, we cannot hold it unless we maintain liaison with our own. The outstanding illustration of that fact is the fate of the Icelanders who colonized Greenland under Eric the Red, established a civilization there, made the place their home until ships stopped coming from Europe four or five centuries later, and then disappeared to live only in scholastic arguments.

But it is by no means the only illustration. Our world has progressed by a series of pulsations, by recurring over-expansions during which bold men pushed into far corners, followed by contractions that left the vanguards stranded. Indeed, the process has gone on in the heart of our own economy as well as along its fringes. The differences between the ancient Greenlanders and, for instance, the modern miners stranded in Pennsylvania's bituminous fields are only those inherent in the times, places, and human cultures affected. Both groups were put into place by expanding economies and left high and dry by contracting ones.

The world over, and the ages through, one sees the same thing going on. I wonder if to-day one can see it anywhere better than in the hinterlands of South America. Many areas of South America that were once parts of the white man's world are being given back to the Indians, as Green-

land was given back to the Eskimos in the fifteenth century. Many parts are rapidly being Indianized in the biological sense that Indian blood is gaining over white and that the trend is toward an almost pure Indian population. In a cultural sense these areas are developing something new, something that is a bastard combination of Indian cultures and white, born of the rape of the natives.

The white man's outposts in these areas are decaying and shrinking in size. One can find them, for instance, all along the eastern slopes of the Andes. The Peruvian city of Moyobamba and the Bolivian city of Santa Cruz are only two examples among many of once proud cities, founded by fiery, energetic conquistadores, that now rot as almost forgotten remnants of a lost civilization. Why? Those cities were built when the whole world was oriented round a transportation system of pack mules, carts, dugout canoes, and balsawood rafts. In their day they were no worse off than other places and could hold their own commercially. But railroads, automobiles, and steamships came in elsewhere. Moyobamba and Santa Cruz, still dependent upon packtrails and cart roads, were almost as effectively cut off from the rest of the world by the rising barriers of obsolescence as the ancient Greenlanders were by the lack of ships on the North Atlantic Ocean.

Far off in Brazil, a thousand miles or so down the Amazon River, and a few

hundred up the Madeira, you will find—at Porto Velho—a perfect illustration of this same process of readjustment (or decay, if you wish) in a somewhat earlier stage of its development. You will find a railroad that starts at one jungle town and ends at another, and goes nowhere in between. It was built with the help of many men still in their prime, at the cost of thousands of other men and millions of dollars. It was built to portage Bolivian rubber round the Madeira-Mamore rapids, and so to support a civilization in eastern Bolivia. But the rubber business is on the rocks. The railroad doesn't pay expenses. Two trains a month are now run each way. Budgets are pinched alarmingly on the maintenance and replacement side. Let the process continue and the road will eventually be abandoned. Towns full of white men will be left stranded and Indianization, now already going on, will be speeded up.

Having once visited that region, I can never forget the human drama that was there going on under my eyes: the anxiety of residents about their decaying railroad, their pitiful tales of the days, twenty years ago, when gold and champagne flowed like water, their frantic efforts at readjustment along the lower Beni, efforts to change from the now-dead rubber culture to one based on plantation sugar, the naïve pride of Abuná in its electric light plant, installed in the days of plenty but now run, for economy's sake, only on Thursdays when trains spend the night at the town.

Everything is dying and slipping back to jungle, and over it all hangs the memory of Jack Diamond. He had helped to build the railroad, had survived that débâcle in hygiene that killed tens of thousands by yellow fever and malaria. He had then departed for the growing empire on the west coast, where I met him over ten years

ago. But when the depression came along he drifted down the Beni River again, drawn to the scene of his early triumphs along the Madeira-Mamore Railroad, as our perennial American college students are drawn to their class reunions. But Jack's alma mater was dying on her feet. He drifted down the Madeira River to the Amazon, and there I had my last word of him. Holdridge and I were drinking beer at a Manaus pub when the British Consul came along and informed us that Jack Diamond had committed suicide by jumping from the cattle deck of his steamer.

To me he is symbolic of that last flareup of South American conquest that came with the construction of the Panama Canal and the later period of inflation and over-expansion which provided work for the canal diggers and for thousands of others, only to collapse and force them to return to the homes in the United States that no longer were their homes, or linger on and rot in jungles or highlands as countless others have lingered and rotted before them.

On the west coast that last conquest took the form of a mining boom, induced by the canal and the rising demand for metals. In the jungle lowlands it took the form of a search for rubber, which was virtually killed by the competition of the Far Eastern plantations years before the world depression came along.

We white men have never yet "conquered" many of those Amazonian lowlands. We have swarmed over them, looking for gold, for heathen souls, for chinchona bark, rubber, Brazil nuts. But we have always gone in with the El Dorado spirit of searching for wealth rather than settling down to produce it. Each time we have been beaten back by the jungles or pulled back by the shifting economies "back home." (Take your

choice, one is as good as the other.) Each time we have again been forced to withdraw from most parts of the basin, leaving the Indians to gather their strength and heal their wounds.

II

One of the most spectacular examples in South America of a country being given back to the Indians is found in the upper Orinoco-Rio Negro area, Humboldt's Casiquiare country, just north of the western end of the Venezuelo-Brazilian border. Here the third act in the drama of conquest, civilization, and return to savagery is almost completed, and no trends are in sight to-day that promise eventually to retain the land for the white man.

The ancient conquistadores, our own inimitable Walter Raleigh among them, lugged soldiers up the Orinoco in order to strike inland and search for El Dorado. They weren't very nice to the Indians, they captured them, tortured them, killed them, enslaved them. But they weren't very nice to one another either; they were crazy, heroic devils. The Spaniards ascended the Orinoco and the Portuguese the Rio Negro. Eventually they met and put up *verboden* signs in the form of cannon that still litter the countryside, and shot the cannon at each other. Missionaries went up the rivers, the redoubtable Jesuits. They spent their lives there, established churches and schools, baptized the heathen, educated them, sometimes were nice to them and sometimes not. Trade followed the El Dorado hunters and the soldiers and the missionaries, for in those days steamships had not yet appeared elsewhere, and a region dependent on primitive canoe transport could still compete with the rest of the world.

But eventually the Jesuits were evicted; and the obsolescence of canoe

transport, in a region where steamships were made impossible by conditions of topography and stream flow, cut the profits from trade with the Indians.

Then came the rubber boom, and "civilization" on the upper Orinoco enjoyed one last gory flareup. The business houses of New York and London and Manaus reached their fingers into the region as they did into the jungles of the Putumayo and the Beni, the Madre de Dios, the Mamore, the Ucayali, and virtually every other river in the vast Amazonian system. A new lot of conquistadores rushed into the jungle, just as brutal, just as crazy as the old lot—and perhaps as heroic too. They came from Europe and both the Americas. They boomed into the tropics from the Alaskan gold fields. They sneaked into the rubber jungles from Cayenne and the Devil's Island prisons. They hired West Indian blacks to do the worst of their dirty work. Business was lovely. Gold was everywhere. Champagne and good Scotch whiskey flowed in the heart of the jungles, often lugged there in canoes at the cost of weeks of back-breaking toil.

On the Orinoco the town of San Fernando de Atabapo, older than the white man's collective memory of it, grew into new prominence, acquired a fine new church, new houses with numbers on them, street lights, street signs, a fence and benches on the plaza, a drug store, a doctor, a school, everything brought up the river in dugout canoes which were pushed over incredible rapids. The town acquired a dictator too, the upstart peddler Tomas Funes, Emperor Jones of the Orinoco, the most insanely bloodthirsty tyrant of modern times. He was killed in 1921, after eight years of bloody rule.

Funes was not the only bloodthirsty one. As elsewhere in the rubber regions, tables were turned on the sav-

ages. The Indians did not harass the whites in good old story-book style; it was the other way round. White men with black hirelings stormed Indian villages, killed the children and the very old, captured and enslaved the rest, the men to work rubber and the women to make money for their owners as whores.

If you must blame somebody for that sort of thing, blame our modern "progress" that made rubber a necessity. Respectable citizens wouldn't go out to get it and couldn't have done any good if they had. We in the United States used a rabble as our commercial vanguard; the jungles did the rest. Try going in there yourself, alone, to work, without the fanfare of a big "scientific" expedition. Imagine yourself utterly ignorant of tropical hygiene, with little quinine in hand, and that adulterated to the point of uselessness. Let yourself be harassed by fevers, nasty tropical ulcers, relentless insects, superstitious fears of the jungle. Unless you are a superman you will soon be frightened to death, and you will find brutality welling up within you—cowardice and brutality being essentially the same thing. It is perfectly easy to understand the rubber atrocities once one has "felt" the country in which they were perpetrated. But the South American rubber empire collapsed. Plantation-rubber from the East virtually pushed the wild product off the market. The economic collapse of the world only put the finishing touches to the inevitable jungle débâcle.

Now the town of San Fernando de Atabapo, where Funes so recently ruled, has some sixty inhabitants, largely Indians and half-breeds, who live in decaying houses and point to the half-collapsed church as a monument to their past grandeur. They are still afraid of Funes, rarely talk about him, and then only in whispers.

Twenty years ago a man was in danger of summary execution if he as much as mentioned the name of that jungle tyrant.

At San Fernando the Atabapo River flows into the Orinoco. The most recent map of that river shows five towns along its banks. At least one of them, Baltazar, existed in 1913. Dr. Power, my predecessor in the study of the region's terrestrial magnetism, made magnetic observations there in that year, found a church, a plaza, and "lots of people." In January, 1932, I found everything jungle with a virginal appearance, dotted only here and there with the splendid houses of Indians. A ten-mile search for Baltazar resulted in the discovery of one mound under which rotted the remains of a palm-thatch roof and the broken frame of a ten-cent mirror. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Baltazar is mentioned as a charming settlement in virtually every book and report on the region, from the time of the first conquest down to Power's report to the Carnegie Institution of Washington.

III

Having begun this article with stranded white men, I now find myself coming round to stranded natives. In the upper Orinoco region the one question of outstanding interest to geographers has nothing to do with the source of the river or the nature of its course or with museum collections gathered from hinterland savages. It is simply this: How will the civilized Indians of the region readjust themselves after their abandonment by civilization?

The jump from stranded whites to Orinoco Indians is not as far fetched as it might seem. The latter are Indians only in a biological sense and not very pure ones at that. Culturally they are an unfortunate kind of bastard-whites. For three centuries they

have been more a part of the white man's world than of the Indian's. Their indigenous cultures have been destroyed, tribe has been fused with tribe. Servants and slaves of the white, they have grown to depend on his goods, his salt, knives, fish hooks, gunpowder, trousers, shirts, soap, buttons, needles, thread, matches, mirrors, and machetes. For the purpose of the present discussion they may well, except in the color of their skins, be regarded as white men who cannot very well follow the rest back to the civilized world. Culturally they are stranded whites, as surely isolated from a receding world by barriers of psychology, habit, race prejudice as the ancient Greenlanders were isolated by the Atlantic Ocean.

That picture of the Orinoco region is not the same as the one presented by a number of other travelers. Lest I be accused of indulging too freely in the game of bunk and debunk to which exploration has so tragically sunk today, I want to mention that there are still plenty of primitives in the region's hinterlands. They wear no clothes, paint their faces, have maintained their cultures intact, and are a little less bloodthirsty than they are often painted. The explorer who counts his trip a failure unless he finds naked savages will only have to do a little searching to find them, will have to strike inland from various points on the Orinoco, or go to the river's extreme headwaters.

My present discussion does not concern these savages. I am interested in those "civilized" Indians who, after being white men for three centuries, are forced to become primitives again. It is a fascinating spectacle. In a world that is destroying primitive men and primitive cultures at so rapid a rate that anthropologists are tearing their hair in anguish, we have an opportunity to watch new primitive men and

new cultures in the making. The upper Orinoco region does not offer the only such opportunity—it simply offers the best one that I know of and, as far as I can see, a more reasonable assurance than any other spot in the world that the process may go on to completion.

From a superficial, purely materialistic point of view, the transition does not seem too serious. The complete withdrawal of the white man will merely mean that a few of his goods will thereafter not be available as they are now not available to millions of unemployed in our own country. But from a materialistic point of view the difference between what we call civilization and savagery has always been a matter of the presence or absence of a few goods made in our factories.

Even now, for instance, the Orinoco and Guainia Indians find it very difficult to obtain the salt and matches to which we whites have accustomed them. When I went through, the fires in every village were jealously guarded and never allowed to go out. Eventually their most serious problem will be to relearn the art of making fire without matches.

Some of the remaining whites are already depending on flint and steel and the tinderbox, a fact that saved me a good deal of discomfort. I had with me on my journey four Indian canoe men and one local white *patron*. I amused myself by trying to teach civilized vices to the natives. The one almost disastrous attempt to teach them to shoot craps was never repeated—it taught me that craps is an old and well-mastered game in the rubber jungles. But I had more luck with corn-cob pipes. They loved them and were determined to start the pipe industry in their own villages. The trouble was that they didn't know how to smoke them and used a lot of good paddling time, half my tobacco, and all my

matches in a continuous game of puffing and relighting. It was Ezekiel, my white *patron*, with a heart like a child's and a face like Pancho Villa's, who came to my rescue with flint and steel at a time when I thought I should have to travel for weeks without a chance to make a fire.

Serious as it seems, however, the impending complete disappearance of matches will probably be less disastrous in its effect than the loss of needles, thread, and particularly soap. The readjustments to the loss of matches does not involve the bad psychological wrench that must accompany readjustment to a soapless society. I am afraid there is a good deal of snobbishness connected with that wrench, but I suppose we cannot expect to have a monopoly in that very human quality. Here are the reasons: (a) The civilized Indians cling as desperately to the outward trappings of our civilized world as do any other people, our own newly rich among them, who are not quite sure of their places in society. They look with far more disdain on their more primitive brothers than does any white man. (b) All through the jungle region of South America civilization is identified with pants, clothes being the one thing that distinguishes a civilized Indian from a savage. (c) Since all the jungle Indians are scrupulously clean, they will have to discard clothes almost as soon as they find themselves completely without the soap that is needed for washing them, a naked man or one dressed in a palm fiber G string finding it simple to keep clean without that commodity.

Eventually, of course, the clothes themselves will be unobtainable. But long before then such simpler goods as soap, needles, thread, and buttons will stop trickling into the region. On the pang of having to discard their precious clothes, in a region where they

are not needed, hinges the whole success of the Indian's return to savagery. Those who cannot take that step are already following the white men out of the region.

But once the Orinoco Indians have "sunk" so low as to discard their clothes the rest of their readjustment will be easy. The gewgaws of our civilization, mirrors, combs, fancy rayon ribbons are even now regarded as nice but non-essential. Food is assured by the fact that those people have never stopped planting gardens. Steel knives, machetes, and fish hooks may become scarcer than they are today, but it is hardly conceivable that they will disappear altogether. Those things generally filter into primitive regions, traded by the natives themselves. What remains? Principally firearms—the muzzle-loaders that the region has never given up, powder, lead, fulminating caps.

Every Indian with any means at all has his guns and has to scratch very hard these days in order to obtain anything with which to load them. But they won't suffer for the loss of powder and shot. They have never given up the bow and arrow or the blowgun and poisoned dart.

On my own expedition, the civilized state of the local Indians was at first a great disappointment to me. From what I had heard, I had fully expected to feast my eyes and my camera on naked savages using blowguns and "secret sinister poisons." But after some weeks of travel I reached the Atabapo, where the accidental depletion of my food supplies forced me to call on all the Indians residing on that river. There I made the great discovery that I had been among poison-dart savages all the while without knowing it. In the well appointed homes of these people I invariably found blowguns as well as firearms.

Later, in the village of Maroa on the

Rio Guainia, I wanted a picture of an Indian with a blowgun. A fully clothed Indian would not do. If I took such a picture people at home would accuse me of trying to perpetrate a poor fake. I had to fake it in order to have it accepted as genuine in the United States. The best *cerbatana*-hunter in the village was perfectly willing to be photographed in action but he balked at undressing. If he posed naked, he claimed, my people would accuse his people of being savages, and he didn't want that. It took a good deal of persuasion, and the offer of a flask of gunpowder, to get him to pose in true hunting style. The faking is not as brazen as it seems. When those Indians hunt in the jungle they always strip first, skins being tougher and less precious than shirts.

Still there was something Alice-in-Wonderlandish about going back with this man to his home to buy a small gourd of the deadly *curare* poison. He had a table in his living room, and on it a white cloth with an imitation lace fringe, and a picture of the Virgin, and a very small kerosene lamp in front of the picture. He had chairs in his home and pictures on the walls, cut from American and European magazines. And among these pictures was, of all things, a population curve by Raymond Pearl.

The man apologized when he sold me the poison. Had I had among my barter goods a bar of the brown soap that he wanted the stuff would have cost me about ten cents' worth of that commodity. Since I didn't have it he was obliged to charge me two dollars and a half in Venezuelan silver, no paper money being accepted in the jungles. So as the white man withdraws, his goods become more and more precious, his money increasingly worthless.

The survival of the *cerbatana* is of course due to the fact that in those re-

gions it is a better hunting weapon than the firearm. When one sees game in the jungle, which is seldom enough, one is never out of range of the blowgun, Orinoco jungles being what they are. And when one shoots it with a silent dart one doesn't scare away all the other game in the neighborhood. Only race prejudice can have kept the white man from learning the use of the blowgun during the three centuries of his occupation.

But the continued use of the blowgun by the civilized Indians has another very fortunate effect. It has kept those Indians in constant though indirect touch with the more primitive Piaroas, farther down the Orinoco and east of it, the best poison makers for thousands of miles around. To be sure, Piaroa poison has for many years not been sold or traded directly at such centers as Maroa. White *patrons* muscled in between producer and consumer, bought the stuff at low rates from the former, and sold it at exorbitant ones on the Guainia River. But when these white middlemen withdraw, as they will soon be forced to unless something unexpected happens to the world economy, the need for *curare* will throw my civilized Indians into direct and beneficial contact with existing primitive trade and manufacturing organizations. They have never forgotten the art of weaving beautiful hammocks of palm fiber or of making dugout canoes, which means that they will have plenty of contributions to make to primitive trade.

Everything is a little crazy down there. While Indians have to buy dart-poison from white men who know neither how to make it nor use it, many whites also prefer, when possible, to buy their firearms from the naked, painted savages along the headwaters of the Ventuari, who, having no powder, fulminating caps, or lead shot, and no experience whatever in shoot-

ing guns, haven't the slightest use for the fine goods that they sell. But it is true that the best muzzle-loaders that reach San Fernando de Atabapo, instead of being shipped in by the commercial houses of Ciudad Bolivar, emerge from the unexplored plains of Venezuelan Guiana.

That fact alone shows the amazing extent of the Indian trade organization. In British Guiana, some seven hundred miles east of the upper Orinoco, Indians work in the diamond diggings and so obtain British firearms. These are carried into unexplored Venezuelan Guiana, traded from tribe to tribe, useless to the savages except as media of exchange until they emerge a year or two later on the Orinoco, to be sold to white men.

Desmond Holdridge, whose delightful "Savages Are People Too" appeared in HARPER's a few months ago, has given me a good description of Venezuelan Guiana's commercial life.

Throughout the region every wild tribe has its manufacturing specialty. One makes Mandioca graters, another carves benches, a third makes hammocks, a fourth manufactures poisons, while a few tribes produce nothing, acting simply as brokers and traveling peddlers. The chiefs are not the mightiest hunters or the most quarrelsome roughnecks. They are the shrewdest traders, and an outstanding business man among the Venezuelan savages, as in New York, is offered plenty of inducements to sever his present connections and become a bigger shot with some other tribe.

That is the commercial organization into which the civilized Indians of the upper Orinoco and the Guiana can fit themselves when the white middlemen and exploiters desert them completely. In effect the readjustment will simply be a reorientation from the white man's commercial stream, which runs north and south, to the Indian's

which runs east and west, coupled with certain necessary though distasteful steps toward greater self-sufficiency.

And nobody who has seen that primitive trade, going on side by side with that of the white man, now slowly drawing Indians out of the civilized organization and into their own racial one, can for a minute imagine that Upton Sinclair invented anything new in California when he proposed to save stranded populations by instituting production for use, and a barter system to run side by side with a profit economy.

IV

I have already indicated my conviction that the greatest obstacle to the necessary return to savagery is a psychological rather than a physical one. But while snobbery has a great deal to do with it, the matter cannot be dismissed as easily as that. The deep spiritual hunger that is in all people cannot be accounted for so lightly or so cheaply. No culture is ever purely materialistic, and spiritual values must be taken into consideration.

The devil of it is that those Indian friends of mine have been Christianized for centuries and have now been deserted by the priests. Long ago they disavowed, without however completely discarding, that loose collection of superstitions that serves for religion among the intensely practical jungle savages, and turned to the Christian faith with a passionate devotion that equaled the anguish of their martyrdom. Now most of that has to go by the board; for a people's religion is intimately tied up with its culture and you cannot change one without materially affecting the other.

It is not a matter of discarding Christianity as one would an old coat. It is a matter of slowly, often with great agony and much lamenting on the part of the old over the irreligion of the

young, slipping into something new, something at first unrecognizable, but leading eventually to a religious hodge-podge that future ethnologists may be delighted to discover and study.

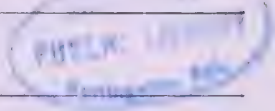
I should like to study that future religion myself. Inevitably it will have in it many remnants of Catholicism, as the Christianity of those Indians now contains remnants of their own past paganism, as Christianity itself contains the ancient heathen festivals of Christmas and Easter. But the Twelve Apostles and all the saints side by side with Mapiripana and Curupira and all the other jungle-imps; holy communion, in the absence of somebody to administer it, giving way to the Indian kind of ceremonial cannibalism—that will be worth recording.

The conversion process will be all the easier because in the Indian culture, as in our own, religion or its equivalent is often tied up with commercialism. The Christian Indians of Maroa even now come into contact with people up the Guainia who wear clothes but are devout pagans.

Those people have no conception of a natural death. When one among them dies of some cause other than violence he is always supposed to have been killed through sympathetic magic by some Guahibo living far away on the Vichada River. His nearest relatives then cut off a lock of his hair and one fingernail, and take these, together with what presents they can afford, on a pilgrimage to the Guahibo medicine men. The latter, in return for adequate payment, perform certain rites and the relatives of the dead man return to their homes perfectly satisfied and perfectly avenged. For the first Guahibo to die after that is the one who killed the Guainia River Indian and has in turn been killed by the hocus-pocus of his own priests.

So, unless our own civilization finds something new in those jungles that can be exploited, the Christian Indians of the Orinoco region will slip into self-sustaining savagery materially and spiritually, as the descendants of Eric and his colonists undoubtedly slipped into the primitive Eskimo culture.





THE TECHNIC OF MOB RULE

BY GEORGE BOAS

ONE of the most important problems facing thoughtful people to-day is the astonishing success of demagogues since the War. From 1789 down to 1918 the drift in political organization had been toward freedom and representative government, and the anti-democrats were largely royalists of a sentimental turn of mind, interested not in absolute monarchy as a principle but in the restoration of various dethroned kings. The War, however, gave most countries a taste of dictatorship, proving to the satisfaction of many the greater efficiency of unified command in civil as well as in military affairs. The rise of Fascism and Communism and other dictatorships in the various anti-democratic countries of the world might seem to be but an extension of the wartime practice.

This is not, however, true to fact. Each dictatorship was established not as a continuation of the wartime governments, but as a reaction to the parliamentary governments which were instituted afresh or restored to their original powers in 1918. Each pretended at least to be the only solution in time of danger, a time frequently pictured as more crucial for the future of the various countries than any foreign war.

It should be worth while to study the causes of this movement as a social—not a political—event, to see how it is possible for great masses of people not only to abandon their liberty, but

to do it gladly. It is obvious that whatever may be said on such a subject must lie in the field of speculation; the methods of mass psychology are very rudimentary. But speculation can always be checked by observation and frequently is valuable for the suggestions it contains.

The first point to be recognized is an old one, that the written laws of a people arise later than the unwritten ones. It is an old practice of historians to infer the bad habits of a nation from what the codified laws forbid. What the mass of the people consider to be good habits never get into the statute books—except perhaps in certain preambles to resolutions and constitutions. We are consequently in the curious situation of knowing what a people did not approve of doing without having any sure way of knowing what they did approve of. Nor can one say that they approved of "all the rest" for the simple reason that much of the rest must have been unknown to them as having no occasion to arise. One cannot infer, that is, that because the Athenians did not forbid speeding in motor vehicles that they permitted it.

Nevertheless, what people approve of is tremendously important in guiding their lives. No individual would ever seriously question the legitimacy of his desires if they did not run counter to some duly constituted authority. A good bit of our education is, in fact, a more or less inadequate attempt to

reconcile our desires with the approbations of society in general. Hence in so far as our behavior is determined by our wishes and longings, it is self-justified in our own eyes. We might question the efficacy of the means of satisfying our desires, but we should scarcely be in a position to question the value of satisfying them.

If then one had a really homogeneous society, a society all of whose members wanted the same type of things, and there were plenty of the things to go round, there would be no distinction whatsoever between custom and law; in fact, there would be no need for law at all. Everyone would presumably act in exactly the same way and conflict between group-interests could never arise. For the laws would be needless, there being nothing which anyone would feel the need of forbidding; there would be no conflicts to reconcile.

That plenty of non-codified laws, by which I mean social customs, survive is unquestionable. The folkways of Sumner, the conspicuous waste of Veblen, the pooled self-esteem of Clutton-Brock are all indications of very deep-felt needs of our fellow-men which express themselves in practices seldom requiring the protection of law. Self-defense, the protection of female chastity, or revenge for its spoliation, are still adequate pleas in some parts of the United States to excuse one for murder. We all probably obey scores of almost unconscious taboos and yield to scores of almost unconscious promptings every day of our lives. We moderate our language when talking to women and children, dress in style, eat with knives and forks, give dinner parties to meet social obligations with only the faintest grumblings and sometimes with cheers. But it is a commonplace that custom has greater authority than statute, that no one obeys a written law when he

wants to violate it, and I shall not dwell on the point.

II

One can, I believe, see in the natural history of human values three principles of authority which, though logically separate, usually exist together.

The first may be called the Necessity of the Habitual.

When a practice of any kind, whether useful or harmful, has been repeatedly performed, it becomes, as we say, second nature, seems necessary, and is finally performed automatically. This is obvious. What is not so obvious is that unreflective people are likely to transfer the feeling of necessity which they have toward these acts to the acts themselves and to maintain that, because they cannot help performing them, they are of vital necessity. What is, therefore, a law of their own nature becomes a law of human nature and deviations from it are not called simply different, but are called wrong. Thus a naïve Occidental who eats with a knife and fork considers the use of chopsticks not Chinese but unnatural, while a hardy son of toil who eats with his fingers considers the use of a fork effeminate. One who has traveled with other tourists cannot avoid overhearing their comments of disgust at habits which are not their own. This is not simple provincialism; it is the normal reaction of human beings.

When the habitual is on a social, not individual scale, its compulsive force is that much more intense. Take the habit of earning one's own living, which used to be fairly general among male Americans. A man who had a good private income simply could not sit back and enjoy life as a member of what in other countries would have been the leisure class. No, he must work, whether he wanted to or not, or

be disgraced as a loafer and a parasite, with the result that those elements of civilization which demand leisure both for their creation and for their enjoyment were left to the women, children, and the aged males.

It is of course natural to consider the necessary as the right—which is one of the ways God has given us of saving our faces. Yet it requires no great acumen to see that we sometimes may be forced to do things which are wrong, whether that force be applied from without or from within. We know that psychopaths are compelled by habit to perform ritualistic acts which appear as trivial to us as saying "God bless you" when someone sneezes or knocking on wood. This does not mean that all habitual conduct is bad. It simply means that because an act feels necessary is no proof that it is either good or bad.

The second principle is the Preservation of the *Status Quo*.

This follows from the Necessity of the Habitual. The *Status Quo*, once seen as necessary, will be preserved at any cost. It usually requires no argument to convince people to let well enough alone and it is an old rule of forensics that the burden of proof is on the reformer, not the conservative. "We know what we have," we say sentimentally, "the future is uncertain." This is an indisputable truism, and certainly proposed changes turn out to be disappointing more frequently than not. One would have thought that Christianity would bring along with it so radical a change in human nature that very little more would be needed to introduce the millennium. But we know that many desirable social reforms had to fight not in co-operation with Christianity against cruelty, stupidity, and other evils, but actually against Christianity, which in its institutions has as often as not been on the side of the Devil against God.

If Christianity with its extraordinary organization, supernatural prestige, and numbers was ineffectual in changing the *Status Quo*, there is no particular reason to imagine that less impressive forces can be successful.

For the *Status Quo* has always added to its authority as that which has worked to date the authority of that which is good in itself. For people who are fond of scholastic language we might phrase the matter thus: when an instrument loses its utility it takes on beauty. Witness the obsolete tools which clutter our drawing-rooms—candlesticks, warming pans, spinning wheels, quill pens. May we not even add aged parents? Many of our virtues are of the same nature. All of them were presumably of some use in earlier times; but when they can be no longer justified on the basis of their utility they are called good in themselves. The most interesting instance is that of knowledge. All science is said to have originated in applied science. Even to-day the value of physiology and chemistry and economics is thought of by the layman to be largely instrumental; these sciences keep us healthy and provide us with food. But as the boundaries of the sciences grew and as it was found that one could never tell when an apparently useless—i.e., inapplicable—body of knowledge had important practical value, all knowledge was considered equally important, and nowadays our universities are humming with scholars who feel their investigations to be self-justified. To know anything has come to be believed as important as knowing important things. It is difficult to believe that the man who knows everything there is to know about Longfellow has done something as valuable as the man who knows everything there is to know about Shakespeare. But such a suspicion is heresy in the modern American university,

whose ideal is the accumulation of knowledge regardless of what its subject-matter happens to be.

In order to preserve the *Status Quo* we have the third principle, its Retention in Social Institutions. Banks, churches, schools, armies, navies, clubs, courts, legislatures are all institutions which exist for some end. They correspond to our desires and needs as our bodily organs do. But just as there are animals without vertebral columns, wings, eyes, hands, so there could be human societies without any of the particular institutions we have mentioned. An eel, not having hands, cannot thread a needle, and a state without an army or navy could not make war in the way we make war. Whether eels are better off or worse off than they would be if they could sew need not worry us. But were we to appraise the value of the human hand, we should have to know the value of manual skill. The same thing is true of our social institutions; they ought to be judged by their fruits. They are, however, taken for granted, and as they are manned and sustained by human beings who develop an interest in manning and sustaining them, as they preserve the *Status Quo*, as the *Status Quo* has the necessity of the habitual, it becomes dangerous radicalism even to suggest that the institutions may be obsolescent.

So great is the reverence attaching to our social institutions of this type, that when they do change to meet changing needs, everything is done to mask the change. We retain in extreme cases the old names even though they no longer apply to the old things. Thus Unitarianism is called Christianity; the Supreme Court is not called the legislature; a nation which lives at the mercy of foreign bankers is called sovereign. The Congress of the United States might become a servile

mouthpiece for the White House or for a lobby; it would still be called the Congress, still be elected periodically, still be paid.

III

Attached to each of these principles of authority are certain fears and hates.

To the feeling of the Necessity of the Habitual are attached the fear and hate of the strange and the exotic. This can be seen in almost any field of human interest, science, religion, art, economics. Unusual or exotic scientific theories are not refuted as false but criticized as sinful. The treatment of Galileo by the Catholic Church, that of Darwin by the legislature of the State of Tennessee, are cases in point. There is something inherently wrong and vicious in any idea which is different. Wagner, the Impressionists, the Cubists were seldom attacked on æsthetic grounds; almost invariably they were attacked on moral grounds. The dread of any cultural novelty appears whenever a popular vote on musical programs or exhibitions of pictures is taken. The old and familiar always wins a victory over the new and strange.

The hatred and fear of novelty is so strong that when relevant criticisms cannot be brought against unfamiliar ideas the sponsor of the ideas can almost always be effectively accused of insincerity. Thus he himself is made to be too intelligent to believe them true, but wicked enough to try to spread them about. New ideas are publicity stunts or cheap poses. Thus their sponsors are bound to be either charlatans or mad. Even inventors of new mechanical devices, many of which prove ultimately very useful, are denounced as harebrained quacks when they first come before the public.

There is, of course, a basis of common sense in this fear. Man can be only adequately prepared against

known dangers and every excursion into the unknown is a risk. There are souls who love risk and adventure, not because they are wiser than others but because they are not interested in safety. But they are eccentric individuals. The great mass wants the warm pleasure of the familiar and shudders at the very thought of exploration. For exploration can but present problems for the meeting of which we have no precedent. Can we hope for anything but failure, perhaps disaster?

Corresponding to the principle of the retention of the *Status Quo* are the fear and hate of change. Change is an object of dread to everyone but the instinctive radical, by whom I mean that abnormal individual who, running counter to the tendencies of his age, automatically accepts any change regardless of its direction. In general it is felt that any change must be a change for the worse; for not only does change destroy the habitual, thus throwing us into a world of the unknown, but it introduces the possibility of failure. If one goes through an anthology like the *Oxford Book of English Verse* one is astonished at the undeviating lamentations of poets faced with change. The fact that the lion and the lizard keep the courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep is always a cause for regret, never for rejoicing. The pathos of time with its attendant mutability is too much for us. We are sure that what is coming is going to be worse than what has been, if only because it has not as yet been.

Some people even deny the reality of change, terrified into thinking that underneath it all there must be something that abides, be it God, matter, the soul, law, or any other of the lasting realities which we crave. Science for centuries took this tack, "reducing," as scientists said, all change to

shifting positions, which did not count. Laws of conservation, conservation of mass, energy, the soul, the eternal values, had an intrinsic charm, whether they could be verified or not. We have had a faith in the enduring, both in its existence and in its goodness.

Corresponding to the principle of the retention of the *Status Quo* in social institutions, are the fear and hate of revolution. Our institutions, once developed, become part of the *Status Quo*; they form part of the habitual; and woe to the person who would lay hands upon them. Many of them which once served a useful purpose are now like the vestigial organs which are found in some of the higher animals, a man's breasts, the appendix, the claws on a seal's flippers, a boa's hind legs. They may indicate something of the history of a species; they are utterly superfluous as organs. To suggest that any of them be lopped off is to meet with cries of alarm. The fact that they have always existed would seem proof that they ought to continue to exist. Some of them no doubt should continue, but their ancient and honorable past is no proof of their merits. Consider the National Guard. As a military instrument it is pitiful, its only useful purpose being that of keeping young men accustomed to the idea of military service. It is occasionally used to supplement the police. It is costly and inefficient. Yet try to abolish it. You will be called a lily-livered pacifist, a wild radical, in short a revolutionist.

IV

The dictator is somehow aware of these principles. When he is sincere he is under their sway as much as anyone else. They will prove to be the most effective means of mob rule.

For a dictator needs a solid mass of men to govern, not a collection of social atoms, each moving in its own

orbit. And there is no better human glue than fear and hate. Contrast them with what are often thought the nobler attitudes of hope and love. Two men who hate and fear the same thing are as one; two men who hope for and love the same thing are jealous. There is no jealousy of hate. With its companion, fear, it binds men together; it gives them a single purpose; the rivalry it stimulates is pleasing to the many souls who share in it; each wants the other to hate and fear more than he does; it creates that selflessness which love and hope produce only in saints.

One can see their effectiveness when one compares the war on disease with the war on a human enemy. One cannot hate a bacillus; hence a long process of education is needed to induce people to contribute money and time and energy to destroy it. We are ignorant of our microscopic enemies; they do not frighten us; the war against them is a war of hope, and the sacrifices of life made in it awake only pity or naïve wonder. Let a foreign nation take the place of a micro-organism, and though no one knows why he hates or fears its people, the country will rise to a man to slaughter them. We know only too well that international wars are frequently vain; experience might well have taught us that they drain us of blood, money, many of the fruits of civilization. Men, however, will brave their horrors gladly because of their hate and fear; they will pass by more important struggles with a shrug.

The dictator, therefore, finds and must find something to hate and something to fear. He finds it in the strange and in the new and invariably bases his program of social reform on a retention of or return to the old traditional ways of living.

Practically every nation to-day, because of the complexity of human so-

ciety, contains some coherent group of peculiar people within it, marked out by race, religion, economic creed, way of living. Jews, Negroes, Japanese, Catholics, bohemians, any of these or similar groups will do. They are exotic, strange. There are always more or less coherent groups of social reformers, socialists, communists, trouble-makers of one kind or another who are preaching change. All of these groups can become good targets of hate and sources of fear. It is easy to hate the former group, for by their peculiarities they stand out against the background of the habitual, destroying its soothing uniformity, like blotches on a lovely skin. It is easy to hate the latter, for they are openly hostile to the *Status Quo* and admit the guilt of wanting to change it.

The demagogue will be most effective when preaching the retention of the old and tried, but when he has himself a change to advocate he can be most effective by substituting the "essential" or "primitive" or "real" for the old. Thus, like Hitler, he can talk about the true, essential, primitive German qualities, or, like a communist, about the primitive economic needs of the individual, or, like the French revolutionists, about natural rights as contrasted with acquired rights. There is no fundamental German, no economic man, no natural right; but when hate and fear are involved, myth will do as well as fact.

Thus in the United States one has the adjective "un-American," which the demagogue uses for all purposes of criticism. People who wish to change the Constitution are un-American because the real American is loyal to the well-established principles of the Founding Fathers; he needs no wild-eyed radicals to lead him from the paths which the experience of a century and a half has laid down. At the same time people who are unwilling

to change the Constitution are un-American because the real American believes in progress, knows that he must adapt himself to changing times and conditions; must be a man of vision, ever forward-looking. Both of these men are un-American, because the real American is a middle-of-the-roader, full of the shrewd horse-sense of the pioneer, building on the past yet envisioning (the word is not mine) the future. Such oratory will be automatically believed by men of the right sort, for it will act as the match to touch off the charge of powder which is mass action, and no one will care whether the terms mean anything or not. Action is probably stimulated more by the significance of words, their aura of emotional associations, than by their meaning. The meaning of the word "mother" is purely biological; no one would fight for an ovum. But its significance is woven out of countless associations suggested by the florists of this country, who have apparently forgotten that Agrippina was as much a mother as Nancy Hanks.

The complete demagogue has a sense of these things. He is always a good orator, playing on the significance rather than the meaning of his words, stimulating passion rather than ideas. That is why democracy as government by rational discussion is always an easy victim when attacked by a demagogue.

You can no more debate an emotion than you can a color or odor. One might, in fact, explain the decline in democracy to the decline in oratory. When parliamentarians pounded on desks, let the eagle scream, and waved the flag all was well in the land. They used the technic of mob rule, and only Brahmins sneered. Americans always had England to hate and to fear and felt comfortable shouting defiance over three thousand miles of ocean. But when that style of oratory retreated to the provinces, men seriously questioned the efficacy of democratic government, being ironically unaware that the only alternative was more of what they despised. It is thus that the spread of education, which should have proved the mainstay of democracy, proved its undoing. For by making men more sophisticated it made them less willing to declaim, leaving the handling of the mob to its natural leaders. Even then the game was not up. If the educated classes had seen and done their duty, instead of shrugging their shoulders, it is at least possible that the demagogues would have been beaten at their own game. But as things are, they prefer the comfort of the armchair to the distastefulness of the soap-box, little knowing that the first thing every demagogue seeks to destroy is the one thing which makes a civilization possible.

The Lion's Mouth



SPEAKING ENGAGEMENT

BY HARRY HANSEN

YOU could have knocked me over with a feather when Mrs. Bonivar called me long distance yesterday and said sweetly, "But you promised to speak to our club, Mr. Doakie, and we're all expecting you. I know your talk will be lovely" . . . and all that sort of thing. Then she gave me details about getting into the heart of New Jersey by way of a ferry, a local accommodation, and a bus, and after she had reminded me again that my lecture would begin promptly at three o'clock—in order not to delay the tea that followed it—she hung up and left me sunk. For the worst storm of the winter was whirling past my office windows, and I kicked myself for having listened to a siren and agreed to an engagement last July, when the sun was shining and the flowers were in bloom.

Just to discover why, I rummaged in my correspondence and there, sure enough, found the original letter from Mrs. Bonivar. She had written:

As you know the women's clubs have had a hard year, and we can't offer to pay you what you deserve to have, but we hope that you will make an exception in our case and come for less, because the ladies are all so eager to be guided by what you say, and have no other opportunity of hearing you. . . .

So that was it—she tickled the vanity of the male and he fell. I thought ruefully of my weakness as I braved the

winds of the Hudson on the ferry and gazed out over the forlorn sunken meadows of Jersey from the windows of a train that took in all the milk-stops and road crossings. But by the time I reached the town my mind was busy with my subject—Current Trends—which, like Horizons, and Vistas, was one of those blanket assignments that gave a man plenty of space to roam about in.

I didn't have any trouble finding the clubhouse. Women's clubs all look alike, and I've grown so canny in this business that I can spot a clubhouse in the dark. Usually they are built in two parts—the older section was invariably the home of the local banker in 1888, and the newer section, built to house the kitchens and hall, was added in boom days. The old is usually in the tradition of Mansard, complicated by American gingerbread, whereas the new is either colonial Georgian or classic Greek, with a coat of stucco applied over everything to harmonize the whole.

There was no one to receive me at the door, but I am used to that, so I walked boldly in and discovered a woman wrapped in a mink coat hovering about the formal hall. The place was cold as ice, and I attributed this to the lack of money for heating; no doubt the club was economizing. A special room had been reserved for my wardrobe; it smelled of stale tobacco, left over from the last function when males had used the room, and it too was cold and clammy.

The woman who met me was Mrs. Bonivar. It seems that because she had extracted from me the original

promise to speak she was now responsible for my comfort. Her relief at my appearance was obvious. "I'm *so* glad you could come, Mr. Doakie," she said. "This is *my* last program of the year and I did want to have it successful. The ladies are all excited to hear what you have to say."

We went in and sat down at the back of the auditorium, but I could discern no excitement. Maybe that was because the ladies were listening to a report of the gardening committee, which dealt with things that would be underground for at least another three months. This was followed by a report on finances.

"I'm sorry we are so short of funds this year," whispered Mrs. Bonivar. "But all the clubs have had a hard year. They tell me that the club in X may lose its clubhouse. We managed to make the interest on our mortgage but we had to pass up the annual payment on the principal. I'll give you your check right now; I think it was wonderful of you to come for this small amount; it should have been much larger, I know."

Her generosity disarmed me. I put the check in my pocket, explaining that I was happy to be of use. I felt that I was amply repaid for my time if the ladies got something out of my talk.

The woman on the platform was explaining about relief. "We have done the best we could," she said, "but there are still a great many families in want. If any of our members have any clothing that they can spare, please give it to the committee. In times like these I am sure we ought all to do what we can. There are also a few ladies who have not paid their special relief assessment. Please don't delay paying me this afternoon."

She adjusted her glasses and consulted a paper. "I am happy to report," she continued, "that we have already collected \$11.50. Of course that

isn't much, when you consider the cost of things. But it will go a long way to help feed the little folks who really need good food and warm clothing."

Her voice trailed off and I gulped. I found myself suddenly stirred with compassion. Only \$11.50 collected for relief, and here they were paying me—well, not what I usually asked, and yet a great deal more than that little \$11.50, simply because they had to have a program. It was preposterous to take the money. As against starving children, my talents were worth nothing. I determined then and there to throw the check into the hopper—to turn it over to the club for relief purposes. And as I sat there I began to see reasons for the meager collection. The women were not as prosperous as I had thought them. There were a lot in last year's furs. And there was a big discolored place on the ceiling where the roof had leaked, probably because the club could not afford repairs.

Just then I happened to see that I was not the only male in the room. A lanky, nervous young man, apparently bored, was sitting at one side, shifting his feet and twirling a bowler hat on a cane. His identity was soon disclosed to me. "We have with us to-day," said the chairman, when the report on relief was finished, "a man whom we have all been eager to hear. I am happy to introduce Mr. Swiffey, who is putting on our annual musical show."

Mr. Swiffey had evidently been waiting for this moment. He rose like a falcon going after its prey. He ascended the platform and faced the women, with his hat in one hand and his cane in the other. He started without the usual urbanities about the privilege of addressing the club. "I'm surprised," said he, "at the little work that has been done by the ladies of this club in selling tickets for the musical comedy. I'm putting on this show at great expense—we've got the finest cos-

tunes in New York, professional stuff, direct from the big producers—and we've got a chorus that can kick a hole in the ceiling. It's going to be the biggest production—" and he began pounding the floor with his cane—"that has ever been put on in this town, bar none, a regular Broadway show. But you ladies ain't working. You've got to get out and do your part. You've got to fill the hall."

"Have you any suggestions, Mr. Swiffey?" asked the chairman. I felt sorry for her a moment later.

"Suggestions?" repeated Mr. Swiffey. "I'll say I've got suggestions. You ladies have got husbands. You have got daughters who have men friends. Get them to take ten tickets apiece and sell them to their friends. Everybody

likes a good girl show, and we've got a live one. Besides, remember you ladies have put up a lot of money for this show. You've paid out \$1,000 already and you've got to get it back. . . ."

I leaned over to whisper to Mrs. Bonivar. "Do I understand the club has already paid out \$1,000 for this show?" I asked.

"Yes," she said.

"And collected \$11.50 for poor relief?"

"Yes," she said. "Isn't it awful? It costs so much to put on a show these days."

I pushed the check down in my inside coat-pocket and started thinking about my lecture. I was suddenly convinced that that would be awful too.





Editor's Easy Chair

ROOSEVELT MIDWAY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

TIMES continue to be very curious. Nobody quite knows what to expect in our world, and if we did know perhaps we should remember that it is the unexpected that happens.

Nobody wants to fight, except possibly Japan; but preparations are going on everywhere, so that if some considerable unit should suddenly develop a will to war, it might be accommodated. All the considerable powers, including the United States, seem to be increasing their armies and navies and stocking up their arsenals and flying fleets.

In the headlines of the morning paper the master of Italy "warns the world he can provide an army of seven to eight millions," which is considerably more than he can profitably use in Abyssinia. The Russian proprietors give out word that they can produce the biggest army in the world, nine million available troops, or some such roll call, but say nothing about starving peasants.

Our own country proposes an expenditure of about a billion dollars to put flesh on the skeleton of the army, increase the navy, man the air, and provide generally for defense.

These armaments may never be used, but the expenditures for them and the disposition to increase them are factors in world conditions. When it comes to conferences, the countries that are strong in armaments are

listened to with most respect. They may be ever so pacific; but ships, airplanes, trained soldiers, military supplies, and money all count.

All the same there are those who tell us that the next war, if there is one, is going to be different, and that not vast armies but rapidity of proceedings will determine it.

Now war as a cure of evils, and especially of economic evils, is not at all well thought of. The current increase of preparation is due of course to fear. When one country arms big as Japan has armed and proceeds to do what she will, regardless, it starts a reaching out for weapons on the part of everybody concerned. If Russia has nine million possible soldiers and Italy has seven or eight million, and Japan some respectable number, nobody is safe. Everyone that can, will try to provide defenses. But all this vast unproductive expenditure could be averted if the nations had sense enough to live neighborly.

As the clock struck for the middle of President Roosevelt's term of office our matters of government seemed to come to a halt. Just at this writing all those billion dollars that are wanted for the next great experiment in recovery are held up for the moment in Congress, where the spirit of inquiry seems to have broken out.

Secretary Wallace says the great

reasonable and comfortable cure for agriculture is not regimentation, not curtailment of crops and meats, but international trade, which he thinks we shall not get until we come to the conclusion to cancel the War debts.

He does not expect that to happen very soon, and perhaps the need of doing it will have to be expounded to us by some increase of affliction. We keep our tariff up to prevent the War debts being paid in goods, which is the only way they can be paid. We don't want them paid at the cost of our own manufactures; yet we sell a lot of cotton to Japan, and one reads that it does come back to us manufactured, in spite of our tariff.

The urge is strong for peace, but Italy sends troops into Africa; Greece indulges itself in civil war; Bolivia and Paraguay keep at it hammer and tongs. Germany seems to talk more reasonably, and Britain is trying to come to an agreement with Hitler; and here all the alphabet associations, including the N.R.A., seem to be shaking. Some of them come up against decisions of Federal or State Courts. Nevertheless, proceedings proceed and there are sellers who sell and buyers who buy. Business gains moderately. Hope is by no means dead, but expectation crawls where we would have it run.

Perhaps we should thank Japan for keeping the Western world a bit scared and mindful that it has a prospect in the Pacific which may tax all the powers of the Western world in co-operation.

THERE has been discussion of some of the specialists in money getting. Mr. Morgan sold some pictures and intends to sell others and a little land. He was admired by some people for being able to sell any of his belongings in these times at a good price as he has done and will do, and others discussed

why he does it. Plenty of reasons in these days of large taxes for turning something into money! And if Mr. Morgan is collecting dollars to pay—say eventual death duties, that would be natural enough.

Mr. Mellon has been overhauled apparently because the Department of Justice does not think he has paid enough income tax. If anybody knows how much income tax he ought to pay he is entitled to rank as a Seventh Son. However, Mr. Mellon was able to command good talent about his taxes and large mistakes on his part do not seem likely. But Mr. Mellon has quite a lot of money, and it was interesting to have him take upward of twenty million dollars out of his cash box to buy pictures out of the Hermitage Galleries of Russia to put into a public gallery in Washington.

Mr. Grace of the Bethlehem Company has been pictured on a great many front pages for getting large bonuses for running his company.

There are a good many signs of a current opinion that a man who gets thoroughly rich, no matter how, commits an offense against public welfare. But, after all, is it so desirable to have a civilization without rich men in it? Are the great fortunes so detrimental to public welfare? Henry Ford, being asked if it was true that he lost thirty-eight million dollars last year in his business, said no—he had not lost it; he had merely distributed it. Now the truth is, or so it seems to be, that the money which gets back to the people in large lumps is accumulated by men rich enough to have large surpluses, whereas the incomes of the poor or of the moderately well off are mainly used up in supporting life as they go along.

There is a value in people who have money to spend if they spend it at all wisely, a value in accumulators who provide capital for large enterprises.

The intelligence of the intelligent is of immense value in running the world, and it is really important that they should have power enough to do their job. Such necessary power they may get by success in politics and also, and not unusually, by success in economics—that is, in business.

A writer in *The Hibbert Journal* argues that the changes proceeding in the world if they are to be good and lasting must be organic, that is, they must grow out of actual conditions of life rather than be imagined plans plastered on to the world in the hope of improving it. He is a clergyman in Massachusetts, Mr. Snell. He says: "There is no reason in the nature of things why a class should not be entrusted with the administration of money and industry any more than that there should not be a class entrusted with the administration of government, or of the Church, or with education, or scientific research, or building bridges, or writing poetry, or preaching the Gospel. Each gift entails power over human souls; they are all trusts, and each is abused when not held sacred and used as a trust."

Now the capitalistic system did provide that masterful people should come to the top in affairs; some scum also came to the top. There was due fluidity about it all. True enough, that system seems to have come a cropper, but still it had good points and some of them may survive. Of course there are people with a great gift for making money, for business. If they are abolished we shall miss them. Commentators, politicians, and many others talk about what the people want. They undoubtedly want the means of supporting life—food, drink, raiment and shelter, heat, some entertainment, and the rudiments of education; but what we get, what the world gets, what the world always has got and always will get is not what the

masses of people determine by voice or lifted hands, but what the abler minds think out and are able to apply.

The Townsend idea of two hundred dollars a month seems to commend itself excessively to popular favor, and who can wonder? But what we people really need are good bosses that will do for us things we cannot do for ourselves. Call it good leaders, if you would be more polite, or shepherds, if you follow Scripture. The great need that the mass of the people provides for is leadership in individuals that come out of it—the Lincolns, the Franklins. That is organic development, something that nature produces by her own processes; not something put across on us by professors; though doubtless professors too are important.

A good many people nowadays think they are in communication with the invisible world. Some of them belong to organized groups; more of them work on their own hook. From all these uncertain sources—mediums of one kind or another, automatic writers, leaders of cults—comes very much the same story pictured by one of them as "a great spiritual power coming among men and a great mass movement to the light of God's love." "When a charge of dynamite is to be placed for blasting great rocks," says this forecaster, "holes are drilled with exactitude and care. When all is ready the blast is fired. Myriads of silent workmen are boring holes. The blast will come suddenly. At first sight there will appear to be disasters; there will be a large loss of life. That is unimportant: remember cosmic things are at stake and individual *seeming* failures are painful but not important. You must look at things in the large."

That in a general way is the drift of these curious messages. Quite apart from them, the feeling is general

among economists and politicians that there is a see-saw going on in affairs, one organized interest fighting another, which in a large sense is a grinding process of settlement. It must be said, at least for the messages from invisible sources, that they abound in confidence that the forces of light will win and the dark forces will be put out of business. This world's conclusions are a good deal to that effect. We think we'll come out well in the end and that the end of our particular tribulation is not more than a year or two away; but we are very uncertain about the details of occurrences between the present and evacuation day for the dark forces. We see in a large way that people, organizations, capitalists, trades unions, investigators, labor leaders have got to treat one another better and somehow get along with their several jobs. We see the same thing about the nations. In spite of all their armaments, or even perhaps in some degree because of them, they have got to take more care for the interests of their neighbors. Nobody in Europe for instance can do what he might like to do without due concern for the feelings and interest of the other nations.

All this solicitude about terrestrial and even cosmic affairs doubtless has to do with the expectation of great stimulation of religion. Bread and circuses may keep men from more dangerous excitement for a while; but in the long run one looks for spiritual factors to save the world from self-destruction.

Two girls whose lovers, two airmen, had fallen to death out of the sky took the same course themselves out of an airplane that they had hired in London to cross the Channel.

That was part of a despair of young lovers, the records of which abound in literature because of the frustration of

their hopes. Sad to say they are not philosophic about it; they think they have invented courtship, and that nobody ever fell in love before in the same degree. They think the disaster that has befallen them is irremediable and their only hope for solace lies in a precipitate abandonment of this life.

All that has made for beautiful lamentations from poets in all ages and nowadays makes for headlines in the papers. But of course if the young lovers could make a study of the cats on the back fences they would come to a better understanding of the malady from which they suffer. They never will do that nor realize that to fall in love in youth is part of an all-but universal experience provided for the preservation of life on this sphere which at present we inhabit. To have one's young affections blighted is always painful but sometimes in the long run may be profitably educational. It is not taught in schools in the regular courses but often happens to students, and may be the most valuable item of all their course of instruction.

Suicide, so far as we know, is not a cure for anything and probably not an escape from anything. Anything that can be said to discourage it may be particularly useful in these times when it is so prevalent. The true treatment for blighted affections is to go on living. There are always more chances in life if one can wait and work for them.

As for the possibility of foundered affections finding new objects to which they may adjust themselves, the great immemorial testimony is to be found in the classic tale of *The Widow of Ephesus*, as told by Petronius Arbiter, which possibly should be made a part of the information given in schools for girls about the conduct of life. Petronius, however, is not a writer who is generally included in the libraries of girls' schools.



